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VOL. XI.

JANUARY 1900.

NO. 1.

THE Pneumatic

A
LITERARY
MAGAZINE

THE
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT
207-209 GRAND AVENUE, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

THE PNEUMATIC.

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Edited by A. H. KRAUS.

Entered at Milwaukee Post-office as Second Class Mail Matter.

10 CENTS A YEAR

Subscribers may remit to us in silver or one and two cent stamps.

The Cramer-Krasselt Co.

207-209 Grand Avenue

MILWAUKEE WIS.

complete.

(vol. II. no. 5 last no. issued)

THE PNEUMATIC.

VOL. XI.

JANUARY 1900.

No. 1.

The Phantom 'Rickshaw.

By Rudyard Kipling.

PART I.

May no ill dream disturb my rest,
Nor Powers of Darkness me molest.
Evening Hymn.

ONE of the few advantages that India has over England is a great Knowability. After five years' service a man is directly or indirectly acquainted with the two or three hundred C'vilians in his province, all the Messes of ten or twelve Regiments and Batteries, and some fifteen hundred other people of the non-official caste. In ten years his knowledge should be doubled, and at the end of twenty he knows, or knows something about, every Englishman in the Empire, and may travel anywhere and everywhere without paying hotel-bills.

Globe-trotters who expect entertainment as a right have, even within my memory, blunted this open-heartedness, but none the less to-day, if you belong to the Inner Circle and are neither a Bear nor a Black Sheep, all houses are open to you, and our small world is very, very kind and helpful.

Rickett of Kamartha stayed with Polder of Kumaon some fifteen years ago. He meant to stay two nights, but was knocked down by rheumatic fever, and for six weeks disorganized Polder's establishment, stopped Polder's work, and nearly died in Polder's bedroom. Polder behaves as though he had been placed under eternal obligation by Rickett, and yearly sends

the little Ricketts a box of presents and toys. It is the same everywhere. The men who do not take the trouble to conceal from you their opinion that you are an incompetent ass, and the women who blacken your character and misunderstand your wife's amusements, will work themselves to the bone in your behalf if you fall sick or into serious trouble.

Heatherlegh, the Doctor, kept, in addition to his regular practice, a hospital on his private account—an arrangement of loose boxes for Incurables, his friend called it—but it was really a sort of fitting-up shed for craft that had been damaged by stress of weather. The weather in India is often sultry, and since the tale of bricks is always a fixed quantity, and the only liberty allowed is permission to work overtime and get no thanks, men occasionally break down and become as mixed as the metaphors in this sentence.

Heatherlegh is the dearest doctor that ever was, and his invariable prescription to all his patients is, "lie low, go slow, and keep cool." He says that more men are killed by overwork than the importance of this world justifies. He maintains that overwork slew Pansay, who died under his hands about three years ago. He has, of course, the right to speak authoritatively, and he laughs at my theory that there was a crack in Pansay's head and a little bit of the Dark

World came through and pressed him to death. "Pansy went off the handle," says Heatherleigh, "after the stimulus of long leave at home. He may or he may not have behaved like a blackguard to Mrs. Keith-Wessington. My notion is that the work of the Estabundi Settlement ran him off his legs, and that he took to brooding and making much of an ordinary P&O flirtation. He certainly was engaged to Miss Maunering, and she certainly broke off the engagement. Then he took a feverish chill and all that nonsense about ghosts developed. Over-work started his illness, kept it alight, and killed him, poor devil. Write him off to the system—one man to take the work of two and a half men."

I do not believe this. I used to sit up with Pansy sometimes when Heatherleigh was called out to patients, and I happened to be within claim. The man would make me most unhappy by describing in a low, even voice, the procession that was always passing at the bottom of his bed. He had a sick man's command of language. When he recovered I suggested that he should write out the whole affair from beginning to end, knowing that ink might assist him to ease his mind. When little boys have learned a new bad word they are never happy till they have chalked it up on a door. And this also is literature.

He was in a high fever while he was writing, and the blood-and-thunder Magazine diction he adopted did not calm him. Two months afterwards he was reported fit for duty, but, in spite of the fact that he was urgently needed to help an undermanned Commission stagger through a deficit, he preferred to die; vowing at the last that he was hag-ridden. I got his manuscript before he died, and this is his version of the affair, dated 1885:—

My doctor tells me that I need rest and change of air. It is not improbable that I shall get both ere long—rest that neither the red-coated messenger nor the midday gun can break, and change of air far beyond that which any homeward-bound steamer can give me. In the meantime I am resolved to stay where I am; and, in flat defiance of my doctor's orders, to take all the world into my confidence. You shall learn for yourselves the precise nature of my malady; and shall, too, judge for yourselves whether any man born of woman on this weary earth was ever so tormented as I.

Speaking now as a condemned criminal might speak ere the drop-bolts are drawn, my story, wild and hideously improbable as it may appear, demands at least attention. That it will ever receive credence I utterly disbelieve. Two months ago I should have scouted as mad or drunk the man who had dared to tell me the like. Two months ago I was the happiest man in India. To-day, from Peshawar to the sea there is no one more wretched. My doctor

and I are the only two who know this. His explanation is that my brain, digestion and eyesight are all slightly affected; giving rise to my frequent and persistent "delusions." Delusions, indeed! I call him a fool; but he attends me still with the same unwearied smile, the same bland professional manner, the same, neatly-trimmed red whiskers, till I begin to suspect that I am an ungrateful, evil-tempered invalid. But you shall judge for yourselves.

Three years ago it was my fortune—my great misfortune—to sail from Gravesend to Bombay, on return from long leave, with one Agnes Keith-Wessington, wife of an officer on the Bombay side. It does not in the least concern you to know what manner of woman she was. Be content with the knowledge that, ere the voyage had ended, both she and I were desperately and unreasonably in love with one another. Heaven knows that I can make the admission now without one particle of vanity. In matters of this sort there is always one who gives and another who accepts. From the first day of our ill-omened attachment, I was conscious that Agnes's passion was a stronger, a more dominant, and—if I may use the expression—a purer sentiment than mine. Whether she recognized the fact then, I do not know. Afterwards it was bitterly plain to both of us.

Arrived at Bombay in the spring of the year, we went our respective ways, to meet no more for the next three or four months, when my leave and her love took us both to Simla. There we spent the season together; and there my fire of straw burnt itself out to a pitiful end with the closing year. I attempt no excuse. I make no apology. Mrs. Wessington had given up much for my sake, and was prepared to give up all. From my own lips, in August, 1882, she learned that I was sick of her presence, tired of her company, and weary of the sound of her voice. Ninety-nine women out of a hundred would have wearied of me as I wearied of them; seventy-five of that number would have promptly avenged themselves by active and obtrusive flirtation with other men. Mrs. Wessington was the hundredth. On her neither my openly expressed aversion nor the cutting brutalities with which I garnished our interviews had the least effect.

"Jack, darling!" was her one eternal cuckoo cry; "I'm sure it's all a mistake—a hideous mistake; and we'll be good friends again someday. Please forgive me, Jack, dear."

I was the offender, and I knew it. That knowledge transformed my pity into passive endurance, and, eventually, into blind hate—the same instinct, I suppose, which prompts a man to savagely stamp on the spider he has but half killed. And with this hate in my bosom the season of 1882 came to an end.

Next year we met again at Simla—she with her monotonous face and timid attempts at reconciliation, and I with loathing of her in every

fiber of my frame. Several times I could not avoid meeting her alone; and on each occasion her words were identically the same. Still the unreasoning wail that it was all a "mistake," and still the hope of eventually "making friends." I might have seen, had I cared to look, that that hope only was keeping her alive. She grew more wan and thin month by month. You will agree with me, at least, that such conduct would have driven anyone to despair. It was uncalled for; childish; unwomanly. I maintain that she was much to blame. And again, sometimes, in the black, fever-stricken night watches, I have begun to think that I might have been a little kinder to her. But that really is a "delusion." I could not have continued pretending to love her when I didn't, could I? It would have been unfair to us both.

Last year we met again—on the same terms as before. The same weary appeals, and the same curt answers from my lips. At least I would make her see how wholly wrong and hopeless were her attempts at resuming the old relationship. As the season wore on, we fell apart—that is to say, she found it difficult to meet me, for I had other and more absorbing interests to attend to. When I think it over quietly in my sick-room, the season of 1884 seems a confused nightmare wherein light and shade were fantastically intermingled—my courtship of little Kitty Mannerling; my hopes, doubts and fears; our long rides together; my trembling avowal of attachment; her reply; and now and again a vision of a white face sitting by in the 'rickshaw with the black and white liveries I once watched for so earnestly; the wave of Mrs. Wessington's gloved hand; and when she met me alone, which was but seldom, the irksome monotony of her appeal. I loved Kitty Mannerling; honestly, heartily I loved her, and with my love for her grew my hatred for Agnes. In August, Kitty and I were engaged. The next day I met those accursed "magnie" *ghampanies* at the back of Jakko, and, moved by some passing sentiment of pity, stopped to tell Mrs. Wessington everything. She knew it already.

"So I hear you're engaged, Jack dear." Then, without a moment's pause:—"I'm sure it's all a mistake—a hideous mistake. We shall be as good friends some day, Jack, as we ever were."

My answer might have made even a man wince. It cut the dying woman before me like the blow of a whip. "Please forgive me, Jack; I didn't mean to make you angry; but it's true, it's true."

And Mrs. Wessington broke down completely. I turned away and left her to finish her journey in peace, feeling, but only for a moment or two, that I had been an unutterably mean bound. I looked back, and saw that she had turned her 'rickshaw with the idea, I suppose, of overtaking me.

The scene and its surroundings were photographed on my memory. The rain-swept sky

(we were at the end of the wet weather,) the sodden, dingy pines, the muddy road and the black, powder-riven cliffs formed a gloomy background against which the black and white liveries of the *ghampanies*, the yellow-paneled 'rickshaw and Mrs. Wessington's down-bowed golden head stood out clearly. She was holding her handkerchief in her left hand and was leaning back exhausted among the 'rickshaw cushions. I turned my horse up a bypath near the Sanjowlie Reservoir and literally ran away. Once I fancied I heard a faint call of "Jack!" This may have been imagination. I never stopped to verify it. Ten minutes later I came across Kitty on horseback; and, in the delight of a long ride with her, forgot all about the interview.

A week later Mrs. Wessington died, and the inexpressible burden of her existence was removed from my life. I went Plainsward perfectly happy. Before three months were over I had forgotten all about her, except that at times the discovery of some of her old letters reminded me unpleasantly of our bygone relationship. By January I had disinterred what was left of our correspondence from among my scattered belongings and had burnt it. At the beginning of April of this year, 1885, I was at Simla—semi-deserted Simla—once more, and was deep in lover's talks and walks with Kitty. It was decided that we should be married at the end of June. You will understand, therefore, that, loving Kitty as I did, I am not saying too much when I pronounce myself to have been, at that time, the happiest man in India.

Fourteen delightful days passed almost before I noticed their flight. Then aroused to the sense of what was proper among mortals circumscribed as we were, I pointed out to Kitty that an engagement ring was the outward and visible sign of her dignity as an engaged girl; and that she must forthwith come to Hamilton's to be measured for one. Up to that moment, I give you my word, we had completely forgotten so trivial a matter. To Hamilton's we accordingly went on the 15th of April, 1885. Remember that—whatever my doctor may say to the contrary—I was then in perfect health, enjoying a well-balanced mind and an absolutely tranquil spirit. Kitty and I entered Hamilton's shop together, and there, regardless of the order of affairs, I measured Kitty for the ring in the presence of the amused assistant. The ring was a sapphire with two diamonds. We then rode out down the slope that leads to the Combermere Bridge and Felit's shop.

While my Waler was cautiously feeling his way over the loose shale, and Kitty was laughing and chattering at my side—while all Simla, that is to say as much of it as had been come from the Plains, was grumped round the Reading-room and Felit's veranda,—I was aware that some one, apparently at a vast distance, was calling me by my Christian name. It struck me that I had heard the voice before, but when

and where I could not at once determine. In the short space it took to cover the road between the path from Hamilton's shop and the first plank of the Combermere Bridge I had thought over half a dozen people who might have committed such a solecism, and had eventually decided that it must have been some singing in my ears. Immediately opposite Peliti's shop my eye was arrested by the sight of four *ghampanies* in "maggie" livery, pulling a yellow-paneled, cheap, bazar rickshaw. In a moment my mind flew back to the previous season and Mrs. Wessington with a sense of irritation and disgust. Was it not enough that the woman was dead and done with, without her black and white servitors reappearing to spoil the day's happiness? Whoever employed them now I thought I would call upon, and ask as a personal favor to change her *ghampanies'* livery. I would hire the men myself, and, if necessary, buy their coats from off their backs. It is impossible to say here what a flood of undesirable orgies their presence evoked.

"Kitty," I cried, "there are poor Mrs. Wessington's *ghampanies* turned up again! I wonder who has them now?"

Kitty had known Mrs. Wessington slightly last season, and had always been interested in the sickly woman.

"What? Where?" she asked. "I can't see them anywhere."

Even as she spoke, her horse, swerving from a laden mule, threw himself directly in front of the advancing rickshaw. I had scarcely time to utter a word of warning, when, to my unutterable horror, horse and rider passed through men and carriage as if they had been thin air.

"What's the matter?" cried Kitty; "what made you call out so foolishly, Jack? If I am engaged I don't want all creation to know about it. There was lots of space between the mule and the veranda; and, if you think I can't ride—There!"

Whereupon wilful Kitty set off, her dainty little head in the air, at a hand-gallop in the direction of the Bandstand; fully expecting, as she herself afterwards told me, that I should follow her. What was the matter? Nothing indeed. Either that I was mad or drunk, or that Simla was haunted with devils. I reined in my impatient sob and turned round. The rickshaw had turned too, and now stood immediately facing me, near the left railing of the Combermere Bridge.

"Jack! Jack, darling!" (There was no mistake about the words this time; they rang through my brain as if they had been shouted in my ear.) "It's some hideous mistake, I'm sure. Please forgive me, Jack, and let's be friends again."

The rickshaw hood had fallen back, and inside, as I hope and pray daily for the death I dread by night, sat Mrs. Keith-Wessington,

handkerchief in hand, and golden head bowed on her breast.

How long I stared motionless I do not know. Finally, I was aroused by my eyes taking the water's bridle and asking whether I was ill. From the horrible to the commonplace is but a step. I tumbled off my horse and dashed, half fainting, into Peliti's for a glass of cherry-brandy. There two or three couples were gathered round the coffee-tables discussing the gossip of the day. Their trivialities were more comforting to me than the consolations of religion could have been. I plunged into the midst of the conversation at once; chatted, laughed, and jested with a face (when I caught a glimpse of it in a mirror) as white and drawn as that of a corpse. Three or four men noticed my condition; and, evidently setting it down to the results of over many pegs, charitably endeavored to draw me apart from the rest of the loungers. But I refused to be led away. I wanted the company of my kind—as a child rushes into the midst of a dinner party after a fright in the dark. I must have talked for about ten minutes or so, though it seemed an eternity to me, when I heard Kitty's clear voice outside inquiring for me. In another minute she had entered the shop, prepared to roundly upbraid me for failing so signally in my duties. Something in my face stopped her.

"Why, Jack," she cried, "what have you been doing? What has happened? Are you ill?" Thus driven into a direct lie, I said that the sun had been a little too much for me. It was close upon five o'clock of a cloudy April afternoon, and the sun had been hidden all day. I saw my mistake as soon as the words were out of my mouth; attempted to recover it; blundered hopelessly and followed Kitty in a regal rage out of doors, amid the smiles of my acquaintances. I made some excuse (I have forgotten what) on the score of my feeling faint; and cantered away to my hotel, leaving Kitty to finish the ride by herself.

In my room I sat down and tried calmly to reason out the matter. Here was, I, Theobald Jack Pansay, a well-educated Bengal Civilian in the year of grace 1886, presumably sane, certainly healthy, driven in terror from my sweetheart's side by the apparition of a woman who had been dead and buried eight months ago. These were facts that I could not blink. Nothing was further from my thought than any memory of Mrs. Wessington when Kitty and I left Hamilton's shop. Nothing was more utterly commonplace than the stretch of wall opposite Peliti's. It was broad daylight. The road was full of people; and yet here, look you, in defiance of every law of probability, in direct outrage of Nature's ordinances, there had appeared to me a face from the grave.

Kitty's Arab had gone through the rickshaw so that my first hopes that some woman marvelously like Mrs. Wessington had hired the

carriage and the coolies with their old livery was lost. Again and again I went round this treadmill of thought; and again and again gave up baffled and in despair. The voice was as inexplicable as the apparition. I had originally some wild notion of confiding it all to Kitty; of begging her to marry me at once; and in her arms defying the ghostly occupant of the 'rickshaw. "After all," I argued, "the presence of the 'rickshaw is in itself enough to prove the existence of a spectral illusion. One may see ghosts of men and women, but surely never of coolies and carriages. The whole thing is absurd. Fancy the ghost of a hillman!"

Next morning I sent a penitent note to Kitty, imploring her to overlook my strange conduct the previous afternoon. My Divinity was still very wrath, and a personal apology was necessary. I explained, with a fluency born of night-long pondering over a falsehood, that I had been attacked with a sudden palpitation of the heart—the result of indigestion. This eminently practical solution had its effect; and Kitty and I rode out that afternoon with the shadow of my first lie dividing us.

Nothing would please her save a canter round Jakko. With my nerves still unstrung from the previous night I feebly protested against the notion, suggesting Observatory Hill, Jutogh, the Boileaugunga road—anything rather than the Jakko round. Kitty was angry and a little hurt; so I yielded from fear of provoking further misunderstanding, and we set out together towards Chota Simla. We walked a greater part of the way, and, according to our custom, cantered from a mile or so below the Convent to the stretch of level road by the Sanjowia Reservoir. The wretched horses appeared to fly, and my heart beat quicker and quicker as we neared the crest of the ascent. My mind had been full of Mrs. Wessington all the afternoon; and every inch of the Jakko road bore witness to our old-time walks and talks. The howlers were full of it; the pines sang it aloud overhead; the rain-fet torrents giggled and chuckled unseen over the shameful story; and the wind in my ears chanted the iniquity aloud.

As a fitting climax, in the middle of the level men called the Ladies' Mile the Horror was awaiting me. No other 'rickshaw was in sight—only the four black and white Jampangies, the yellow-paneled carriage, and the golden head of the woman within—all apparently just as I had left them eight months and one fortnight ago! For an instant I fancied that Kitty must see what I saw—we were so marvelously sympathetic in all things. Her next words undeceived me—"Not a soul in sight! Come along, Jack, and I'll race you to the Reservoir buildings!" Her wiry little Arab was off like a bird, my Waler following close behind, and in this order we dashed under the cliffs. Half a minute brought us within fifty yards of the 'rickshaw. I pulled my Waler and fell back a

little. The 'rickshaw was directly in the middle of the road; and once more the Arab passed through it, my horse following. "Jack, Jack dear! Please forgive me," rang with a wail in my ears, and, after an interval—"It's all a mistake, a hideous mistake!"

I spurred my horse like a man possessed. When I turned my head at the Reservoir works, the black and white liveries were still waiting—patiently waiting—under the gray hillside, and the wind brought me a maddening echo of the words I had just heard. Kitty bantered me a good deal on my silence throughout the remainder of the ride. I had been talking up till then wildly and at random. To save my life I could not speak afterwards naturally, and from Sanjowia to the Church wisely held my tongue.

I was to dine with the Mannerings that night and had barely time to canter home to dress. On the road to Elysium Hill I overheard two men talking together in the dusk—"It's a curious thing," said one, "how completely all trace of it disappeared. You know my wife was insanely fond of the woman (never could see anything in her myself), and wanted me to pick up her old 'rickshaw and coolies if they were to be got for love or money. Morbid sort of fancy I call it; but I've got to do what *Memsahib* tells me. Would you believe that the man she hired it from tells me that all four of the men—they were brothers—died of cholera on the way to Hardwar, poor devils; and the 'rickshaw has been broken up by the man himself. 'Told me he never used a dead *Memsahib's* 'rickshaw. 'Spoilt his luck. Queer notion, wasn't it? Fancy poor little Mrs. Wessington spoiling any one's luck except her own!" I laughed aloud at this point; and my laugh jarred on me as I uttered it. So there were ghosts of 'rickshaws after all, and ghostly employments in the other world! How much did Mrs. Wessington give her men? What were their hours? Where did they go?

And for visible answer to my last question I saw the infernal thing blocking my path in the twilight. The devil travel fast, and by short cuts unknown to ordinary coolies. I laughed aloud a second time, and checked my laughter suddenly, for I was afraid I was going mad. Mad to a certain extent I must have been, for I recollect that I reined in my horse at the head of the 'rickshaw, and politely wished Mrs. Wessington "Good-evening." Her answer was one I knew only too well. I listened to the end; and replied that I had heard it all before, but should be delighted if she had anything further to say. Some malignant devil stronger than I must have entered into me that evening, for I have a dim recollection of talking the commonplace of the day for five minutes to the Thing in front of me.

"Mad as a hatter, poor devil—or drunk. Max, try and get him to come home."

Surely that was not Mrs. Wessington's voice! The two men had overheard me speaking to the

empty air, and had returned to look after me. They were very kind and considerate, and from their words evidently gathered that I was extremely drunk. I thanked them confusedly and cantered away to my hotel, there changed, and arrived at the blannings ten minutes late. I pleaded the darkness of the night as an excuse; was rebuked by Kitty for my unloverlike tardiness; and sat down.

The conversation had already become general; and under cover of it, I was addressing some tender small talk to my sweetheart, when I was aware that at the further end of the table a short red-whiskered man was describing, with much bravado, his encounter with a mad unknown that evening.

A few sentences convinced me that he was repeating the incident of half an hour ago. In the middle of the story he looked round for applause, as professional story-tellers do, caught my eye and straightway collapsed. There was a moment's awkward silence, and the red-whiskered man muttered something to the effect that had "forgotten the rest," thereby sacrificing a reputation as a good story-teller which he had built up for six seasons past. I blessed him from the bottom of my heart, and—went on with my fish.

In the fulness of time that dinner came to an end; and with genuine regret I tore myself away from Kitty—as certain as I was of my own existence that it would be waiting for me outside the door. The red-whiskered man, who had been introduced to me as Dr. Heatherlegh of Simla, volunteered to bear me company as far as our roads lay together. I accepted his offer with gratitude.

My instinct had not deceived me. It lay in readiness in the Mall, and, in what seemed devilish mockery of our ways, with a lighted headlamp. The red-whiskered man went to the point at once, in a manner that showed he had been thinking over it all dinner time.

"I say, Pansay, what the deuce was the matter with you this evening on the Elysium road?" The suddenness of the question wrenched an answer from me before I was aware.

"That!" said I, pointing to it.

"That, may be either D. T. or Eyes for aught I know. Now you don't liquor. I saw as much at dinner, so it can't be D. T. There's nothing whatever where you're pointing, though you're sweating and trembling with fright like a scared pony. Therefore, I conclude that it's Eyes. And I ought to understand all about them. Come along home with me. I'm on the Blessington lower road."

To my intense delight the 'rickshaw, instead of waiting for us, kept about twenty yards ahead—and this, too, whether we walked, trotted or cantered. In the course of that long ride I had told my companion almost as much as I have told you here.

"Well, you've spoilt one of the best tales I've ever laid tongue to," said he, "but I'll forgive you for the sake of what you've gone through. Now come home and do what I tell you; and when I've cured you, young man, let this be a lesson to you to steer clear of women and indigestible food till the day of your death."

The 'rickshaw kept steady in front; and my red-whiskered friend seemed to derive great pleasure from my account of its exact whereabouts.

"Eyes, Pansay—all Eyes, Brain and Stomach. And the greatest of these three is Stomach. You've too much conceited Brain, too little Stomach, and thoroughly unhealthy Eyes. Get your Stomach straight and the rest follows. And all that's French for a liver pill. I'll take sole medical charge of you from this hour! For you're too interesting a phenomenon to be passed over."

By this time we were deep in the shadow of the Blessington lower road and the 'rickshaw came to a dead stop under a pine-clad overhanging shale cliff. Instinctively I halted too, giving my reason. Heatherlegh rapped out an oath.

"Now, if you think I'm going to spend a cold night on the hillside for the sake of a Stomach-cum-Brain-cum-Eye illusion . . . Lord, ha' mercy! What's that?"

There was a muffled report, a blinding smother of dust just in front of us, a crack, the noise of rent boughs, and about ten yards of the cliff side—pines, undergrowth and all—slid down into the road below, completely blocking it up. The uprooted trees swayed and tottered for a moment like drunken giants in the gloom, and then fell prone among their fellows with a thunderous crash. Our two horses stood motionless and sweating with fear. As soon as the rattle of falling earth and stone had subsided, my companion muttered:—"Man, if we'd gone forward we should have been ten feet deep in our graves by now. There are more things in heaven and earth . . . Come home, Pansay, and thank God. I want a peg badly."

We retraced our way over the Church Ridge, and I arrived at Dr. Heatherlegh's house shortly after midnight.

His attempts towards my cure commenced almost immediately, and for a week I never left his side. Many a time in the course of that week did I bless the good fortune which had thrown me in contact with Simla's best and kindest doctor. Day by day my spirits grew lighter and more equable. Day by day, too, I became more and more inclined to fall in with Heatherlegh's "spectral illusion" theory, implicating eyes, brain and stomach. I wrote to Kitty, telling her that a slight sprain caused by a fall from my horse kept me indoors for a few days, and that I should be recovered before she had time to regret my absence.

(To be concluded.)

Kidnapped.

BEING MEMOIRS OF THE ADVENTURES OF DAVID BALFOUR
IN THE YEAR 1751.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

CHAPTER I.

I SET OFF UPON MY JOURNEY TO THE HOUSE
OF SHAWS.

I WILL begin the story of my adventures with a certain morning early in the month of June, the year of grace 1751, when I took the key for the last time out of the door of my father's house. The sun began to shine upon the summit of the hills as I went down the road; and by the time I had come as far as the manse, the blackbirds were whistling in the garden lilacs, and the mist that hung around the valley in the time of the dawn was beginning to arise and die away.

Mr. Campbell, the minister of Essendean, was waiting for me by the garden gate, good man! He asked me if I had breakfasted; and hearing that I lacked for nothing, he took my hand in both of his, and clapped it kindly under his arm.

«Well, Davie, lad,» said he, «I will go with you as far as the ford, to set you on the way.»

And we began to walk forward in silence.

«Are ye sorry to leave Essendean?» said he, after a while.

«Why, sir,» said I, «if I knew where I was going, or what was likely to become of me, I would tell you candidly. Essendean is a good place indeed, and I have been very happy there; but then I have never been anywhere else. My father and mother, since they are both dead, I shall be no nearer to in Essendean than in the Kingdom of Hungary; and to speak truth, if I thought I had a chance to better myself where I was going, I would go with a good will.»

«Ay?» said Mr. Campbell. «Very well, Davie. Then it behooves me to tell your fortune; or so far as I may. When your mother was gone, and your father (the worthy Christian man) began to sicken for his end, he gave me in charge a certain letter, which he said was your inheritance. «So soon,» says he, «as I am gone, and the house is radd up and the gear disposed of» (all which, Davie, hath been done) «give my boy this letter into his hand, and start him off to the house of Shaws, not far from Cramond. That is the place I came from,» he said, «and it's where it befits that my boy should return. He is a steady lad,» your father said, «and a canny goer; and I doubt not he will come safe, and be well liked where he goes.»

«The house of Shaws!» I cried. «What had my poor father to do with the house of Shaws?»

«Nay,» said Mr. Campbell, «who can tell that for a surety? But the name of that family, Davie boy, is the name you bear, Balfours of Shaws: an ancient, honest, reputable house, per-adventure in these latter days decayed. Your father, too, was a man of learning as befitting his position; no man more plausibly conducted school; nor had he the manner or the speech of a common dominie; but (as ye will yourself remember) I took aye a pleasure to have him to the manse to meet the gentry; and those of my own house, Campbell of Kilrennet, Campbell of Dunswire, Campbell of Minch, and others, all well-kenned gentlemen, had pleasure in his society. Lastly, to put all the elements of this affair before you, here is the testamentary letter itself, superscribed by the own hand of our departed brother.»

He gave me the letter, which was addressed in these words: «To the hands of Ebenezer Balfour, Esquire, of Shaws, in his house of Shaws, these will be delivered by my son, David Balfour.» My heart was beating hard at this great prospect now suddenly opening before a lad of sixteen years of age, the son of a poor country dominie in the forest of Ettrick.

«Mr. Campbell,» I stammered, «and if you were in my shoes, would you go?»

«Of a surety,» said the minister, «that would I, and without a pause. A pretty lad like you should get to Cramond (which is near in by Edinburgh) in two days of walk. If the worst came to the worst, and your high relations (as I cannot but suppose them to be somewhat of your blood) should put you to the door, ye can but walk the two short days back again and risp at the manse door. But I would rather hope that ye shall be well received, as your poor father forecast for you, and for anything that I ken, come to be a great man in time. And here, Davie laddie,» he resumed, «it lies near upon my conscience to improve this parting, and set you on the right guard against the dangers of the world.»

Here he cast about for a comfortable seat, lighted on a big bowlder under a birch by the trackside, sat down upon it with a very long, serious upper lip, and the sun now shining in upon us between two peaks, put his pocket handkerchief over his cocked hat to shelter him. There, then with uplifted forefinger, he first put me on my guard against a considerable number of heresies, to which I had no temptation, and urged upon me to be instant in my prayers and reading of the Bible. That done, he drew a picture of the

great house that I was bound to, and how I should conduct myself with its inhabitants.

"Be soople, Davie, in things immaterial," said he. "Bear ye this in mind, that, though gentle horn, ye have had a country rearing. Dinnae shame us, Davie, dinnae shame us! In yon great, muckle house, with all these domestics, upper and under, shew yourself as nice, as circumspect, as quick at the conception, and as slow of speech as any. As for the laird—remember he's the laird; I say no more; honor to whom honor. It's a pleasure to obey a laird; or should be, to the young."

"Well, sir," said I, "it may be; and I'll promise you I'll try to make it so."

"Why, very well said," replied Mr. Campbell, heartily. "And now to come to the material, or (to make a quibble) to the immaterial. I have here a little packet which contains four things. He tugged it, as he spoke, and with some difficulty from the skirt pocket of his coat. "Of these four things, the first is your legal due; the little pickle money for your father's books and penishing, which I have bought (as I have explained from the first) in the design of re-selling at a profit to the incoming dominie. The other three are gitties that Mrs. Campbell and myself would be blithe of your acceptance. The first, which is round, will likely please ye best at the first off-go; but O, Davie laddie, it's but a drop of water in the sea; it'll help you but a step, and vanish like the morning. The second, which is flat and square and written upon, will stand by you through life, like a good staff for the road, and a good pillow to your head in sickness. And as for the last, which is cubical, that'll see you, it's my prayerful wish, into a better land."

With that he got upon his feet, took off his hat, and prayed a little while aloud, and in affecting terms, for a young man setting out into the world; then suddenly took me in his arms and embraced me very hard; then holding me at arm's length, looking at me with his face all working with sorrow; and then wiped about, and crying good-bye to me, set off backward by the way that we had come at a sort of jogging run. It might have been laughable to another; but I was in no mind to laugh. I watched him as long as he was in sight; and he never stopped hurrying, nor once looked back. Then it came in upon my mind that this was all his sorrow at my departure; and my conscience smote me hard and fast, because I, for my part, was overjoyed to get away out of that quiet country-side, and go to a great, busy house, among rich and respected gentlefolk of my own name and blood.

"Davie, Davie," I thought, "was ever seen such black ingratitude! Can you forget old favors and old friends at the mere whistle of a name? Fy, fy; think shame!"

And I sat down on the bowlder the good man had just left, and opened the parcel to see the nature of my gifts. That which he had called

cubical I had never had much doubt of; so sure enough it was a little Bible, to carry in a plaid-neuk. That which he had called round I found to be a shilling piece; and the third, which was to help me so wonderfully both in health and sickness all the days of my life, was a little piece of coarse yellow paper, written upon thus in red ink:

"To Make Lily of the Valley Water—Take the flowers of lily of the valley and distill them in sack, and drink a spoonful or two as there is occasion. It restores speech to those that have the dumb palsey. It is good against the Gout; it comforts the heart and strengthens the memory; and the flowers, put into a Glasse, close steeped and set into ane hill of ants for a month, then take it out, and you will find a liquor which comes from the flowers, which keep in a vial; it is good, ill or well, and whether man or woman."

And then, in the minister's own hand was added:

"Likewise for sprains, rub it in; and for the colic, a great spoonful in the hour."

To be sure I laughed over this, but it was rather tremulous laughter; and I was glad to get my bundle on my staff's end and set out over the ford and up the hill upon the farther side; till just as I came on the green drove-road running wide through the heather, I took my last look of Kirk Essendean, the trees about the manse, and the big rowans in the kirkyard where my father and my mother lay.

CHAPTER II.

I COME TO MY JOURNEY'S END.

On the forenoon of the second day, coming to the top of a hill, I saw all the country fall away before me down to the sea; and in the midst of this descent, on a long ridge, the city of Edinburgh smoking like a kiln. There was a flag upon the castle, and ships moving or lying anchored in the firth; both of which, for as far away as they were, I could distinguish clearly; and both brought my country heart into my mouth.

Presently after, I came by a house where a shepherd lived, and got a rough direction for the neighborhood of Cramond; and so, from one to another, worked my way to the westward of the capital by Colinton, till I came out upon the Glasgow road. And there, to my great pleasure and wonder, I beheld a regiment marching to the fife, every foot in time; an old red-faced general on a gray horse at the one end, and at the other the company of Grenadiers, with their Pope's-hats. The pride of life seemed to mount into my brain at the sight of the red-coats and the hearing of that merry music.

A little farther on, and I was told I was in Cramond parish, and began to substitute in my inquiries the name of the house of Shawa. It was a word that seemed to surprise those of

whom I sought my way. At first I thought the plainness of my appearance, in my country habit, and that all dusty from the road, consorted ill with the greatness of the place to which I was bound. But after two, or maybe three, had given me the same look and the same answer, I began to take it in my head there was something strange about the Shaws itself.

The better to eat this fear at rest, I changed the form of my inquiries; and spying an honest fellow coming along a lane on the shaft of his cart, I asked him if he had ever heard tell of a house they called the house of Shaws.

He stopped his cart and looked at me, like the others.

"Ay," said he. "What for?"

"It's a great house?" I asked.

"Doubtless," says he. "The house is a big, muckle house."

"Ay," said I, "but the folk that are in it?"

"Folk?" cries he. "Are ye daft? There's nae folk there—to call folk."

"What?" says I; "not Mr. Ebenezer?"

"O, ay," says the man; "there's the laird, to be sure, if it's him your wanting. What'll like be your business, mannie?"

"I was led to think that I would get a situation," I said, looking as modest as I could.

"What?" cries the carter, in so sharp a note that his very horse started; and then "Well, mannie," he added, "it's nae of my affairs; but ye seem a decent-spoken lad; and if ye'll take a word from me ye'll keep clear of the Shaws."

The next person I came across was a dapper little man in a beautiful white wig, whom I saw to be a barber on his rounds; and knowing well that barbers were great gossips, I asked him plainly what sort of a man was Mr. Balfour of the Shaws.

"Hoot, hoot, hoot," said the barber, "nae kind of a man, nae kind of a man at all;" and began to ask me very abrewdly what my business was; but I was more than a match for him at that, and he went on to his next customer no wiser than he came.

I cannot well describe the blow this dealt to my illusions. The more indistinct the accusations were, the less I liked them, for they left the wider field to fancy. What kind of a great house was this, that all the parish should start and stare to be asked the way to it? or what sort of a gentleman, that his ill-fame should be thus current on the wayside? If an hour's walking would have brought me back to Essendean, I had left my adventure then and there and returned to Mr. Campbell's. But when I had come so far away already, mere shame would not suffer me to desist till I had put the matter to the touch of proof; I was bound, out of mere self-respect, to carry it through; and little as I liked the sound of what I heard, and slow as I began to travel, I still kept asking my way and still kept advancing.

It was drawing on to sundown, when I met a stout, dark, sour-looking woman coming trudging down a hill; and she, when I had put my usual question, turned sharp about, accompanied me back to the summit she had just left, and pointed to a great bulk of building standing very bare upon a green in the bottom of the next valley. The country was pleasantly round about, running in low hills, pleasantly watered and wooded, and the crops, to my eyes, wonderfully good; but the house itself appeared to be a kind of ruin; no road led up to it; no smoke arose from any of the chimneys; nor was there any semblance of a garden. My heart sank. "That!" I cried.

The woman's face lit up with a malignant anger. "That is the house of Shaws!" she cried. "Blood built it; blood stopped the building of it; blood shall bring it down. See her!" she cried again—"I spit upon the ground, and crack my thumb at it! Black be its fall! If ye see the laird, tell what ye hear; tell him this makes the twelve hundred and nineteen time that Janet Clouston has called down the curse on him and his house, byre and stable, man, guest, and master, wife, miss, or bairn—black, black be their fall!"

And the woman, whose voice had risen to a kind of eldritch sing-song, turned with a skip, and was gone. I stood where she left me, with my hair on end. In these days folks still believed in witches and trembled at a curse; and this one, falling so pat, like a wayside omen, to arrest me ere I carried out my purpose, took the pith out of my legs.

I sat me down and stared at the house of Shaws. The more I looked, the pleasanter that country-side appeared; being all set with hawthorn bushes full of flowers; the fields dotted with sheep; a fine flight of rooks in the sky; and every sign of a kind soil and climate; and yet the barrack in the midst of it went sore against my fancy.

Country folk went by from the fields as I sat there on the side of the ditch, but I lacked the spirit to give them a good-even. At last the sun went down, and then, right up against the yellow sky, I saw a scroll of smoke go mounting; not much thicker, as it seemed to me, than the smoke of a candle; but still there it was, and meant a fire, and warmth, and cookery, and some living inhabitants that must have lit it; and this comforted my heart wonderfully—more, I feel sure, than a whole flock of the lily of the valley water that Mrs. Campbell set so great a store by.

So I set forward by a little faint track in the grass that led in my direction. It was very faint indeed to be the only way to a place of habitation; yet I saw no other. Presently it brought me to stone uprights, with an unroofed lodge beside them, and coats of arms upon the top. A main entrance, it was plainly meant to be, but never finished; instead of

gates of wrought iron, a pair of hurdles were tied across with a straw rope; and as there were no park walls, nor any sign of avenue, the track that I was following passed on the right hand of the pillars, and went wondering on toward the house.

The nearer I got to that, the drearier it appeared. It seemed like the one wing of a house that had never been finished. What should have been the inner end stood open on the upper floors, and showed against the sky with steps and stairs of uncompleted masonry. Many of the windows were unglazed, and bats flew in and out like doves out of a dove-cote.

The night had begun to fall as I got close; and in three of the lower windows, which were very high up, and narrow, and well barred the changing light of a little fire began to glimmer.

Was this the palace I had been coming to? Was it within these walls that I was to seek new friends and begin great fortunes? Why, in my father's house on Essen-Waterside, the fire and the bright lights would show a mile away, and the door open to a beggar's knock.

I came forward cautiously, and giving ear as I came, heard some one rattling with blades, and a little dry, eager cough that came in fits; but there was no sound of speech, and not a dog barked.

The door, as well as I could see it in the dim light, was a great piece of wood all studded with nails; and I lifted my hand with a faint heart under my jacket, and knocked once. Then I stood and waited. The house had fallen into a dead silence; a whole minute passed away, and nothing stirred but the bats overhead. I knocked again, and hearkened again. By this time my ears had grown so accustomed to the quiet, that I could hear the ticking of the clock inside as it slowly counted out the seconds, but whoever was in this house

kept deadly still, and must have held his breath.

I was in two minds whether to run away; but anger got the upper hand, and I began instead to rain kicks and buffets on the door, and to shout out aloud for Mr. Balfour. I was in full career, when I heard the cough right overhead, and jumping back and looking up, beheld a man's head in a tall nightcap, and the bell mouth of a blunderbuss, at one of the first story windows.

"It's loaded," said a voice.

"I have come here with a letter," I said, "to Mr. Ebenezer Balfour of Shaws. Is he here?"

"From whom is it?" asked the man with the blunderbuss.

"That is neither here nor there," said I, for I was growing very wroth.

"Well," was the reply, "ye can put it down upon the doorstep, and be off with ye."

"I will do no such thing," I cried. "I will deliver it into Mr. Balfour's hands, as it was meant to be." It is a letter of introduction.

"A what?" cried the voice, sharply.

I repeated what I had said.

"Who are ye, yourself?" was the next question, after a considerable pause.

"I am not ashamed of my name," said I. "They call me David Balfour."

At that, I made sure the man started, for I heard the blunderbuss rattle on the window-sill; and it was after quite a long pause, and with a curious change of voice, that the next question followed:

"Is your father dead?"

I was so much surprised at this, that I could find no voice to answer, but stood staring.

"Ay," the man resumed, "he'll be dead, no doubt; and that'll be what brings ye chapping to my door." Another pause, and then, defiantly, "Well, man," he said, "I'll let ye in;" and he disappeared from the window.

(To be continued.)

Home.

IN distant lands tho' I may roam,
I'll ne'er forget my quiet home.
In gilded court or palace hall
Where'er my wandering footsteps fall
The memory of my rustic cot,
Its peace serene is ne'er forgot.

No land like thee, my native land;
No home like thee, my native home;
No friend like thee, my old-time friend,
No friend like thee, my steps attend,
In varying mood, at last I turn
To where my fireside embers burn.

—G. W. WORTHEN.

Plain Old Kitchen Chap.

Mother's furnished up the parlor—got a full new 'polstered eet,

And there ain't a neater parlor, in the county, now I'll bet.

She's a hasn hoardin' pennies, for a mighty tedious time;

She has had the chicken money, and she's saved it—every dime,

And she's put it out in pictures and in easy chairs and rugs,

Got the neighbors all to sniffin', 'cause we're puttin' on such lugs;

Got up curtains round the winders, whiter'n snow and all of lace,

Fixed that parlor, 'till, by gracious, I should never know the place;

And she says, as soon 'tis settled, she shall give a yell'er tea,

And invite the whole caboodle of the neighbors in to see.

Can't own up that I approve it; seems too much like fob and fuss,

To a man who's lived as I have—just a plain old kitchen cuss.

Cause we've had a front room always, tidy place enough, I guess,

Couldn't tell; I never sat there, never opened it unless

Parson called, or sometimes mother, gave a party or a lee,

When the women came and quilted and the men came round ter tea,

Now we're goin' to use it common. Mother says 'tis time to start,

If we're any better'n heathens, so's to sweeten life with art—

Say's I've grubbed too long with plain things, haven't lifted up my soul,

Says I've donned there, in the kitchen, like a woud-chuck in his hole.

It's along with other notions, mother's gettin' from the club,

But I've got no growl a-commin'; mother ain't let up on grub;

Still I'm wishin' she would let me have my smoke and take my nap

In the corner side the wood box; I'm a plain old kitchen chap.

I have done my bit of farmin'; folks will tell you I'm no shirk,

There's the callus on them fingers, that's the badge of honest work;

And them hours in the corner, when I've stumbled home to rest,

Have been earned by honest labor, and they've been my very best.

Land! If I could have a palace, wouldn't ask no better nook

Than this corner in the kitchen, with my pipe and some good book.

I'm a sort of dull old codger, clear behind the times I s'pose,

Stay at home and mind my business; wear some pretty rusty clothes,

Bruther sat out here'n the kitchen, hove for forty years or more,

Till the heel of that old rocker's gonged a hollow in the floor;

Set my boots behind the cook stove, dry my old blue socks,

Get my knife and plug tobacco from that dented, old tin box.

Set and smoke and look at mother clearin' up the things from ten,

Rather tame for city fellers, but that's fun enough for me;

I'm proud of mother's parlor, but I'm 'fared the thing has put

Cuck's notions in her noddle, for she says I'm underfoot.

Thinks we ought to light the parlor, got a crowd to entertain,

But I ain't no city lonfer; I'm a farmer down in Maine.

'Course I can't hurt mother's feelin's, wouldn't do it for a mint,

Yet that parlor business sticks me, and I guess I'll have to hint

That I ain't an entertainer, and I leave that job to son,

I'll set out here in the kitchen, while the folks are havin' fun;

And if marm comes out to get me, I will pull her on my lap,

And she'll know and she'll forgive me, for I'm just a kitchen chap.

—Will Dixen.

THE BICYCLE

FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

A Toast.

To the Crystal of Desire,
To the Wheel of Mystic Birth,
To the Child of Mine and Fire,
Drink, Riders of the Earth.

To the hum of the whirling wire,
In the rush of the air disturbed,
To the purr of the spurring tire,
And the speed of the steed uncurbed.

To the stroke of the corded muscle,
And the rise of the warming thigh,
To the lift and drop of the hills we top,
And the woodlands rolling by.

To the deep exhilaration,
To the brawn and the touch that guides;
To the freedom of creation—
The world is his who rides.

To the spindrift mists of morning,
To noon of the golden light;
To the tints that fade and the mystic shade,
To the Moon and the mottled night.

To the air, to the winds that buffet,
And the will to which they bend;
To life, and the way we rough it,
To the rides that never end.

To the vilest and the vilest,
To the wind-flung leaves we toes;
To the birds that race at a breathing pace,
And the birds that dart across.

To the joy beyond dimensions,
To a pleasure never old;
To the Prince of all inventions,
To the steel worth more than gold.

We heirs of an age of science,
With leaping life shall ride,
From the purple dawn of manhood on
To the ebbing eventide.

A Toast to the Child of Fire,
To the Wheel of Mystic Birth,
To the End of all Desire,
Drink, Riders of the Earth.

—Francis J. Macbeath in *Cycling News*.

On Touring. In the August number of the Touring Gazette, Mr. Andrus a reporter on the Rangitika Advocate and as experienced a touring cyclist as there is in the vicinity, says the following on touring.

It has been remarked that touring is not so popular as it was. In my opinion one cause is our tires are too narrow. In the early days of the PNEUMATIC tire roadsters were all fitted with covers not less than 2½ inches broad, measured by the present standard. In this matter, as in many others, we have been dominated by the racing man. He required, above all things, a light machine, and, as his riding was generally done on tracks, the width of the tire was of secondary consequence. He brought in the fashion of using smaller and yet smaller tires, until they became little less uncomfortable than the old "cushion." The disadvantage is not very noticeable on short journeys and good surfaces, but, when touring and going, say, from thirty to sixty miles a day, and particularly when traveling over rough roads, the want of resistance in the narrow tires cannot fail to cause discomfort and even actual pain to the rider. For road work no tire, and I speak from considerable experience, should be less than two inches in diameter.

Another reason is the want of skill displayed by a great many riders. This causes them to become tired after comparatively short journeys and even renders them liable to serious accidents. How many are there who absolutely ignore ankle motion! Their chains tighten and slacken after each push of the pedal, clearly showing that they are not making the best use of the force at their disposal. Ankle motion is something like the action of the feet on the pedals of a sewing machine or harmonium, and the effect of it is to keep a steady pull on the chain and a steady movement on the machine. It can be learned by making the necessary motion first with one foot and then with the other, until they can be worked both together. A few weeks' practice is needed to obtain perfection in this.

I notice, too, that most people go pedalling away, whether up-hill or down, never giving their legs a rest, and even taking pride in the fact that they do not carry a brake. I strongly advise riders not to be guided by the racing man, but to get foot-rests, brakes, yes, and mudguards, too, fixed to their machines, and never to ride without them. Let them put their feet on the rests at almost every little slope, and they will be surprised to find how far they can

ride without pedalling, and what comfort they derive from a few moments of repose. It is often possible to save one-sixth of the labor by coasting—say six miles in thirty-six—but few do spare themselves in this manner; they keep working away, up hill and down dale, like a lot of marionettes rather than reasonable beings.

Every rider should be able to jump off at a moments warning, even though the machine is going at from ten to twelve miles an hour. The art can be learned by making use of one of the pedals as a step, and the ability so to dismount gives a feeling of security to the rider. I have many times avoided a collision by jumping off when traveling at a high rate of speed.

I consider money spent in putting up danger boards on the top of steep hills as money wasted. No man has a right to descend a hill at such a pace as to allow his machine to get beyond control unless he can see the road clear before him. In fact, no person should ride down a steep hill at all, without first having learned to spring off in case of emergency.

But the principal cause of the decline in touring is the simple fact that a great many people have done themselves permanent harm by taking too long journeys. The effect of cycling on the heart's action appears to have received very little attention either from cyclists or from medical men. My opinion is that cycling increases the speed of the heart more, and causes the increased speed to continue longer, than does any other exercise. I have noticed, when riding over hilly country, that my own pulse quickly rises from a normal rate of about sixty-five to eighty, and even ninety beats a minute, and that, too, when traveling at an easy pace of six or seven miles an hour. If I ride faster the pulse rises to 100 and over; indeed, as high as 125 when the strain is unusually severe. If the heart is kept going at 100 beats a minute for any length of time I find that it will not return to its normal rate for several hours; and if the ride be not finished until near bedtime, the increased speed of the heart prevents sound sleep. I have felt the pulse of many persons, both young and middle-aged, during and after a long ride, and have found nearly the same rate of speed as in my own case, but I cannot say how soon, generally speaking, the heart returns to its normal rate after hours of continuous cycling, and would like members to give their experience. I find, on the other hand, that if I ride easily, and do not allow the heart to exceed 100 beats a minute, and take short rests on the journey, I reach the end without feeling any ill effects. My theory is that the reason why the heart suffers so much through cycling is that the labor is made incessant; you do not take short spalls from time to time, as is done in every other exercise. Now, many persons, having no knowledge of this fact, and seeing by the papers that So-and-So has done so many miles in so many hours, at once conclude that they can do

as much themselves. They start out for a tour of a week or a fortnight, straight from the shop or office, without any previous training, and ride sixty or eighty miles a day. Many never recover from the injury they do themselves. In touring we should not be influenced by the feats of the road racer. I make bold to say that no person should ride on an average more than forty to fifty miles a day, and, if he be untrained, even less. It has become the fashion to do long journeys, and it is a fashion that has done much to render touring unpopular.

Owing to the numerous accidents to cycling which have occurred recently in the streets of Vienna to cyclists and pedestrians, the latter invariably getting much the worse of the encounter, serious rumors are afloat of the repeal of the *lex Anastasia*, which was passed a year or so ago and permits the wheeler extensive liberties. Should this reversion to the original state of things really come about the mourners will not be entirely of the bourgeois class. The news will be no less unwelcome to the nobility, among whom, though the sport was loudly denounced at first, it now claims numerous adherents. Enthusiastically adopted in England, discussed for several years in France, warmly opposed in Germany by the emperor himself, bicycling met nowhere the same bitter opposition that it did in Austria, and for a long time the Vienna authorities submitted the exercise of the sport to rigorous regulations, unflinchingly punishing the slightest violation of their laws.

A permit to ride a bicycle in the streets of Vienna involved ever so much red tape, the would-be wheelman being obliged to undergo a severe preliminary examination and to give an exhibition of his skill before a competent jury, who decided whether or not his knowledge of the machine would allow him to pedal in the city without being a cause of anxiety and danger to his fellow citizens. He was further compelled to have on his machine a larger number than that on ordinary cabs; certain quarters were forbidden him altogether; while occasionally streets not forbidden were rendered almost as objectionable by formidable signboards ordering the cyclist to slacken speed or even to dismount and trundle his machine.

A happy day dawned for cyclists, however, when Archduchess Stephanie was converted to the craze, along with the Archduchess Maria Josepha, and these scions of royalty, in co-operation with the countess of Kielmansegg, wife of the governor of Lower Austria, are credited with having done more than any person besides to secure the mitigation of the restrictions on cycling. Countess Kielmansegg's Christian name being Anastasia, the greatful cyclists determined to christen the new law in her name, and so it was henceforth known as "*lex Anastasia*."—*Chicago Record*.

WORTH WOMAN'S WHILE

A VARIETY OF FACTS BOILED DOWN AND SERVED WARM AND CRISP.

For Pretty Hands.

Allow the veins to become depleted by holding the hands up whenever possible.

Almond meal is very whitening, if used when the hands are still wet, in place of soap.

If you allow your hands to hang continually at the sides they will present a swollen appearance.

A good treatment for red hands is as follows: one ounce each of honey, lemon juice and eau de cologne.

Ink and other stains should always be removed before washing. Use a mild acid such as lemon juice, vinegar or a weak solution of oxalic acid.

If necessary to use a strong acid to remove obstinate stains, a cold cream should first be rubbed well into the pores.

Do not wear gloves which are too small, as the tightness will impede the circulation of the blood and produce red hands.

Dusting a little fine oat, corn or almond meal over the hands after washing will serve as a preventative of chapping in cold weather.

Always protect the hands with loose fitting gloves when engaged in coarse or dirty work. Even dusting and sweeping should not be done with the hands bare.

Hands that have been roughened by housework should be treated carefully. Before cleaning them rub in well a little vaseline or oil to loosen the dirt; then wash in hot water and pure soap. Rinse first in clear, warm water, then in cold water, drying thoroughly upon a soft towel.

To prevent chapping and roughness rub the following mixture well into the hands at night: Melt and strain one-half pound of "kidney" mutton suet. When it cools whip with a fork to a cream. Pour into this, gradually, two teaspoonfuls of spirits of camphor. After beating a few minutes add ten drops of pure carbolic acid. Beat all together until thoroughly incorporated, then add a few drops of any favorite perfume. After this has been rubbed into the hands draw on a pair of loose gloves with finger tips cut off.

Toilet Tips.

An excellent lotion for the face is made by combining tansy and butter-milk.

Our grandmothers bathed their faces in morning dew with charming results.

A wineglassful of lemon juice and a pint of rain water is a good acid preparation for whitening the face, neck and hands.

An extreme pallor will disappear if the face is

bathed in water to which has been added a portion of two tablespoonfuls of tincture of benzoin and six ounces of rose-water.

To whiten the complexion use a portion of the following mixture with the water in which the face is bathed. One ounce of camphor, one-half ounce tincture benzoin, two ounces cologne water.

Two parts Rochelle salts to one part cream of tartar well diluted with hot water is an excellent internal remedy for the complexion. A wineglassful of this preparation, strained, should be taken cold every morning.

A bandage saturated with cold water or with a mixture consisting of equal parts of alcohol and the white of an egg and bound upon the forehead at night will smooth out wrinkles or "lines of thought" as some choose to term them.

The following preparation is said to be an excellent retarder of wrinkles: The whites of four eggs boiled in rose water; one-half ounce pulverized alum; one-half ounce sweet almond oil; Beat all to a consistency of paste, spread upon soft bits of old linen and bind where needed.

Household Helps.

Onions peeled under water will not bring tears to the eyes.

All kinds of fish sauce should be sharpened with lemon juice.

Do not cook poultry within twelve hours after it has been killed.

Endeavor to make cooking one of the accomplishments in which you excel.

The practical knowledge of the domestic duties is the principal glory of a woman.

In making jelly if stirred too much the sugar will granulate and the jelly will not be clear.

Always have a supply of spicied cloths and holders to use for canning, pickling and preserving.

Unfiltered water should never be used in cooking or for drinking. A filter for the faucet may be made of cotton and wool.

The bad odor caused by something boiling over on the stove may be removed by sprinkling a little salt upon the spot covered.

Flums and maple sugar make a good preserve. Melt the maple sugar in a little water and cook with the plums, allowing pound for pound.

When the jelly is boiling dip out a spoonful and let it drip from the spoon drop by drop. If the last drop sticks to the spoon it has boiled long enough.

Milk should be boiled before put on the table, or butter still, the moment it enters the house. Milk is one of the most common agents whereby the germs of typhoid fever are spread. Boiling kills these germs.

Helpful Hints.

A weak solution of oxalic acid will remove mildew.

Ink stains can be removed by washing the spot in butter and then in water as usual.

Red table linens should be washed in tepid water to which a little powdered borax has been added.

Goods that fade should always be washed in water to which a little ammonia or borax has been added.

Machine oil spots may be removed by rubbing them with a little fresh lard or butter, and then washed in warm soda.

Almost any stain may be removed by washing spot in alcohol, then placing over a bowl and pouring hot water over it.

Silver spoons which are in daily use may be kept bright by leaving them once a week in strong borax and hot water several hours.

The best way to trim a lamp wick is to rub the burnt part off with an old cloth. It is impossible to cut it clean and straight with a scissors.

A small piece of white wax and a pinch of borax added to the starch will stiffen collars and cuffs. If the starch sticks in ironing rub the irons with bees-wax.

A solution made of equal parts of ammonia and spirits of turpentine will take out paint if the spots are saturated several times with it and then washed in hot soap suds.

One ounce of isinglass, one ounce of borax, one teaspoonful of white glue and the white of an egg cooked well in two quarts of starch is said to make a good polish for shirt bosoms.

To obtain the best results in the laundering of fine silk and linen handkerchiefs they should be washed in salt and water and ironed while damp under a thin cloth moistened with perfume.

The following is a good recipe for a washing fluid: One pound sal soda, two ounces of borax and five quarts of water. Dissolve by heat and when cool bottle for use. Use one teaspoonful to every boiler of clothes.

A delicious violet perfume is made by putting half an ounce of small pieces of orris root into two ounces of alcohol, to which should be added a bunch of new picked violets. Bottle tightly, shake well and allow it to stand five or six days before using.

The following is a good recipe for removing stains of every nature: Dissolve one-half pound of chloride of lime and one pound of sal soda in two quarts of boiling soft water; when cold add two quarts of soft water; wet the stains in this solution and rub them out, then wash as usual. This preparation, if bottled tight, may be kept for future use.

The lamp chimney should be cleaned with a cloth dipped in alcohol, instead of soap and water. If the wick is soaked in strong vinegar and thoroughly dried before using there will be less smoke. Clogged burners should be placed in a quart of boiling water in which

an ounce of washing soda has been dissolved. Allow them to "boil" about ten minutes, then wipe with a cotton cloth.

Cooking Wild Game.

When the men return from a hunting trip with choice, wild game and bring it into the kitchen, their part of the work of preparing for several good "game feasts" is finished, while that of the woman just begins. How many of you are aware that cooking wild game is an art entirely different from that of cooking our domestic animals? The food on which wild animals live is different from that on which farm animals are fed, and it produces a different flavor in the meat. Wild meats, if cooked and flavored in the same way as the meat of tame animals, show but little difference between the two; if any, it is against the wild meats.

According to an exchange correspondent there is a sort of pungent flavor that requires other seasoning to go with it to bring out and modify it. Wild meats require much higher seasoning than the tame meats; the seasoning should be such that no one kind may be prominent, so that a person eating it cannot distinguish any one thing.

The partridge properly cooked is one of the most delicious of game meats. To cook a partridge, it should be opened on the back and cleaned. Take off the skin entire; this may be done by dipping in hot water so it will slip. Make a stuffing similar to a turkey stuffing, but don't forget to put in nice salt pork chopped fine for seasoning, a little fine-cut onion and a little parsley; for spices, black pepper, a few cloves, mace, some powdered sage, salt of course; the cook should know the quantity of each to make a balance. Fill the bird full with this, and cut thin a long strip of pork to cover the opening. Cut this bleached cotton in width of a bandage, and wind tight around the bird and fasten; lay a couple of hard-wood sticks about three-fourths of an inch in diameter lengthwise in the dripping-pan, and lay the birds on them. If you have five or six birds they will look like babies in a crib.

Make a gravy of some butter and water, and put in two-thirds of a tumblerful of boiled cider or elder jelly, enough so that the birds can be basted often, and when reduced by evaporation, put in more water. Put them in a moderate oven, first wetting this bandage thoroughly with the gravy. After the birds get warmed through, raise the heat, but baste them very often, from 5 to 8 minutes, and keep the bandages moist. Cook about 45 minutes; take off bandages; serve on hot platter. Some would use port wine, but elder is the best.

In cooking venison chop, boiled cider is better than port wine. A similar treatment in baking a loin or leg of venison as seasoning for the partridge—that is, it is better to be bandaged; it steams the meat in the dressing, and it does not dry up, and can be cooked through and not lose the fine flavor.



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C. E. ROSS,
607 Clean St., Lincoln, Illinois.

THE HUM OF THE HORSELESS

"LET THERE BE LIGHT, AND THERE WAS LIGHT"

The Motor Vehicle Across the Border.

THE City of Mexico will soon have a new transportation service inaugurated under the operation of two important concessions granted by the City Council, and confirmed by the Governor of the Federal District, the concessionaire being Mr. Charles L. Seeger, of New York, president of the Seeger & Guernsey Company of that city, exporting and importing merchants.

Negotiations were begun in May last with the City of Mexico authorities for the establishment of a complete service of electric coaches for the use of the general public and also for a line of electric omnibuses. It is an open secret that Mr. Seeger has been acting in behalf of the Electric Vehicle Company, of the United States, which has secured charters for sub-companies in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, St. Louis and many other cities.

When the vehicular requirements of this city, emphatically a city of coaches and the first town on the continent to have a public coach system, were presented to the principal company in New York, it was instantly comprehended that here was a great and promising field for its enterprise, and Mr. Seeger was substantially backed up in his enterprising attempt to give the City of Mexico a motor coach system on a par designed for the great American cities. Consultations were had with the city authorities and with the Minister of the Interior, General Manuel Gonzalez Cotto, who is always inclined to aid progressive movements, and with Mayor Macedo and the wide-awake and active commissioner of coaches, Dr. Richard Suarez Gamboa, all of whom acceded to the main propositions made by Mr. Seeger who, as an evidence of good faith, immediately transferred the deposit money to this city, thus demonstrating that this was no mere speculative attempt to procure valuable concessions to be sold abroad on adventure. The matter was presented to the Members of the City Government and they saw at once the importance of the project and noting the great expense of the proposed service were disposed to accord ample privileges to the new company which will be organized at once in New York for the special field of this city.

The concessions are two in number, the first for a public electric coach service of not less than one hundred coaches to be established within one year, the city stipulating that all these

vehicles shall be of the most approved models, elegant design and provided with all due safety appliances. It is estimated that the full service will cost, with the storing house, electrical appliances etc., fully \$400,000 gold at the outset with further expenditure as the necessities of suburban transportation demand more vehicles.

The city government has designated some nineteen stations for the electric coaches, all most conveniently located, after consultation with the concessionaire. The prices of transportation will be moderate, it being left for the company to fix its tariff in accord with the Commissioner of Coaches and the Council. Each coach will have its "maquinista" trained to guide the vehicle through the streets and duly approved by the experts to be sent for the purpose.

It is understood that the new company will begin operations early in the coming year with not less than fifty coaches, so as to give the public an ample opportunity to enjoy the new and luxurious mode of transportation which will be "la suprema novedad" in that section.

The electric omnibuses will be of the latest model, low-set, with great rubber tires, ensuring noiseless operation and will be guided by expert maquinistas. They will, as authorized by the City Council, traverse the plaza mayor and run through the streets of Plateros, Profesa, San Francisco, Avenida Juarez to the Jaseo de la Reforma and their luxurious accommodations will prove an agreeable surprise to the citizens. It is contemplated, as the electric omnibus service to any extent. The maximum fare established to Chapultepec is ten cents.

The Electric Vehicle Company also proposes to establish a service of sumptuous coaches for the use of private citizens on the daily, weekly or monthly hire system, provided with trained maquinistas. This will be of special usefulness to professional men, doctors and lawyers, who now either keep their own coaches or are continually employing the public vehicles. The terms will be reasonable and the service emphatically luxurious, and it is certain that this feature of the new and modern service of motor service will be largely patronized by the Mexicans.

An Automobile Inn.

THE women who have their own living to earn have a new field to work upon which has been opened by the automobile. It was observed a woman the other day, who proposes

to become the proprietor and manager of a new old-fashioned country inn. "People are just beginning to appreciate the many advantages of this novel means of travel," she observed, "and by next season I believe it will not only have taken the place of horses, but for short pleasure trips must rival the palace and a observation car."

"Don't imagine I refer to our becoming motor men as a profession. I mean that automobiles will so increase the travel over country roads that there is bound to be a demand for well-kept public houses—inns after the manner of those famous in the days of the stage coach and which are occasionally met with in England to-day. It is as keepers of these inns that women will find a new means of earning their living and it is just such a position as will appeal to the old-fashioned womanly woman—the one who looks well after her house, keeps a good table, attends to her chickens and her cows and maybe fatten her own roasting pigs. The place I have taken is on a mountain road, a good day's run from L—, and has quite a nice little farm attached. I am having the entire place put in order, and the house, which, though comparatively new, is old-fashioned looking, remodeled after the type of the Blue Dragon, the Peacock and other famous hostleries where I have stopped in Great Britain. It is a large house and almost entirely overrun by Virginia creeper, and while the windows are both broad and tall, the sashes have those diamond-lead panes we all admire. Then, too, there are several tall chimneys and a number of peaks and gables to the roof, so you see I really had a good foundation to begin with, as far as appearances were concerned."

"The interior I am having changed. The walls and ceilings are all modeled on old-time methods and so is the furniture. The beds are high feathered affairs, with deep valances of white dimity, and the presses and chests of drawers all have that cleanly and delightful odor which only a bunch of rosemary and other such sweet smelling herbs can give."

"And, by the way, perhaps I had best tell you now before I forget it. In the kitchen garden I have planted a good supply of herbs for just such purposes, and I also secured several bushels of that old-fashioned sweet rose from which our grandmothers distilled their rosewater and use the petals to scatter among their laces and fine linen. But my gardener tells me they will not grow in this climate. Do you know anything about them?" Here the future innkeeper looked anxiously at the writer, and, recognizing a reply in the negative, heaved a sigh of regret and continued:

"The public rooms will be even more like those of the English inns than my bed chambers, for, to tell the truth, while following foreign models in appearance, I have made those chambers thoroughly modern as far as conveniences are concerned. The floors of the public rooms will be gauded and some of them at least strewn with

rushes every week. There will not be a yard of carpet in the house and the guests may have feather beds whenever they prefer them—the thick, downy kind that our grandparents considered so comfortable. The water works will only be in evidence in the bath rooms, and these, though numerous, are not so conspicuous as to give their surroundings an incongruous appearance."

"Of course, I am going to have open fire-places, big, old-fashioned ones, in every room in the house and in each of the wide halls. They will constitute one of the chief charms of the place, and as wood is both plentiful and cheap you may be sure there will always be roaring fires of big logs when the weather demands it."

"My glass and china are plain, and where I could not secure pewter I took heavy, old-time plate engraved with the arms of my inn; an inn always has arms, you know. The kitchen is both old and new. It has all modern conveniences as well as a high fire-place, a roasting spit and a Dutch oven."

"On the farm and in the gardens I shall raise all the vegetables, melons and fruits used at the inn. I take great pride in my poultry and cows and assure you I have spared neither trouble nor expense fitting up my fowl houses and dairy. The latter, I am sure, will interest you. It is built of rough stone and has a stream of water running through it—not well water pumped up and sent through pipes, but a clear mountain brook, over a pebbly bed that bubbles as it flows, and I trust will always keep my dairy maid in an amiable mood, as well as preserve the butter and milk at a low temperature."

"You ask why such inns have not been thought of before. The people who travel in horseless carriages will belong to a well-to-do class, both willing and able to pay for such comforts when making trips through the country on their own machines, for business or pleasure. They will be about the same class as those who, in days gone by, journeyed by stage coach; while not the very wealthiest, perhaps, they will be able to appreciate and pay for the hospitalities of such country hostleries. It is a new field for women workers, and I believe one they will gladly welcome."

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is completely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; hence causation of an ear disease by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give one hundred dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

LEGAL DEPARTMENT

CONDUCTED BY
F. P. VAN VALKENBURGH, ESQ.
EX-ASSISTANT U. S. ATTORNEY

This department, in charge of F. P. Van Valkenburgh, Esq., late Assistant United States Attorney, for the Eastern District of Wisconsin, will be conducted in the interest of subscribers. It will be the aim of its editor to have a short, readable article every month upon some question of law that is of general interest to farmers in their daily business. In connection with it there will be space devoted to questions that may be asked by subscribers and that will be answered by the editor. By reason of the limited space at the disposal of this department only a certain number of questions can be answered each month. The editor will select such questions as appear to be of general interest and will answer them and as many of them as space will permit. Questions involving local laws, and those in which a personal answer is desired will be answered for a fee of one dollar consulted with inquiry, unless in the opinion of the editor they involve special examination. In that case a postal will be sent to the party stating what the fee will be for an opinion or answer thereto before any answer shall be given. If the fee is satisfactory, then, upon receiving it an answer will be forwarded as soon as possible.

CONTRACTS.

In ordinary business life a man has more to do with the subject treated in law under the title of "contracts" than with any other. The fact is that nearly all his relations with his fellow men come under this head. If he buys or sells, loans or borrows, or agrees to do or not to do anything, he has probably in some way acted under the rules that govern a contract. So it will easily be seen that this subject is one of great importance to all persons.

It is well, then, for every one to have some understanding of the principles that underlie contracts. The law itself differs somewhat about a simple definition of the word "contract." But the generally accepted definition is that:

A CONTRACT is an agreement between two or more parties to do something or sometimes not to do something, and usually for a consideration.

Simple as this definition may seem, it is still the cause of much discussion, needless to an everyday understanding of the subject. Yet it will not be amiss to point out that the word parties will include corporations and partnerships as well as individuals and that any number of individuals having some common interest may be one of the parties to a contract. That is, suppose Mr. A., Mr. B. and Mr. C. owning farms in the same town contract with The Goodenough Threshing Company, a corporation composed of fifty stockholders, for a threshing machine; here the three farmers are the parties on the one hand, and the corporation which consists of fifty stockholders, is the party on the other.

Regarding parties to contracts there is always the question, at law, if the parties are competent; for a contract to be binding must not only be an agreement between parties but the parties must be such as the law says can enter into the relations established by a contract. An infant, or a minor, as he or she is often called, cannot enter into a contract that will be binding except for necessities. This is a general rule with but few modifications.

An infant in the United States is a person under twenty-one years of age. In the state of Wisconsin

by statute a married woman of the age of eighteen and upwards can make a valid will, but in all other cases the person making the will must be twenty-one years old—but, and it is one of the peculiar things at law, a person is said to become of age the day before his twenty-first birthday. This is because the day of birth is included in reckoning age and so it might be that a child born at 11:59 on the night of January 1st, 1900 could bind himself by a contract at 12:01 A. M. on the 31st day of December, 1920, although it would be almost forty-eight hours before he would in truth be twenty-one years old. And this question, since as it may seem has been the subject of more than one decision in the courts of the United States.

The reason for the rule that infants cannot contract arises from the fact that at the common law, which is the foundation for almost all the laws of the country, before he became of age it was presumed that his reasoning powers were not developed fully enough to guard him against the fraud or dishonesty of others and therefore he was under the guardianship of a general rule, extending to almost all contracts rendering him incapable of entering into one that was binding.

The contracts, or better the attempted contracts of infants are divided into three classes. 1st Binding; 2d. Voidable; 3d. Void;—and under this head we may adopt the following general rule that:

THE ONLY CONTRACT BINDING on an infant is the implied contract for necessities; the only act he cannot legally perform is to appoint an attorney—and all other contracts are only voidable and may be accepted and adopted by him at his choice when he comes of age.

In our next paper we will examine what "necessaries" are the meanings of the terms "void" and "voidable" and devote some time to an examination of what are called express and implied contracts.

OUT OF DOORS.

There's a boon bestowed on mortals,
Out of doors;
When we pass beyond the portals,
Out of doors.

All the pleasant things in living,
Healthful sports and beauty giving,
Out of doors.

When we've finished work we wander,
Out of doors;
O'er the fields away off yonder,
Out of doors.

When our length of life diminish,
May we pass whenever it finish,
Out of doors.

—Robert J. Shores.

How do you like The Pneumatic?
Do you think it's worth 10 cents a
year? Isn't there 5 two-cent stamps
lying around idle that you can send
us for a year's subscription. * * *

OUR FAMILY DOCTOR

After all the brain commands the muscle.

Drink plenty butter milk—it will do you good.

Fresh air costs nothing yet its value is unestimable.

Brown paper burned in a sick room will emit fumes which serve as a disinfectant.

Powdered pumice-stone will remove tartar from the teeth. But do not use it oftener than once a month.

To keep the hair from falling out rub strong sage tea into the roots every other night. A little alcohol will keep the tea from sooring.

How to live to be 150: Drink less, breathe more; eat less, chew more; ride less, walk more; clothe less, bathe more; worry less, work more; waste less, give more; write less, read more; preach less, practice more.

Do not drink water that has been standing in a room any length of time as it absorbs all the poisonous gases. Appropos to this it may be interesting to learn that a pail of water will greatly purify the air if allowed to stand in a room several hours.

The following rules for long life have been compiled by Sir Thomas Savvyer, an English writer: 1. Sleep eight hours in each twenty-four. 2. Sleep on your right side, with the window open. 3. Place the bed away from the wall. 4. Take a bath the temperature of the body daily. 5. Take exercise before breakfast. 6. Eat but little meat, well cooked. 7. Do not drink milk (for adults). 8. Eat much grain food. 9. Avoid intoxicants. 10. Live as much as possible in the country. 11. Vary your occupations. 12. Limit your ambitions. No rules can be given that will apply to every one. Experience and knowledge of one's self must be the guide in applying these rules.

According to Prof. Silkhian there are few people who thoroughly realize the value of water as a beverage, or who know how to obtain the greatest advantage from it. The effects produced by the drinking of water vary with the manner in which it is drank. If, for instance, a pint of cold water be swallowed as a large draught, or if it be taken in two portions with a short interval between, certain definite results follow—effects which differ from those which would have resulted from the same quantity taken by sipping. Sipping is a powerful stimulant to the circulation, a thing which ordinary drinking is not.

During the act of sipping the action of the nerve which slows the beats of the heart is abolished, and as a consequence that organ contracts much more rapidly, the pulse beats more quickly, and the circulation in various parts of the body is increased. In addition to this, we find that the pressure under which the bile is secreted is raised by the sipping of fluid. And here is a point which might well be noted by our readers: A glass of cold water, slowly sipped, will produce greater acceleration of the pulse for a time than will a glass of wine or spirits taken at a draught. In this connection it may not be out of place to mention that sipping cold water will often allay the craving for alcohol in those who have been in the habit of taking too much of it, and who may be endeavoring to reform, the effect being probably due to the stimulant action of the sipping.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS

A beautiful window garden is a joy of winter.

Plants should not be allowed to become so dry as to wilt.

House plants will do better as a rule in common earthen pots than in glazed pots.

Window plants should be turned around every few days so that each side will receive equal proportion of sunshine.

Mix a little powdered charcoal with the soil when potting plants for the window garden.

Water should be slowly applied to dry soil until it flows into the saucer. Plants are often injured by over-watering.

The window garden is the nursery for your plants—like children the plants must be fed, housed and protected with the most scrupulous care.

Plants kept in rooms where the temperature is likely to fall below 30 degrees should be wrapped in three or four thicknesses of ordinary newspaper.

The Aspidistra is the only plant that can be grown, with a possible chance of success, in rooms where the temperature is kept at about seventy-five degrees.

Frozen plants, if given immediate attention, may be revived. If the plant is small dip into a pail of cold water while a large plant should be placed in the sink and given a good showering.

The best way to remove insects and vermin from plants is to brush them off into a basin of water with a soft dry brush. This should be done as soon as it is discovered that the plant is infested.

THE VALUE OF AN EDUCATION.

To treat of the above named topic does not require a magnate. The thought "The Value of an education" comes natural to us all and verily the results of an education are even more indelibly traced upon our minds.

Let us for a moment pause and consider under what a disadvantage we should labor were it not for the opportunities education has given us and still open to us—in every branch of life, business, trade, professions.

The higher a man or woman may be judging from the educational standpoint, the greater is the demand for his or her services.

Education fits us for the battle of life, and it is but logical to surmise that, the better we are armed the better we will succeed when we engage in actual conflict; hence, it behooves us all to strive to the extent of our ability to fit ourselves for the struggle.

Look along the corridors of the past and within those same behold great men, and stop to consider how those men assumed the mantle of greatness. We can easily see that it was naught but study and strivings towards better things which caused them to forge to the front and assume their place among the leaders of men. In their time the opportunities were arduous in the extreme and what was gained was, for the most part, self-taught; but now that we have reached the summit, I might say, the "Process of Education" behooves us to take advantage of the splendid opportunities offered.

—WILL. DINEEN.

In Lighter Vein

ORIGINAL,
STOLEN
OR
OTHERWISE.

Make Me a Man.

Onward, roll onward, oh, Time in your flight,
Make me a woman that's clear out of sight;
Give me the bloomers and pants and shirts,
Let me go out of these horrible skirts.

A whisker producer invent if you can,
Give me a head that grows bald like a man;
Grow a tobacco that won't make me sick,
And learn me to chew a in man very quick.

Let me, oh, let me, drink whiskey and swear,
Bet on the chickens and back the fleet mare;
Play out at nights, hold office and vote;
Take in the town and a six shooter tote;
Sit in the hazzard roost if I choose,
Play baseball and football, and wear those spiked shoes.

Onward, roll onward, oh, Time quickly fly,
Make me a man or help me to die;
This world as it is fairly fills me with woe,
But were I a man, 'twould be a heaven below.

A Very Long Ride.

A cyclist who stopped at a village inn boasted about his abilities as a rider to such an extent that the landlord ventured to make a wager with him. "Look here, mister," said the innkeeper, "you can't ride up and down this road till the church clock strikes four." "Done!" said the cyclist. It's just three-fifteen now," and the next minute he was speeding down the road. After about an hour's riding the cyclist shouted to one of the bystanders: "I say, has the church clock struck four yet?" "No, you idiot!" was the blunt reply. "Why, our church clock never strikes at all!"

On the Last Tack.

First Horse:—Used up all those tacks?
Second Horse:—Neigh, neigh; I have some left.
First Horse:—Scatter a few close to the curb; here comes an automobile.

A sign of beauty—good looks.

Customer:—That bicycle I bought for my little boy only three weeks ago has gone all to pieces.

Dealer:—Yes. You remember I warranted it to go fast.

Pop and Willie.

"I say, pop," said Willie, "does history repeat itself?"

"So the wise men say, my son."

"Do wise men know what they are talking about?"

"O—yes—I guess so."

"Well, say, pop, when Napoleon and Wellington fight that battle of Waterloo again, take me to see it, will you?"

* *

Winning by Proxy.

It's right to paddle one's own canoe,

We all agree, my brothers,

But I know some folks, and so do you,

Who seek to have, their whole lives through,

Their paddling done by others.

* *

How'd You Like to be the Dutchman.

From a German bicycle catalogue it is learned that in the language of the Rhine the term "chain-adjuster" is expressed thus: Ketteneinstellvorrichtung.

* *

"Wonderful—these chainless wheels."

"Pooh, I've worn a chainless watch for years."

* *

Why can't a bicycle stand alone?

Because it's too (two) tired.

* *

A Rural Relapse.

"John is so absent minded."

"What's the matter now?"

"He bought a load of hay for our automobile."

* *

Threatened to Leave.

Williams:—I understand you moved your family last week?

Jackson:—Yes our servant girl didn't like the location we were in.

* *

Character is the diamond no other stone can scratch.

* *

"What a lovely baby! It's yours, of course."

"No; that's the next-door neighbor's."

"And I suppose the squint-eyed little girl is theirs, too?"

"No; she's mine."

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The Little Dog Under the Wagon.	The Old Rail Fence.
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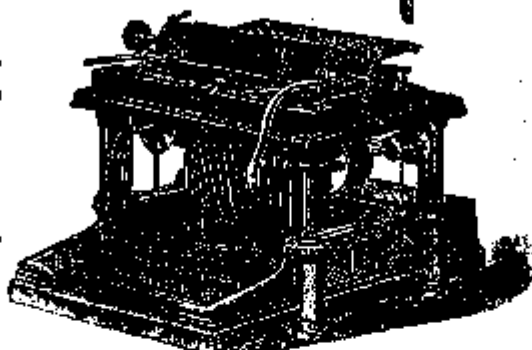
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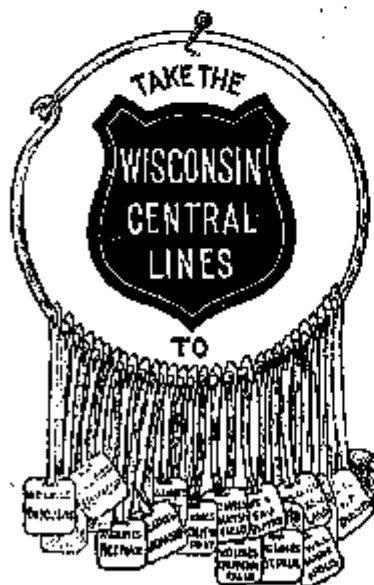
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A. T. DEWITT.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tablets. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tablets does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Sawyer, Ph. G., 551 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tablets with grand results.

Miss BEANE WINDHAM.

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ANTON H. BLANKEN.

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose gown. I saw Ripans Tablets advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tablets. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tablets for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you like.

Mrs. MARY GOSMAN CLARK.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tablets from an aunt of mine who was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from their use she advised me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headaches. I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial.

Mrs. J. BROOKINGS.

My seven-year-old boy suffered with pains in his head, constipation and complaint of his stomach. He would not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a sallow color.

Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tablets, I tried them. Ripans Tablets not only relieved but actually cured my youngster, the headaches have disappeared, bowels are in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tablets. I am satisfied (that they will benefit any one (from the cradle to old age) if taken according to directions.

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THE PNEUMATIC.

VOL. XL

FEBRUARY 1900.

No. 2.

The Pan-American Exposition 1901.



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MACHINERY AND TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

THE Machinery and Transportation Building, 500 by 350 feet, is designed in a type of Spanish Renaissance, modified to suit the conditions of the Exposition with its gay and festive surroundings.

These buildings form a hollow square, with arcades on all sides.

In the interior is a court 100 by 200 feet, adorned by a long pool of water, with a fountain surrounded with shrubs and flowers. Here the weary sight-seer finds a little oasis planned for refreshment.

If we should go further that the roofs are of red tile, the walls of cement, the work is more ornamented, the structure covered with glowing colors, we would have a correct description of this building.

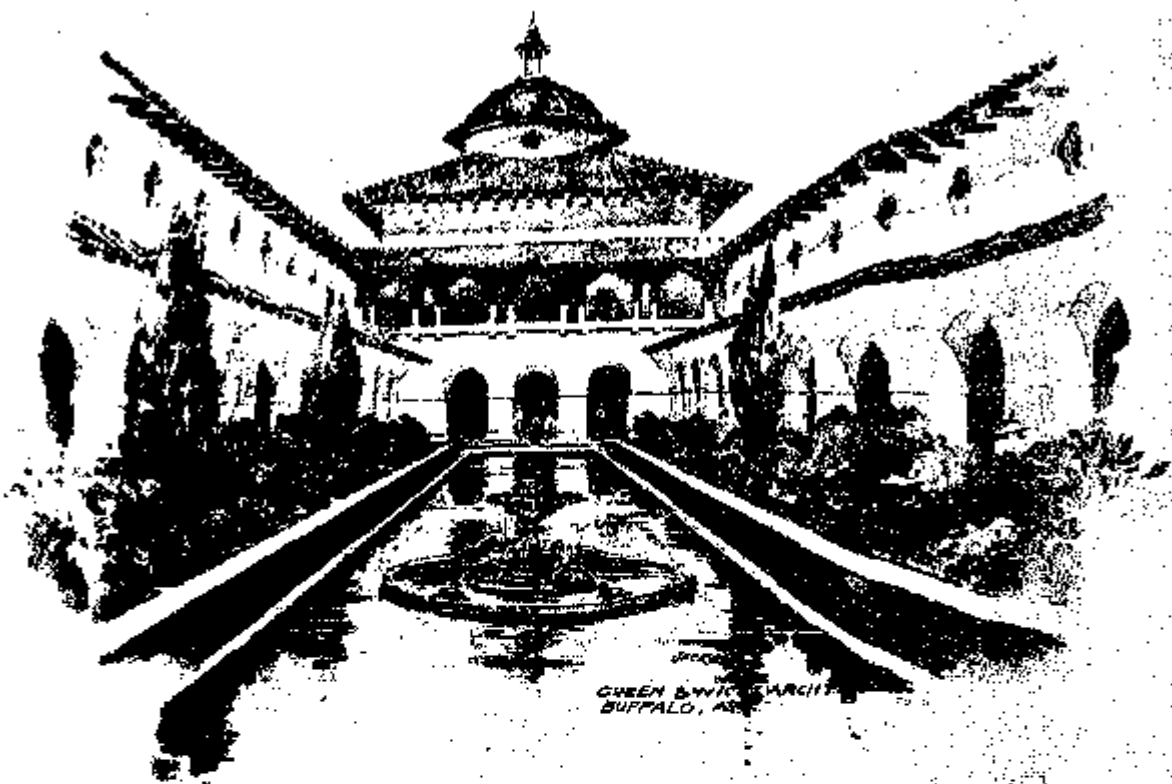
The loggias, balconies, pavilions and other places are to be ornamented with shrubs, vines and flowers, blending with the coloring of the building.

The openings are grilled with specimens of wrought iron "Rejas" or grill screens, such as are seen in examples of Spanish architecture of the sixteenth century.

The building has numerous entrances, the principal one being in the center of the four arcades. Once inside the structure the size will be appreciated.

All the towers, pavilions and other proper spaces are to be brilliantly illuminated and made gay with banners and flags.

The Plaza, occupying a square about 500 feet from east to west and 350 feet from north to south, is the very free version of Spanish architecture.



THE COURT
MACHINERY AND TRANSPORTATION BUILDING
PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION, BUFFALO, N. Y.

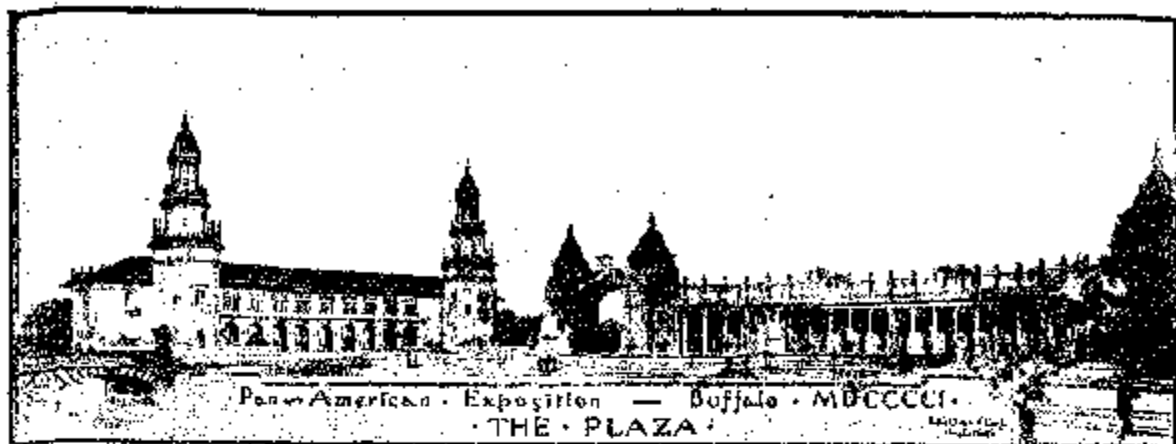
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At the north is the railway and trolley station, from which it is supposed the greater number of visitors will enter the exhibition grounds.

The Stadium or athletic field has been in all its details a subject of careful study. It resembles in a general way that erected at Athens a few years ago, although this one can be, of course, only a temporary structure. It will contain, easily 25,000 spectators, and is intended as a model of what it is hoped may some day be erected in permanent form. It has a quarter mile running track and a sufficiently large space in the inside of this for

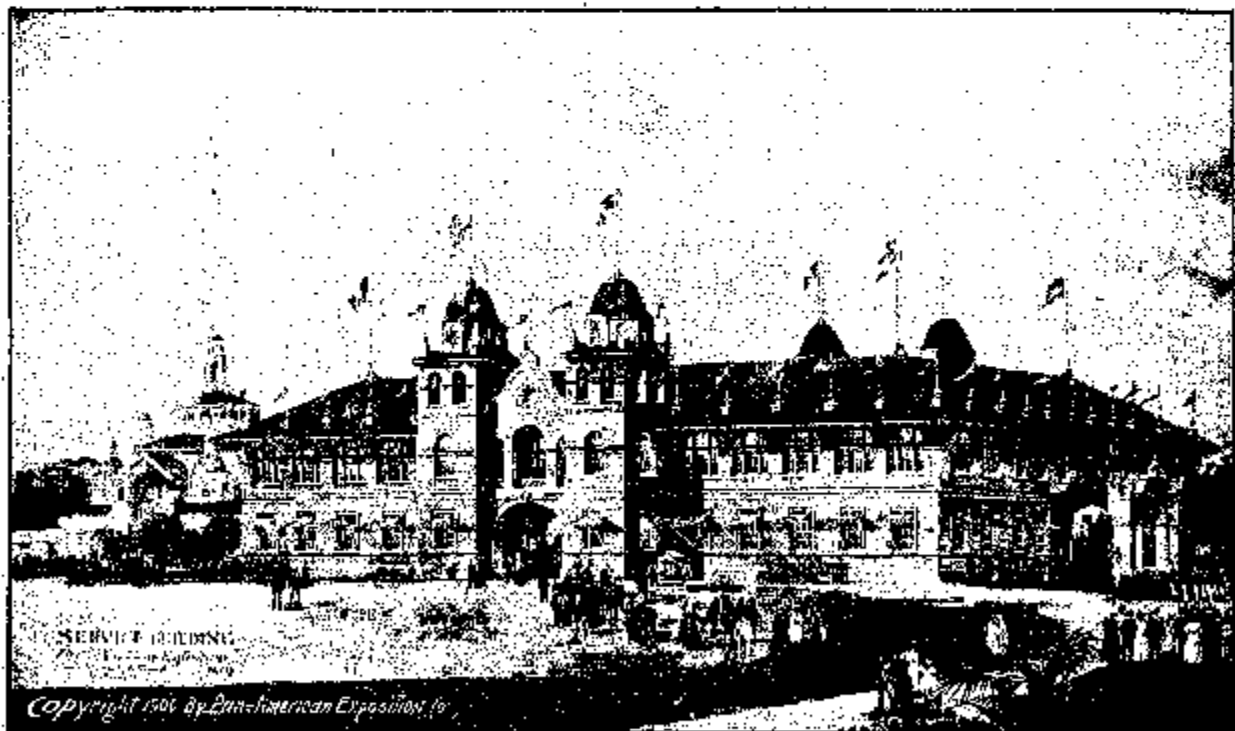


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any of the athletic games. Great attention has been paid to having a large number of aisles to reach the seats, and, in addition to the principle entrance on the west, there are provided seven large exits. These exits are made of sufficient breadth and height to admit in case of need the largest vehicles or floats, as it is proposed to use the Stadium for certain pageants, exhibits of automobiles in operation, judging of horses, live stock, agricultural machinery, road machinery, etc. No exhibitor has ever had such a splendid arena



in which such exhibits can be displayed, and the athletic carnival to which the Stadium is particularly devoted is expected to be one of the most interesting features of the exhibition. The space under the seats is to be used for exhibiting purposes, and is in itself the equivalent of a very large building.

The total length of the Stadium, including the building which forms the entrance, is about 870 feet, and the breadth about 500 feet.

Kidnapped.

BRING MEMOIRS OF THE ADVENTURES OF DAVID BALFOUR
IN THE YEAR 1751.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

CHAPTER III.

I MAKE ACQUAINTANCE OF MY UNCLE.

PRESENTLY there came a great rattling of chains and bolts, and the door was cautiously opened, and shut to again behind me as soon as I passed.

"Go into the kitchen and touch naething," said the voice; and while the person of the house set himself to replacing the defences of the door, I groped my way forward and entered the kitchen.

The fire had burned up fairly bright, and showed me the barest room I think I ever put my eyes on. Half-a-dozen dishes stood upon the shelves; the table was laid for supper with a bowl of porridge, a horn spoon, and a cup of small beer. Besides what I have named, there was not another thing in that great, stone-vaulted, empty chamber, but lockfast chests arranged along the wall and a corner cupboard with a padlock.

As soon as the last chain was up the man rejoined me. He was a mean, stooping, narrow shouldered, clay-faced creature; and his age might have been anything between fifty and seventy. His nightcap was of flannel, and so was the nightgown that he wore, instead of coat and waistcoat, over his ragged shirt. He was long unshaved; but what most distressed and even daunted me, he would neither take his eyes away from me nor look me fairly in the face. What he was, whether by trade or birth, was more than I could fathom; but he seemed most like an old, unprofitable serving-man, who should have been left in charge of that big house upon board wages.

"Are ye sharp-set?" he asked, glancing at about the level of my knees. "Ye can eat that drop parritch."

I said I feared it was his own supper.

"O," said he, "I can do fine wanting it. I'll take the ale though, for it slocks me my cough." He drank the cup about half out, still keeping an eye upon me as he drank; and then suddenly held out his hand. "Let's see the letter," said he.

I told him the letter was for Mr. Balfour; not for him.

"And who do ye think I am?" says he. "Give me Alexander's letter!"

"Ye can know my father's name?"

"Kistlers."

"It would be strange if I didnae," he returned, "for he was my born brother; and little as ye seem to like either me or my house, or my good parritch, I'm your born uncle, Davie my man, and you my born nephew. So give us the letter, and sit down and fill your kyte."

If I had been some years younger, what with shame, weariness and disappointment, I believe I had burst into tears. As it was, I could find no words, neither black nor white, but handed him the letter, and sat down to the porridge with as little appetite for meat as ever a young man had.

Meanwhile, my uncle, stooping over the fire, turned the letter over and over in his hands.

"Do ye ken what's in it?" he asked suddenly.

"You see for yourself, sir," said I, "that the seal has not been broken."

"Ay," said he, "but what brought you here?"

"To give the letter," said I.

"No," says he cunningly, "but ye'll have had some hopes, nae doubt?"

"I confess, sir," said I, "when I was told that I had kinsfolk well-to-do, I did indeed indulge the hope that they might help me in my life. But I am no beggar; I look for no favors at your hands, and I want none that are not freely given. For as poor as I appear, I have friends of my own that will be blithe to help me."

"Hoot-hoot!" said Uncle Ebenezer, "dinnae fly up in the snuff at me. We'll agree fine yet. And, Davie my man, if you're done with that blit parritch, I could just take a sup of it myself. Ay," he continued, as soon as he had ousted me from the stool and spoon, "they're fine, wholesome food—they're grand food, parritch." He murmured a little grace to himself and fell to. "Your father was very fond of his meat, I mind; he was a hearty, if not a great eater; but as for me, I could never do mair than pyke at food." He took a pull at the small beer, which probably reminded him of hospital duties; for his next speech ran thus: "If ye're dry, ye'll find water behind the door."

To this I returned no answer, standing stiffly on my two feet, and looking down upon my uncle with a mighty angry heart. He, on his part, continued to eat like a man under some pressure of time, and to throw out little darting glances now at my shoes and now at my home-spun stockings. Once only, when he ventured to look a little higher, our eyes met; and no thief taken with a hand in a man's pocket could have shown more lively signals of distress. This set me in

a muse, whether his timidity arose from too long a disuse of any human company; and whether perhaps, upon a little trial, it might pass off, and my uncle change into an altogether different man. From this I was awakened by his sharp voice.

"Your father's been dead long?" he asked.

"Three weeks, sir," said I.

"He was a secret man, Alexander; a secret, silent man," he continued. "He never said muckle when he was young. He'll never have spoken muckle of me?"

"I never knew, sir, till you told it me yourself, that he had any brother."

"Dear me, dear me!" said Ebenezer. "Nor yet of Shaws, I daresay?"

"Not so much as the name, sir," said I.

"To think o' that!" said he. "A strange nature of a man!" For all that, he seemed singularly satisfied, but whether with himself or me, or with this conduct of my father's, was more than I could read. Certainly, however, he seemed to be outgrowing that distaste, or ill-will, that he had conceived at first against my person; for presently he jumped up, came across the room behind me, and hit me a smack on the shoulder. "We'll agree fine yet!" he cried. "I'm just as glad I let you in. And now come awa' to your bed."

To my surprise, he lit no lamp or candle, but set forth into the dark passage, groped his way, breathing deeply, up a flight of steps, and paused before a door, which he unlocked. I was close upon his heels, having stumbled after him as best I might; and he bade me go in, for that was my chamber. I did as he bid, but paused after a few steps, and begged a light to go to bed with.

"Hoot-toot!" said Uncle Ebenezer, "there's a fine moon."

"Neither moon nor star, sir, and pit-mirk," said I. "I cannae see the bed."

"Hoot-toot, hoot-toot!" said he. "Lights in a house is a thing I dinnae agree with. I'm unco feared of fires. Good-night to ye, Davie, my man." And before I had time to add a further protest, he pulled the door to, and I heard him lock me in from the outside.

I did not know whether to laugh or to cry. The room was as cold as a well, and the bed, when I found my way to it, as damp as a peat-bag; but by good fortune I had caught up my bundle and my plaid, and rolling myself in the latter, I lay down upon the floor under the lee of the big bedstead, and fell speedily asleep.

With the first peep of day I opened my eyes, to find myself in a great chamber, hung with stamped leather, furnished with fine embroidered furniture, and lit by three fair windows. Ten years ago, or perhaps twenty, it must have been as pleasant a room to lie down or to awake in as a man could wish; but damp, dirt, disuse, and the mice and spiders had done their worst since

"Dark as a pit."

then. Many of the window panes, besides, were broken; and indeed this was no common a feature in that house, that I believe my uncle must at some time withstood a siege from his indignant neighbors—perhaps with Janet Clouston at their head.

Meanwhile the sun was shining outside; and being very cold in that miserable room, I knocked and shouted till my jailer came and let me out. He carried me to the back of the house, where was a draw-well, and told me to "wash my face there, if I wanted;" and when that was done, I made the best of my own way back to the kitchen, where he had lit the fire and was making the porridges. The table was laid with two bowls and two horn spoons, but the same single measure of small beer. Perhaps my eye rested on this particular with some surprise, and perhaps my uncle observed it; for he spoke up as if in answer to my thought, asking me if I would like to drink ale—for so he called it.

I told him such was my habit, but not to put himself about.

"Na, na," said he; "I'll deny you nothing in reason."

He fetched another cup from the shelf, and then, to my great surprise, instead of drawing more beer, he poured an accurate half from one cup to the other. There was a kind of nobleness in this that took my breath away; if my uncle was certainly a miser, he was one of that thorough breed that goes near to make the vice respectable.

When we had made an end of our meal, my uncle Ebenezer unlocked a drawer, and drew out of it a clay pipe and a lump of tobacco, from which he cut one fill before he locked it up again. Then he sat down in the sun at one of the windows and silently smoked. From time to time his eyes came coasting round to me, and he shot out one or two questions. Once it was, "And your mother?" and when I told him that she, too, was dead, "Ay, she was a bonnie lassie!" Then after another long pause, "Whae were these friends o' yours?"

I told him they were different gentlemen of the name of Campbell; though, indeed, there was only one, and that the minister, that had ever taken the least note of me; but I began to think my uncle made too light of my position, and finding myself all alone with him, I did not wish him to suppose me helpless.

He seemed to turn this over in his mind; and then, "Davie, my man," said he, "ye've come to the right bit, when ye came to your Uncle Ebenezer. I've a great notion of the family, and I mean to do the right by you; but while I'm taking a bit think to myself of what's the best thing to put you to—whether the law, or the ministry, or maybe the army, whilk is what boys are fondest of—I wouldnae like the Balfours to be humbled before a wheen Highland Campbells, and I'll ask you to keep your tongue within your teeth. Nae letters; nae messages; no kind

word to anybody; or else—there's my door."

"Uncle Ebenezer," said I, "I've no manner of reason to suppose you mean anything but well by me. For all that, I would have you to know that I have a pride of my own. It was by no will of mine that I came seeking you; and if you show me your door again, I'll take you at the word."

He seemed grievously put out. "Hoots-toots," said he, "ca' cannie, mair--ca' cannie! Bide a day or two. I'm nae warlock, to find a fortune for you in the bottom of a parrich bowl, but just you give me a day or two, and say naething to nuelody, and as sure as sure, I'll do the right by you."

"Very well," said I, "enough said. If you want to help me, there's no doubt that I'll be glad of it, and none but I'll be grateful."

It seemed to me (too soon, I daresay) that I was getting the upper hand of my uncle; and I began next to say that I must have the bed and bedclothes aired and put to sun-dry; for nothing would make me sleep in such a pickle.

"Is this my house or yours?" said he, in his keen voice, and then all of a sudden broke off. "Na, na," said he, "I dinnae mean that. What's mine is yours, Davie my man, and what's yours is mine. Blood's thicker than water; and there's nuelody but you and me that ought the name." And then on he rambled about the family and its ancient greatness, and his father that began to enlarge the house, and himself that stopped the building as a sinful waste; and this put it in my head to give him Janet Clouston's message.

"The limmer!" he cried. "Twelve hunner and fifteen—that's every day since I had the limmer rowpit!" "Dod, David, I'll have her roasted on red hot peats before I'm by with it! A witch—a proclaimed witch! I'll aff and see the session clerk."

And with that he opened a chest, and got out a very old and well-preserved blue coat and waistcoat, and a good enough beaver hat, both without lace. These he threw on anyway, and taking a staff from the cupboard, locked all up again, and was for setting out, when a thought arrested him.

"I cannae leave you by yourself in the house," said he. "I'll have to lock you out."

The blood came into my face. "If you lock me out," I said, "it'll be the last you see of me in friendship."

He turned very pale, and sucked his mouth in. "This is no the way," he said, looking wickedly at a corner of the floor—"this is no the way to win my favor, David."

"Sir," says I, "with a proper reverence for your age and our common blood, I do not value your favor as a bodle's purchase. I was brought up to have a good conceit of myself; and if you were all the uncle, and all the family, I had in the world ten times over, I wouldn't buy your liking at such prices."

*Sold up.

Uncle Ebenezer went and looked out of the window for a while. I could see him all trembling and twitching, like a man with palsy. But when he turned round, he had a smile upon his face.

"Well, well," said he, "we must bear and forbear. I'll no go; that's all that's to be said of it."

"Uncle Ebenezer," said I, "I can make nothing out of this. You use me like a thief; you hate to have me in this house; you let mesee it, every word and every minute; it's not possible that you can like me; and as for me, I've spoken to you as I never thought to speak to any man. Why do you seek to keep me then? Let me gang back—let me gang back to the friends I have, and that like me!"

"Na, na; na, na," he said, very earnestly. "I like you fine; we'll agree fine yet; and for the honor of the house I couldnae let you leave the way ye came. Bide here quiet, there's a good lad; just you bide here quiet a bittie, and ye'll find that we agree."

"Well, sir," said I, after I had thought the matter out in silence, "I'll stay a while. It's more just that I should be helped by my own blood than strangers; and if we don't agree, I'll do my best it shall be through no fault of mine."

CHAPTER IV.

I RUN A GREAT DANGER IN THE HOUSE OF SHAW.

For a day that was begun so ill, the day passed fairly well. We had the porridge cold again at noon, and hot porridge at night; porridge and small beer was my uncle's diet. He spoke but little, and that in the same way as before, shooting a question at me after a long silence; and when I sought to lead him in talk about my future, slipped out of it again. In a room next door to the kitchen, where he suffered me to go, I found a great number of books, both Latin and English, in which I took great pleasure all the afternoon. Indeed the time passed so lightly in this good company, that I began to be almost reconciled to my residence at Shaw; and nothing but the sight of my uncle, and his eyes playing hide and seek with mine, revived the force of my distrust.

One thing I discovered, which put me to some doubt. This was an entry on the fly-leaf of a chapbook (one of Patrick Walker's) plainly written by my father's hand and thus conceived: "To my brother Ebenezer on his fifth birthday." Now, what puzzled me was this: That as my father was of course the younger brother, he must either have made some strange error, or he must have written, before he was yet five, an excellent, clear, manly hand of writing.

I tried to get this out of my head; but though I took down many interesting authors, old and new, history, poetry, and story-book, this notion of my father's hand of writing stuck to me; and

when at length I went back into the kitchen, and sat down once more to porridge and small beer, the first thing I said to Uncle Ebenezer was to ask him if my father had not been very quick at his book.

"Alexander? No him!" was the reply. "I was far quicker myself; I was a clever chappie when I was young. Why, I could read as soon as he could."

This puzzled me yet more; and a thought coming into my head, I asked if he and my father had been twins.

He jumped upon his stool, and the horn spoon fell out of his hand upon the floor. "What gars ye ask that?" he said, and caught me by the breast of the jacket, and looked this time straight into my eyes; his own, which were little and light, and bright like a bird's, blinking and winking strangely.

"What do you mean?" I asked, very calmly, for I was far stronger than he, and not easily frightened. "Take your hand from my jacket. This is no way to behave."

My uncle seemed to make a great effort upon himself. "Dad, man David," he said, "ye shouldnae speak to me about your father. That's where the mistake is." He sat a while and shook, blinking in his plate: "He was all the brother that ever I had," he added, but with no heart in his voice; and then he caught up his spoon and fell to supper again, but still shaking.

Now this last passage, this laying of hands upon my person and sudden profession of love for my dead father, went so clean beyond my comprehension that it put me into both fear and hope. On the one hand, I began to think my uncle was perhaps insane and might be dangerous; on the other, there came up into my mind (quite unbidden by me and even discouraged) a story like some ballad I had heard folk singing, of a poor lad that was a rightful heir and a wicked kinsman that tried to keep him from his own. For why should my uncle play a part with a relative that came, almost a beggar, to his door, unless in his heart he had some cause to fear him?

With this notion, all unacknowledged, but nevertheless getting firmly settled in my head, I now began to imitate his covert looks; so that we sat at the table like a cat and a mouse, each stealthily observing the other. Not another word had he to say to me, black or white, but was busy turning something secretly over in his mind; and the longer we sat and the more I looked at him, the more certain I became that the something was unfriendly to myself.

When he had cleared the platter, he got out a single pipeful of tobacco, just as in the morning, turned round a stool into the chimney corner, and sat a while smoking, with his back to me.

"Davie," he said, at length, "I've been thinking;" then he paused, and said it again. "There's a wee bit sillier that I half promised ye before ye were born," he continued; "promised it to

your father. O, naething legal, ye understand; just gentlemen daffing at their wine. Well, I kept it that bit money separate—it was a great expense, but a promise is a promise—and it has grown by now to be a matter of just precisely—just exactly—*and here he paused and stumbled—*of just exactly fifty pounds!" This last he rapped out with a sidelong glance over his shoulder; and the next moment added, almost with a scream, "Scots!"

The pound Scots being the same thing as an English shilling, the difference made by this second thought was considerable; I could see, besides, that the whole story was a lie, invented with some end which it puzzled me to guess; and I made no attempt to conceal the tone of rallery in which I answered:

"O, think again, sir! Pounds sterling, I believe!"

"That's what I said," returned my uncle; "pounds sterling! And if you'll step out-by to the door a minute, just to see what kind of a night it is, I'll get it out to ye and call ye in again."

I did his will, smiling to myself in my contempt that he should think I was so easily to be deceived. It was a dark night with a few stars low down; and as I stood just outside the door, I heard a hollow moaning of wind far off among the hills. I said to myself there was something thundery and changeful in the weather, and little knew of what vast importance that should prove to me before the evening passed.

When I was called in again, my uncle counted out into my hand seven and thirty golden guinea pieces; the rest was in his hands, in small gold and silver; but his heart failed him there, and he crammed the change into his pocket.

"There," said he, "that'll show you! I'm a queer man, and strange wit' strangers; but my word is my bond, and there's the proof of it."

Now, my uncle seemed so miserly that I was struck dumb by this sudden generosity, and could find no words in which to thank him.

"No a word!" said he. "Nae thanks; I want nae thanks. I do my duty; I'm no saying that everybody would have done it—but for my part (though I'm a careful body, too) it's a pleasure to me to do the right by my brother's son; and it's a pleasure to me to think that now we'll agree as such near friends should."

I spoke him in return as handsomely as I was able; but all the while I was wondering what would come next, and why he had parted with his precious guineas; for as to the reason he had given, a baby would have refused it.

Presently, he looked toward me sideways: "And see here," says he, "tit for tat."

I told him I was ready to prove my gratitude in any reasonable degree, and then waited, looking for some monstrous demand. And yet, when at last he plucked up courage to speak, it was only to tell me (very properly, as I thought) that he was growing old and a little broken, and

that he would expect me to help him with the house and the bit garden.

I answered, and expressed my readiness to serve.

"Well," he said, "let's begin." He pulled out of his pocket a rusty key. "There," says he, "there's the key of the stair-tower at the far end of the house. Ye can only win into it from the outside, for that part of the house is unfinished. Gang ye in there, and up the stairs, and bring me down the chest that's at the top. There's papers in it," he added.

"Can I have a light sir?" said I.

"Na," said he, very cunningly. "Nae lights in my house."

"Very well, sir," said I. "Are the stairs good?"

"They're grand," said he; and then as I was going, "Keep to the wall," he added; "there's nae banisters. But the stairs are grand under-foot."

Out I went into the night. The wind was still moaning in the distance, though never a breath of it came near the house of Shaws. It had fallen blacker than ever; and I was glad to feel along the wall, till I came the length of the stair-tower door at the farther end of the unfinished wing. I had got the key into the keyhole and had just turned it, when all upon a sudden, without sound of wind or thunder, the whole sky was lighted up with wild fire and went black again. I had to put my hand over my eyes to get back to the color of the darkness; and indeed I was already half-blinded when I stepped into the tower.

It was so dark inside, it seemed a body could scarce breathe; but I pushed out with foot and hand, and presently struck the wall with the one, and the lowermost round of the stair with the other. The wall, by the touch, was of fine hewn stone; the steps, too, though somewhat steep and narrow, were of polished mason-work and regular and solid underfoot. Mindful my uncle's word about the banisters, I kept close to the tower side, and felt my way up into the pitch darkness with a beating heart.

The house of Shaws stood some five full stories high, not counting lofts. Well, as I advanced, it seemed to me the stair grew arrier and a thought more lightsome; and I was wondering what might be the cause of this change, when a second blink of the summer lightning came and went. If I did not cry out, it was because fear had me by the throat; and if I did not fall it was more by Heaven's mercy than my own strength. It was not only that the flash shone in on every side through breaches in the wall, so that I seemed to be clambering aloft upon an open scaffold, but the same passing brightness showed me the steps were of unequal length, and that one of my feet rested that moment within two inches of the wall.

This was the grand stair! I thought; and with the thought, a gust of a kind of angry courage

came into my heart. My uncle had sent me here, certainly to run great risks, perhaps to die. I swore I would settle that "perhaps," if I should break my neck for it; got me down upon my hands and knees; and as slowly as a snail, feeling before me every inch, and testing the solidity of every stone, I continued to ascend the stair. The darkness, by contrast with the flash, appeared to have redoubled; nor was that all; for my ears were now troubled and my mind confounded by a great stir of bats in the top part of the tower, and the foul beasts, flying downward, sometimes beat about my face and body.

The tower, I should have said, was square; and in every corner the step was made of a great stone of a different shape, to join the flights. Well, I had come close to one of these turns, when, feeling forward as usual, my hand slipped upon an edge and found nothing but emptiness beyond it. The stair had been carried no higher: to set a stranger mounting it in the darkness was to send him straight to his death; and (although, thanks to the lightning and my own precautions, I was safe enough) the mere thought of the peril in which I might have stood, and the dreadful height I might have fallen from, brought out the sweat upon my body and relaxed my joints.

But I knew what I wanted now, and turned and groped my way down again, with a wonderful anger in my heart. About half-way down the wind sprang up in a clap and shook the tower and died again; the rain followed; and before I had reached the ground level, it fell in buckets. I put out my head into the storm and looked along toward the kitchen. The door, which I had shut behind me when I left, now stood open, and shed a little glimmer of light; and I thought I could see a figure standing in the rain, quite still, like a man hearkening. And then there came a blinding flash, which showed me my uncle plainly, just where I had fancied him to stand; and hard upon the heels of it, a great row-row of thunder.

Now, whether my uncle thought the crash to be the sound of my fall, or whether he heard in it God's voice denouncing murder, I will leave you to guess. Certain it is, at least, that he was seized on by a kind of panic fear, and that he ran into the house and left the door open behind him. I followed as softly as I could, and coming unheard into the kitchen, stood and watched him.

He had found time to open the corner cupboard and bring out a great case bottle of aqua vitae, and now sat with his back toward me at the table. Ever and again he would be seized with a fit a deadly shuddering and groan aloud, and carrying the bottle to his lips, drink down the raw spirits by the mouthful.

I stepped forward, came close behind him where he sat, and suddenly clapping my two hands down upon his shoulders—"Ah!" cried I

My uncle gave a kind of broken cry like a sheep's bleat, flung up his arms and tumbled to the floor like a dead man. I was somewhat shocked at this; but I had myself to look to first of all, and did not hesitate to let him lie as he had fallen. The keys were hanging in the cupboard; and it was my design to furnish myself with arms before my uncle should come again to his senses and the power of devising evil. In the cupboard were a few bottles, some apparently of medicine; a great many bills and other papers, which I should willingly enough have rummaged, had I had the time; and a few necessities, that were nothing to my purpose. Thence I turned to the chests. The first was full of meal; the second of money-bags and papers tied into sheaves; in the third, with many other things (and these for the most part clothes) I found a rusty, ugly looking Highland dirk, without the scabbard. This, then, I concealed inside my waistcoat, and turned to my uncle.

He lay as he had fallen, all huddled, with one knee up and one arm sprawling abroad; his face had a strange color of blue, and he seemed to have ceased breathing. Fear came on me that he was dead; then I got water and dashed it in his face; and with that he seemed to come a little to himself, working his mouth and fluttering his eyelids. At last he looked up and saw me, and there came into his eyes a terror that was not of this world.

"Come, come," said I, "sit up."

"Are ye alive?" he sobbed. "O man, are ye alive?"

"That I am," said I. "Small thanks to you!"

He had begun to seek for his breath with deep sighs. "The blue phial," said he—"in the sanny—the blue phial." His breath came slower still.

I ran to the cupboard, and, sure enough, found there a blue phial of medicine, with the dose written on it on a paper, and this I administered to him with what speed I might.

"It's the trouble," said he, reviving a little; "I have a trouble, Davie. It's the heart."

I set on a chair and looked at him. It is true I felt some pity for a man that looked so sick, but I was full besides of righteous anger; and I mumbled over before him the points on which I wanted explanation: why he lied to me at every word; why he feared that I should leave him; why he disliked it to be hinted that he and my father were twins—"Is that because it is true?" I asked; why he had given me money to which I was convinced I had no claim; and, last of all, why he had tried to kill me. He heard me all through in silence; and then, in a broken voice, begged me to let him go to bed.

"I'll tell ye the morn," he said; "as sure as death I will."

And so weak was he that I could do nothing but consent. I locked him into his room, however, and pocketed the key; and then returning to the kitchen, made up such a blaze as had not shone there for many a long year, and wrapping myself in my plaid, lay down upon the chests and fell asleep.

(To be continued.)

The Phantom 'Rickshaw.

By Rudyard Kipling.

PART II.

HEATHERLEIGH'S treatment was simple to a degree. It consisted of liver pills, cold-water baths, and strong exercise, taken in the dusk or at early dawn—for, as he sagely observed:—"A man with a sprained ankle doesn't walk a dozen miles a day, and your young woman might be wondering if she saw you."

At the end of the week, after much examination of pupil and pulse, and strict injunction as to diet and pedestrianism, Heatherleigh dismissed me as brusquely as he had taken charge of me. Here is his parting benediction:—"Man, I certify to your mental cure, and that's as much as to say I've cured most of your bodily ailments. Now, get your traps out of this as soon as you can; and be off to make love to Miss Kitty."

I was endeavoring to express my thanks for

his kindness. He cut me short.

"Don't think I did this because I like you. I gather that you've behaved like a blackguard all through. But, all the same, you're a phenomenon, and as queer a phenomenon as you are a blackguard. No!"—checking me a second time—"not a rupee, please. Go out and see if you can find the eyes-brain-and-stomach business again. I'll give you a lakh for each time you see it."

Half an hour later I was in the Munterings' drawing-room with Kitty—drunk with the intoxication of present happiness and the foreknowledge that I should never more be troubled with its hideous presence. Strong in the sense of my new-found security, I proposed a ride at once, and, by preference, a canter round Jakko.

Never had I felt so well, so overladen with vitality and mere animal spirits, as I did on the

afternoon of the 30th of April. Kitty was delighted at the change in my appearance, and complimented me on it in her delightfully frank and outspoken manner. We left the Mannerings' house together, laughing and talking, and cantered along the Chota Simala road as of old.

I was in haste to reach the Sanjowlie Reservoir and there make my assurance doubly sure. The horses did their best, but seemed all too slow to my impatient mind. Kitty was astonished at my boisterousness. "Why Jack?" she cried at last, "you are behaving like a child. What are you doing?"

We were just below the convent, and from sheer wantonness I was making my Water plunge and curvet across the road as I tickled it with the loop of my riding whip.

"Doing?" I answered; "nothing, dear. That's just it. If you'd been doing nothing for a week except lie up, you'd be as riotous as I."

"Singing and interrupting in your beastly mirth,
 Joying to keep your self alive;
 And your actions, good in the visible earth,
 Lead to the worse—aye."

My quotation was hardly out of my lips before we had rounded the corner above the Convent; and saw yards further on could see across to Sanjowlie. In the center of the level road stood the black and white liveries, the yellow-paneled rickshaw, and Mrs. Keith-Wessington. I pulled up, looked, rubbed my eyes, and, I believe, must have said something. The next thing I knew was that I was lying face downward on the road, with Kitty kneeling above me in tears.

"Has it gone, child?" I gasped. Kitty only wept more bitterly.

"Has what gone, Jack dear? what does it all mean? There must be a mistake somewhere, Jack, A hideous mistake." Her last words brought me to my feet—mad—raving for the time being.

"Yes, there is a mistake somewhere," I repeated, "a hideous mistake. Come and look at it."

I have an indistinct idea that I dragged Kitty by the wrist along the road up to where I stood; and implored her for pity's sake to speak to it, to tell it that we were betrothed; that neither Death nor Hell could break the tie between us; and Kitty only knows how much more to the same effect.

Now and again I appealed passionately to the Terror in the rickshaw, to bear witness to all I had said, and to release me from a torture that was killing me. As I talked I suppose I must have told Kitty of my old relation with Mrs. Wessington, for I saw her listen intently with white face and blazing eyes.

"Thank you, Mr. Pansay," she said, "that's quite enough. *Syee ghora tai.*"

The eyes, impassive as Orientals always are, had come up with the recaptured horses; and as Kitty sprang into her saddle I caught hold of the bridle, entreating her to hear me out and forgive. My answer was the cut of her riding whip across my face from mouth to eye, and a

word or two of farewell that even now I cannot write down.

Stel judged, and judged rightly, that Kitty knew all; and I staggered back to the side of the rickshaw. My face was cut and bleeding, and the blow of the riding-whip had raised a livid blue wheel on it. I had no self-respect. Just then Heatherleggh, who must have been following Kitty and me at a distance, cantered up.

"Doctor," I said, pointing to my face, "there's Miss Mannerings' signature to my order of dismissal and . . . I'll thank you for that lakh as soon as convenient."

Heatherleggh's face, even in my abject misery, moved me to laughter.

"I'll stake my professional reputation," he began. "Don't be a fool!" I whispered: "I've lost my life's happiness and you'd better take me home."

As I spoke, the rickshaw was gone. Then I lost all knowledge of what was passing. The crest of Jakko seemed to heave and roll like the crest of a cloud and fall in upon me.

Seven days later (on the 7th of May, that is to say) I was aware that I was lying in Heatherleggh's room as weak as a little child. Heatherleggh was watching me intently from behind the papers on his writing-table. His first words were not encouraging, but I was too far spent to be much moved by them.

"Here's Miss Kitty has sent back your letters. You corresponded a good deal, you young people. Here's a packet that looks like a ring, and a cheerful sort of a note from Mannerings' Papa, which I've taken the liberty of reading and burning. The old gentleman's not pleased with you."

"And Kitty?" I asked dully.

"Rather more drawn than her father, from what she says. By the same token you must have been letting out any number of queer reminiscences just before I met you. Says that a man who would have behaved to a woman as you did to Mrs. Wessington ought to kill himself out of sheer pity for his kind. She's a hot-headed little virago, your mash. Will have it too that you were suffering from D. T. when that row on the Jakko road turned up. Says she'll die before she ever speaks to you again."

I groaned and turned over on the other side.

"Now you've got your choice, my friend. This engagement has to be broken off; and the Mannerings' don't want to be too hard on you. Was it broken through D. T. or epileptic fits? Sorry I can't offer you a better exchange unless you'd prefer hereditary insanity. Say the word and I'll tell 'em it's fits. All Simala knows about that scene on the Ladies' Mile. Come! I'll give you five minutes to think over it."

During those five minutes I believe that I explored thoroughly the lowest circles of the Inferno which it is permitted man to tread on earth.

And at the same time I myself was watching myself faltering through the dark labyrinth of doubt, misery, and utter despair, wondering, as

Heatherlegh in his chair might have wondered, which dreadful alternative I should adopt. Presently I heard myself answering in a voice that I hardly recognized, —

"They're comfoundedly particular about morality in these parts. Give 'em fits, Heatherlegh, and my love. Now let me sleep a bit longer."

Then my two selves joined, and it was only I (that crazed, devil-driven I) that tossed in my bed, tracing step by step the history of the past month. "But I am in Simla," I kept repeating to myself. "I, Jack Pansay, am in Simla, and there are no ghosts here. It's unreasonable of that woman to pretend there are. Why couldn't Agnes have left me alone? I never did her any harm. It might just as well have been me as Agnes. Only I'd never have come back on purpose to kill her. Why can't I be left alone — left alone and happy?"

It was high noon when I first awoke; and the sun was low in the sky before I slept — slept as the tortured criminal sleeps on his rack, too worn to feel further pain.

Next day I could not leave my bed. Heatherlegh told me in the morning that he had received an answer from Mr. Mannerling, and that, thanks to his (Heatherlegh's) friendly offices, the story of my affliction had traveled through the length and breadth of Simla, where I was on all sides much pitted.

"And that's rather more than you deserve," he concluded pleasantly, "though the Lord knows you've been going through a pretty severe mill. Never mind; we'll cure you yet, you perverse phenomenon."

I declined firmly to be cured. "You've been much too good to me already, old man," said I; "but I don't think I need trouble you further."

In my heart I knew that nothing Heatherlegh could do would lighten the burden that had been laid upon me.

With that knowledge came also a sense of hopeless, impotent rebellion against the unreasonableness of it all. There were scores of men no better than I whose punishments had at least been reserved for another world; and I felt that it was bitterly, cruelly unfair that I alone should have been singled out for so hideous a fate.

This mood would in time give place to another where it seemed that the rickshaw and I were the only realities in a world of shadows; that Kitty was a ghost; that Mannerling, Heatherlegh, and all the other men and women I knew were all ghosts; the great, gray billa themselves but vain shadows devised to torture me. From mood to mood I tossed backwards and forwards for seven weary days; my body growing daily stronger and stronger, until the bedroom looking glass told me that I had returned to every-day life, and was as other men once more. Curiously enough my face showed no signs of the struggle I had gone through. It was pale indeed, but as expressionless and commonplace as ever. I had expected some permanent alteration — visible

evidence of the disease that was eating me away. I found nothing.

On the 15th of May I left Heatherlegh's house at eleven o'clock in the morning; and the instinct of the bachelor drove me to the Club. There I found that every man knew my story as told by Heatherlegh, and was, in clumsy fashion abnormally kind and attentive. Nevertheless I recognized that for the rest of my natural life I should be among but not of my fellows; and I envied very bitterly indeed the laughing coolies on the Mall below. I lunched at the Club, and at four o'clock wandered aimlessly down the Mall in the vague hope of meeting Kitty. Close to the Band-stand the black and white liveries joined me; and I heard Mrs. Wessington's old appeal at my side. I had been expecting this ever since I came out; and was only surprised at her delay. The phantom rickshaw and I went side by side along the Chota Simla road in silence. Close to the bazar, Kitty and a man on horseback overtook and passed us. For any sign she gave I might have been a dog in the road. She did not even pay me the compliment of quickening her pace; though the rainy afternoon had served for an excuse.

So Kitty and her companion and I and my ghostly Light-o'-Love, crept round Jakko in couples.

The road was streaming with water; the pines dripped like roof-pipes on the rocks below, and the air was full of fine, driving rain. Two or three times I found myself saying to myself almost aloud: — "I'm Jack Pansay on leave at Simla — at Simla! Every-day, ordinary Simla. I mustn't forget that — (I mustn't forget that.)" Then I would try to recollect some of the gossip I had heard at the Club: the prices of 80-and 80's horses — anything, in fact, that related to the work-a-day Anglo-Indian world I knew so well. I even repeated the multiplication table rapidly to myself, to make quite sure that I was not taking leave of my senses. It gave me much comfort; and must have prevented my hearing Mrs. Wessington for a time.

Once more I wearily climbed the Convent slope and entered the level road. Here Kitty and the man started off at a canter, and I was left alone with Mrs. Wessington. "Agnes," said I, "will you put back your hood and tell me what it all means?" The hood dropped noiselessly, and I was face to face with my dead and buried mistress.

She was wearing the dress in which I had last seen her alive; carried the same tiny handkerchief in her right hand; and the same card-case in her left. (A woman eight months dead with a card-case!) I had to pin myself down to the multiplication-table; and to set both hands on the stone parapet of the road, to assure myself that that at least was real.

"Agnes," I repeated, "for pity's sake tell me what it all means." Mrs. Wessington leaned forward, with that odd, quick turn of the head I used to know so well, and spoke.

If my story had not already so madly overleaped the bounds of all human belief I should apologize to you now. As I know that no one—no, not even Kitty, for whom it is written as some sort of justification of my conduct—will believe me, I will go on. Mrs. Wessington spoke and I walked with her from the Sanjowile road to the turning below the Commander-in-chief's house as I might walk by the side of any living woman's rickshaw, deep in conversation. The second and most tormenting of my moods of sickness had suddenly laid hold upon me, and like the Prince in Tennyson's poem, "I seemed to move amid a world of ghosts." There had been a garden-party at the Commander-in-chief's, and we two joined the crowd of homeward-bound folk. As I saw them it seemed that they were thashadows—impalpable fantastic shadows—that divided for Mrs. Wessington's rickshaw to pass through. What we said during the course of that weird interview I cannot—indeed, I dare not—tell. Heatherleg's comment would have been a short laugh and a remark that I had been "mashing a brain-eye-and-stomach chimera." It was a ghastly and yet in some indefinable way a marvelously dear experience. Could it be possible, I wondered, that I was in this life to woo a second time the woman I had killed by my own neglect and cruelty.

I met Kitty on the homeward road—shadow among shadows.

If I were to describe all the incidents of the next fortnight in their order, my story would never come to an end; and your patience would be exhausted. Morning after morning and evening after evening the ghostly rickshaw and I used to wander through Simla together. Wherever I went there the four black and white liveries followed me and bore me company to and from my hotel. At the Theater I found them amid the crowd of yelling *khumpasias*; outside the Club veranda, after a long evening of whist, at the Birthday Ball, waiting patiently for my reappearance; and in broad daylight when I went calling. Save that it cast no shadow, the rickshaw was in every respect as real to look upon as one of wood and iron. More than once, indeed, I have had to check myself from warning some hardriding friend against cantering over it. More than once I have walked down the Mall deep in conversation with Mrs. Wessington to the unspeakable amazement of the passers-by.

Before I had been out and about a week I learned that the "fit" theory had been discarded in favor of insanity. However, I made no change in my mode of life. I called, rode, and dined out as freely as ever. I had a passion for the society of my kind which I had never felt before; I hungered to be among the realities of life; and at the same time I felt vaguely unhappy when I had been separated too long from my ghostly companion. It would be almost impossible to describe my varying moods from the 15th of May

up to to-day.

The presence of the rickshaw filled me by turns with horror, blind fear, a dim sort of pleasure, and utter despair. I dared not leave Simla; and I knew that my stay there was killing me. I knew, more-over, that it was my destiny to die slowly and a little every day. My only anxiety was to get the penance over as quietly as might be. Alternately I hungered for a sight of Kitty and watched her outrageous flirtations with my successor—with amused interest. She was as much out of my life as I was out of hers. By day I wandered with Mrs. Wessington almost content. By night I implored Heaven to let me return to the world as I used to know it. Above all these varying moods lay the sensation of dull, numbing wonder that the Seen and the Unseen should mingle so strangely on this earth to hound one poor soul to its grave.

August 27:—Heatherleg has been indefatigable in his attendance on me; and only yesterday told me that I ought to send in an application for sick leave. An application to escape the company of a phantom! A request that the Government would graciously permit me to get rid of five ghosts and an atry rickshaw by going to England! Heatherleg's proposition moved me almost to hysterical laughter. I told him that I should await the end quietly at Simla; and I am sure that the end is not far off. Believe me that I dread its advent more than any world can say; and I torture myself nightly with a thousand speculations as to the manner of my death.

Shall I die in my bed decently and as an English gentleman should die; or, in one last walk on the Mall, will my soul be wrenched from me to take its place forever and ever by the side of the ghostly phantasm? Shall I return to my old lost allegiance in the next world, or shall I meet Agnes, loathing her and bound to her side through all eternity? Shall we two hover over the scene of our lives till the end of Time? As the day of my death draws nearer, the intense horror that all living flesh feels towards escaped spirits from beyond the grave grows more and more powerful. It is an awful thing to go down quick among the dead with scarcely one-half of your life completed. It is a thousand times more awful to wait as I do in your midst, for I know not what unimaginable terror. Pity me, at least on the score of my "delusion," for I know you will never believe what I have written here. Yet as surely as ever a man was done to death by the Powers of Darkness I am that man.

In justice, too, pity her. For as surely as ever woman was killed by man, I killed Mrs. Wessington. And the last portion of my punishment is even now upon me.

(The End.)

WORTH WOMAN'S WHILE

A VARIETY OF FACTS CAREFULLY BOILED DOWN AND SERVED WARM AND CRISP.

By Mrs. Cody.

For Pretty Hair.

Oiling the hair is entirely out of date.

Never use hair dyes the ingredients of which are unknown to you.

An excellent shampoo: two ounces powdered borax, one ounce powdered camphor, two quarts boiling water.

Oily hair should be washed about every two weeks. Use warm water in which half a teaspoonful of bi-carbonate of soda has been dissolved.

If your hair is naturally dry avoid the use of borax and ammonia in shampooing. The latter, if used too frequently, is likely to turn the hair prematurely gray.

Washing the hair too often makes it brittle and apt to become rough and uneven by breaking easily. A good washing every two weeks is sufficient and will keep the scalp clean.

Another good treatment to prevent the hair from falling out is to wash with warm water and castile soap, and when dry rub dry sulphur all through to the roots. Wash occasionally in a strong tea made of sage leaves or Burdock roots.

A good tonic to prevent falling hair is prepared as follows: eight ounces cologne, one ounce tincture of cantharides, one half dram each of oil of English lavender and oil of rosemary. Wash the scalp and dry thoroughly, applying daily.

A good hair tonic: three ounces tincture of cantharides, one ounce oil of rosemary, six ounces bay rum, one ounce olive oil. One ounce of rock sulphur broken into small pieces and added to the above lotion will arrest the coming of gray hair.

A preparation to remove dandruff and scurf is made as follows: two ounces alcohol, two ounces witch hazel, fifteen grains resorcin. Rub it well into the scalp every morning with the tips of the fingers. This will also make the hair soft and silky.

Most barbers use a shampoo made as follows: Carbamate of ammonia, one-half ounce; borax, powdered, one ounce; dissolve these two ingredients in one quart of soft water. Add a mixture made of glycerine, two ounces; New England rum, two quarts; bay rum, one quart.

All confining pins should be removed at night, and the hair gently tossed about to let the air circulate freely through it. Brush it sufficiently to remove all dirt which may have settled on it during the day, then braid it loosely into two braids and allow it to remain that way during the night.

Peroxide of Hydrogen is the most popular and harmless bleach in use at the present time. It should not be used too strong nor too often as it is apt to cause the hair to fall out. We would rather not see it used at all. Once you bleach the hair with it nothing but a new growth will bring the hair back to its original color.

After hair has been washed it should be rinsed in several waters, each cooler than the preceding. Dry thoroughly before dressing it. Rub a little bay rum

into the scalp to aid the drying process. If combed before dry it will not be as soft and silky as when fanned or tossed about with the hands. Sunshine is excellent for the hair just after it has been washed.

While we do not favor coloring the hair, those of you who insist upon so doing are tendered the following which is said to be a harmless coloring: Take the hulls of the common black walnut when they begin to fall from the tree; allow one quart of walnut hulls to two quarts of cold water. Boil slowly until the desired color. Cool, strain and add one-half ounce of alcohol to one quart of juice. This preparation is especially adaptable to auburn or brown hair. After it has been given a trial, if too dark, dilute with water.

Frills of Fashion.

"Bordeaux" is the name of a beautiful new shade of purple.

Skirts are not being made fuller either about the hips or at the lower edge.

White woolen waists with closing plant and pipings of black satin are very stylish.

Flannel-lined pique is one of the most popular and sensible materials used for shirt waists this winter.

Phasants' breasts are taking the place of fur in collarettes and muffs. The change is quite pleasant.

Skirts, basques and entire tailor-made costumes are piped with velvet, satin or silk of contrasting colors.

One of the most inexpensive, and yet very pretty, novelties in women's goods is crepe-finished serge. It may be had in any of the popular shades.

The small foot ruffles which have been fashionable so long as a foot trimming for cloth skirts are being replaced with a band of corded material, such as velvet or satin.

On almost every counter nowadays will be found perfumed ribbon. It is intended to be run in lingerie and children's dresses, and will impart to such garments a sweet fragrance.

Narrow bands or pipings of black satin decorate shirt waists of colored, black or white French flannel. These waists have close fitting dress sleeves and fancy standing collars of satin.

Jacket costumes intended for general wear can be made of no better material than homespun and chevrot. No trimming is required on these suits, although mohair braid is sometimes used, also velvet for facing the collar.

Fine black or colored French flannel is now used for the newest undershirts. They have a soft lining and are delightfully warm for winter wear. And you all know that flannel wears a great deal better than silk or satin.

New skirts close at the left front seam, with hooks and eyes invisibly placed, or with ball and socket fasteners. By this arrangement the garment can be

held up by the wearer without the unsightly gaping at the back.

You must not wear linen collars with shirt-waists of silk, satin, or velvet or wolen goods any more. Collars of the waist material only are permissible. They may be made up in some fancy shape and decorated with whatever appears on the waist belt pipings, braid or ribbon.

The short, tight-fitting jackets of cloth have flore collars and revers of fur, and are closed by invisible hooks and eyes. They have no pockets or cuffs. The sleeves are smoothly fitted into the arm hole and the coat ends at the waist line all around except at the immediate front, where it extends a trifle in a rounded tab.

About Bathing.

Cleanliness is an all important factor in our efforts for health and beauty nowadays and it is pleasing to observe that we, as a nation, are a clean people. Almost every little home possesses its bathing conveniences, and in almost every community there is a bathing establishment for the convenience of those who cannot take a dip at home. It will therefore be seen that neglect is the only excuse for uncleanness and an unclean person is to be as much despised as a dishonest one. Bathing, if treated as a daily necessity, may be made a luxury, so much so, in fact, that it is quite frequently overdone with harmful results. Too much bathing is as bad as, or worse than, too little.

A tub bath twice a week is all that the average constitution can stand without becoming weakened. But don't miss your morning sponge from top to toe in tepid water.

This will do you a great deal of good. To make this morning sponge bath delightful and invigorating use a little warm salt water which may be easily and cheaply prepared by dissolving a cupful of rock salt in a pint of water. Add this to the bath water. Dry with a Turkish towel rubbing the skin briskly.

Here is another way of taking an invigorating morning bath. Fill the bath-tub with about six buckets of warm water, and while standing in this latter the entire body with ends made of pure soap. Have a hose with a spray nozzle attached to the faucet, regulate the water till it is tepid and then spray off the ends. Dry thoroughly with a coarse towel.

The proper time for a hot tub bath is at night just before retiring. A mixture of lavender water and alcohol is a good after rub and is also a preventative against taking cold. Never bath in water which is above eighty degrees and always moisten the top of the head before entering. A gill of liquid ammonia to every pailful of water is an excellent addition to the bath. Do not take a warm bath immediately before going out of doors in cold weather.

In these days of vapor baths to be "in the swim" one must devise means that are inexpensive for those of us who cannot afford a cabinet and the necessary appliances for the purpose. The method predominating, while somewhat difficult, is not easily and can be thoroughly understood after a few attempts. Vapor baths should only be taken just before retiring and the bed should be ready for you to jump in. The paraphernalia necessary for the bath consists of a cone bottom chair, two bricks, a tin pail holding a gallon or more of water and two large blankets. After all the clothing has been removed tighten one of the blankets about your neck placing the other where it will become warm. The bricks should be made very hot and placed gently into the pail of water which is stood directly

under the chair on which you must now sit. Care should be taken that the blanket about you is so spread that none of the steam escapes. Remain in this condition about fifteen minutes, then throw aside your blanket which is now thoroughly damp and wrap yourself in the warm blanket. Then get in bed, blanket and all, and cover up well.

Bran baths are very beneficial to those suffering from poor circulation. There is very little expense in taking them as they require only a tub of warm water, a peck of bran and a rough towel. Empty the bran into the water and rub the body well with the mixture.

Helpful Hints.

To clean zinc rod with fresh lard and wipe dry.

A lump of camphor near your steel ornaments will prevent them from rusting.

Oleic acid mixed with fine Venetian red is an excellent polish for brass, so is olive oil and tripoli.

Write the word "poisonous" in great big letters on every vial containing any acid or liquid that is poisonous.

All traces of mud may be easily removed from black clothing by rubbing the spots with a piece of raw potato.

A little alcohol rubbed on the inside of the glass after washing the window panes will prevent them from frosting.

Pine shalloe varnish is a good preserver of polished brass. It wears off easily, however, and must frequently be renewed.

Rust stains on nickel ware are removed by rubbing them with sweet oil, and after a few days with a cloth saturated with ammonia.

Mix a little baking soda with the brick dust when scouring steel knives and forks. It will polish them brighter and with less time and labor.

If the old method of drawing threads in linen destined for hemstitching is too tedious for you, the work can be made much easier by soaping the fabric beforehand. When dry the threads may be readily pulled out. Make a dry lather and apply with a brush.

To remove oil or grease spots from carpets lay a piece of blotting paper over the spot, and on the blotting paper place a flat-iron just hot enough not to scorch. As soon as the paper becomes greasy another piece should take its place. A little whitening applied to the spot and allowed to remain there a day or two will remove all traces that the blotting paper failed to absorb.

This is the only proper way to make glue: Break the sheets into small pieces, cover them with strong vinegar and let them soak for four hours, then heat to boiling point. When cold, it will be, or should be, as firm and clear as well made jelly. To prepare it for use the vessel containing it should be set in another containing boiling water, but the glue itself should not be boiled a second time.

A good whitewash is made as follows:—Put into a clean oil-tight barrel about half a bushel of lime; slack it by pouring water over it boiling hot, and put in a sufficient quantity of water to cover it five inches deep, and stir it briskly until thoroughly slacked. When the slacking has been fully effected, add one pound each of sulphate of zinc and common salt dissolved in water. This will cause the wash to harden and prevent cracking.

FOR CAREFUL DRESSERS

A MONTHLY LIST OF ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIONS OF THE NEWEST, LATEST AND MOST POPULAR FASHIONS FOR THE COMING SEASON

PRACTICAL AND USEFUL.

No. 1338—Priscilla Apron.

Size, Medium.

Aprons can be such ugly looking garments if they are badly cut and in dingy colors. Housewives who feel the necessity of wearing aprons while busy about the house, and who feel it an equal duty to always look trim and neat while at work, will be delighted with the Priscilla apron, the new princess design given in

wear, according to the trimming and material selected. The full waist is made with a wide box-plait in the front and tucks ending either side from the plait to armholes. A pointed yoke and collar finishes the neck



this number. It is cut to fit the figure as prettily as a tailor gown, and it has a special advantage in the way the pockets are set in the front seams; large, capacious pockets they are, but out of the way of the door-knobs and pump-handles that are always reaching out to seize and destroy them when left within reach.

A FROCK FOR SCHOOL.

No. 1340—Angela Frock.

Size for 8, 9 and 10 years.

A charming little model suitable for school or home



and the sleeves are tucked. A full, circular skirt with a box-plait in front is mounted to the waist. Silk, woollen and cotton fabrics may be selected for this model combined with some contrasting material.

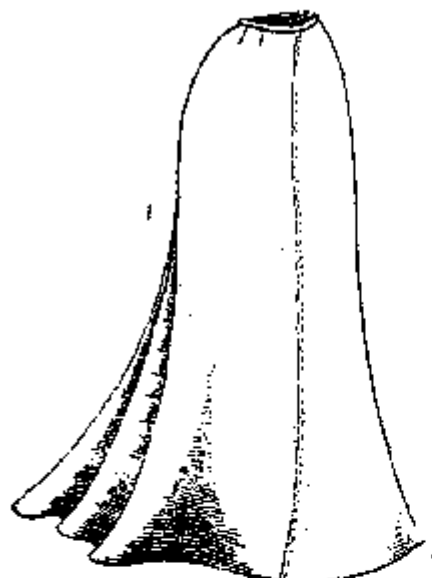
A GRACEFUL FIVE GORED SKIRT.

No. 1749—Corlondt Skirt.

Size Medium and Large.

A graceful and stylish design having five gores and the fullness in the back is held in a broad box-plait. This design is suitable for any of the favorite gown

fabrics and may be used with any style of waist or jacket. The box plait is held in position by bands of tape or elastic tacked at intervals on the under side.



A USEFUL TOP GARMENT.

No. 1741—Argyle Cape.

Sizes, Medium and large.

In our illustration we give a design which has proved extremely popular and is as fashionable as it is comfortable. It is fitted snugly over the shoulders and has the high storm collar, and flares enough at the bot-



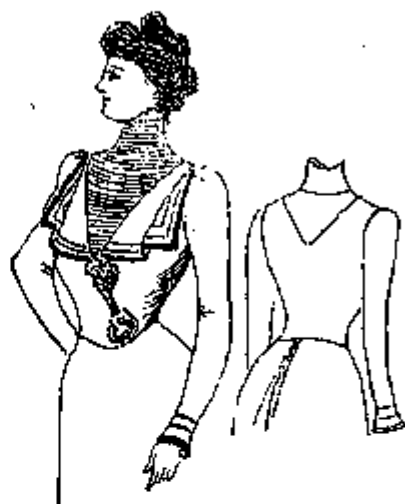
tom to give a graceful effect. Cloaking cloth, medium in weight, are the most desirable material, either single or double faced. A double row of buttons and machine stitching are the only trimming used.

FOR A STYLISH AFTERNOON GOWN.

No. 1738—Ridgewood Waist.

Sizes for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches Bust Measure.

The "Ridgewood" waist, while appropriate for any one, is particularly adapted for stout figures as there is nothing to add to the size of the outline; while the draped revers and loosely fitted chemisette give fullness to the shoulders, which reduces the apparent size of the waist. The model is made of castor-brown Henriette.



ta cloth and is trimmed with brown velvet ribbon of two widths. The wider one is used for the rosettes and the outer row of trimming, and the narrow one for the inner row. The chemisette and collar is of tacked white taffeta silk. If preferred the chemisette may match the trimming.

FREE PATTERN COUPON

Entitling the holder to one Demonstration Pattern.

The publishers of THE FASHION MAGAZINE have made arrangements whereby they are able to send any of the above patterns to readers free of charge except the cost of mailing. Fill in below the number and size of the pattern you desire, and mail this coupon to the Pattern Department, The Cravens-Knowell Co., Milwaukee, Wis., with 10 cents to pay for mailing, handling, etc. Be sure to give your name and address and choose one of the sizes that are printed with the illustration.

A special illustration and full directions about the pattern will be found on the envelope in which it is enclosed.

Name
Street
Town State
No. of Pattern
Size Desired

If you do not want to mar your magazine by cutting out the above coupon you may write for a pattern on letter paper, giving name, address, No. and size of pattern wanted.

OUR FAMILY DOCTOR

A number of trials for every day ills are suggested by the Public Health Journal as follows:

- Try cranberries for malaria.
- Try a sun bath for rheumatism.
- Try cranberry poultice for erysipelas.
- Try swallowing saliva when troubled with sour stomach.
- Try eating fresh radishes and yellow turnips for gravel.
- Try eating onions and horse radish to relieve dropsical swellings.
- Try buttermilk for the removal of freckles, tan and blemish stains.
- Try the croup tippet when a child is likely to be troubled with croup.
- Try hot flannel over the seat of neuralgic pain, and renew frequently.
- Try hard cider—a wine glassful three times a day—for ague and rheumatism.
- Try taking a nap in the afternoon if you are going to be out late in the evening.
- Try breathing the fumes of turpentine or carbolic acid to relieve whooping cough.
- Try a silk handkerchief over the face when obliged to go against a cold piercing wind.
- Try an extra pair of stockings outside of your shoes when traveling in cold weather.
- Try walking with your hands behind you if you find yourself becoming bent forward.
- Try a cloth wrung out from cold water, put about the neck at night, for a sore throat.

Good digestion rules: Do not eat when fatigued or when overheated. Avoid an excess of sugar, sweets and starchy food. Do not eat heartily when worried or hurried. Take some easily digested liquid food. Do not bathe the body for at least an hour after meals. Avoid foods that disagree with you. Be cheerful at the table. Eat sparingly of highly seasoned food. Eat fruit before meals. Do not eat between meals (habitually) or at irregular intervals. Avoid over-eating. Of the two evils, it is better to eat too little than too much. Avoid iced drinks at mealtimes, particularly at the beginning of the meal. Do not wash the food down with liquids. Eat wholesome, well-cooked food. Eat slowly. Chew the food thoroughly.

FOR CHILDREN'S HEALTH.

Cholera infantum and other forms of bowel complaint in young children are often caused by over-feeding.

In summer it is often water, not milk, for which the child is crying.

Bring up a child on a simple diet. Rich pies, cakes, etc., will encourage the habit of over-eating which is sure to cause dyspepsia in the course of time. Do not allow your son to contract the habit of smoking before he has stopped growing.

It imperils the health and life of growing girls to bind down the chest with corsets and tight dresses. If every mother knew how much of a girl's health depended on free and easy respiration more attention would be given this question.

Keep the air pure and fresh in the children's sleeping rooms, and in yours too, as a matter of fact.

Every growing child should receive nine to ten hours sleep. Keep the room well ventilated and dark.

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offers you a great opportunity to secure your choice of the

Very best Literature at Greatly Reduced Prices.

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Gleanings In Bee Culture.....	1.50	.90
Pathfinder.....	1.50	1.00
Omaha Weekly Bee.....	1.15	.75
Omaha Illustrated Bee.....	2.50	1.20
The Cosmopolitan Magazine.....	1.50	1.10
Health Culture.....	1.50	1.05
Leslie's Popular Monthly.....	1.50	1.10
Success.....	1.50	.80
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IN LIGHTER VEIN

ORIGINAL
STOLEN OR
OTHERWISE

A SLIP OF THE TONGUE

A SORRY SPECTACLE.

Some kinds of glasses help our sight
And some increase our trouble,
But they're too strong for us, yes, quite,
That make us see things double.

* *

SHE WAS PLEASED.

The young man has only recently taken up photography and is an ardent enthusiast. He persuaded the girl to whom he was engaged to pose for him. She was seated in a hammock, and he stood directly before her when he took the picture. In a day or two he proudly exhibited the result of the sitting. She gave one glance at it and then handed it back.

"Don't you like it?" he inquired.

"I don't assume to criticize," was the reply.

"I thought it was pretty good for a first attempt," he insisted.

"Perhaps it is. I am glad you are satisfied with it."

"Of course it might be better."

"Do you think it looks like me?"

"Yes."

"Then, Herbert, I am content."

"But you don't seem very cheerful over it."

"Perhaps I don't show it, but that photograph has made me very happy."

"I'll have a frame made for it and give it to you."

"No, I don't want to keep it, but it fills me with joy, nevertheless. They say that when beauty fades affection vanishes, but when I realize that you can see me depicted with hands and feet like those without breaking our engagement I am convinced that there can't be any doubt about your loving me when I am old."

* *

THE DREAM OF WILLIE.

Papa (at the breakfast table)—Willie, my boy, why are you looking so thoughtful? Are you not feeling well?

Willie (very seriously)—Yes, papa; but I had a strange dream this morning.

Papa—Judeed! What was it?

Willie—I dreamed, papa, that I died and went to heaven; and when St. Peter met me at the gate, instead of showing me the way to the golden streets, as I expected, he took me out into a large field, and in the middle of the field there was a ladder reaching away up into the sky and out of sight. Then St. Peter told me that heaven was at the top, and that in order to get there I must take the big piece of chalk he gave me and slowly climb the ladder, writing on each rung some sin I had committed.

Papa (laying down his newspaper)—And did you finally reach heaven, my son?

Willie—No, papa, for just as I was trying to think of something to write on the second rung I looked up into the sky and saw you coming down.

Papa—And what was I coming down for, pray?

Willie—That's just what I asked you, papa, and you told me you were going down for more chalk.

WOMEN AND HUMOR.

At last we are beginning to find a really good reason for women lacking a sense of humor—they are too good for it. Mary Wilkins gives the reason indirectly in a short story, "Susan."

Susan was a good and noble woman, and one of her peculiarities, when one came to analyze her, was that she never laughed, though she had a wonderful smile. She was one of those rarely sympathetic, clear-sighted, well-balanced people who keep themselves and, to a great extent, the world around them straight. She never laughed, because, as Miss Wilkins says, "People, in order to laugh at anything, in the face of the misery upon this earth, have to have a streak of bitterness and rebellion in them."

That's it; there is more or less cruelty in so-called humor, and women are too tender-hearted and sympathetic for it.

* *

SIMPLY IMPOSSIBLE.

"How'd you like my drunken scenes?" asked Roade Walker.

"Very poor," replied his manager. "I think it's the first time I ever saw you look sober."

* *

WHAT COULD HE EXPECT AFTER THAT?

Artist—Now give me your candid opinion of this picture!

Critic—It is utterly worthless.

Artist—Yes, I know your opinion is worthless, but I am curious to hear it nevertheless.

* *

SO SHE CAN TALK ABOUT IT.

"Josephine won't take any medicine for that dreadful cough."

"Why not?"

"She doesn't want to get rid of it, because she got it in Paris."

* *

DIDN'T FIT HIM.

"Have I got the 'pleasing expression' you want?" asked Mr. Gubblin.

"Yes, sir," replied the photographer. "I think that will do very well."

"Then hurry up please. It hurts my face."

* *

ONE WHO KNEW.

Mrs. G. Whiz—Dear, what is this "white man's burden?"

Mr. G. Whiz—I guess it's a load.

* *

CONSTANCY.

"I have been married for fifteen years, and my wife never fails to meet me at the door."

"Wonderful!"

"Yes; she's afraid I might go in without wiping my feet."

FROM THE PEN OF THE PUBLISHER

LITTLE CHATS WITH PRESENT AND PROSPECTIVE READERS OF "THE PNEUMATIC"

In beginning these talks it is probably best to tell you their mission. In the first place, they're not going to be irritating if we can help it—but just little 10 cent chats. If you don't want to read them you need not. If you read them it's so much the better for us, and perhaps, for you. We need not go much further in explanation. You have already guessed the mission of these talks. You're right. They're going to be devoted to **THE PNEUMATIC**.

When we first announced that we would publish a magazine equal in every way, and better in some, than the ordinary 5 cent magazine at less than one cent, other publishers laughed at us. "The fools," some of them said, "they're trying to do something impossible. It can't be done." We didn't mind them. We said nothing and sawed wood. We had enough to do to take care of our own business. If other publishers would do the same they too could probably get out a magazine for less than 5 cents.

As it is, **THE PNEUMATIC** is the only general magazine of 28 pages in the world, edited, printed and mailed to subscribers at 10 cents a year or less than 1 cent a copy. We do not know whether this is because other publishers don't know how to publish a magazine at less than 5 cents a copy or if they do know how because they want as big a profit as they can get. Be that as it may it doesn't alter the case any, **THE PNEUMATIC** remains the **ONLY** 1 cent magazine in the world.

Now, how is it, do you suppose, that we are able to publish such a good little magazine at such a ridiculous low price. In the first place, let us assure you, we are not losing money in so doing. And we are not stealing the paper used in printing it either. We are simply conducting our publishing business on the same principles as the largest and most successful merchantile businesses are being conducted today—"Many sales, small profits." A clothier

who sells 100 suits at a profit of \$1 per suit is better off than the clothier who sells 10 suits at a profit of \$5 each, for several very simple reasons. He is making more money—more customers—more friends. He is giving more people more for their money than they can get elsewhere. And that is just what we are doing.

We're not asking anybody to subscribe to **THE PNEUMATIC** just because its cheap. We don't want any such subscribers and hope we won't get any. There are some people to whom it isn't worth ten cents a year—people who don't care about the class of literature it contains. We don't expect these people to subscribe—neither do other publishers expect them to subscribe to their magazines.

But there are thousands upon thousands of English reading people who will appreciate our efforts. Comparisons will show them that **THE PNEUMATIC** contains literature of the most interesting, entertaining and instructive sort. The goodness of quality will appeal to their judgment just as the smallness of price will appeal to their pocket book. This is not a prediction. We're not guessing. We know just what we're talking about. Out of 2500 sample **PNEUMATICS** sent out last month we received 2128 subscribers. And at this writing they are still coming in. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and you can rest assured that we are having four square pudding meals every day—everytime the post man comes.

We're not going to say more this time than to ask you to figure a bit. Look this copy of **THE PNEUMATIC** over carefully. Then figure out if it's worth ten cents a year to you or not. You can't help figuring it out our way, can you?

Better send the ten cent piece, or five two-cent stamps for a year's subscription **NOW**, while you're thinking of so doing.

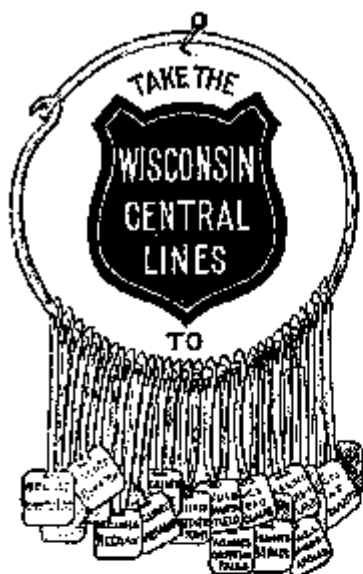
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THE "KISSING BUG" SCARE

of last summer will be fully explained in the march number of **THE PNEUMATIC** by a clever article from the pen of L. O. Howard, United States Entomologist, entitled, "THE INSECT TO WHICH THE NAME 'KISSING BUG' BECAME APPLIED DURING THE SUMMER OF 1899." The article will be fully illustrated with pictures of the various so-called "Kissing-Bugs." **DON'T MISS THE MARCH PNEUMATIC** or any succeeding issue. **SEND US TEN CENTS TO-DAY** in either silver or stamps and receive this bright, interesting magazine for one entire year.

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We can't expect our friends to urge their friends to become subscribers. We can't expect them to work for us and receive nothing in return.

We appreciate very highly the efforts of our friends in securing and trying to secure new subscribers for us, but we also realize the cold, simple fact that appreciation alone won't pay for a single necessity of life. Appreciation is nice but it isn't money.

From now on and ever hereafter we're going to stop asking our friends to do something for nothing. If anyone is kind enough to help us, we in turn are going to be kind enough to return the favor—and in the right way.

When answering advertisements please mention "The Pneumatic."

We have thought over many methods of doing this and have come to the conclusion that the following plan is the most desirable:

We have appropriated \$1,000 to be divided among 18 people.

There are no restrictions, no string, holding this \$1,000. It will positively be given away on January 1st 1901.

Anybody and everybody can compete for this money. The contest is open to all. The chances of winning it or a good portion of it, are equal to all.

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For the largest number of subscribers sent us up to Dec. 31, 1900,	\$200.00
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For the third largest number.....	100.00
For the fourth largest number.....	75.00
For the next five largest numbers, \$50 each.....	250.00
For the next nine largest numbers, \$25 each.....	225.00

But we won't stop here. We know that there will be more than 18 people after this \$1,000 and that we must provide for everyone. Therefore we make the following very liberal proposition: Everyone competing for one of the above prizes will be returned half the money sent us providing such competitor does not receive one of the prizes comprising the \$1,000.

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A. T. CHWIST.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tablets. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a steady head is always needed. Ripans Tablets does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bowar, P. O. 3, 285 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tablets with grand results.

Miss Esther Wickman.

Mother was troubled with heartburn and sleeplessness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she saw a testimonial in the paper endorsing Ripans Tablets. She determined to give them a trial, was greatly relieved by their use and now takes the Tablets regularly. She keeps a few cartons Ripans Tablets in the house and says she will not be without them. The heartburn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indigestion which was formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole family take the Tablets regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; also eats hearty meals, an impossibility before she took Ripans Tablets.

ANTON H. BLAUER.

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tablets advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tablets. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tablets for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you like.

Mrs. Mary Gordon Oliver.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in one or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick to my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tablets from a aunt of mine who was taking them for cure of the stomach. She had found much relief from their use and advised me to take them, too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headaches. I am twenty-three years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial.

Mrs. J. Bacon Miller.

My seven-year-old boy suffered with pain in his head, constipation and complaint of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and we had to feed him old food not agree with him. He was thin and of a sallow color.

Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tablets, I tried them. Ripans Tablets not only relieved but actually cured my youngster, the headaches have disappeared, bowels are in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tablets. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one from the cradle to old age if taken according to directions.

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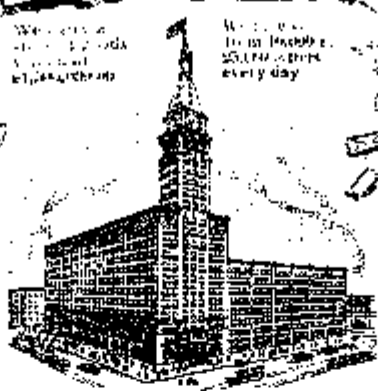
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At the present time it contains a serial story by Robert Louis Stevenson and short stories by Poe, Kipling and a host of other writers.

The next number will contain an article on the "Kissing Bug" craze of 1899, by L. O. Howard, with pictures of the insects to which the name "Kissing Bug" was given.

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APRIL 1900.

NO. 3.

THE Pneumatic

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Edited by A. H. KRAUS

Entered at Milwaukee Post-office as Second Class Mail Matter.

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MILWAUKEE WIS.

The Cramer-Krasselt Co., Printers, Milwaukee.

THE PNEUMATIC.

VOL. XI

APRIL 1900

No. 3

The Insects to Which the Name "Kissing-Bug" Became Applied During the Summer of 1899

BY L. O. HOWARD

Nationalist, U. S. Department of Agriculture

IN a paper read before the Zoological Section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science the writer gave some account of the so called "kissing-bug" craze, which, originating in the city of Washington, in June, 1899, spread over almost the entire United States, and which, encouraged by newspapers, resulted in one of the most interesting cases of widespread popular alarm arising from

a comparatively insignificant cause which has occurred in the present scientific and matter-of-fact century.

While very many different insects have been brought to entomologists as undoubted specimens of the kissing-bug, including a large number of perfectly harmless forms, several species of heteropterous insects, each one of which is capable of inflicting a

for the original cases in the Emergency Hospital at Washington, which gave rise to the first newspaper stories.

The writer has thought it advisable to bring together an account of six of the most prominent of these bugs, which with greater or less frequency pierce the skin of human beings, and to illustrate them, as a matter of record.

Opticoides personatus, also known as *Reduvius personatus* (fig. 1), and which has been termed the "cannibal bug," is an European species introduced into this country at some unknown date, but possibly following close in the wake of the bedbug. In Europe this species haunts houses for the purpose of preying upon bedbugs. Riley in his well-known article on "Poisonous insects," published in Wood's Reference Handbook of the Medical Sciences, states that if a fly or another insect is offered to the cannibal bug it is first touched with the antennae, a sudden spring follows, and at the same time the beak is thrust into the prey. The young specimens are covered with a glutinous substance to which bits of dirt and dust adhere. They move deliberately, with a long pause between each step, the step being taken in a jerky manner. The distribution of the species as given by Reuter in his Monograph of the Genus *Reduvius* is: Europe to the middle of Sweden, Caucasus, Asia Minor, Algeria, Madeira; North America—Canada, New York, Philadelphia, Indiana; Tasmania, Australia; from which it appears that the insect is already practically cosmopolitan, and in fact may almost be termed a household insect. The collections of the U. S. National Museum and of Messrs. Heidemann and Chittenden, of Washington, D. C., indicate the following localities for this species. Locust Hill, Va.; Washington, D.



FIG. 1.—*Reduvius* (*Opticoides*) *personatus*: About twice natural size; (original).

more or less severe wound with its beak, have helped to authenticate the scare, and it seems true that two of them, namely, *Melanolestes princeps* and *Reduvius personatus*, have been more abundant than usual this year, at least around Washington. They have been captured in a number of instances while biting people, and one or the other of them is undoubtedly responsible

C.; Baltimore, Md.; Ithaca, N. Y.; Cleveland, O.; Keokuk, Iowa.

The bite of this species is said to be very painful, more so than the sting of a bee, and to be followed by numbness (Lintner). One of the cases brought to the writer's attention this summer was that of a Sweda servant girl, in which the insect was caught, where the sting was up-

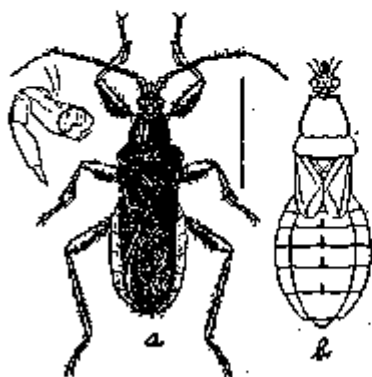


FIG. 2.—*Melanotester abdominalis*: a, adult male; b, female; head and piercing beak at left of male above—about twice natural size (original).

on the neck and was followed by considerable swelling. LeConte, in describing an insect of this species under the synonymical name *Redutias pragens*, gives Georgia as its locality, and makes the following statement: "This species is remarkable for the intense pain caused by its bite. I do not know whether it ever willingly plunges its rostrum into any person, but when caught or unskillfully handled it always stings. In this case the pain is almost equal to that of the bite of a snake, and the swelling and irritation which result from it will sometimes last for a week. In very weak and irritable constitutions it may even prove fatal."

The second eastern species is *Melanotester picipes*. This and the closely allied and possibly identical *M. abdominalis* (fig. 2) are not rare in the United States and have been found all through the Atlantic States, in the West and South, and also in Mexico. They hide underneath stones and logs and run swiftly. Both sexes of *M. Picipes* in the adult are fully winged, but the female of *M. abdominalis* (fig. 2) is usually found in the short-winged condition. Prof. P. E. Uhler writes: "*Melanotester abdominalis* is not rare in this section (Baltimore), but the winged female is a great rarity. At the present time I have not a specimen of the winged female in my collection. I have seen specimens from the South, North Carolina and Florida, but I do not remember one from Maryland. I am satisfied that *M. picipes* is distinct from *M. abdominalis*. I have not known the two species

to unite sexually, but I have seen them both united to their proper consorts. Both species are sometimes found under the same flat stone or log and they both hibernate in our valleys beneath stones and rubbish in loamy soils." Specimens in Washington collections show the following localities for *M. abdominalis*: Baltimore, Md., Washington, D. C., Wilmington, Del., New Jersey, Long Island, Fort Bliss, Tex., Louisiana and Keokuk, Iowa; and for *M. picipes*: Washington, D. C., Rosslyn, Va., Baltimore, Md., Derby, Conn., Long Island, a series labeled New Jersey, Wilmington, Del., Keokuk, Iowa, Cleveland and Cincinnati, Ohio, Louisiana, Jackson, Miss., Barton County, Mo., Fort Bliss, Tex., San Antonio, Tex., Crescent City, Fla., and Holland, S. C.

The insect has been mentioned several times in entomological literature. The first reference to its bite was probably made by Townsend Glover in the Annual Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for 1875. In Maryland, he states, *M. picipes* is found under stones, moss, logs of wood, etc., and is capable of inflicting a severe wound with its rostrum or piercer. In 1888 Dr. Lintner, in his fourth report as State entomologist of New York, quotes from a correspondent in Natchez, Miss., concerning this insect: "I send a specimen of a fly not known to us here. A few days ago it punctured the finger of my wife, inflicting a painful sting. The swelling was rapid, and for several days the wound was quite annoying." Until comparatively recently this insect has not been known to the writer as occurring in houses with any degree of frequency. In May, 1895, however, I received a specimen from an esteemed correspondent, Dr.

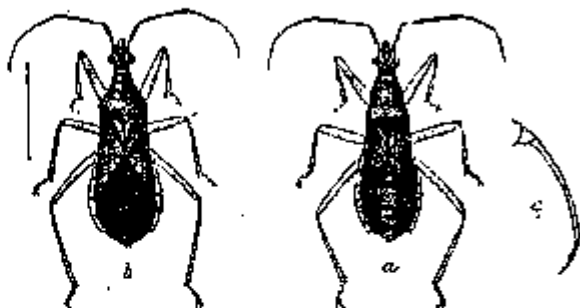


FIG. 3.—*Corissus suboleoptratus*: a, short-winged female adult (brachypterous form), b, winged female; c, piercing rostrum, seen from side, twice natural size (original).

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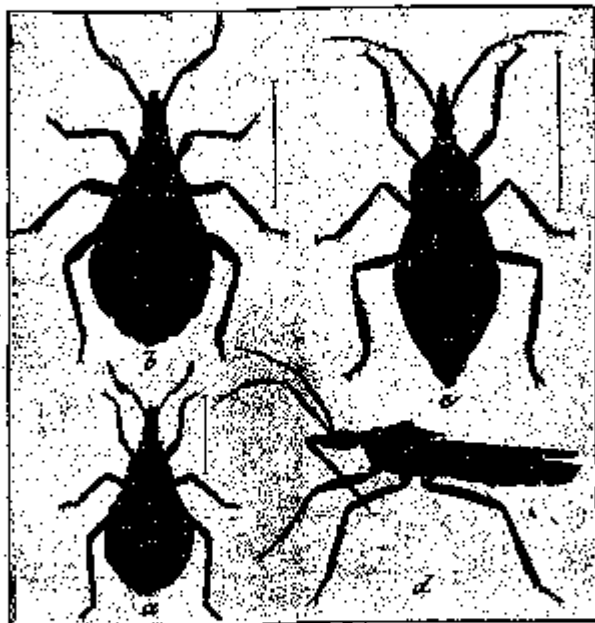


FIG. 4.—*Conorhinus sanguisuga*: a, first pupal stage; b, second pupal stage; c, adult bug; d, same, lateral view—all enlarged to same scale (from Marlatt).

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11; Baltimore, Md.; Ithaca, N. Y.; Cleveland, O.; Keokuk, Iowa.

The bite of this species is said to be very painful, more so than the sting of a bee, and to be followed by numbness (Lintner). One of the cases brought to the writer's attention this summer was that of a Swede servant girl, in which the insect was caught, where the sting was up-

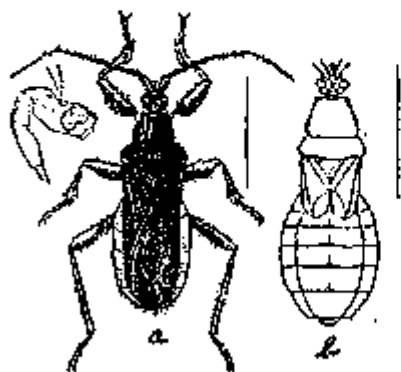


FIG. 2.—*Melanolestes abdominalis*: a, adult male; b, female; head and piercing beak at left of male above—about twice natural size (original).

on the neck and was followed by considerable swelling. LeConte, in describing an insect of this species under the synonymical name *Keduzus pragens*, gives Georgia as its locality, and makes the following statement: "This species is remarkable for the intense pain caused by its bite. I do not know whether it ever willingly plunges its rostrum into any person, but when caught or unskillfully handled it always stings. In this case the pain is almost equal to that of the bite of a snake, and the swelling and irritation which result from it will sometimes last for a week. In very weak and irritable constitutions it may even prove fatal."

The second eastern species is *Melanolestes picipes*. This and the closely allied and possibly identical *M. abdominalis* (fig. 2) are not rare in the United States and have been found all through the Atlantic States, in the West and South, and also in Mexico. They hide underneath stones and logs and run swiftly. Both sexes of *M. picipes* in the adult are fully winged, but the female of *M. abdominalis* (fig. 2) is usually found in the short-winged condition. Prof. P. R. Uhler writes: "*Melanolestes abdominalis* is not rare in this section (Baltimore), but the winged female is a great rarity. At the present time I have not a specimen of the winged female in my collection. I have seen specimens from the South, North Carolina and Florida, but I do not remember one from Maryland. I am satisfied that *M. picipes* is distinct from *M. abdominalis*. I have not known the two species

to unite sexually, but I have seen them both united to their proper consorts. Both species are sometimes found under the same flat stone or log and they both hibernates in our valleys beneath stones and rubbish in loamy soil." Specimens in Washington collections show the following localities for *M. abdominalis*: Baltimore, Md., Washington, D. C., Wilmington, Del., New Jersey, Long Island, Fort Bliss, Tex., Louisiana and Keokuk, Iowa; and for *M. picipes*: Washington, D. C., Roanoke, Va., Baltimore, Md., Derby, Conn., Long Island, a series labeled New Jersey, Wilmington, Del., Keokuk, Iowa, Cleveland and Cincinnati, Ohio, Louisiana, Jackson, Miss., Barton County, Mo., Fort Bliss, Tex., San Antonio, Tex., Crescent City, Fla., and Holland, S. C.

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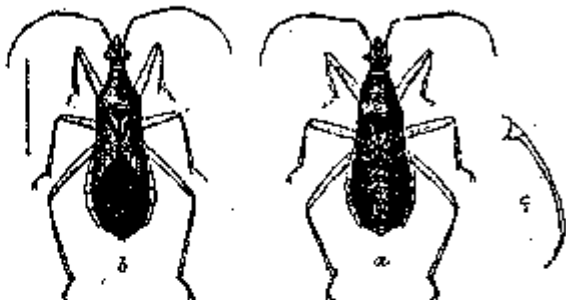


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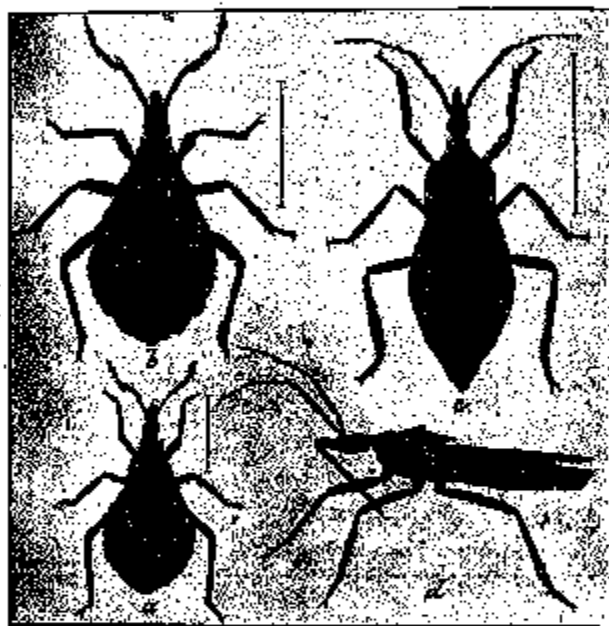


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part of the country are in reality Say's *R. biguttatus*, while those from the Southwestern States belong to a distinct species answering more fully (with slight exceptions) to the description of Stål's *Razadus thoracicus*. The writer has recently received a large series of *R. thoracicus* from Mr. H. Brown, of Tucson, Ariz., and had a disagreeable experience with the same species in April, 1898, at San José de Guaymas, in the State of Sonora, Mexico.

Perhaps the best known of all the species mentioned in our list is the blood-sucking conenose (*Conorhinus sanguisuga*) (figs. 4 and 5). This ferocious insect belongs to a genus which has several representatives in the United States, all, however, confined to the South or West.

C. rubrofasciatus and *C. variegatus*, as well as *C. sanguisuga*, are given the general geographical distribution of "Southern States"; *C. dimidiatus* and *C. maculipennis* are Mexican forms, while *C. gerstaeckeri* occurs in the Western States. The more recently described species, *C. protractus*, Uhl., has been taken at Los Angeles, Cal., Dragoon, Ariz., and Salt Lake City, Utah. All of these insects are bloodsuckers and do not hesitate to attack mammals.

LeConte, in his original description of *C. sanguisuga*, adds a most significant paragraph, which, as it has not been quoted of late, will be especially appropriate here: "This insect, equally with the former (see above), inflicts a most painful wound. It is remarkable also for sucking the blood of mammals, particularly of children. I have known its bite followed by very serious consequences, the patient not recovering from its effects for nearly a year. The many relations which we have of spider bites frequently proving fatal have no doubt arisen from the stings of these insects or others of the same genera. When the disease called spider bite is not an anthrax or carbuncle, it is undoubtedly occasioned by the bite of an insect, by no means, however, of a spider. Among the many species of Aranei-

das which we have in the United States, I have never seen one capable of inflicting the slightest wound. Many people take a *Cimex* for a spider. I have known a physician who sent to me the fragments of a large ant, which he supposed was a spider, that came out of his grandchild's head." The fact that LeConte was himself a physician, having graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1846, thus having been nine years a doctor of medicine, renders this statement all the more significant. The life history and habits of *C. sanguisuga* have been so well written up by Mr. Marlatt, that it is not necessary to enter upon them here. The point made by Marlatt that the constant and uniform character of the symptoms in nearly

all cases of bites by this insect indicate that there is a specific poison connected with the bite deserves consideration, but there can be no doubt that the very serious results which sometimes follow the bite are due to the introduction of extraneous poison germs. The late Mr. J. B. Lambert, of Yosemite, Cal., noticed particularly that the species of *Conorhinus*, occurring upon the Pacific coast, is attracted by carrion. Professor Towns-

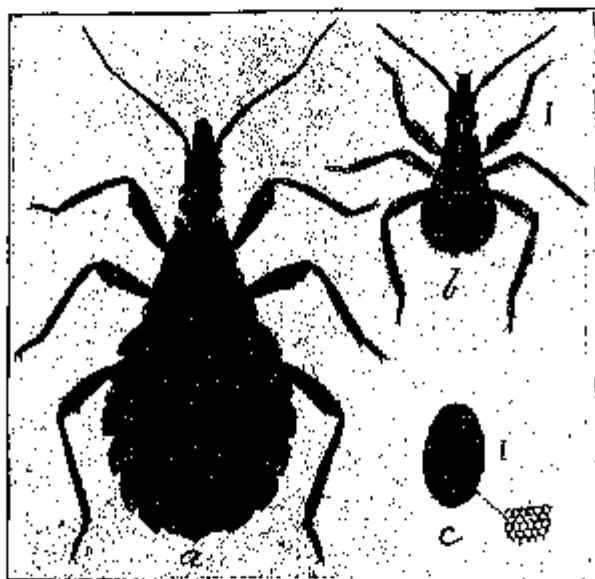


FIG. 5.—*Conorhinus Sanguisuga*: a, larva, second stage; b, newly hatched larva; c, egg with sculpturing of surface shown at side—all enlarged to same scale (from Marlatt).

Ariz., shows how a woman broke out all over the body and limbs with red blotches and welts from a single sting on the shoulder. Specimens of *C. sanguisuga* received in July, 1890, from Mayeraville, Miss., were accompanied by the statement, which is appropriate in view of the fact that the newspapers have insisted that the "kissing bug" prefers the lip, that a friend of the writer was bitten on the lip and that the effect was a burning pain, intense itching, and much swelling, lasting three or four days. The writer of the letter had been bitten upon the leg and arm, and his brother had been bitten on both feet and legs and on the arm, the symptoms being the same in all cases.

More need hardly be said specifically concerning these biting bugs. The writer's conclusions are that the bite of any one of them may

be, and frequently has been, mistaken for a spider bite, and that nearly all reported spider-bite cases have had in reality this cause; that the so-called "kissing-bug" scare has been based upon certain undoubted cases of the bite of one or the other of them, but that other bites, including mosquitoes, with hysterical and nervous symptoms produced by the newspaper accounts,

have aided in the general alarm. The case of Miss Larson, who died in August, 1898, as the result of a mosquito bite, at Mystic, Conn., is an instance which goes to show that no mysterious new insect need be looked for to explain occasional remarkable cases. One good result of the "kissing-bug" excitement may be in the end to relieve spiders from much unnecessary discredit.

Prof. W. A. Henry

A Progressive Farmer

PROF. W. A. HENRY, the subject of this sketch, was born in Ohio in 1850. His early life was spent on a pioneer farm in the northwestern part of that state. Through money earned in teaching school he studied at the Ohio Wesleyan University, after which he taught school in Indiana and Colorado. He was graduated from the agricultural course in Cornell University in 1880, having received the special training under such noted teachers as Roberts, Caldwell, Prentiss, Comstock and others. Was with Professor Riley on the U. S. Entomological Commission, and in 1880 he was chosen professor of botany and agriculture in the University of Wisconsin. Seeing great possibilities in the agricultural field, Professor Henry soon relinquished botany for agriculture. In 1887 he was elected Director of the Experiment Station, and in 1891 made Dean of the College of Agriculture.

The College of Agriculture at the University of Wisconsin now has an attendance of over 350 students annually. Professor Henry has asso-

ciated with him a corps of more than a dozen professors and instructors including such noted teachers and investigators as Professors Babcock, Russell, Klug, Farrington, and Wolf.

For years past Professor Henry's chosen study

has been the feeding of farm animals. In pursuing investigations in this line he has not only made free use of the Experiment Station under his command, but has traveled extensively, visiting regions where stock raising was the main industry. Through experimentation and investigation in these lines Professor Henry was trained for the preparation of the book "Feeds and Feeding" which was published by him in 1898. A second edition has just come from the press.

"Feeds and Feeding" is a generous volume of nearly 700 pages, embodying results of the numerous investigations in the experi-

ment stations of both the old and the new world.

In 1886, by direction of the legislature, he prepared A Hand-Book on Northern Wisconsin, a volume of 200 pages with nearly 100 illustrations. The state printed 50,000 copies of this book.



PROF. W. A. HENRY.

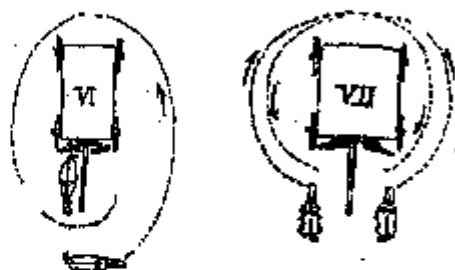
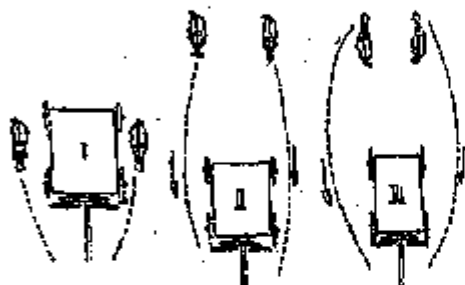
Training Horses.

AN ILLUSTRATED EXAMPLE OF WHAT HAS BEEN DONE BY THE
KANSAS CITY FIRE DEPARTMENT.

EDUCATING a horse is a somewhat tedious task and requires a great deal of patience. You must teach the horse to understand you and to respond promptly to your commands. A light whip maybe necessary sometimes, but never use it severely. Give one lesson at a time and do not change until the horse has learned it.

In this connection the illustrated description, published in the Kansas City Star, of how two horses, Buck and Mack, the crack fire team of that city, will be of interest. They are unusually

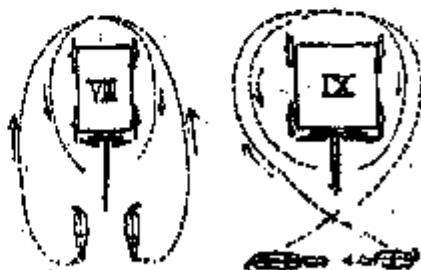
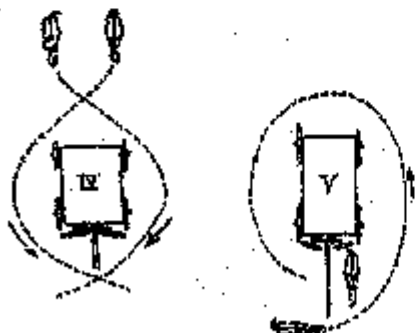
show where the horses are stationed and the dotted lines the courses they travel in each maneuver. In No. 1 the horses are placed on each side of the wagon; in Nos. 2, 8 and 4, in the rear, facing the wagon; in No. 2, heads away from the wagon; in No. 3 and in No. 4 their tracks cross each other at rear and in front. In Nos.



5 and 6 one horse is so placed in position while the other does the act, etc.

The trainer began to teach these horses less than six weeks before the exhibition described. The Star reporter says: "At first he led them to the collar and afterward he whipped them into place to impress upon them the necessity of hurry. Buck and Mack understand that they must get into their collars as soon as possible after the command of 'go' is given or they will suffer the penalty of the whip. The odd differ-

intelligent, quick and obedient, and have been selected to represent Kansas City and the United States at the Paris Exposition this year. They are beautiful dapple grays. They have nine fancy movements in their hitching repertoire. The command "go" from the trainer is all that is required. The wagon is driven to a vacant plot of ground, the harness taken off and laid on the ground, a fireman stands on each side of the harness. The foreman yells "go," and like a flash the two horses spring to their positions,



ence in the temperament of the two fire horses is shown by this fact: If buck is turned loose in the vacant lot he will scamper away probably fifty yards and begin nibbling grass. When the foreman shouts "go" to him, the horse rushes without hesitation into his collar. Mack is different. He cannot be driven away from his collar. As soon as he is loosed he crowds back into his harness again. The two proud fire horses came from a Jackson county farm."

holding their heads low so that the collars may be thrown over their necks easily, the sides of the collars are brought together with a snap and the team is hitched. The diagrams 1 to IX

Kidnapped

BEING MEMOIRS OF THE ADVENTURES OF DAVID BALFOUR
IN THE YEAR 1751

By Robert Louis Stevenson

CHAPTER V.

I GO TO THE QUEEN'S FERRY.

MUCH rain fell in the night; and the next morning there blew a bitter wintry wind out of the north-west, driving scattered clouds. For all that, and before the sun began to peep or the last of the stars had vanished, I made my way to the side of the burn, and had a plunge in a deep whirling pool. All aglow from my bath, I sat down once more beside the fire, which I replenished, and began gravely to consider my position.

There was now no doubt about my uncle's enmity; there was no doubt I carried my life in my hand, and he would leave no stone unturned that he might compass my destruction. But I was young and spirited, and like most lads that have been country-bred, I had a great opinion of my shrewdness. I had come to his door no better than a beggar and little more than a child; he had met me with treachery and violence; it would be a fine consummation to take the upper hand, and drive him like a herd of sheep.

I sat there nursing my knees and smiling at the fire; and I saw myself in fancy smell out his secrets one after another, and grow to be that man's king and ruler. The warlock of Eschen-denn, they say, had made a mirror in which men could read the future; it must have been made of other stuff than burning coal; for in all the shapes and pictures that I sat and gazed at, there was never a ship, never a seaman with a hairy cap, never a big bludgeon for my silly head, or the least sign of all those tribulations that were ripe to fall on me.

Presently, all swollen with conceit, I went upstairs and gave my prisoner his liberty. He gave me good-morning civilly; and I gave the same to him, smiling down upon him from the height of my sufficiency. Soon we were set to breakfast, as it might have been the day before.

"Well, sir," said I, with a jeering tone, "have you nothing more to say to me?" And then, as he made no articulate reply, "It will be time, I think, to understand each other," I continued. "You took me for a country Johnnie Raw, with no more mother-wit or courage than a porridge-stick. I took you for a good man, or no worse than others at least. It seems we were both wrong. What cause you have to fear me, to

cheat me, and to attempt my life——"

He murmured something about a jest, and that he liked a bit of fun; and then, seeing me smile, changed his tone, and assured me he would make all clear as soon as we had breakfasted. I saw by his face that he had no lie ready for me, though he was hard at work preparing one; and I think I was about to tell him so, when we were interrupted by a knocking at the door.

Bidding my uncle sit where he was, I went to open it, and found on the doorstep a half-grown boy in sea-clothes. He had no sooner seen me than he began to dance some steps of the sea-bornpipe (which I had never before heard of, far less seen) snapping his fingers in the air and footing it right cleverly. For all that, he was blue with the cold; and there was something in his face, a look between tears and laughter, that was highly pathetic and consorted ill with his gayety of manner.

"What cheer, mate?" says he, with a cracked voice.

I asked him soberly to name his pleasure.

"O, pleasure!" says he; and then began to sing:

"For it's my delight, of a shiny night
In the season of the year."

"Well," said I, "if you have no pleasure at all, I will even be so unmannerly as shut you out."

"Stay, brother!" he cried. "Have you no fun about you? or do you want to get me thrashed? I've brought a letter from old Heasy-easy to Mr. Balfour." He showed me a letter as he spoke. "And I say, mate," he added, "I'm mortal hungry."

"Well," said I, "come into the house, and you shall have a bite if I go empty for it."

With that I brought him in and set him down to my own place, where he fell to greedily on the remains of breakfast, winking to me between whiles, and making many faces, which I think the poor soul considered manly. Meanwhile my uncle had read the letter and sat thinking; then, suddenly, he got to his feet with a great air of liveliness, and pulled me apart to the furthest corner of the room.

"Read that," said he, and put the letter in my hand.

Here it is, lying before me as I write:

"The Hawes Inn, at the Queen's Ferry.
Sir,—I lie here with my hawser up and down, and send my cabin-boy to inform. If you have any further commands for overseas, to-day will be the last oc-

casion, as the wind will serve us well out of the firth. I will not seek to deny that I have had crosses with your door,* Mr. Rankellor; of which, if not speedily red up, you may look to see some losses follow. I have drawn a bill upon you, as per margin, and am, sir, your most obedient, humble servant.

ELIAS HOSKINSON.

"You see, David," resumed my uncle, as soon as he saw that I had done, "I have a venture with this man Hoskinson, the captain of a trailing brig, the *Covenant*, of Dysart. Now, if you and me was to walk over with you lad, I could see the captain at the Hawes, or maybe on board the *Covenant*, if there was papers to be signed; and so far from a loss of time, we can jog on to the lawyer, Mr. Rankellor's. After s' that's come and gone you would be swifter to believe me upon my naked word; but ye'll can believe Rankellor. He's factor to half the gentry in these parts; an auld man, forby; highly respect- it; and he kenned your father."

I stood awhile and thought. I was going to some place of shipping, which was doubtless populous, and where my uncle durst attempt no violence, and, indeed, even the society of the cabin-boy so far protected me. Once there, I believed I could force on the visit to the lawyer, even if my uncle were now insincere in proposing it; and, perhaps, in the bottom of my heart, I wished a nearer view of the sea and ships. You are to remember I had lived all my life in the inland hills, and just two days before had my first sight of the firth lying like a blue floor, and the sailed ships moving on the face of it, no bigger than toys. One thing with another, I made up my mind.

"Very well," says I, "let us go to the ferry."

My uncle got into his hat and coat, and buckled an old rusty cutlass on; and then we trod the fire out, locked the door, and set forth upon our walk.

The wind, being in that cold quarter, the north-west, blew nearly in our faces as we went. It was the month of June; the grass was all white with daisies and the trees with blossom; but, to judge from our blue nails and aching wrists, the time might have been winter and the whiteness a December frost.

Uncle Ebenezer trudged in the ditch, jogging from side to side like an old plowman coming home from work. He never said a word the whole way; and I was thrown for talk on the cabin-boy. He told me his name was Ransome, and that he had followed the sea since he was nine, but could not say how old he was, as he had lost his reckoning. He showed me tattoo marks, baring his breast in the teeth of the wind and in spite of my remonstrances, for I thought it was enough to kill him; he swore horribly whenever he remembered, but more like a silly school-boy than a man; and boasted of many wild and bad things that he had done; stealthy thefts, false accusations, ay, and even murder; but all with such a dearth of likelihood in the details, and

such a weak and crazy swagger in the delivery, as disposed me rather to pity than to believe him.

I asked him of the brig (which he declared was the finest ship that sailed) and of Captain Hoskinson, in whose praise he was equally loud. Heavy-oasy (for so he still named the skipper) was a man, by his account, that minded for nothing either in heaven or earth; one that, as people said, would "crack on all sail into the day of judgment;" rough, fierce, unscrupulous and brutal; and all this my poor cabin-boy had taught himself to admire as something seamanlike and manly. He would only admit one flaw in his idol. "He ain't no seaman," he admitted. "That's Mr. Shuan that navigates the brig; he's the finest seaman in the trade, only for drink; and I tell you I believe it! Why, look 'ere;" and turning down his stocking, he showed me a great, raw, red wound that made my blood run cold. "He done that—Mr. Shuan done it," he said, with an air of pride.

"What!" I cried, "do you take such savage usage at his hand? Why, you are no slave to be so handled!"

"No," said the poor moon-calf, changing his tune at once, "and so he'll find! See 'ere;" and he showed me a great case-knife, which he told me was stolen.

"O," says he, let me see him try; I dare him to; I'll do for him! O, he ain't the first! And he confirmed it with a poor, silly, ugly oath.

I have never felt such a pity for any one in this wide world as I felt for that half-witted creature; and it began to come over me that the brig *Covenant* (for all her pious name) was little better than a hell upon the seas.

"Have you no friends?" said I.

He said he had a father in some English seaport, I forget which. "He was a fine man, too," he said; "but he's dead."

"In Heaven's name," cried I, "can you find no reputable life on shore?"

"O, no!" says he, winking and looking very sly; "they would put me to a trade. I know a trick worth two of that, I do!"

I asked him what trade could be so dreadful as the one he followed, where he ran the continual peril of his life, not alone from wind and sea, but by the horrid cruelty of those who were his masters. He said it was very true; and then began to praise the life, and tell what a pleasure it was to get on shore with money in his pocket, and spend it like a man, and buy apples, and swagger, and surprise what he called stick-in-the-mud boys. "And then it's not all as bad as that," says he; "there's worse off than me; there's the twenty-pounders. O, laws! you should see them taking on. Why, I've seen a man as old as you, I deesay—" (to him I seemed old) "ah, and he had a beard, too—well, as soon as we cleaned out of the river, and he had the drug out of his head—my! how he cried and carried on! I made a fine fool of him, I tell you! And

then there's little uns too: O, little by me! I tell you, I keep them in order. When we carry little uns, I have a rope's end of my own to wallop 'em." And so he ran on until it came in on me that what he meant by twenty-pounders were those unhappy criminals who were sent overseas to slavery in North America, or the still more unhappy innocents who were kidnapped or trepanned (as the word went) for private interests or vengeance.

Just then we came to the top of the hill, and looked down on the ferry and the hope. The Firth of Forth (as is very well known) narrows at this point to the width of a good-sized river, which makes a convenient ferry going north, and turns the upper reach into a landlocked haven for all manner of ships. Right in the midst of the narrows lies an islet with some ruins; on the south shore they have built a pier for the service of the ferry; and at the end of the pier, on the other side of the road, and backed against a pretty garden of holly-trees and hawthorns, I could see the building which they call the Hawes Inn.

The town of Queensferry lies farther west, and the neighborhood of the inn looked pretty lonely at that time of day, for the boat had just gone north with passengers. A skiff, however, lay beside the pier, with some seamen sleeping on the thwarts; this, as Ransome told me, was the brig's boat waiting for the captain; and about half a mile off, and all alone in the anchorage, he showed me the *Covenant* herself. There was a sea-going bustle on board; yards were swinging into place; and as the wind blew from that quarter, I could hear the song of the sailors as they pulled upon the ropes. After all I had listened to upon the way, I looked at that ship with an extreme abhorrence; and from the bottom of my heart I pitied all poor souls that were condemned to sail in her.

We had all three pulled up on the brow of the hill; and now I marched across the road and addressed my uncle. "I think it right to tell you, sir," says I, "there's nothing that will bring me on board that *Covenant*."

He seemed to waken from a dream. "Eh?" he said. "What's that?"

I told him over again.

"Well, well," he said, "we'll have to please ye, I suppose. But what are we standing here for? It's perishing cold, and if I'm no mistaken they're busking the *Covenant* for sea."

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT REMOVED AT THE QUEEN'S FERRY.

As soon as we came to the inn, Ransome led us up the stair to a small room, with a bed in it, and heated like an oven by a great fire of coal. At a table hard by the chimney, a tall, dark, sober-looking man sat writing. In spite of the heat of the room, he wore a thick sea jacket, buttoned to the neck, and a tall,

hairy cap drawn down over his ears; yet I never saw any man, not even a judge upon the bench, look cooler, or more studious and self-possessed, than this ship captain.

He got to his feet at once, and coming forward, offered his large hand to Ebenezer. "I am proud to see you, Mr. Balfour," said he, in a fine deep voice, "and glad that ye are here in time. The wind's fair, and the tide upon the turn; we'll see the old coalbucket burning on the Isle of May before to-night."

"Captain Hoseson," returned my uncle, "you keep your room unco' hot."

"It's a habit I have, Mr. Balfour," said the skipper. "I'm a cold-rife man by my nature; I have a cold blood, sir. There's neither fur, nor flannel—no, sir, nor hot rum, will warm up what they call the temperatura. Sir, it's the same with most men that have been carbonaded, as they call it, in the tropic seas."

"Well, well, captain," replied my uncle, "we must all be the way we're made."

But it chanced that this fancy of the captain's had a great share in my misfortune. For though I had promised myself not to let my kinsman out of sight, I was both so impatient for a nearer look of the sea, and so sickened by the closeness of the room, that when he told me to "run downstairs and play myself awhile," I was fool enough to take him at his word.

Away I went, therefore, leaving the two men sitting down to a bottle and a great mass of papers; and crossing the road in front of the inn, walked down upon the beach. With the wind in that quarter, only little wavelets, not much bigger than I had seen upon a lake, beat upon the shore. But the weeds were new to me—some green, some brown and long, and some with little bladders that crackled between my fingers. Even so far up the firth, the smell of the sea water was exceedingly salt and stirring the *Covenant*, besides, was beginning to shake out her sails, which hung upon her yards in clusters; and the spirit of all that I beheld put me in thoughts of far voyages and foreign places.

I looked, too, at the seamen with the skiff—big brown fellows, some in shirts, some with jackets, some with colored handkerchiefs about their throats, one with a brace of pistols stuck into his pockets, two or three with knotty bludgeons, and all with their case-knives. I passed the time of day with one that looked less desperate than his fellows, and asked him of the sailing of the brig. He said they would get under way as soon as the ebb set, and expressed his gladness to be out of a port where there were no taverns and fiddlers; but all with such horrifying oaths, that I made haste to get away from him.

This threw me back on Ransome, who seemed the least wicked of that gang, and who soon came out of the inn and ran to me, crying for a bowl of punch. I told him I would give him no such thing, for neither he or I was of age for

such indulgence. "But a glass of ale you may have, and welcome," said I. He moved and moved at me, and called me names; but he was glad to get the ale for all that; and presently we were set down at a table in the front room of the inn, and both eating and drinking with a good appetite.

Here it occurred to me that, as the landlord was a man of that country, I might do well to make a friend of him. I offered him a share, as was much the custom in these days; but he was far too great a man to sit with such poor customers as Ransome and myself, and he was leaving the room, when I called him back to ask if he knew Mr. Rankellor.

"Ho, ay," says he, "and a very honest man. And, O, by-the-by," says he, "was it you that came in with Ebenezer?" And when I had told him yes, "Ye'll be no friend of his?" he asked, meaning, in the Scotch way, that I would be no relative.

I told him no, none.

"I thought not," said he; "and yet ye have a kind of gift* of Mr. Alexander."

I said it seemed that Ebenezer was ill-seen in the country.

"Nae doubt," said the landlord. "He's a wicked auld man, and there's many would like to see him grinding in a tow.** Jennet Clonahan and many mair that he has harried out of house and home. And yet he was once a fine young fellow, too. But that was before the sough*** gred abroad about Mr. Alexander; that was like the death of him."

"And what was it?" I asked.

"O, just that he had killed him," said the landlord. "Did ye never hear that?"

"And what would he kill him for?" said I.

"And what for, but just to get the place," said he.

"The place?" said I. "The Shaws?"

"Nae other place that I ken," said he.

"Ay, man?" said I. "Is that so? Was my — was Alexander the eldest son?"

"Deed was he," said the landlord. "What else would he have killed him for?"

And with that he went away, as he had been impatient to do from the beginning.

Of course, I had guessed it a long while ago; but it is one thing to guess, another to know; and I sat stunned with my good fortune, and could scarce grow to believe that the same poor lad who had trudged in the dust from Eterick Forest not two days ago, was now one of the rich of the earth, and had a house and broad lands, and if he but knew how to ride, might mount his horse to-morrow. All these pleasant things, and a thousand others, crowded into my mind, as I sat staring before me out of the inn window, and paying no heed to what I saw; only I remember that my eye lighted on Captain Hession down on the pier among his seamen; and speaking with some authority. And presently he came marching back to the house, with no

mark of a sailor's clumsiness, but carrying his fine, tall figure with a manly bearing, and still with the same sober, grave expression on his face. I wondered if it was possible that Ransome's stories could be true, and half disbelieved them; they fitted so ill with the man's looks. But indeed, he was neither so good as I supposed him, nor quite so bad as Ransome did; for, in fact, he was two men, and left the better one behind as soon as he set foot on board his vessel.

The next thing, I heard my uncle calling me, and found the pair in the road together. It was the captain who addressed me, and that with an air (very flattering to a young lad) of grave equality.

"Sir," said he, "Mr. Balfour tells me great things of you; and for my own part, I like your looks. I wish I was for longer here, that we might make the better friends; but we'll make the most of what we have. Ye shall come on board my brig for half-an-hour, till the clock sets, and drink a bowl with me."

Now, I longed to see the inside of a ship more than words can tell; but I was not going to put myself in jeopardy, and I told him my uncle and I had an appointment with a lawyer.

"Ay, ay," said he, "he passed me word of that. But, ye see, the boat'll set ye ashore at the town pier, and that's but a penny stonecast from Rankellor's house." And here he suddenly leaned down and whispered in my ear: "Take care of the old tod;† he means mischief. Come aboard till I can get a word with ye." And then, passing his arm through mine, he continued aloud, as he set off toward his boat: "But come, what can I bring ye from the Carolinas? Any friend of Mr. Balfour's can command. A roll of tobacco? Indian Featherwork? a skin of a wild beast? a stone pipe? the mocking bird that news for all the world like a cut? the cardinal bird that is as red as blood?—take your pick and say your pleasure."

By this time we were at the boatside, and he was handing me in. I did not dream of hanging back; I thought (the poor fool!) that I had found a good friend and helper, and I was rejoiced to see the ship. As soon as we were all set in our places, the boat was thrust off from the pier and began to move over the waters; and what with my pleasure in this new movement and my surprise at our low position, and the appearance of the slaves, and the growing higness of the brig as we drew near to it, I could hardly understand what the captain said, and must have answered him at random.

As soon as we were alongside (where I sat fairly gazing at the ship's height, the strong humming of the tide against its sides, and the pleasant cries of the seamen at their work) Hession, declaring that he and I must be the first on board, ordered a tackle to be sent down from the main-yard. In this I was whiplashed into the air and set down again on the deck, where the captain stood ready waiting for me, and instant-

*Lend. **Hope. ***Report.

†Dink.

ly slipped back his arm under mine. There I stood some while, a little dizzy with the unsteadiness around me, perhaps a little afraid, and yet vastly pleased with these strange sights; the captain meanwhile pointing out the strangest, and telling me their names and uses.

"But where is my uncle?" said I, suddenly.

"Ay," said Hoseason with a sudden grimness, "that's the point."

I felt I was lost. With all my strength, I plucked myself clear of him and ran to the bul-

works. Sure enough, there was the boat pulling, for the town, with my uncle sitting in the stern. I gave a piercing cry—"Help, help! Murder!"—so that both sides of the anchorage rang with it, and my uncle turned round where he was sitting, and showed me a face full of cruelty and terror.

It was the last I saw. Already strong hands had been plucking me back from the ship's side; and now a thunderbolt seemed to strike me; I saw a great flash of fire, and fell senseless.

(To be Continued.)

Hints to Young Men

Do not anticipate trouble, or worry about what may never happen. Keep in the sun-light.—*Franklin*.

The latest gospel in this world is known the work and do it.—*Carlyle*.

What you can do, or dream you can, begin it;—

Bo'dness has genius, power and magic in it.—*Goethe*.

The first thing to do, if you have not done it, is to fall in love with your work.

The important thing in life is to have a great aim, and to possess aptitude and the perseverance to attain it.—*Goethe*.

A great many men, if put in the right position, would be Luthers and Columbuses.—*Chapin*.

Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up.—*Garfield*.

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—*Goldsmith*.

No man can ever rise above that at which he aims.—*A. A. Hodge*.

To leave others to do your work is to leave your purse-strings open.

Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work his life is a happy one.—*Ruskin*.

Even the foolish may know how to use riches; it is the wise who know how to use poverty.

Boasting is not good material for business building.

The "Keeping-At-It-Qualifies" Bring Success

HOW many people have the power of holding on, remaining at one thing until they bring it to a successful issue?

They are few, but there are many, who constantly shift about from one thing to another, perfecting themselves in more,

Our first aim must be; reach the proficiency in one line and if that has been accomplished, let us—all of us—take something else in hand and work at that, until proficiency has been attained.

If we desire to accomplish something of worth, we must put our life, our energy, our enthusiasm into our work. Don't dally; grasp it firmly. No matter what you do, always—remember always—try—to fall in love with your work and use every particle of enthusiasm, energy and life you have within you.

Don't Worry

WORRY is the great enemy of human life.

Thousand of people are constantly visiting a physician for various diseases and, from what source did these sicknesses come? Nothing, but that the patient received it from worrying, imagining that this or that might cause calamity in business, or some family troubles might enter the path of life.

Worry does not only impair the mental faculties, but it also destroys the physical power.

We are not living too worry over something imaginary or some actual conflict, but that we shall enjoy life and have others—make others—lead a happy and joyful life.

If an obstacle confronts you, try to remedy it, if it is impossible to secure some means to expell it, drop it and imagine that you have made it right.

HOW SOME AUTHORS WRITE

FROM the true lovers of good books comes a desire of knowing something about the creators of the things that have given them pleasure. Our favorite authors become so interesting that we read every thing regarding them, and a mental picture is shortly produced sitting our own fancy.

When reading an entertaining story a person usually believes that the worker personally must be entertaining. This is true in many cases but nevertheless exceptions exist in this as well as all other probabilities. Happily such is not often the case.

A conversation with an author whom we love, seldom fails to excite a keener pleasure, and afterwards invests the reading of his penclings with a charm unknown before.

Most authors gather their stories from life as they go along, making notes of what they see, and hear, and of what imagination throws out to them, whether at work or leisure.

The process by which this accumulated knowledge is thrown into forming that remarkable writing novel—each writer tells a different story. The methods adopted for making their books are as different as their writings.

Some authors become so interesting in their work that they scarcely stop to eat, drink or sleep until the completion of the book has been accomplished.

Do We Eat Horse Meat?

DR. HANVY WILEY

Chemist, Department of Agriculture

WHEN canned or made into sausage it is very difficult to tell horse meat from beef. It is the purpose of the present experiments to determine whether there is any microscopic or other test which will detect horse meat in these forms. When it is freshly killed it is so hard to distinguish the horse meat from beef. But the canning process destroys many of the distinguishing characteristics. We are going to make sausage of horse meat and of beef mixed with horse meat. We will also can it just as beef is canned. Then the can will be opened and all manner of tests applied to see whether any chemical changes have been produced by the canning operations which effectually disguise the product. If it is found to be possible to detect the presence of horse meat when mixed with other meat or dried or canned, it will be a simple matter to compel the dealers to label the product in whatever market it is sold; providing of course that such action is deemed desirable, and there is legislation to bring it about. Good horse meat is not a bad or unsavory dish. Vast quantities are eaten in France generally under some other name. I have no doubt I have eaten it myself in some of the cheaper cafes in Paris. When they put up a full meal, with a bottle of wine thrown in, for 15 cents, it is evident that cheap articles must be utilized. The prejudices against horse flesh is neutralized by ignorance as to the real nature of the dish.

Most of the horses slaughtered in this country have come from California and Washington. At least the slaughtering establishments are lo-

cated there and the horses are drawn from the country around. During the past year or so the industry has been falling off to a considerable extent on account of the increased value in horses, caused by the war. When I was out in California four years ago I saw a herd of horses, about 1,500 in number, sold at \$5 a head. They were all good horses, 2-year-olds, sound and well bred. They came from the big horse ranches and had been for sale and used in domestic occupations. But there was no market for them. The coming of electricity as a motive power for street railroads destroyed one of the principal markets. Consequently it was found profitable to kill them and sell them for meat. But the Spanish war and the operations in the Philippines have created a demand for horses, and the price is getting to be above the killing mark, except for inferior stock.

Spring Styles for Men.

THERE is little change in sack suits for the coming season. Natty imported materials—rough chevrons, worsteds and homespuns are being shown by the better tailors. The man-of-many-suits may have these in the lighter colors—but he of a few would best adhere to simple mixtures of dark effect, or straight colorings in blues, grays and browns. The herringbone weaves, so popular last season, will not be worn this year to such a great extent, though still shown by some. Smart diamond weaves may be seen in many of the best establishments. These form a pleasing effect, and will be much worn in sack and English walking suits.

Frock coats for spring will vary little from the present style. They will be neither long nor short, reaching within an inch or two of the knees. The "nobby" tie for afternoon wear is the soft, white, sailor Ascot, in basket effect, though colors may be worn with perfect propriety in both Ascots and four-in-hands. Bow ties may under no circumstances be worn with the full frock or Prince Albert coat.

The covert coat still remains popular, and will be worn short—just long enough to cover the sack coat or short walking coat. This coat properly worn, is a strictly undress coat, never to be worn on dress or semi-dress occasions.

The outfitters are showing a new shirt to be worn with the tuxedo coat. This garment partakes of the nature of a white negligee. The bosom is heavily pleated and the material is of watered or striped pique. In pattern it follows the negligee, having three pearl buttons in front. The cuffs—which are, of course, attached—are of plain white linen. For summer this shirt may make a hit, but it is such a decidedly striking innovation that it may or may not be a success. A turndown collar and black silk bat's-wing tie should be worn with it.

Spring shirts in stripes will be worn a great deal. The materials are the same as used in negligee. Stripes are vertical, and variegated patterns are shown by the outfitters. Fine black stripes on white are in good taste, but almost all colors are in order. Stitchings are being run three-sixteenths of an inch from the edges of bosom and cuffs, while the other edges may be done in the French stitch.

Flannels for golf shirts are shown in light-colored Scotch plaids, to be made with cuffs of the same material, and silk bands for white collars.

The bat's-wing is the proper thing with the Tuxedo. It may be in plain or self-figured silk. Though the outfitters talk bat's-wing ties in white, soft-finished piques, linens and lawns, for full dress, and the same shape in taffetas (plain and self-figured) for semi-dress, the old straight string ties—rather narrow—and of length to form a small bow—are still worn by many properly-dressed men.

A new scarf is the English Rumchunda Culros. It may be tied in four-in-hand or Ascot, and is made in bright colors and pleasing patterns.

The Kalos string tie is a popular effect with sack and walking suits. The tie has just been introduced.

Gloves for full dress are being made with two pearl buttons. White stitching is best. Afternoon gloves should have only one fastening—a button preferably—and gray sueds and the lighter shades of tan are the most stylish colors. These gloves should be heavy and loose-fitting, while dress gloves must fit snugly.

Though the loudest-colored hosiery has seen its day, thin stripes and polka dots will be worn this season. Black and white vertical embroidered stripes will be "nobby," and silk hose for evening dress in mild slates, mauves, heliotropes with combination embroidered fronts, black, white and self colors, are likely to be popular.

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THE HUM OF THE HORSELESS

LABOR CONQUERS EVERYTHING

Automobiles in Sweden

THE recent report to the Department of the State on automobile prospects, by Robert S. S. Bergh, U. S. Consul at Gothenburg, Sweden, is as follows:

Many business men here think that the import of motor carriages into Sweden, if once properly started, will be considerable, provided they can be made durable, neat in appearance, safe and easy to handle, and not too expensive. Cab-owners, especially in Stockholm, are considering the advisability of purchasing motor carriages, and a short time ago they sent experts to Berlin to study and examine motor cars manufactured in Germany. The report they made on their return was not altogether favorable. They said that automobiles which in catalogs seemed to be ideals of perfection in reality did not come up to expectations.

The chief objection to the motor cars, with accumulators or storage batteries, was that they could not make sharp enough turns. The cars were built with the batteries placed close to the back wheels. The steering power of the front wheels was so small that the carriages could turn only in very large curves, making them unfit for use on narrow streets. Another inconvenience was that as soon as the cars got on a road covered with a layer of sand or such thick, they stopped helplessly.

Besides these inconveniences, common to German and French motor cars alike, it was said that few of the carriages exhibited were of the type desired—that is, with room for from two to four passengers. Hunting wagons, motor cycles, delivery wagons, etc., for sportsmen and business houses were plentiful; but cars were fewer and, as a rule, clumsy in appearance. A German manufacturer promised, however, to remedy the faults mentioned; but it is not yet generally known whether the prospective purchasers and the manufacturer can agree on terms. Manufacturers of motor carriages usually demand one-fourth the price for thirty days' trial; while the cab-owners in question desire free trial before purchase, because they are unwilling to buy such expensive machines without being sure that they are practically useful.

At present there is only a petroleum-motor carriage and a light motor cycle in Gothenburg, both of French manufacture. I believe there is an American motor carriage in Stockholm; but American manufacturers ought to pay attention, also, to the markets in the other cities

of this Kingdom, especially Gothenburg and Malmo. It would be of great advantage for American firms to be represented here at once.

Another thing of importance is electrical machinery in general, which will be in great demand as soon as the people have fully learned the value of their numerous waterfalls. A large electric-power plant will soon be built at Tralshusetan; electric railways and tramways are being planned for Gothenburg, Lund, Bjerrned and Jönköping. In this line, as in everything else, the Germans are always watchful; they pay attention to details, and if necessary, send experts here to study plans, etc., whereby they greatly increase their chances to introduce machinery. If it is not practical for Americans to do likewise, they could possibly employ active agents to represent them here.

Electric-motor carriages are preferred for city traffic. Those with benzine motors are said to be noisy and to emit offensive gases.

New Auto-Hansom

THE autolian hansom attracted much attention at the recent automobile exposition in Paris. An attempt has been made to depart from the usual design of automobiles, which has, as a rule, heretofore merely followed that of horse vehicles. The carriage was exhibited by Capt. Druvette. The seat of the driver is in the rear, and passengers mount from in front between the two steering wheels. The seat is semi-circular in shape with the slightest inconvenience to each other. The steering wheels are thirty inches in diameter and the driving wheels forty-two inches in diameter. Solid rubber tires are used. The frame, which is of steel and U-shaped, is supported by springs forward, and rests directly on the rear axle, where it contributes support to the mechanism.

The electric brake is not necessarily employed alone to stop the carriage. By means of a new arrangement, special in this carriage, when the mechanical brakes are applied the electric brake circuit is automatically thrown in. In addition, the combination is such that the electrical breakage becomes the more powerful as one bears more strongly on the brake pedal; the mechanical breakage being thus also increased. It will thus be seen that the two braking arrangements being independent, if one does not act, the other will still be in service. The usual switch for

breaking the circuit is not used. When the pedal is manipulated the controller automatically comes to zero, then passes to the braking position. This disposition has an additional advantage of avoiding incorrect manipulations such as may occur when, going at high speed, and takes his foot away from the brake pedal, a serious accident is inevitable. The combination of the mechanical brake and the controller is such that by working the controller wheel the electric grate can be operated without operating the mechanical brake. This disposition is utilized with much advantage on down grades, and owing to the several progressive values of the electric brake, the carriage can be permitted to descend at a convenient speed, which will be automatically maintained at a fixed value, there being no necessity to apply the mechanical brake.

The carriage carries forty-four storage batteries, weighing 770 pounds, and gives a capacity of one hundred and five ampere hours at a discharge rate of twenty-one amperes. The battery is placed under the seat. The carriage with its load of passengers weighs about 2,500 pounds.

Hill-Climbing in Paris

HILL-CLIMBING with automobiles is at present a very successful craze in France. Just a year ago the first "courses de cote" was held at the village of Chanteloup, about twenty miles from Paris, and the event became at once so popular that it was made annual. Presently the modest locality, with its long, steep hill, was invaded by about 5,000 people on foot, on bicycles and on motorcycles of every sort.

Nearly five hundred machines—big, puffing and quivering automobiles, light and trim carriages, sociable voiturettes of two places,—"yourself and your girl,"—electric vehicles, petroleum vehicles and steam vehicles, tricycles, quadricycles, and various other cycles mechanically propelled, even to the delivery cart, with big box in front and small boy in rear.

The automobile society of Paris was there, perched on high-priced carriages, with their engineers, footmen and other accessories.

The part of the hill of Chanteloup marked out for the contest is 1,800 meters (about one mile 205 yards), and a good share of the distance ascends on a grade of 10 1/2 per cent. The contests are against the watch, standing start.

The tricycles carried off the honors of the day. Beconnais piloted one of them from bottom to top in 2.34 4-5. Jeunet, however, with his famous automobile, would very probably have beaten this time had he not been interfered with by "a hippomobile team," as Prade says:—As it was, he won the record of 3.52. In this contest the Columbia carriage (American) was fourth in 8.13 2-5, out of fifteen starters.

Of the heavy petroleum carriage class, weight

over 400 kilograms, the Peugeot was the winner in 4.02 2-5.

In the light class, under 400 kilograms, Beconnais on a quadricycle won in 3.07 2-5, and the Stanley carriage (American), piloted by Delacher, was a good second in 4.40 3-5.

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WORTH WOMAN'S WHILE

A VARIETY OF FACTS CAREFULLY BOILED DOWN AND SERVED WARM AND CRISP.

By Mrs. Cody.

Mme. Patti's Advice.

The following, from Mme Patti's own lips, should contain much advice for those cultivating their voices: "I don't believe in coddling myself and making my throat too tender," said the great prima donna to a young woman who sought her opinion. "I keep my vocal powers at their full by extreme care, but you will notice, if you have been told of my rules of life, that I've never made myself sensitive to slight exposure."

"Harden yourself; build up your constitution; don't occupy overheated rooms at any time; live out of doors at least for two hours every day, and walk and drive. That's my advice. Then, don't be afraid to breathe plenty of good, fresh air, even if the weather is cold. The people who go about with muffled throats, overburdened with wraps—men singers who turn up the collars of their coats at the slightest breath of air, and women singers who hide themselves in a mass of carriage rugs and cover their faces with laces and woolen when carriage driving—are the ones who first begin to cough."

"On the other hand, don't go to extremes, and expose yourself in raw, damp air, especially at nightfall. Be sensible, and preserve a happy medium between wise caution and foolish coddling."

A Few Chocolate Receipts.

Both Chocolate and cocoa are very healthful and nutritious and should be used freely on the table of every home.

PLAIN CHOCOLATE.

To one ounce of plain chocolate, scraped fine, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of hot water. Put into a sauce-pan, set on stove, and stir until perfectly smooth, then pour into it a pint each of boiling milk and water. Mix thoroughly and serve. Do not allow it to boil after milk has been added. All milk, more sugar and chocolate will make the drink richer.

CHOCOLATE FIDDLING.

To half a cup of grated chocolate add half a pint of fine crumbs, (cracker crumbs are preferable,) butter, size of an egg, half pint of hot milk, half a cup of sugar, three eggs, salt and vanilla to taste. Steam in an earthen dish from forty to fifty minutes. Serve while hot with sugar and cream.

COCOA COOKIES.

Two heaping teaspoonfuls of cocoa, one cup of sugar, two thirds cup of butter, two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of cold water, two even teaspoonfuls of cream-of-tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, and enough flour to mix firm. Vanilla may be added if desirable. Roll out, cut into small forms and press into a saucer of granulated sugar.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.

This cake is known as Mrs. W's and keeps well. One and one-half cups of sugar, three eggs, two

thirds of a cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, two cups of flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, eight heaping teaspoonfuls of grated chocolate, five tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half cup of boiling milk, heat over a teakettle until it thickens, cool a little and pour into the light part of the cake which has been previously mixed. Bake about forty-five minutes.

CHOCOLATE MABLE CAKE.

The recipe for any light-colored cake may be used. When mixed divide into halves and stir into each two tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate. Place each into the baking tin.

CHOCOLATE UREAM.

Place on the stove one pint of milk; mix together in a bowl two large tablespoonfuls of sugar, a rounded teaspoonful of starch, and two rounded tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, mix well and stir smooth with a little milk, add one beaten egg and a pinch of salt. Pour into the boiling milk and let it thicken, but do not boil it.

CHOCOLATE ICE UREAM.

Mix the following and add slowly to one pint of scalded fresh milk: Three-fourths of a pound of sugar, two eggs, five tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, one teaspoonful of corn-starch and mix smooth with a little cold milk, beat well for a minute or two, then heat until it thickens, stirring constantly. When cold place in freezer. When it begins to set a quart of rich cream, half of which has been well whipped should be added.

For Children's Feet.

Too much care cannot be bestowed by mothers on the care of children's feet, especially as to the selection of proper fitting shoes. While the shoe bill comes at alarmingly short intervals its size will not be increased if only shoes that fit the feet are purchased. Perfect fitting shoes should be a little longer than the feet, for the reason that when the child stands, the weight of the body is thrown largely on the great toe, which is pushed forward. If sufficient room is not allowed for this an ingrowing nail is likely to be the result. Besides, tight shoes are the cause of enlarged joints, corns and bunions.

Mothers should themselves attend to paring the toe nails, cutting them in such a way that the corners will not grow into the flesh. Clothe the child's feet in good smooth stockings and keep them clean and dry at all times.

Air the Bedding.

By no means, nor under any circumstances, omit airing the bedding. According to Ruth Gordon, a person throws off so many impurities during sleeping time, that the bedding as well as the sleeping garments are thoroughly impregnated with them, and should be allowed ample time to get rid of them by admitting

ply of fresh air into the room. Do this as soon as the beds are vacated, throwing the covers back, or better still, distributing them about the room. Never wear during the day any garment that you sleep in. The body at night is inactive, and at this time does its purifying work by throwing off poisons. If we retain on our bodies the same clothes in which we sleep, we at once, as soon as the body resumes its activity, commence to absorb again these impurities. Remove your daytime underwear and hang it over some article of furniture to air. Likewise, in the morning hang up to air the garments worn while sleeping. There are those who are perfectly oblivious to the fact that these are needful observances if we hope for the best results. They use the same underwear on the body from Sunday morning till Saturday night, simply removing the outer clothing at night and rolling in. The beds are made up hot, to save an extra trip up stairs, and to keep the warmth in for the next night, thus economizing on animal heat. It is an excellent plan, on bright, sunny days in winter, to occasionally hang the heavy bedding, such as blankets and comforts, out on the line for a couple of hours. This gives them such a fresh, clean smell, much the same as washed clothes from the line. Pillows, too, should, where it is possible, be treated likewise. Where a feather bed is used, which by the way, is not conducive to health, it should be sunned and aired frequently. A good beating administered with the butt end of the broom, is to be commended for occasional treatment.

Milady's Shoes.

The woman who doesn't care about her own appearance is about the only woman who doesn't give her shoes the most careful attention. But there aren't many such women and rightly so. How many of us, however, know the best methods of keeping our footwear always trim and neat? How many of you use polishes that are injurious to leather? Shoes well kept will last longer than neglected ones but nothing injurious to leather must be used to keep them so. I have a way of taking care of all my shoes and the results are so satisfactory that I feel it is my duty to tell you all just what I do. In the first place my "shoe house" always contains several pairs of shoes. Frequent changes are good for the feet as well as for the shoes. Above all the individual care of each pair is most important.

The calfskin boots are always kept scrupulously clean and polished. My lace shoes are always snugly laced and the button shoes are always worn just tight enough to prevent them from wrinkling or becoming out of shape about the ankles. Several pairs of laces are always kept on hand for emergency cases. You know how often laces will tear when you least expect it and they are sure to knot just when you are in a hurry.

Patent leather probably requires more attention than any other kind. They should never be put on before they are given a brisk rubbing with the palm of the hand so that the leather becomes fairly well warmed.

After taking them off remove every trace of dirt and dust and rub well into them a liberal amount of vaseline, then wrap them in flannel and put them away. Patent leather shoes should not be kept in extremely hot or cold places. Those that are not box toes should be stuffed into shape with wads of cotton while not in use.

Your dainty light colored slippers may be kept clean

with a rubber glove cleaner but it will not harm them to let a professional cleaner give his attention to them once in a while.

Always have a pair or two of house slippers—not slip-slippers, but something neat and comfortable.

Readers of THE PNEUMATIC are cordially invited to write to the editor of this department. All questions will be answered as soon as possible. Letters intended for answer by mail must contain return address. Address Mrs. Cody, at the office of THE PNEUMATIC.

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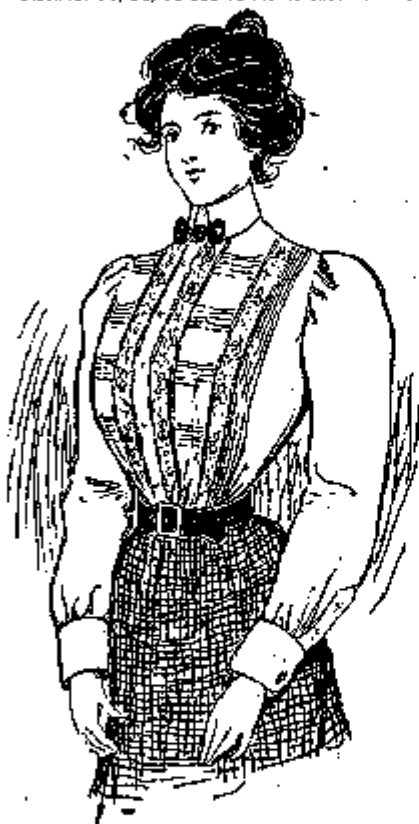
THE HOME DRESS-MAKER

A MONTHLY LIST OF ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIONS OF THE NEWEST, LATEST AND MOST POPULAR FASHIONS FOR THE COMING SEASON

A TRIMMED SHIRT WAIST.

No 1547—Herman Shirt Waist.

Sizes for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.



Of the trimmed shirt waists there is no prettier model this season than the "Herman." It is a design especially adapted cambric, or lawn, or any light weight silk. The back is cut with a yoke, and there is a little fullness at the belt, but none at the joining of the yoke to the waist. In the front there is a group of tucks extending from shoulder to belt. Between the tucks and centre bodysuit the waist is trimmed with a tacked band, with insertion on either edge. Plain shirt sleeves are used, with round cornered cuffs.

SURPLICE BLOUSE WITH GUIMPE.

No. 1497—Eastman Waist.

Sizes for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches Bust-Measure.

The fashionable guimpes seen with so many of the newest winter waists afford an infinite variety of dressy effects, and hence are exceedingly popular. The "Eastman" is a plain blouse of national blue cloth,

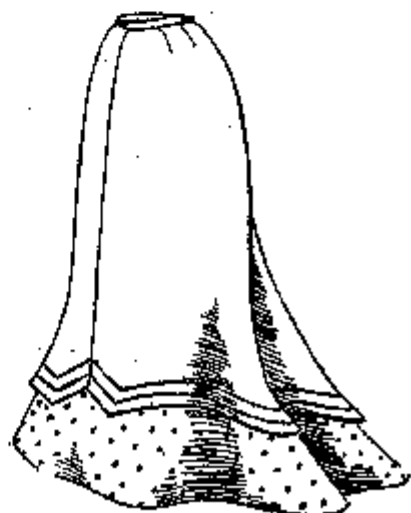
made tight-fitting in the back and crossing surplice fashion in front. The guimpe, a yoke and sleeves of



white Irish poplin, are banded closely with quarter-inch wide blue velvet ribbon, and the blouse is trimmed with strips of the silk edged with the ribbon.

A SIMPLE AND STYLISH OVERSHIRT.

No. 1747—Main Overshirt.



An extremely graceful and chic design for an over-skirt to wear over a skirt of the same material or of some contrasting fabric. It is fitted to the figure by darts and flares with perceptible fullness at the bottom. Bands of flat trimming are used quite effectively on this design.

A STYLISH SPRING JACKET.

No. 1523—Travers Jacket.

Sizes for 34, 36, 38 and 40 Inches Bust Measure.



The travers is one of the smartest of the new short jackets. It fits plain and tight in the back and over the bust, and has but a single dart in the front, which leaves it a little loose-fitting at the waist line. It buttons straight up the front, without fly front or reefer effect, and is finished at the neck with conventional tailor collar and lapels. Its chief novelty lies in its being cut longer in front than in the back, a new cut, which tailors insist will have a great go this spring.

A FAVORITE SCHOOL FROCK.

No. 1502—Bernice Frock.

Sizes for 10, 12 and 14 years.

A simple and stylish design for a frock for school or more dressy wear, according to the material and trimming selected. The two materials can be effectively combined in this design, the yoke and sleeve caps being of one material and the rest of the frock of another. The front of waist is slightly bloused in front, and is joined to the skirt, the joining being concealed by a belt of the material. Silk, wool and cotton fabrics trimmed with bands of flat trimming may be selected for this model.



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CONTRACTS IN WRITING

All contracts are agreements and an agreement is none the less a contract because it is not reduced to writing. There is a statute, however, that makes it impossible to enforce certain contracts at law unless they are put in writing. This statute is called the "Statute of Frauds" and comes to us from the English laws, of which it was made a part in 1677.

This statute varies in different states but one or two provisions, common to almost all localities, will be given here.

The first one of these, known as the fourth section of the English statutes, is as follows:—

"No action shall be brought whereby to charge any executor or administrator, upon any special promise, to answer damages out of his own estate; or whereby to charge the defendant upon any special promise to answer for the debt, default or miscarriage of another person; or to charge any person upon any agreement made upon the consideration of marriage; or upon any contract or sale of lands, or any interest in or concerning them; or upon an agreement that is not to be performed within the space of one year from the making thereof; UNLESS THE AGREEMENT UPON WHICH SUCH ACTION SHALL BE BROUGHT OR SOME NOTE OR MEMORANDUM THEREOF SHALL BE IN WRITING AND SIGNED BY THE PARTY TO BE CHARGED THEREWITH, OR SOME PERSON BY HIM LAWFULLY AUTHORIZED SO TO DO."

And the section known as section seventeen:—

"No contract for the sale of merchandise, wares or goods for a price amounting to FIFTY DOLLARS OR UPWARDS shall be allowed to be good unless the buyer shall ACCEPT SOME PART OF THE GOODS SO SOLD and actually receive the same, OR GIVE SOMETHING IN PART PAYMENT THEREFOR, OR that SOME NOTE OR MEMORANDUM IN WRITING OF THE SAID BARGAIN BE MADE AND SIGNED BY THE PARTY TO BE CHARGED BY SUCH CONTRACT OR BY THEIR AGENTS LAWFULLY AUTHORIZED SO TO DO."

These requirements, thus set forth are substantially in force in all states, and contracts coming within their provisions are not legally enforceable unless these requirements are strictly followed out.

So it will be seen that it is a good rule to get all contracts evidenced in permanent form, for then all questions concerning them can be easily settled, and the rights of the parties that are involved can be found in court without much trouble.

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OUR FAMILY DOCTOR

The Food Problem of Infancy.

BY DR. A. K. BOND.

Happiness and success in life depend on vigor of body tissues, this on blood quality, this on proper digestion of wholesome food. The nutrition of the infant determines not only its own health and happiness, but that of the future adult, for the baby builds the man and woman.

The bottle-fed child from the beginning faces two foes—starvation and poisoning. Starvation arises from two sources—inability to obtain food and inability to sufficiently digest that which is received. Starvation, by withholding food, would excite public indignation; starvation by the administration of indigestible food, perhaps in excessive quantity, excites little attention. The only difference to the baby, however, is that the latter is a more protracted and probably more painful process than the former.

Starvation may be plain as evidenced by insatiable hunger; great restlessness, known in some quarters as badness, night-long screaming, loss of flesh, or as shown in two nutrition diseases of great interest to the public. The first of these two, rickets, characterized by a sweating head, an enormously enlarged "stomach" when the food is fermenting, and crooked limbs. The boy grows to be a waddling, bowlegged man; the girl to a "small-built" woman, who may be greatly imperiled in child-bearing.

The less marked cases of this disease are exceedingly common. The second disease of the two, scurvy, attacks hosts of bottle-fed children, rich and poor. It is known in its mildest forms by loss of power to move the lower limbs, and by excessive painfulness of the whole body, so that even the gentle attempt of the mother to make it comfortable is met with screams of anxiety or pain. A teaspoonful of orange juice several times daily often works wonders in scurvy, supplying the lacking nutrition element, but complete cure demands a physician's care.

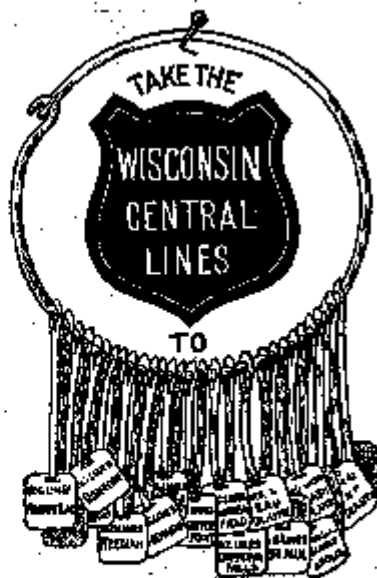
Poisoning by ill-digested milk is the usual cause of severe or fatal summer complaints, which, as a rule, attack only bottle-fed children. The withdrawal of milk absolutely for a time from these patients is the great recent advance in treatment. The public should support and stimulate the health officer in the constant, not occasional, inspection of the dairy milk brought into the city, and in the abolition of milk-cow stabling in built-up districts.

Artificial baby-feeding has gone around in a curious circle from the pure cows milk used by our grandmothers, through various home improvements and proprietary "infant foods," through "predigestion," "sterilization," "pasteurization," elaborate "modifying," and now we are back at the fresh milk of the old folk again, pasteurizing it if its purity is uncertain.

The next step will be to modify the mothers into healthy women, the baby refusing to become a calf, and for this purpose the recent advances toward a more wholesome and muscle-exercising curriculum should be extended to our public schools. Roof playgrounds on the public schools for class games during school hours; greater park games facilities and encouragement thereto for girls at school and at work; a weekly afternoon holiday for the latter; a playground for girls in every crowded block, carved out of useless back yards or replacing an unsanitary dwelling, should be added.

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Several years ago a hunting party made up of Kansas City men went into that country on a trip after big game, for there are plenty of deer in there even now and at that time bears were numerous. When they got up into the honey country they began figuring on the fortunes to be made out of it, and having heard of the Devil's Punch-Bowl, locally known as "Devil's Sink Hole," they decided to go and see it and if possible devise some scheme whereby they might get the tons of honey it contained.

When they reached it, like everyone else, seeing it for the first time, they were amazed at the proportions of the wonder; a whole forty feet in diameter yawning open in the middle of a wide valley, with a perfect torrent of bees rushing up from it like dirt blown from some mighty blast and all the while a roaring loud as that of a great cataract; looking down into the abyss, for the whole widens immediately below the surface, they saw the festoons of honey hanging there which the bees had strung along the sides of their mammoth hive after they had filled the hidden grottoes, and through the upward swarms could be seen the gleams of combs built no doubt many years before.

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I have used Ripans Tablets with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. Have been troubled for about three years with what I called bilious attacks coming on regularly two a week. Was told by different physicians that it was caused by bad teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tablets in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but two of the small 8-cent boxes of the Tablets and have had an eradication of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tablets induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now.

A. T. DEWITT.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tablets. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tablets does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down, nothing on the advice of Mr. Geo. Sawyer, Ph. G., 228 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tablets with grand results.

Miss Susan Wyman.

Mother was troubled with heartburn and sleeplessness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she saw a testimonial in the paper endorsing Ripans Tablets. She determined to give them a trial, was greatly relieved by their use and now takes the Tablets regularly. She keeps a few cartons Ripans Tablets in the house and says she will not be without them. The heartburn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indigestion which was formerly as great a burden to her. Our whole family take the Tablets regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; also eats heartily, sleeps, and is impossible before she took Ripans Tablets.

ARTHUR H. BLAVEN.

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tablets advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tablets. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tablets for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may Geany letter and name as you like.

Mrs. Mary Graham Graham.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick to my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tablets from an aunt of mine who was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from their use she advised me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headaches. I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial.

Mrs. J. Brockmeyer.

My seven-year-old boy suffered with pain in his head, constipation and complaint of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a sallow color.

Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tablets, I tried them. Ripans Tablets not only relieved but actually cured my youngster, the headaches have disappeared, bowels are in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tablets. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one (from the cradle to old age) if taken according to directions.

B. W. Paxon.

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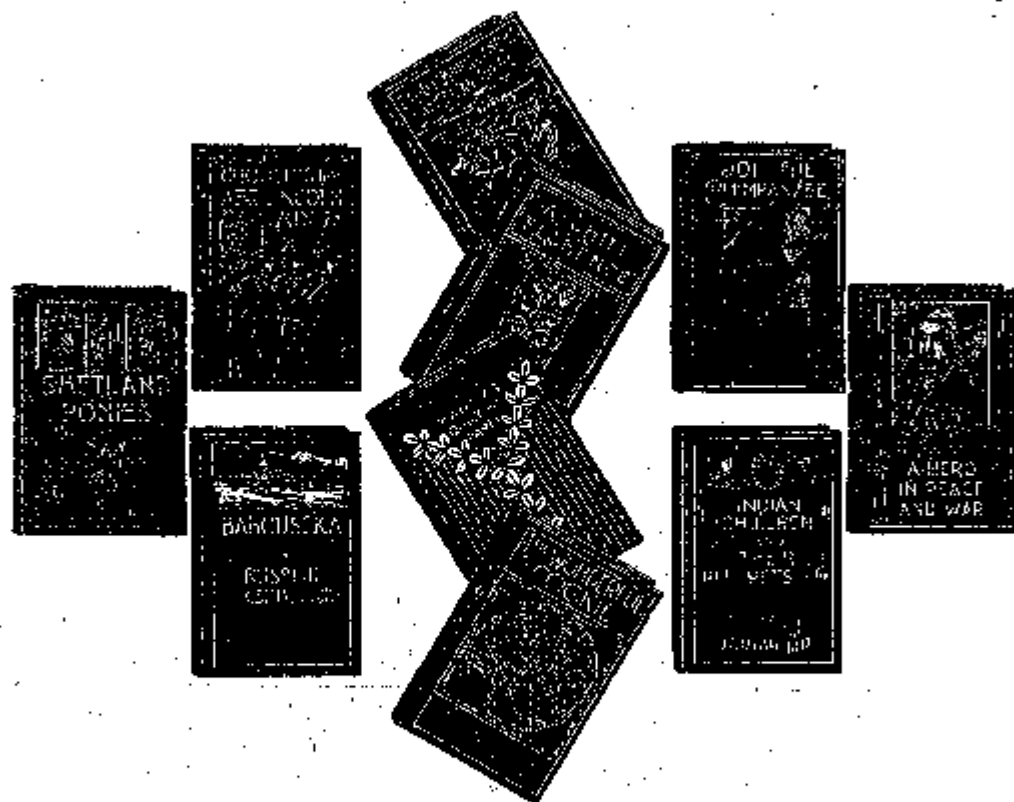
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THE PNEUMATIC.

VOL. XI

MAY 1900

No. 4

The Athlete's Diet

O P I N I O N S differ as to the best methods of training for athletes, but it is commonly understood that the special objects sought are to fit the body either for long-continued exercise, which may be more or less severe, or for some feat requiring unusual effort for a short time.

Professional athletes realize the importance of a regular life as regards eating, sleeping, bathing, etc. Before engaging in any special contest it is customary to undergo special training for several weeks. College students who are in training for football teams, crews, and the like usually undergo special training for six to ten weeks. As stated by Thompson:

The physiological objects to be attained by any system of dietetic training are to reduce the fat and water contained in the tissues of the body, to increase the functional activity of the muscles, to train both muscle and nerve, improve the breathing power or "wind" and the condition of the skin. This is accomplished by carefully regulated diet, systematic exercises directed to the increase of oxidation processes, and the more perfect elimination of waste matter from the system. * * * The transition from ordinary diet to that of any training system should be made gradually, and the return to the usual diet after a period of rigid training should be similarly slow. For the first two or three weeks of training, athletes usually lose in weight an amount proportionate to their previous condition of robustness, but after several weeks an equilibrium should be reached, in which, upon an established diet, the body weight remains practically the same. * * *

While individual dietaries differ in training for various forms of contest, most of them include lean meat, chiefly rare or "underdone," either roasted or broiled; the bread should be dry or toasted; a moderate quantity of potatoes and green fresh vegetables and fruits are usually allowed. The class of foods to be especially forbidden are sweets, pastry, entrees, rich puddings, sour pickles, and condiments. For beverages, weak tea or coffee may be allowed, although sometimes, where the object of training is like attainment of special skill in feats of delicate balancing, all forms of nerve stimulants, including tea, coffee, and tobacco, should be prohibited. Chocolate and cocoa, if not too

sweet, may be sometimes allowed, and in some training systems the use of light beer and light wine in moderation is included, but strong alcoholic spirits are absolutely forbidden. As a rule, three meals a day, at intervals of about six hours, are recommended.

Doubtless these statements may be accepted as representing the objects sought by special training for any athletic feat, and the general statements regarding food are in accord with the practice of trainers. The diet best suited to the purpose has never been definitely decided upon, but varies with time and place according to the ideas of special trainers or others having the matter in charge.

The training of a university boat crew for a race at New London covered a period of ten and one-half weeks. Breakfast, at 7.30 a. m., consisted of fruits (oranges, tangerines, figs, and grapes); cereals with rich milk and sugar, etc.; beefsteak, usually rare; chops, stews, hash, with once or twice a week some salt meat, as bacon and ham, usually accompanied by liver; stewed, browned, or baked potatoes; eggs served in different ways; oatmeal water and milk as beverages, with tea on special occasions for some particular individual. Dinner consisted of soups, meats, fish, and vegetables, with a simple dessert, such as rice, bread, or tapioca pudding, some fruit, and the same beverages as at breakfast were also used. The meats included roast beef, mutton, or chicken, two kinds being always served. But little gravy was used. Fish was served twice a week. The vegetables included potatoes, mashed or boiled; tomatoes, peas, beans, and corn. Two vegetables besides potatoes were usually served. Supper (8 to 8.15 p. m.) consisted of cereals as at breakfast; chops, stews, or cold meat from dinner; rarely beefsteak; potatoes stewed or baked, and eggs about three times a week, usually not on the same days that they were served for breakfast. Sometimes ale was permitted to some individual. After the crews were in final preparation for the race at New London, the diet varied somewhat. Breakfast and dinner remained about the same, but a light luncheon of cold meat, stewed, or baked potatoes, milk and toast, was served at 4.30 in the afternoon. After this the evening exercise was engaged in for about two hours. Forty-five minutes after this was completed, cold oatmeal or other cereal with milk and toast were served. A light supper (9.30) was served just before the men retired.

In the South American Woods

By Willis Edwin Hurd

Two hundred and seventy years ago, as now, the Guarani nation was one of the largest and most powerful in South America. But in those days the Mamelucos—half Portuguese and half Indian—were warring among them, and taking slaves from all the south-eastern provinces of Brazil, to the great market at Rio de Janeiro.

The particular family tribe to which the two young Indians, Guaneer and Guapeer, belonged had so far remained undisturbed by actual hostilities, although fugitives from demolished settlements down the Parana had strengthened its fighting numbers to such an extent that the war chief had concluded to stand his ground, and with spear and arrow repel the dangerous invaders, should they arrive.

It was roaring hot on the plains along the lower headwaters of the Parana River, and Guaneer and Guapeer were glad to forego their usual ride out into the prairie. Instead they wandered and played and hunted in the groves and jungly thickets, watching the blue and emerald butterflies as they fluttered through bars of sunlight, or dashing with joyful antics through some shallow stream.

They were more than a mile from the main village, where nearly all the inhabitants were now collected, when two of their chief's scouts dashed hurriedly by, and in a twinkling had disappeared in the direction of the town.

"Does that mean trouble?" asked Guaneer, in his low guttural, as he gazed apprehensively around.

Guapeer motioned him to be quiet. An instant later the Indian boys sank into the undergrowth and glided away into a dense thicket. In the distance a low sound reached them, coming marmurously through the woods. Holding their bows more firmly in hand, they awaited the appearance of the foemen whom their instincts had seemed to teach them were approaching. Perhaps they should have made speedily for the village, but they wished to see the Mamelucos, if such they were, from their place of secrecy, and perhaps fall upon them from the rear,

in helping to defend a home.

Suddenly a great black Brazilian negro strode into a small opening in full view of the two young natives. With his head bent forward, he was peering to right and left, sliding easily through tangles of liana, and leaping freely the pools and fallen trunks which lay in his path. Then quickly his eyes fell upon the trail which led to the Guarani's place of concealment. It was a new one, and the negro glared fiercely into the thicket, poised his long lance as he took a few steps in that direction.

Both Guaneer and Guapeer aimed their arrows at the terrible looking scout. Then they saw his muscles setting for a throw; while by the forest sounds they knew that the advancing men were drawing perilously near—Mamelucos, truly, as they supposed. By a concerted movement—knowing quickness to be their only chance for safety—they released their bowstrings upon the waiting darts.

The leaders of half a hundred men came suddenly into view, stealthy and eager. They saw one of their negro scouts toss his long lance aimlessly into the air, then fall backward to the ground, transfixed with arrows. Dashing with all speed over the tropical tangles, it was only to find the black man dead. Yet, in the direction from whence the arrows came, an indistinct trail was faintly visible to their practical eyes.

Upon the instant of firing, the two young Guarani caught but an instantaneous glimpse of the tragedy in which they had taken part, and of the brown skinned slave-hunters appearing from the jungle. Acting, then, with the utmost caution, they hurried away for some safer covert toward the village, the inhabitants of which they felt sure had already been alarmed. Casting a glance now and then to the rear, they saw that three half-blood trailers were moving hotly in their direction, while the main body of the footmen, armed with lances, rapier-vines and bows, were plunging with renewed ferocity toward the half-clearing in which stood the collection of Indian huts.

As silently as serpents, Guaneer and Gua-

peer scudded along the hidden but familiar paths. Suddenly a flitting shaft, just grazing the former's bare right shoulder, glanced from the bark of a liana and hummed harmlessly into the leaves. Guapeer glanced upward, feeling that he had been fired upon from the air. Another arrow grazed him, this time from behind. Then Guaneer's bow twanged. Knowing that his companion was guarding the backward approaches, Guapeer noted only the tree in the branches of which he had spied a movement. Fixing his glance sharply upon the suspicious point, he felt sure that no movement unseen by him could be made.

All this time the enemies in the rear—only two, now—had been deploying, keeping well screened themselves, and looking for a vantage position which would enable them to do certain execution; for they were becoming uneasy at this enforced waiting in the rear, while their main body must be now close upon the village. Feeling thus, they were about to make a sudden charge upon the thicket which they felt sure shielded the Guarani youths, when the second one of their number unexpectedly dropped, a victim to Guaneer's unceasing vigilance. At the same instant a frightful cry was heard, and, crashing down through the intertwining branches, came the Mameluco for whose slightest motion Guapeer had been watching. The lad, however, had not done the execution. It must be, then, that a friend was on a scout in the wake of the slave hunters.

Further tactics were now impossible before a series of sanguinary screeches filled the wood with a tempest of savage war. The Mamelucos, bold and overconfident, had made ready for a victorious sweep of the town, when, from the surrounding coverts, poured a whistling, formidable sweep of arrows, backed up by the horrible war-notes of a cordon of Guarani warriors who kept up their deadly, if invisible, fire.

Confused, wavering, cut down, the ferocious slave dealers sought to discover and root out the foes they had imagined so contemptible. But the Indians were upon their mettle, bent upon destroying the entire band whose open purpose was to convey them to the deadly slave pens of the capital. Unable to strike back, the remaining despoilers turned into the jungle and fled at utmost speed, followed by flight after flight of stinging arrows.

Guaneer and Guapeer, from their hiding places, saw the utter rout of the hated foe. And, as they leaped by, beset them with their own sturdy bows, unmindful of their one terror-stricken besieger who paused only to join with his fleeing companions. For a few minutes only did the chase continue, when the triumphant defenders returned along the horribly-strewn path they had left behind.

Thus had the Guarani risen at last, and Guaneer and Guapeer were two who rejoiced in the prospective freedom of a cruelly treated race.

Dreaming of Home

It comes to me often in silence,
When the firelight sputters low—
When the black, uncertain shadows
Seem wraiths of the long ago;
Always with a throb of heartache
That thrills each pulsive vein,
Comes the old, unquiet longing
For the peace of home again,

I'm sick of the roar of cities,
And of faces cold and strange;
I know where there's warmth of welcome
And my yearning fancies range
Back to the dear old homestead
With an aching sense of pain,
But there'll be joy in the coming
When I go home again.

When I go home again. There's music
That never may die away,
And it seems that the hands of angles
On a mystic heart at play
Have touched with a yearning sadness
On a beautiful, broken strain,
To which is my fond heart wording—
When I go home again.

Outside of my darkening window
Is the great world's crash and din
And slowly the autumn shadows
Come drifting, drifting in.
Sobbing, the night wind murmurs
To the splash of the autumn rain,
But I dream of the glorious greeting
When I go home again.—*Eugene Field.*

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Green promises to be a leading color.

The prettiest bonnets for many seasons are made with bows of braided hair braids, and gives a rushing effect, and where rows of Tuscan are interlaid the effect is particularly charming.

Quills, wings and ears made of straw braids are used in greatly increasing numbers, fancy shapes often having these as the only trimming. One new idea is to use six of these ears formed into a shell-like shape, two extremely large to the right and four to the left across the front of the hat. It is well to remember that the pastel shades are in green, heliotrope and violet, and are the leading colors, always remembering that nothing equals straw color and yellow.

A hat of sunburnt straw is heaped with masses of pale pink roses and pink tulle, with strings of tulle tied under one ear in a big chow.

Extracts From A Trimmer's Note Book.

A new idea for Leghorn! Cut out the crown of a Leghorn hat. Take the brim and slip it over the crown of another Leghorn hat. Sew in a seam, so to speak, about the top of the crown. Then plant the outer edge of the applied brim so as to fit into the lower line of the crown. This makes a beautiful large Tam o' Shanter crown. The pattern I saw was trimmed in roses, foliage and black velvet ribbon.

It pays at leisure moments to prepare and hem a quantity of black velvet to make large Alsatian bows, for they are all the style.

The new triple chiffon brims require work. They are cut the shape of a big round brim. Then wire at edge and braid with velvet. The three brims are exactly alike, only vary in sizes. The top brim is the smallest. Sometimes several invisible brace wires are required to keep them in shape.

I saw the oddest arrangement on a black chiffon picture hat. A single chiffon tie came from the back of the hat, and fastened with it was a wreath of tiny rose buds a half yard long and ending with a bouquet of buds. This was intended to fasten at the shoulder.

It has impressed me that people of ordinary taste are left out in the millinery ideas of this season, everything is so wonderfully elaborate.

I see that entire taffeta silk hats are still correct. The "Miss Hobbs" turban, made of tucked taffeta and large chow of chiffon, will make a suitable hat.

How to make a lovely trimming suitable for the edge of hats, especially turbans: Fold a width of maline until it is about an inch wide. Prepare three strips and then plait together like ordinary braided hair.

I was shown a hat to-day that was beautifully trimmed by means of pinning the most of the trimming on with tiny rhinestone stick-pins instead of sewing. It is worth trying.

Here is an idea worth remembering. Exquisite effects are produced, when trimming with roses, by swirling around the rose cloud-like folds of maline in same colors as the rose. In other words, taking the rose as a center, wind around it double folds of the maline, drawing the material in tight to the stem at the base of the rosette, allowing the material to flare in several layers about the circumference of the flower.

Lace draperies let fall over the brim of hats until they shade the face are extremely pretty, especially when the under brim is lined with roses. *The Western Milliner.*

Making A Soft Wood Floor Pretty

Most housewives detest soft wood floors because they are hard to keep clean and in good appearance. However, those who have them should do the best they can to make them pretty and at the same time lessen the work required to keep them clean. A little work and a little paint will enable you to do this. First give the floor a good scrubbing and then fill all the nail holes and cracks with soft putty to an exact level with the floor.

After the floor is thoroughly dry you can apply the paint, which, by the way should be bought ready mixed. You can, of course, use any color you desire but a dark gray, dark maroon and rich terra cotta combination applied as follows is very tasty. Mark off a margin of fifteen inches across the ends and down the sides of the room; then mark off the border into five inch squares. Paint one square maroon and the next terra cotta, continuing the entire border in squares with the two colors. Paint the main body of the room a solid gray. If the floor has been previously painted two coats are sufficient; if not apply three. Each coat should be given sufficient time in which to dry and harden before the next is applied.

Do not scrub the floor with soap and hot water unless it becomes so badly soiled that warm water and a soft cloth will not remove the stains.

How Singers Succeed

An interview with Madame Nordica, America's foremost singer brought forth the following advice which is worth the attention of everyone desiring to win success as a singer:

"The first thing a girl must do is to find out if she really has a voice that will pay for training. This can only be decided by competent critics, by critics without bias, who will sit in judgement upon her voice, who are influenced by no partiality, no pride of family or country.

"It by no means follows that because a girl can acceptably fill a position in a country choir, or sing in

amateur concerts to the delight of her friends and relatives, that she has anything more than an ordinary talent for music.

"When the critics have unanimously agreed that she has a voice and talent the matter is by no means settled. She must have perfect health, for the strain of constant studying which must be kept up for years is very wearing, and many a young woman with a voice breaks down in health before the voice is properly trained.

"In addition to this she must have the spirit of a martyr within her; she must be willing to make personal sacrifices as well as to accept them from her family and friends. Too often a girl feels that if she does the work others must endure the privation and sacrifice their personal comfort, money, and sometimes their piece of mind. No girl will succeed who is not willing to endure and suffer herself far more than she is willing to ask of others."

"Granted that the girl has a voice must she go abroad to study?"

"By no manner of means. There are many careful and competent teachers in America, and a girl is so much better off studying at home among her friends. One may lay the foundation of an operatic career as well in America as abroad, indeed far more than the foundation may be secured here. We all know of singers having done remarkably well who have never crossed the ocean. I studied for years with John O'Neill, of Boston. He laid the foundation, he placed my voice, and I have always felt that no one could have done better for me."

"At what age should one begin the study of music?"

"The earlier the better; one can hardly begin too soon. And simultaneously with the beginning, or even before, one should take up languages. A knowledge of Italian, French and German is absolutely essential. No singer ever reached the height of her possibilities without a knowledge of these. One is hampered mightily, even in the beginning, without this knowledge, for the literature of music is written in these languages, and the best translation falls far short of the original. My advice is to study the languages with the music, if they have not been taken up before."

"Do you think it possible to properly learn the language in this country?"

"Of course the best and easiest way is to study a language in its own country, but few are able to do that. There are plenty of good teachers in America who are competent to give a student thorough training. At most, one would need only to correct one's pronunciation later on."

"Are not beauty and grace of manner most potent factors in a girl's success?"

"Yes. A singer's appearance is part of her capital, but if she has talent enough, or rather genius, she may succeed without them; they do not lead to success unless accompanied by talent. The public will not tolerate a singer who has nothing but beauty to recommend her."

"Appropos of personal beauty, how do singers and actresses manage to preserve their beauty of face and figure so much longer than women in any other rank of life?"

"Simply by care. Every lady these days knows that food and exercise have great effect upon both face and figure, so that if a woman will she may do almost anything she likes with herself. There is no other class of people who are so bound by restriction as singers are. We cannot do this or that because it will injure our voices. Our entire capital is invested in the vocal organs and we cannot afford to jeopardize it.

"One must early learn to be a philosopher if good looks are to be retained, and never to fret about a thing that cannot be helped; if it can be helped there is no use fretting. In other words, 'let the other man do the walking.' Everything that will react upon the vocal chords must be avoided."

"Which woman is more likely to succeed, the woman who possesses 95 per cent talent with 5 per cent business ability, or the one with 5 per cent talent and 95 per cent business ability?"

"The one with 95 per cent talent, for she can hire some to manage her business matters. If one has talent and business ability combined, then she is certain of reaching her goal."

"What personal characteristic has most contributed to your success in addition to the possession of your glorious voice?"

"My indomitable will and perseverance, my determination to succeed. The singer must override obstacles that would daunt an ordinary woman. I could tell you of early struggles that would make your heart ache, but that's not to the point. No woman should enter upon an operatic career unless she feels that she has the power within her to conquer fate."

"When you are traveling, of course, you have many young girls brought to you for your advice and criticism on their voices?"

"Hundreds of them, but I have been obliged to make a rule not to see any one, for if I see one I must see others, and that would require my days to be twice as long as they are."

"A national board of examiners would be a capital thing, and I believe there is one being organized now in Paris."

Things We Should Not Iron

Don't iron flannel, and tell your friends to do likewise. The fresh air and sunshine gives flannel a magnetism and vitality which hot irons kill. If flannels are hung evenly on the line, then pulled out, smoothly folded straight and put under such pressure as the clothes basket with its burden for the next day's ironing, it will be found, the next morning that they are smooth enough to satisfy the most fastidious. In like manner pull out hosiery, fold, and spread under the basket with the flannels.

Sheets that are in constant use may be treated in like manner. Unless one has tried it, one can not imagine how well they look after pressure. The hems and selvages may be rubbed over, nothing else. More than one eminent physician is a believer in the life-giving properties of air and sunshine, administered through the interstices of clean, unironed clothing.

No Glitter Now

After a riot of shine and sparkle, the weathercock of popular favor has suddenly veered about. A ruthless campaign is now being waged against glitter. This applies to all the implements and decorative things with which our rooms are fairly strewn nowadays. Silver candlesticks, dishes, trays, bowls, teapots, each and all of the many trifles that go to make up the outfit of the dining table, dressing table or writing desk must glow (we even have to be careful how we use the word "shine") with a chastened lustre. They may not show one spark of glitter. The innumerable things that are made in brass are now cunningly treated to a dull finish and they gain immensely in attractiveness by the change. For the relief of careful housewives

who groned over the daily polishing of the domestic brasswork, a transparent lacquer was devised which covered the surfaces and prevented them from tarnishing, says the *Philadelphia Press*.

This change is not owing to a desire to have ones' newly bought things masquerade as antiques. It is the natural revolt against so much brilliancy, which was often mere shininess, that had been flashing at

you from every corner until you thought longing of the eyeless fishes of Mammoth cave.

Members of THE PNEUMATIC are cordially invited to write to the editor of this department. All questions will be answered as soon as possible. Letters intended for answer by mail must contain return postage. Address Mrs. Gedy, at the office of THE PNEUMATIC.

Kidnapped

BRING MEMOIRS OF THE ADVENTURES OF DAVID BALFOUR
IN THE YEAR 1751

By Robert Louis Stevenson

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

In the year 1751 David Balfour, a young lad, is sent to the House of Slaves in which lives his rich uncle. He is given a letter written by his father shortly before the latter's death, and starts for the journey arriving there at night. On the way he hears a great deal about the misadventures of his uncle. David finds his uncle a narrow minded miser who tries to suit him in an account which nearly causes the boy's death. His uncle finally succeeds in having the boy kidnapped and placed on board a brig sailing for the Carolinas. The object was to sell David into slavery.

CHAPTER VII.

I GO TO SEA IN THE BRIG "COVENANT" OF DYSART.

I CAME to myself in darkness, in great pain, bound hand and foot, and deafened by many unfamiliar noises. There sounded in my ears a roaring of water as of a huge mill-dam; the thrashing of heavy sprays, the thundering of the sails, and the shrill cries of the seamen. The whole world now heaved giddily up, and now rushed giddily downward; and so sick and hurt was I in body, and my mind so much confounded, that it took me a long while, chasing my thoughts up and down, and ever stunned again by a fresh stab of pain, to realize that I must be lying somewhere bound in the belly of that unlucky ship, and that the wind must have strengthened to a gale. With the clear perception of my plight, there fell upon me a blackness of despair, a horror of remorse at my own folly, and a passion of anger at my uncle, that once more bereft me of my senses.

When I returned again to life, the same uproar, the same confused and violent movements, shook and deafened me; and presently, to my other pains and distresses, there was added the sickness of an unused landsman on the sea. In that time of my adventurous youth, I suffered many hardships; but none that was so crushing to my mind and body, or lit by so few hopes, as these first few hours on board the brig.

I heard a gun fire, and supposed the storm had proved too strong for us, and we were fir-

ing signals of distress. The thought of deliverance, even by death in the deep sea, was welcome to me. Yet it was no such matter; but (as I was afterward told) a common habit of the captain's, which I here set down to show that even the worst man may have his kinder sides. We were then passing, it appeared, within some miles of Dysart, where the brig was built, and where old Mrs. Hoseason, the captain's mother, had come some years before to live; and whether outward or inward bound, the *Covenant* was never suffered to go by that place by day without a gun fired and colors shown.

I had no measure of time; day and night were alike in that ill-smelling cavern of the ship's bowels, where I lay; and the misery of my situation drew out the hours to double. How long, therefore, I lay waiting to hear the ship split upon some rock, or to feel her reel head foremost into the depths of the sea, I have not the means of computation. But sleep at length stole from me the consciousness of sorrow.

I was awakened by the light of a hand-lantern shining in my face. A small man of about thirty, with green eyes and a tangle of fair hair, stood looking down at me.

"Well," said he, "how goes it?"

I answered by a sob; and my visitor then felt my pulse and temples, and set himself to wash and dress the wound upon my scalp.

"Ay," said he, "a sore dunt." What, man? Cheer up! The world's no done; you've made a bad start of it, but you'll make a better. Have you had any meat?"

I said I could not look at it, and thereupon he

gave me some brandy and water in a tin pannikin, and left me once more to myself.

The next time he came to see me, I was lying betwixt sleep and waking, my eyes wide open in the darkness, the sickness quite departed, but succeeded by a horrid giddiness and swimming that was almost worse to bear. I ached, he-sides, in every limb, and the cords that bound me seemed to be of fire. The smell of the hole in which I lay seemed to have become a part of me; and during the long interval since his last visit, I had suffered tortures of fear, now from the scurrying of the ship's rats that sometimes pattered on my very face, and now from the dismal imaginings that haunt the bed of fever.

The glimmer of the lantern, as a trap opened, shone in like the heaven's sunlight; and though it only showed me the strong, dark beams of the ship that was my prison, I could have cried aloud for gladness. The man with the green eyes was the first to descend the ladder, and I noticed that he came somewhat unsteadily. He was followed by the captain. Neither said a word; but the first set to and examined me, and dressed my wound as before, while Hoseason looked me in my face with an odd, black look.

"Now, sir, you see for yourself," said the first; "a high fever, no appetite, no light, no meat; you see for yourself what that means."

"I am no conjurer, Mr. Riach," said the captain.

"Give me leave, sir," said Riach; "you're a good head upon your shoulders, and a good Scotch tongue to ask with; but I will leave you no manner of excuse: I want that boy taken out of this hole and put in the fore-castle."

"What ye may want, sir, is a matter of concern to nobody but yourself," returned the captain; "but I can tell ye that which is to be. Here he is; here he shall bide."

"Admitting that you have been paid in a proportion," said the other, "I will crave leave humbly to say (that I have not. Paid I am, and none too much, to be the second officer of this old tub; and you ken very well if I do my very best to earn it. But I was paid for nothing more."

"If ye could hold back your hand from the tin-pan, Mr. Riach, I would have no complaint to make of ye," returned the skipper; "and instead of asking riddles, I make bold to say that ye would keep your breath to cool your porridge. We'll be required on deck," he added, in a sharper note, and set one foot upon the ladder.

But Mr. Riach caught him by the sleeve.

"Admitting that you have been paid to do a murder——" he began.

Hoseason turned upon him with a flash.

"What's that?" he cried. "What kind of talk is that?"

"It seems it is the talk that you can understand," said Mr. Riach, looking him steadily in the face.

"Mr. Riach, I have sailed with ye three cruises," replied the captain. "In all that time

ye should have learned to know me: I'm a stiff man, and a dour man; but for what ye say now—fy, fy—it comes from a bad heart and a black conscience. If ye say the lad will die——"

"Ay, will he!" said Mr. Riach.

"Well, sir, is not that enough?" said Hoseason. "Fit him where you please!"

Thereupon the captain ascended the ladder; and I, who had lain silent throughout this strange conversation, beheld Mr. Riach turn after him and bow as low as to his knees in what was plainly a spirit of derision. Even in my then state of sickness, I perceived two things: that the mate was touched with liquor, as the captain hinted, and that (drunk or sober) he was like to prove a valuable friend.

Five minutes afterward my bonds were cut, I was hoisted on a man's back, carried up to the fore-castle, and laid in a bunk on some sea-blankets; where the first thing that I did was to lose my senses.

It was a blessed thing indeed to open my eyes again upon the daylight, and to find myself in the society of men. The fore-castle was a roomy place enough, set all about with berths, in which the men of the watch below were seated smoking, or lying down asleep. The day being calm and the wind fair, the scuttle was open, and not only the good daylight, but from time to time (as the ship rolled) a dusty beam of sunlight shone in, and dazzled and delighted me. I had no sooner moved, moreover, than one of the men brought me a drink of something healing which Mr. Riach had prepared, and bade me lie still and I should soon be well again. There were no bones broken, he exclaimed: "A clout" on the head was naething. Man," said he, "it was me that gave it ye!"

Here I lay for the space of many days a close prisoner, and not only got my health again, but came to know my companions. They were a rough lot indeed, as sailors mostly are; being men rooted out of all the kindly parts of life, and condemned to toss together on the rough seas, with masters no less cruel. There were some among them that had sailed with the pirates and seen things it would be a shame even to speak of; some were men that had run from the king's ships, and went with a halter round their necks, of which they made no secret; and all, as the saying goes, were "at a word and a blow," with their best friends. Yet I had not been many days shut up with them before I began to be ashamed of my first judgment, when I had drawn away from them at the ferry pier, as though they had been unclean beasts. No class of man is altogether bad; but each has its own faults and virtues; and these shipmates of mine were no exception to the rule. Rough they were, sure enough; and bad, I suppose; but they had many virtues. They were kind when it occurred to them, simple even beyond the simplicity of a country lad like me, and had some glimmerings of honesty.

There was one man of maybe forty, that would sit on my berthside for hours, and tell me of his wife and child. He was a fisher that had lost his boat, and thus been driven to the deep-sea voyaging. Well it is years ago now; but I have never forgotten him. His wife (who was "young by him," as he often told me) waited in vain to see her man return; he would never again make the fire for her in the morning, nor yet keep the hairn when she was sick.

Indeed, many of these poor fellows (as the event proved) were upon their last cruise; the deep seas and cannibal fish received them; and it is a thankless business to speak ill of the dead.

Among other deeds that they did, they returned my money which had been shared among them; and though it was about a third short, I was very glad to get it, and hoped great good from it in the land I was going to. The ship was bound for the Carolinas; and you must not suppose that I was going to that place merely as an exile. The trade was even then much depressed; since that, and with the rebellion of the colonies and the formation of the United States, it has, of course, come to an end; but in these days of my youth, white men were still sold into slavery on the plantations, and that was the destiny to which my wicked uncle had condemned me.

The cabin-boy Ransome (from whom I had first heard of these atrocities) came in at times from the round-house, where he bathed and served, now nursing a bruised limb in silent agony, now raving against the cruelty of Mr. Shuan. It made my heart bleed; but the men had a great respect for the chief mate, who was, as they said, "the only seaman in the whole jing-bang, and none such a bad man when he was sober." Indeed, I found there was a strange peculiarity about our two mates: that Mr. Riach was sullen, unkind and harsh when he was sober, and Mr. Shuan would not hurt a fly except when he was drinking. I asked about the captain; but I was told drink made no difference upon that man of iron.

I did my best in the small time allowed me to make something like a man, or rather I should say something like a boy, of the poor creature, Ransome. But his mind was scarce truly human. He could remember nothing of the time before he came to sea; only that his father had made clocks, and had a starling in the parlor, which could whistle "The North Country"; all else had been blotted out in these years of hardship and cruelties. He had a strange notion of the dry land, picked up from sailors' stories: that it was a place where lads were put to some kind of slavery called a trade, and where apprentices were continually lashed and clapped into foul prisons. In a town, he thought every second person a decoy, and every third house a place in which seamen would be drugged and murdered. To be sure, I could tell him how kindly I had myself been used upon that dry land he was

so much afraid of, and how well fed and carefully taught both by my friends and my parents, and if he had been recently hurt, he would weep bitterly and swear to run away; but if he was in his usual crack brain humor or (still more) if he had had a glass of spirits in the round-house, he would deride the notion.

It was Mr. Riach (Heaven forgive him!) who gave the boy drink; and it was, doubtless, kindly meant; but besides that it was ruin to his health; it was the pitifullest thing in life to see this unhappy, unfriended creature staggering, and dancing, and talking he knew not what. Some of the men laughed, but not all; others would grow as black as thunder (thinking, perhaps, of their own childhood or their own children) and bid him stop that nonsense, and think what he was doing. As for me, I felt ashamed to look at him, and the poor child still comes about me in my dreams.

All this time, you should know, the *Covenant* was meeting continual head-winds and tumbling up and down against head-seas, so that the scuttle was almost constantly shut, and the fore-castle lighted only by a swinging lantern on a beam. There was constant labor for all hands; the sails had to be made and shortened every hour; the strain told on the men's temper; there was a growl of quarrelling all day long from berth to berth; and as I was never allowed to set my foot on deck, you can picture to yourself how weary of my life I grew to be, and how impatient for a change.

And a change I was to get, as you shall hear; but I must first tell of a conversation I had with Mr. Riach, which put a little heart in me to bear my troubles. Getting him in a favorable stage of drink (for indeed he never looked near me when he was sober) I pledged him to secrecy, and told him my whole story.

He declared it was like a ballad; that he would do his best to help me; that I should have paper, pen and ink, and write one line to Mr. Campbell and another to Mr. Rankellor; and that if I had told this truth, ten to one he would be able (with their help) to pull me through and set me in my rights.

"And in the meantime," says he, "keep your heart up. You're not the only one, I'll tell you that. There's many a man hoeing tobacco oversens that should be mounting his horse at his own door at home; many and many! And life is all a variorum at best. Look at me: I'm a laird's son and more than half a doctor, and here I am, man-Jack to Hoggason!"

I thought it would be civil to ask him for his story. He whistled aloud.

"Never had one," said he. "I liked fun, that's all." And he skipped out of the fore-castle.

CHAPTER VIII THE ROUND HOUSE

ONE night, about twelve o'clock, a man of Mr. Riach's watch (which was on deck) came

down for his jacket; and instantly there began to go a whisper about the forecabin that "Shuan had done for him at last." There was no need of a name; we all knew who was meant; but we had scarce time to get the idea rightly in our heads, far less to speak of it, when the scuttle was again flung open, and Captain Hoesason came down the ladder. He looked sharply round the bunks in the tossing light of the lantern; and then, walking straight up to me, he addressed me, to my surprise, in tones of kindness.

"My man," said he, "we want you to serve in the round-house. You and Ransome are to change berths. Run away aft with ye."

Even as he spoke, two seamen appeared in the scuttle, carrying Ransome in their arms; and the ship at that moment giving a great sheer into the sea, and the lantern swinging, the light fell direct on the boy's face. It was as white as wax, and had a look upon it like a dreadful smile. The blood in me ran cold, and I drew in my breath as if I had been struck.

"Run away aft; run away aft with ye!" cried Hoesason.

And at that I brushed by the sailors and the boy (who neither spoke nor moved) and ran up the ladder on deck.

The brig was sheering swiftly and giddily through a long, cresting swell. She was on the starboard tack, and on the left hand, under the arched foot of the foremast, I could see the sunset still quite bright. This, at such an hour of the night, surprised me greatly; but I was too ignorant to draw the true conclusion—that we were going north-about round Scotland, and were now on the high sea between the Orkney and Shetland Islands, having avoided the dangerous currents of the Pentland Firth. For my part, who had been so long shut in the dark and knew nothing of head-winds, I thought we might be half-way or more across the Atlantic. And indeed (beyond that I wondered a little at the lateness of the sunset light) I gave no heed to it, and pushed on across the decks, running between the seas, catching at ropes, and only saved from going overboard by one of the hands on deck, who had been always kind to me.

The round-house, for which I was bound and where I was now to sleep and serve, stood some six feet above the decks, and considering the size of the brig, was of good dimensions. Inside were a fixed table and bench, and two berths, one for the captain and the other for the two mates, turn and turn about. It was all fitted with lockers from top to bottom, so as to stow away the officers' belongings and a part of the ship's stores; there was a second storeroom underneath, which you entered by a hatchway in the middle of the deck; indeed, all the best of the meat and drink and the whole of the powder were collected in this place; and all the firearms, except the two pieces of brass ordnance, were set in a rack in the aftermost wall of the round-

house. The most of the cutlasses were in another place.

A small window with a shutter on each side, and a skylight in the roof, gave it light by day; and after dark, there was a lamp always burning. It was burning when I entered, not brightly, but enough to show Mr. Shuan sitting at the table, with the brandy bottle and a tin pannikin in front of him. He was a tall man, strongly made and very black; and he stared before him on the table like one stupid.

He took no notice of my coming in; nor did move when the captain followed and leaned on the berth beside me, looking darkly at the mate. I stood in great fear of Hoesason, and had my reasons for it; but something told me I need not be afraid of him just then; and I whispered in his ear, "How is he?" He shook his head like one that does not know and does not wish to think, and his face was very stern.

Presently Mr. Riach came in. He gave the captain a glance that meant the boy was dead as plain as speaking, and took his place like the rest of us; so that we all three stood without a word, staring down at Mr. Shuan, and Mr. Shuan (on his side) sat without a word, looking hard upon the table.

All of a sudden he put out his hand to take the bottle; and at that Mr. Riach started forward and caught it away from him, rather by surprise than violence, crying out, with an oath, that there had been too much of this work altogether, and that a judgment would fall upon the ship. And as he spoke (the weather sliding-doors standing open) he tossed the bottle into the sea.

Mr. Shuan was on his feet in a trice; he still looked dazed, but he meant murder, ay, and would have done it, for the second time; that night, had not the captain stepped in between him and his victim.

"Sit down!" roars the captain. "Ye sot and swine, do ye know what ye've done? Ye've murdered the boy!"

Mr. Shuan seemed to understand; for he sat down again and put his hand to his brow.

"Well," he said, "he brought me a dirty pannikin!"

At that word, the captain and I and Mr. Riach all looked at each other for a second with a kind of frightened look; and then Mr. Hoesason walked up to his chief officer, took him by the shoulder, led him across to his bunk, and bade him lie down and go to sleep, as you might speak to a bad child. The murderer cried a little but he took off his sea-boots and obeyed.

"Ay!" cried Mr. Riach, with a dreadful voice, "ye should have interfered long syne. It's too late now."

"Mr. Riach," said the captain, "this night's work must never be kennt in Dysart. The boy went overboard, sir; that's what the story is; and I would give five pounds out of my pocket if it was true!" He turned to the table. "What

made ye throw the good bottle away?" he added. "There was use nense in that, sir. Here, David, draw me another. They're in the bottom locker;" and he tossed me a key. "Ye'll need a glass yourself, sir," he added, to Riach. "Ye'n was an ugly thing to see."

So the pair sat down and hob-a-nobbed; and while they did so, the murderer, who had been lying and whimpering in his berth, raised himself upon his elbow and looked at them and at me.

That was the first night of my new duties; and in the course of the next day I had got well into the run of them. I had to serve at the meals, which the captain took at regular hours, sitting down with the officer who was off duty; all the day through I would be running with a dram to one or other of my three masters; and at night I slept on a blanket thrown on the deck boards at the aftermost end of the round-house, and right in the draught of the two doors. It was a hard and cold bed; nor was I suffered to sleep without interruption; for someone would be always coming in from deck to get a dram, and when a fresh watch was to be set, two and sometimes all three would sit down and brew a bowl together. How they kept their health I know not, any more than how I kept my own.

And yet in other ways it was an easy service. There was no cloth to lay; the meals were either oatmeal porridge or salt junk, except twice a week, when there was duff; and though I was clumsy enough and (not being firm on my sea-legs) sometimes fell with what I was bringing them, both Mr. Riach and the captain were singularly patient. I could not but fancy they were making up lee-way, with their consciences, and that they would scarce have been so good with me, if they had not been worse with Ransome.

As for Mr. Shuan, the drink, or his crime, or the two together, had certainly troubled his mind. I cannot say I ever saw him in his proper wits. He never grew used to my being there, stared at me continually (sometimes, I could have thought, with terror) and more than once drew back from my hand when I was serving him. I was pretty sure from the first that he had no clear mind of what he had done, and on my second day in the round-house I had the proof of it. We were alone, and he had been staring at me a long time, when, all at once, up he got, as pale as death, and came close up to me, to my great terror. But I had no cause to be afraid of him.

"You were not here before?" he asked.

"No, sir," said I.

"There was another boy?" he asked again; and when I had answered him, "Ay! says he, 'I thought that,' and went and sat down, without another word, except to call for brandy.

You may think it strange, but for all the horror I had, I was still sorry for him. He was a married man, with a wife in Leith; but whether

or no he had a family, I have now forgotten; I hope not.

Altogether it was no very hard life for the time it lasted, which (as you are to hear) was not long. I was as well fed as the best of them; even their pickles, which were the great dainty, I was allowed my share of; and had I liked, I might have been drunk from morning to night, like Mr. Shuan. I had company, too, and good company of its sort. Mr. Riach, who had been to the college, spoke to me like a friend when he was not sulking, and told me many curious things, and some that were informing; and even the captain, though he kept me at the stick's end the most part of the time, would sometimes unbuckle a bit, and tell me of the fine countries he had visited.

The shadow of poor Ransome, to be sure, lay on all four of us, and on me and Mr. Shuan, in particular, most heavily. And then I had another trouble of my own. Here I was, doing dirty work for three men that I looked down upon, and one of whom, at least, should have hung upon a gallows; that was for the present; and as for the future, I could only see myself slaving alongside of negroes in the tobacco fields. Mr. Riach, perhaps from caution, would never suffer me to say another word about my story; the captain, whom I tried to approach, rebuffed me like a dog and would not hear a word; and as the days came and went, my heart sank lower and lower, till I was even glad of the work, which kept me from thinking.

CHAPTER IX

THE MAN WITH THE BELT OF GOLD

MORE than a week went by, in which the ill-luck that had hitherto pursued the *Covenant* upon this voyage grew yet more strongly marked. Some days she made a little way; others, she was driven actually back. At last we were beaten so far to the south that we toseed and tacked to and fro the whole of the ninth day, within sight of Cape Wrath and the wild, rocky coast on either hand of it. There followed on that a council of the officers, and some decision which I did not rightly understand, seeing only the result: that we had made a fair wind of a foul one and were running south.

The tenth afternoon, there was a falling swell and a thick, wet, white fog that hid one end of the brig from the other. All afternoon, when I went on deck, I saw men and officers listening hard over the bulwarks—"for breakers," they said; and though I did not so much as understand the word, I felt danger in the air and was excited.

Maybe about ten at night, I was serving Mr. Riach and the captain at their supper, when the ship struck something with a great sound, and we heard voices singing out. My two masters leaped to their feet.

"She's struck," said Mr. Riach.

"No, sir," said the captain. "We've only run a boat down."

And they hurried out.

The captain was in the right of it. We had run down a boat in the fog, and she had parted in the midst and gone to the bottom with all her crew, but one. This man (as I heard afterward) had been sitting in the stern as a passenger, while the rest were on the benches rowing. At the moment of the blow, the stern had been thrown into the air, and the man (having his hands free, and for all he was encumbered with a frieze overcoat that came below his knees) had leaped up and caught hold of the brig's bowsprit. It showed he had luck and much agility and unusual strength, that he should have thus saved himself from such a pass. And yet, when the captain brought him into the round-house, and I set eyes on him for the first time, he looked as cool as I did.

He was smallish in stature, but well set and as nimble as a goat; his face was of a good open expression, but sunburnt very dark, and heavily freckled and pitted with the smallpox; his eyes were unusually light and had a kind of dancing madness in them, that was both engaging and alarming; and when he took off his great-coat, he laid a pair of fine silver-mounted pistols on the table, and I saw that he was belted with a great sword. His manners, besides, were elegant, and he pledged the captain handsomely. Altogether I thought of him, at the first sight, that here was a man I would rather call my friend than my enemy.

The captain, too, was taking observations, but rather of the man's clothes than his person. And to be sure, as soon as he had taken off the great-coat, he showed forth mighty fine for the round-house of a merchant brig: having a hat with feathers, a red waistcoat, breeches of black plush, and a blue coat with silver buttons and handsome silver lace: costly clothes, though somewhat spoiled with the fog and being slept in.

"I'm vexed, sir, about the boat," says the captain.

"There are some pretty men gone to the bottom," said the stranger, "that I would rather see on the dry land again than half a score of boats."

"Friends of yours?" said Hoseson.

"You have none such friends in your country," was the reply. "They would have died for me like dogs."

"Well, sir," said the captain, still watching him, "there are more men in the world than boats to put them in."

"And that's true, too," cried the other; "and ye seem to be a gentleman of great penetration."

"I have been in France, sir," says the captain; "so that it was plain he meant more by the words than showed upon the face of them."

"Well, sir," says the other; "and so has many a pretty man, for the matter of that."

"No doubt, sir," says the captain; "and fine coats."

"Oho!" says the stranger, "is that how the wind sets?" And he laid his hand quickly on his pistols.

"Don't be hasty," said the captain. "Don't do mischief, before ye see the need of it. Ye've a French soldier's coat upon you back and a Scotch tongue in your head, to be sure; but so has many an honest fellow in these days, and I daresay none the worse of it."

"So!" said the gentleman in the fine coat: "are ye of the honest party?" (meaning, Was he a Jacobite? for each side, in those sort of civil broils, takes the name of honesty for its own).

"Why, sir," replied the captain, "I am a true-blue Protestant, and thank I God for it." (It was the first word of any religion I had ever heard from him, but I learnt afterwards that he was a great church-goer while on shore). "But for all that," says he, "I can be sorry to see another man with his back to the wall."

"Can ye go, indeed?" asks the Jacobite. "Well, sir, to be quite plain with ye, I am one of those honest gentlemen that were in trouble about the years forty-five and six; and (to be still quite plain with ye) if I get into the hands of any of the read-coated gentry, it's like it would go hard with me. Now, sir, I was for France; and there was a French ship cruising here to pick me up; but she gave us the go-by in the fog—as I wish from the heart that ye had done yourself! And the best that I can say is this: If ye can set me ashore where I was going, I have that upon me will reward you highly for your trouble."

"In France?" says the captain. "No, sir; that I cannot do. But where ye come from—we might talk of that."

And then, unhappily, he observed me standing in my corner, and packed me off to the galley to get supper for the gentleman. I lost no time, I promise you; and when I came back into the round-house, I found the gentleman had taken a money-belt from about his waist, and poured out a guinea or two upon the table. The captain was looking at the guineas, and then at the belt, and then at the gentleman's face; and I thought he seemed excited.

"Half of it," he cried, "and I'm your man!"

The other swept back the guineas into the belt, and put it on again under his waistcoat. "I have told ye, sir," said he, "that not one dobt of it belongs to me. It belongs to my chieftain"—and here he touched his hat—"and while I would be but a silly messenger to grudge some of it that the rest might come safe, I should show myself a hound indeed if I bought my own carcass any too dear. Thirty guineas on the seashore, or sixty if ye set me on the Linne Loch. Take it, if ye will; if not, ye can do your worst."

"Ay," said Hoseson. "And if I give ye over to the soldiers?"

"Ye would make a fool's bargain," said the

other. "My chief, let me tell you, sir, is forfeited, like every honest man in Scotland. His estate is in the hands of the man they call King George; and it is his officers that collect the rents, or try to collect them. But for the honor of Scotland, the poor tenants take a thought upon their chief lying in exile; and this money is a part of that very rent for which King George is looking. Now, sir, ye seem to me to be a man that understands things; bring this money within the reach of Government, and how much of it'll come to you?"

"Little enough, to be sure," said Hoseason; and then, "if they knew," he added dryly. "But I think if I was to try, that I could hold my tongue about it."

"Ah, but I'll begowk^{*} ye there!" cried the gentleman. "Play me false, and I'll play you cunning. If a hand's laid upon me, they shall ken what money it is."

"Well," returned the captain, "what must he must. Sixty guineas, and done. Here's my hand upon it."

"And here's mine," said the other.

And thereupon the captain went out (rather hurriedly, I thought), and left me alone in the roundhouse with the stranger.

At that period (so soon after the forty-five) there were many exiled gentlemen coming back at the peril of their lives either to see their friends or to collect a little money; and as for the Highland chiefs that had been forfeited, it was a common matter of talk how their tenants would stint themselves to send them money, and their clansmen outface the soldiery to get it in, and run the gentlet of our great navy to carry it across. All this I had, of course, heard tell of; and now I had a man under my eyes whose life was forfeit on all these counts and upon one more; for he was not only a rebel and a smuggler of rents, but had taken service with King Louis of France. And as if all this were not enough, he had a belt full of golden guineas round his lions. Whatever my opinions, I could not look on such a man without a lively interest.

"And so you're a Jacobite?" said I, as I set meat before him.

"Ay," said he, beginning to eat. "And you, by your long face, should be a Whig?"

"Betwixt and between," said I, not to annoy him; for indeed I was as good a Whig as Mr. Campbell could make me.

"And that's naething," said he. "But I'm saying, Mr. Betwixt-and-Between," he added, "this bottle of yours is dry; and it's hard if I'm to pay sixty guineas and be grudging a dram upon the back of it."

"I'll go and ask for the key," said I, and stepped on deck.

The fog was as close as ever, but the swell almost down. They had laid the brig to, not knowing precisely where they were, and the wind (what little there was of it) not serving well for their true course. Some of the hands were

still hearkening for breakers; but the captain and the two officers were in the waist with their heads together. It struck me, I don't know why, that they were after no good; and the first word I heard, as I drew softly near, more than confirmed me.

It was Mr. Riach, crying out as if upon a sudden thought:

"Couldn't we wile him out of the round-house?"

"He's better where he is," returned Hoseason; "he hasn't room to use his sword."

"Well, that's true," said Riach; "but he's hard to come at."

"Hup!" said Hoseason. "We can get the man in talk, one upon each side, and pin him by the two arms; or if that'll not hold, sir, we can make a run by both the doors and get him under hand before he has time to draw."

At this hearing, I was seized with both fear and anger at these treacherous, greedy, bloody men that I smiled with. My first mind was to run away, my second was bolder.

"Captain," said I, "the gentleman is seeking a dram, and the bottle's out. Will you give me the key?"

They all started and turned about.

"Why, here's our chance to get the fearna!^{*}" Riach cried; and then to me: "Hark ye, David," he said, "do ye ken where the pistols are?"

"Ay, ay," put in Hoseason. "David kens; David's a good lad. Ye see, David my man, you wild Highlandman is a danger to the ship, besides being a Rank foe to King George, God bless him!"

I had never been so be-Davied since I came on board; but I said yes, as if all I heard were quite natural.

"The trouble is," resumed the captain, "that all our firelocks, great and little, are in the round-house under this man's nose; likewise the powder. Now, if I, or one of the officers, was to go in and take them, he would fall to thinking. But a lad like you, David, might snap up a horn and a pistol or two without remark. And if ye can do it cleverly, I'll bear it in mind when it'll be good for you to have friends; and that's when we come to Carolina."

Here Mr. Riach whispered him a little.

"Very right, sir," said the captain; and then to myself: "And see here, David, you man has a beltful of gold, and I give you my word that you shall have your fingers in it."

I told him I would do as he wished, though indeed I had scarce breath to speak with; and upon that he gave me the key of the spirit locker, and I began to go slowly back to the round-house. What was I to do? They were dogs and thieves; they had stolen me from my own country; they had killed poor Ransome; and was I to hold the candle to another murder? But then, upon the other hand, there was the fear of death very plain before me; for what could a boy and a man, if they were as brave as lions, against a

Rebel.* *White or Whigamores was the usual name for those who were loyal to King George.*

whole ship's company?

I was still arguing it back and forth, and getting no great clearness, when I came into the round-house and saw the Jacobite eating his supper under the lamp; and at that my mind was made up all in a moment. I have no credit by it; it was by no choice of mine, but as if by compulsion, that I walked right up to the table and put my hand on his shoulder.

"Do ye want to be killed?" said I.

He sprang to his feet, and looked a question at me as clear as if he had spoken.

"(O!) cried I, "they're all murderers here; it's a ship full of them! They've murdered a boy already. Now it's you."

"Ay, ay," said he; "but they haven't got me yet."

And then looking at me curiously, "Will ye stand with me?"

"That will I," said I. "I am no thief, nor yet murderer. I'll stand by you."

"Why, then," said he, "what's your name?"

"David Balfour," said I; and then thinking that a man with so fine a coat must like fine people, I added for the first time ("of Shaws.")

It never occurred to him to doubt me, for a Highlander is used to see great gentlesfolk in great poverty; but as he had no estate of his own, my words nettled a very childish vanity he had.

"My name is Stewart," he said, drawing himself up. "Alan Brock, they call me. A king's name is good enough for me, though I bear it plain and have the name of no farm-midden to clap to the hind end of it."

And having administered this rebuke as though it were something of a chief importance, he turned to examine our defences.

The round-house was built very strong, to support the breaching of the seas. Of its five apertures only the skylight and the two doors were large enough for the passage of a man. The doors, besides, could be drawn close; they were of stout oak, and ran in grooves, and were fitted with hooks to keep them either shut or open, as the need arose. The one that was already shut, I secured in this fashion; but when I was proceeding to slide to the other, Alan stopped me.

"David," said he—"for I cannae bring to mind the name of your landed estate, and so will make so bold as call you David—that dder, being open, is the best part of my defences."

"It would be yet better shut," says I.

"Not so, David," says he. "Ye see, I have but one face; but so long as that door is open and my face to it, the best part of my enemies will be in front of me, where I would aye wish to find them."

Then he gave me from the rack a cutlass (of which there were a few besides the firearms),

(To be Continued.)

choosing it with great care, shaking his head and saying he had never in all his life seen poorer weapons; and next he set me down to the table with a powder-horn, a bag of bullets, and all the pistols, which he bade me charge.

"And that will be better work, let me tell you," said he, "for a gentleman of decent birth, than scraping plates and raxing* drams to a wheen tarry sailors."

Thereupon, he stood up in the midst with his face to the door, and drawing his great sword, made trial of the room he had to wield in.

"I must strick to the point," he said, shaking his head; "and that's a pity, too. It doesn't set my genius, which is all for the upper guard. And now," said he, "do you keep on charging the pistols, and give head to me."

I told him I would listen closely. My chest was tight, my mouth dry, the light dark to my eyes; the thought of the numbers that were soon to leap in upon us kept my heart in a flutter; and the sea, which I heard washing round the brig, and where I thought my dead body would be cast ere morning, ran in my mind strangely.

"First of all," said he, "how many are against us?"

I reckoned them up; and such was the hurry of my mind, I had to cast the numbers twice.

"Fifteen," said I.

Alan whistled. "Well," said he, "that can't be cured. And now follow me. It is my part to keep this door, where I look for the main battle. In that, ye have no hand. And mind and dinnae fire to this side unless they get me down; for I would rather have ten foes in front of me than one friend like you crackling pistols at my back."

I told him indeed I was no great shot.

"And that's very bravely said," he cried, in a great admiration of my candor. "There's many a pretty gentleman that wouldnae dare to say it."

"But then, sir," said I, "there is the door behind you, which they may perhaps break in."

"Ay," said he, "and that is a part of your work. No sooner the pistols charged, than ye must climb up into yon bed where ye're handy at the window; and if they lift hand against the door, ye're to shoot. But that's not all. Let's make a bit of a soldier of ye, David. What else have ye to guard?"

"There's the skylight," said I. "But indeed, Mr. Stewart, I would need to have eyes upon both sides to keep the two of them; for when my face is at the one, my back is to the other."

"And that's very true," said Alan. "But have ye no ears to your head?"

"To be sure!" cried I. "I must hear the bursting of the glass!"

"Ye have some rudiments of sense," said Alan grimly.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

GLEANED FROM HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

The man who uses religion as a cloak in this world may have a smoking-jacket in the next.

Possibly the reason banks never employ women is because they all want to be tellers.

Tommy: "My daddy makes bicycles; what does your's do?"

Kitty: "Whatever mammy tells him."

She: "Men turn somersaults on horse-back. I suppose before long we'll see them doing it on bicycles."

Jones: "Why, that was the first thing I did on a machine?"

Inquisitive people are the funnel of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use but merely to pass it to another.

UP-TO-DATE

"That girl ran away and married her father's coachman."

"Oh, no; they have an automobile, and he was their electrician."

HE DIDN'T SMOKE

Fussy Old Gentleman (to chance traveling lady companion)—"Have you any children, madam?"

"Yes, sir; a son."

"Ah, indeed! Does he smoke?"

"No, sir; he has never so much as touched a cigarette."

"So much the better, madam; the use of tobacco is a poisonous habit. Does he frequent clubs?"

"He has never put his foot in one."

"Allow me to congratulate you. Does he never come home late?"

"Never. He goes to bed directly after dinner."

"A model young man, madam—a model young man. How old is he?"

"Just two months."

AND HE CAN

"What did the Boston's new pitcher say when they asked him if he could pitch?"

"He simply gave his name."

"What's his name?"

"Meekin."

IN SEARCH OF INFORMATION

Passenger—"What time do these cars leave this corner?"

Conductor—"Quarter after, half after, quarter to and at."

A THOUGHTFUL HUSBAND

"You asked me to bring you some pin money this morning," said the young husband.

"Yes," she replied with an air of expectancy.

"Well," said he, "I thought I might as well save you a trip down town, so I bought a paper of pins instead."

REFLECTIONS OF A NEW YORK PRESS BAGUELOR

A house is only the body; a home is the soul.

When a woman will, she will; when she won't, she will if you tell her not to.

A good lie is something that isn't true, but it ought to be, and a good proverb is something that ought to be true, but it isn't.

Before her husband has been sick three weeks a woman has generally decided in her own mind just how well she would look in mourning.

Quarrelling with a woman is a lot like pulling a cat's tail. Just take hold of it and the cat will do all the pulling for you and make all of the noise.

An optimist is a pessimist who has never had the dyspepsia.

There are times when, if a man doesn't lie to his wife, she won't believe he is telling her the truth.

The average woman's idea of showing a man that she is neat is to dust off the seat she is going to sit down on with her handkerchief.

The woman that makes the family all eat out of the same butter plate is always the maddest when the children look funny at the finger bowls when they have company.

A woman always wants to have the last word. That's why she always looks at the end of a novel first.

The trouble with a great many young men who want to see life is, that they imagine there is none worth seeing by daylight.

Cold comfort comes in small chunks when the iceman serves it.

Time may be money—but somehow your friends appreciate the money more than the time you spend with them.

Punctuality is one of the three P's which should be observed by every young man who endeavors to acquire success. For many it would be better not to be so punctual at the shows and other entertaining places.

A Page of Anecdotes

Giving Them Gold

A story is at present going the rounds at the press of France that a wealthy Transvaal burger named Van Bosboom, received word that his two only sons had been killed in one of the early engagements of the war. Van Bosboom had the reputation of being one of the best shots in the Transvaal. On hearing the news of his sons' death he at once made application to take their place and with his famous rifle and his bible he went to the front. Whenever the opposing forces came within sight his method of action was always the same. He would cautiously approach the advancing English until he found convenient cover within rifle range. Then stretching himself at full length he would study the enemy's force until he marked a young man whose appearance and bearing showed him to be an officer. Upon his figure the deadly rifle was brought to bear; then a sharp crack rang out and the young officer fell dead. Once more this programme would be carefully carried out, and when the second officer fell Van Bosboom would carefully retire to safe cover, read a psalm, and sit smoking his pipe until the close of the day. In memory of his sons, the rifle was only fired twice in each fight, but always with fatal effect. When the dead were collected it was always easy to identify Van Bosboom's victim, for lodged in his heart or brain, instead of the usual two ounces of lead which form the Martini bullet, was to be found a bullet made of two ounces of gold. After laying low his man with a golden bullet he used to remark: "As it's gold they come after, it's just as well to let them have it."

An Incident Of City Life

PATHTIC CASE OF A PRETTY GIRL THAT APPEALED FOR SYMPATHY

One o'clock in the morning. The ambulance clatters over the cobblestones in the street, glides more smoothly upon the paved driveway in the city hall grounds and draws up suddenly in the radiant circle made by the arc light in front of the Receiving hospital.

Quickly the hospital doors open and the steward runs out to lend a hand with the stretcher. Although for most persons it is long past bedtime, a small and curious crowd has gathered from the outer darkness to see what the trouble is.

"Ready!" calls the steward.

"Aye," answers the policeman.

They lift the stretcher out of the ambulance and carry it into the hospital. It sags low in the middle under the weight of the body. From beneath the blanket the head of a woman protrudes.

"She is young for this business," the policeman ejaculates as he helps to lay his burden

upon a leather covered operating table.

The girl is quite insensible and groans faintly. Her yellow hair has come undone and her head seems to rest on the table in the bed of light. She has a doll-like, pretty face, with small features, and her clothes are poor, but not shabby.

"Lovesick, I suppose," the policeman remarks, while the surgeon and the steward are busy making ready. "Her fellow went back on her maybe, and then she did it. It worries me what fools these girls are."

"All right now," the doctor says. "Will everybody but the steward and the matron please retire?"

The several attaches, the reporters and the policeman walk into the outer office. The policeman is still talking:

I found her lying on the sidewalk in a quiet corner. 'Poor thing,' thought I, and rang for the wagon"—

The surgeon sticks his head out of the door of the operating room and follows it with his body. He is wiping his hands on a towel. The policeman springs to his feet.

"Doctor, is she dead?"

"Not yet."

"Carbolic acid?"

"No."

"What was it then?"

"Plain whisky. The girl is merely drunk."

Odds and Ends

A professor at Bonn, in Germany, has prepared an albuminous powder which he calls tropon. He claims that a substitute for food one pound of tropon is equal to five pound of meat or one hundred eggs, and costs only seventy cents. Experiments were made in hospitals, with the result, so it is stated, that nearly all the patients prospered so well that they preferred the tropon to meat when allowed their choice. Tropon is now mixed with various foods. A roll made with flour containing five per cent of it equals in nutritive value five eggs one half a pound of meat.

Some parts of Great Britain are as primitive in their customs as ever. At High Wycombe, Bucks, an old fashioned hiring fair was held just as these fairs were held many years ago. Men, women, lads and lasses poured in from all parts of the country, and waited in the market place for the farmers and their wives to hire them. The shepherds and cowmen wore tufts of wool and hair in their hats to signify their calling, while the ploughman and team boys had adorned their headgear with knots of whipcord. As soon as the candidates were hired they donned bright colored ribbons as formerly did the recruits of Her Majesty's Army.

THE BICYCLE

SADDLED BY YOUNG AND OLD

21st National Meet L. A. W.

The prospects for a successful meet of the League of American Wheelmen which will be held at Milwaukee, July 10 to 15, is assured by its members of the various committees. Numerous inquiries are received daily at the headquarters of the meet association regarding hotel accommodations, railroad rates, routes to Milwaukee, etc. Every part of the country is represented by the communications received demonstrating that Milwaukee is every cyclist's favorite as far as the location for the meet is concerned. The "Bright Spot" will very likely be thickly covered during the week of the meet.

The Executive Committee in charge of the Twenty-first National Meet consists of the following wheelmen: A. D. Meiselbach, H. P. Andrae, F. P. Van Valkenburgh, T. J. Sullivan, M. C. Rotier, H. L. Marshall and F. G. Cramer. A. D. Meiselbach is chairman, F. P. Van Valkenburgh, treasurer, and F. G. Cramer, secretary. The members of this committee have been leaders in cycling matters for a number of years and they have associated with them many representative wheelmen of the Cream City making the committee exceptionally strong and plac-

ing the meet in good hands. The committee has already completed a large amount of preliminary work and things are now in nice shape. Sub committees are being appointed to take charge of the various branches of sport and entertainment which will be provided for the visitors.

Wheelmen visiting Milwaukee during the week will be royally entertained. The subscription committee which canvassed the principal business houses is meeting with gratifying success. The entire amount secured will be utilized to provide entertainment and the Milwaukeeans are noted for their lavish hospitality. They promise now that plenty of joy will be injected into every affair and that it will be more difficult to leave Milwaukee after the meet than it was to get there before.

In some parts of Delaware it is said that the farmers have agreed not to hire any laborers unless the latter own bicycles. This is directly opposite to the views of farmers in other parts of the country, who claim that a bicycle sometimes keeps a hired man so much on the go at night that he is not worth much in the daytime.



ORLANDO WEBER, THE WESTERN AMATEUR CHAMPION OF 1899, WHO WILL MEET THE BEST RIDERS OF THE COUNTRY AT THE NATIONAL MEET RACES TO BE HELD AT MILWAUKEE, JULY 10 TO 15.

New Styles for Men

The mild spring weather is bringing forth the many bright colors which usually alight the city and cozy country places. Tan shoes have taken the place of black calf boots for day wear, and the straw hat is taking the place of the derby.

Rough straws have, for the past few years, been most worn by smartly-dressed men, and in this respect it looks as if there would be no change. The fine, smooth straws are rather the lightest and most comfortable, but the coarse weaves, with thick, double brims, have the most style, and are the most popular, especially with the younger set, who also wear with them colored silk bands.

Many young men have several bands, in various striped designs, so that they may change them and make the hat appear entirely different. These bands may be bought extra at all the good hatters. Many of our colleagues can be seen with the class color as a band, which in my opinion is very appropriate and designates the enthusiasm the young college bred man has for his school. Should you desire a plain hat band, dark blue would be the most fashionable.

Tan shoes are made with rounded toes and rather heavy extension soles to lie flat on the ground throughout their entire length. The very yellow-looking leather should be avoided, or if bought, should be at once stained to a dark, reddish-brown color. The tan Oxford ties are, as a rule, made with tan-colored eyelets, but the high boots have brass eyelets and lace hooks. The latter are comparatively little worn in town by the best-dressed men, and even in the country, except for tramping and the woods, they are less

popular than in former years. Low shoes will be the fashion of the summer. Patent leather and calf boots are made on the same general lines—that is, with rounded toes and rather heavy, flat extension soles.

A very clever idea for every young man, if he desires to be called a well-dressed man, should have trees for every pair of his shoes, which may be laced when not in use. Trees are very expensive usually, but there is a jointed variety made expressly for this purpose, at a very low price, that will last a life-time.

For wheeling or knocking about the country it is better to wear a dark Norfolk jacket or sack coat than one of the same material and pattern as the knickerbockers. So many entire bicycle suits are sold by the cheap tailors and ready-made clothing shops that they have become common by much use and are little worn by the best dressed men. A Norfolk jacket of dark tweed goes very well with short trousers, and this style of coat seems to be again coming into fashion. All summer trousers, whether of flannel or other materials, should be made with loops at the waist for a belt. During the warm weather waistcoats are very generally discarded, and it looks exceedingly bad if the trouser band or suspender buttons show above or below the belt.

From general principles of style it seems that the belt about one and one-half inches in width of plain tan leather, with simple nickel or leather covered buckle, would be the most correct. Personally, I prefer a belt with side rings as it has more give and is less stiff than the unbroken strips.

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THE CRAMER-KRASSELT CO.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

OUR FAMILY DOCTOR

Cod liver oil is a good remedy for coughs and colds providing the stomach is strong enough to bear it.

Many cases of indigestion have been cured by a glass of hot water taken every morning by the dyspeptic.

A variety of good fruit will promote health and retain it better than all the medicines in the world. The table of no farm home should ever be without it.

Prunes are good nerve and drain food; apples are a nerve and muscle food; and oranges are feeding and refreshing. However, none of these fruits, nor any stone fruits, should be eaten by those with a disordered liver.

You can prevent a bruise from becoming discolored by immediately applying a cloth wrung out in water as hot as can be borne, changing the cloth as soon as it loses its heat. Another method is to moisten some dry starch with cold water and cover the bruised part with the paste thus made.

Treat a burn from steam in precisely the same way as you do those caused by dry heat. For a slight burn that simply reddens the surface apply a thick layer of cooking soda wet to a paste. Bandage with old linen and keep wet with cold water. After the pain subsides remove soda and bandage with a clean linen on which vaseline has been spread.

As a remedy for cuts and bruises as well as for chapped hands and cracked lips clarified mutton suet has a few equals. Make a camphor ice by putting a walnut-sized piece of camphor gum with a half cup of mutton tallow and melting them together. Pour the mixture, when thoroughly liquefied, into a cup or mold to become cool, and afterwards keep in a cool place until needed.

Dr. Frank H. Hamilton summed up the art of getting health and keeping it as follows: "The best thing for the insides of a man is the outside of a horse. Blessed is he who invented sleep, but thrice blessed the man who will invent a cure for thinking. Light gives a tanned or bronzed color to the skin; but where it uproots the lily, it plants the rose. The lives of most men are in their own hands, and, as a rule, the just verdict after death would be suicide. Health must be earned; it can seldom be bought. A change of air is less valuable than a change of scene. The air is changed every time the wind is changed. Mold and decaying vegetables in a cellar weave shrouds for the upper chambers. Dirt, debauchery, disease and death are successive links in the same chain. Calisthenics may be very genteel, and romping very ungenteel, but one is a shadow, the other the substance of healthful exercise. Girls need health as much, nay, more than boys. They can obtain it as boys do, by running, tumbling, by all sorts of innocent vagrancy. At least once a day girls should have their kilters taken off the bare lat down, and be turned loose like young colts."

The Value of Olive Oil

As an article of diet for delicate people few things are better than olive oil. Semi-invalids who find cod-liver oil distasteful should freely use mayonnaise dressing for which a taste is easily acquired. Mothers will find the free use of olive oil very beneficial to fragile children. It is also helpful in cases of weakness of lungs, if frequently applied to the chest, as it contains both healing and strengthening properties.

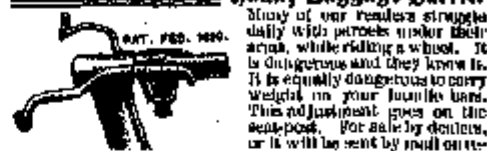
Children's Health

Every growing child should receive nine to ten hours sleep. Keep the room well ventilated and dark.

Do not try to stuff a child's brain full of studies before the brain is in a condition to receive them. After the seventh birthday has been celebrated is the time to start.

It is important that the children's beds should be opened and, if in a cold room, warmed sometime before bed-time. To mistress a child overheated from an evening's romping, and put it directly into a cold bed is very dangerous to the health of the child.

YOU SHOULD HAVE A Handy Euggage Carrier



Many of our readers struggle daily with packs under their arms, while riding a wheel. It is dangerous and they know it. It is equally dangerous to carry weight on your trunk line. This adjustment gives on the seat-post. For sale by denture, or it will be sent by mail on request of the price, 25 cents. Address: CHAS. H. RUTHERFORD, No. 12 Gold St., New York.

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double bank of keys, good condition, at your own price. F. D. HOLMS, 588 Jefferson St., Milwaukee, Wis.

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This department, in charge of F. P. Van Valkenburgh, Esq., late Assistant United States Attorney, for the Eastern District of Wisconsin, will be conducted in the interest of subscribers. It will be the aim of its editor to have a short, readable article every month upon some question of law that is of general interest to our readers in their daily business. In connection with it there will be space devoted to questions that may be asked by subscribers and that will be answered by the editor. By reason of the limited space at the disposal of this department only a certain number of questions can be answered each month. The editor will select such questions as seem to be of general interest and will answer them and as many of them as space will permit. Questions involving local law, and those to which a personal answer is desired will be answered for a fee of one dollar remitted with inquiry, unless in the opinion of the editor they involve special investigation. In that case a postal will be sent to the party stating what the fee will be for an opinion or answer thereto before any answer shall be given. If the fee is satisfactory, then, upon receiving it an answer will be forwarded as soon as possible.

Consent and Consideration of a Contract

To make any contract binding there must be always present the consent of the parties. By the consent of the parties we mean that they must agree to the same thing understanding fully what is intended thereby. Yet it would be impossible for those called upon to tell what a contract means, to always know exactly what was in the minds of all the parties. So it is that the law must judge the intention from what it can learn of the facts as they appeared when the contract was made, and if those facts are not adopted by the parties the law will compel them to stand the consequences of such misapprehension. But should this mistake be caused by the other party to the contract, as by a wilful misstatement or a silence when questioned on some important point, or by any fraud; this will often make the contract void, and particularly when the act is one concerning some important point in the transaction.

Usually a mistake of law will not avoid a contract, for all persons are presumed to know the law.

Fraud is the most ordinary element that enters into consent that will make a contract bad. It is equally fraud to make a false statement relating to something or to willfully suppress what is the truth. For instance, if a man sells another a horse and says to the purchaser "this horse has one fault I will admit, but I have forgotten it" and it turns out that this fault was so serious as to greatly affect the value of the horse, this suppression of the truth would make the contract bad.

But this misrepresentation must be of a fact—and not merely the statement of an opinion. For a man to say "this horse is worth one hundred dollars" is a statement of opinion—but to say the horse was foaled from a certain mare, when it was not, is a misstatement of fact. But further, this misrepresentation must be material, as it would be in the case above were the mare one of particular value and like to have foal that might inherit some of those qualities. So, too, the misrepresentation must be relied upon. That is, it must be one of the moving causes of the contract and it must have been such a misrepresentation as

would render it likely that, had it not been made, the contract would never have been entered into.

There must always be a consideration to support all contracts not under seal. And the rule is fast becoming universal that all contracts, whether under seal or not must have consideration.

By consideration is meant something that the law will consider of value given in exchange for the promise that constitutes one part of the contract.

Thus a gift not actually given though promised, is a mere promise to give, and is not a contract and cannot be enforced at law. But a gift, when the property is passed, has the value of an absolute change of title, and will, under most circumstances, be held to be binding upon the person making it.

At law there are two kinds of considerations, good and valuable. Good consideration is such as love and affection existing between parties on account of their relationship. It is a consideration often used in the conveyance of land between relatives.

A valuable consideration, as the word imports, is a consideration that confers upon one party some right that is lost to the person giving it, and in return for which a change in the relationship of the parties is sustained.

Money is a valuable consideration. Goods, one's time, the product of one's brain, a release of a substantial right at law, and things of that nature are all valuable considerations.

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PLANTS AND FLOWERS

Fresh lime is a good remedy for sow bugs.

Don't forget the shifting when the roots begin to crowd.

Use a good syringe and pure water freely. They will assist you greatly in keeping the plants clean without the use of insecticides.

If ants are beginning to settle where you do not want them fresh slacked lime dusted about the hills will cause them to seek other quarters.

You can rid your garden or greenhouse from sow bugs, and other plant pests with the assistance of toads. Toads and bugs can't live in the same garden.

Plants may be given morning and evening sun after growth begins but avoid direct sunlight against the sides of the pots. When the roots begin to crowd shift into larger pots.

Don't forget that all plants must have a growing and a resting period. Plants used for winter blooming are rested during summer, and vice-versa. Almost all plants should be dried off when resting.

Manettia bicolor is a rather succulent vine. When the roots are crowded in a small pot without sufficient drainage the leaves become subject to a blight. This vine needs strong soil, plenty of root room, good drainage and plenty water.

Cinerarias are more subject to the attacks of green lice than almost any other plant. When the plants become infested with these insects it is best to dust the leaves upon both sides with tobacco dust and place some tobacco over the surface soil in the pot.

Climbing roses are becoming more popular every year. The following is a list of the best varieties. Baltimore Belle, white; Crimson Rambler, rich crimson; Dawson, deep pink; Yellow Rambler, clear yellow; Queen of the prairies, rosy-red; Captain Christy, flesh color; Seven Sisters, red and white.

Turn the *Pelargoniums* out of the pots into a bed where the summer rains seldom reach them. Keep off every blossom-bud; and give just enough water to keep them alive. In August repeat, trim them back about one-half and tie the branches downward to the rim of the pot. This is how Mrs. L. E. Wardell, of Ulster Co., N. Y., makes *Pelargoniums* bloom.

Roses received by mail should be soaked for half an hour in tepid water before potting. When potting use soil composed of two parts rotted soil, one part woods earth, and one part sand, well mixed. The plant should be set as deep as it was before, and the soil should be sifted around so that the roots will not be crowded together. After the pot is filled press the soil half an inch below the rim to leave space for water when watering. If the plants are small and delicate cover them for a few days with an inverted tumbler leaving sufficient room at the bottom for ventilation.

How many of you grow lemon and orange trees? Those of you who do should be careful to shift them when the roots crowd so as to start the growth.

When the tops become old and weak in vitality it is well to remove portions and encourage development of new, vigorous branches. In shifting the roots may be pruned in like manner. This will renew the tree, root and branch. When the scale or mealy bug pest attacks the tree brush the stems with a stiff brush and sponge both stems and leaves with strong soap

suds to which has been added some kerosene, or wash with a soda or fir-tree-oil soap.

Arranging A Front Yard

A great deal of intelligence is necessary to lay out a front yard just right. If the plot is small and narrow it is best to have the walk at the side, or in the middle, and have the flowers and shrubs along the border next to the fencing. This will prevent cutting up the grounds and will allow for a green space which always beautifies a place by contrast.

Some groups of tall plants, as Castor Beans, Cannas, etc., may be used where their presence will not seriously obstruct the view. If you wish to make a curve in the walk place some shrubbery or a flower bed with rather large plants at each side, to give the turn a natural appearance. When the yard is large it is well to curve the walk, but not enough to make them burdensome to follow. Groups of large foliage plants, as Bamboo, Japanese Maple, and other grasses, with such plants as *Amaranthus caudatus*, *Riojans*, *Caladiums*, etc., can be used to advantage, and beds of shrubbery which include rows of shrubs of one kind, as double Flowering Almond, *Spiraea Van Houttei*, *Weigela Harbiana*, etc. can also be used. Along with the shrubs to supply flowers during summer and autumn, may be set Cosmos, Ranunculus, Peonies and other tall flowering plants. Don't set your yard full of trees promiscuously. Lay your grounds out intelligently and group shrubs together, perennials together, or interspersed with the shrubs, annuals and bedding plants together, and leave as much ground unbroken for a green lawn as you can.

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Description of Patterns.

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212.—Evening Dress of black striped blue gauze over tulle or netting. Twelve yards will be required. Can be made high or low neck and with long or short sleeves. Price of patterns: Waist, 10 cents; Skirt, 10 cents.

213.—Dressy Waist of silk with tucked satin front and pleated skirt. Five yards of silk and two of satin will be required.

214.—Plain summer Skirt Waist of pink and white striped flannel. The pattern has a plain back yoke and is made without lining.

215.—Child's Frock of blue serge or flannel, trimmed with white braid. The blouse is mounted in box-pleats on a plain yoke. For a child of six years four yards of goods will be required.

216.—Summer Costume for young girl. The design is appropriate for silk, gingham, muslin, or lawn or organdy. For a girl of fourteen, eight yards of wash goods or ten of silk will be required. Price of patterns: Waist, 10 cents; Skirt, 10 cents.

217.—Four-piece Skirt suitable for wash goods, having the favorite neck with two box-pleats. Seven yards of goods

will be required.

218.—Tie-dye Skirt of blue dach with the fashionable box-pleat in the back set in a separate gore. Seven yards of goods will be required.

Patterns of all of the above designs are offered at the uniform price of 10 cents each. The patterns are well made and complete.

These patterns must not be classed with those of a low grade and cheap price usually found on sale in general stores; they excel in every particular, being more accurate and superior in every way. Complete directions for putting together and cutting accompany each pattern.

We supply them all in standard size waist and bust. When ordering, please mention the number given under the figure of which you desire a pattern. Full descriptions of all these designs are given above.

All orders are promptly filled; there is no delay whatever. Cash must accompany all orders. Address all communications to:

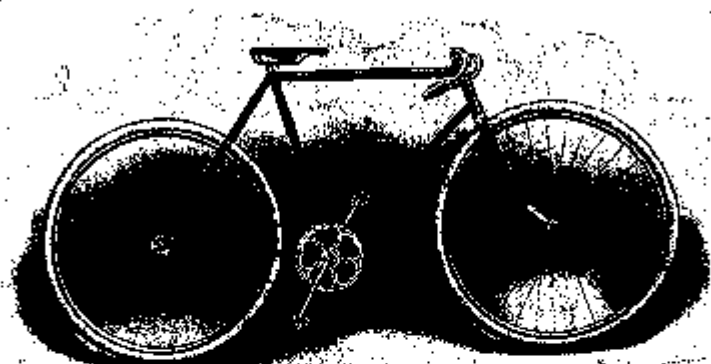
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SPECIAL NOTICE.—It is not necessary to deliver this copy of the magazine by cutting out the illustration of the figure when ordering a pattern. All we desire is that you mention the number of the costume, which is given underneath.

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And we will send the wheel to you subject to examination. If you are not satisfied that it is the highest grade bicycle made you need not accept it.

ADDITIONAL DEPT.

The Cramer-Krasselt Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

I have used Ripans Tablets with greatest satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. Have been troubled for about three years with what I called bilious attacks coming on regularly once a week. Was told by different physicians that it was caused by bad teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tablets in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but two of the small least boxes of the Tablets and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tablets induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now.

A. T. DEWITT.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tablets. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tablets does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bowser, P. O. 588 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tablets with grand results.

Miss BESSIE WINDHAM.

Mother was troubled with heartburn and sleeplessness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she saw a testimonial in the paper endorsing Ripans Tablets. She determined to give them a trial, was greatly relieved by their use and now takes the Tablets regularly. She complains of no more heartburn. The heartburn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indigestion which was formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole family take the Tablets regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; also eats hearty meals, an impossibility before she took Ripans Tablets.

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ONE GIVES RELIEF.



ALFRED H. BURTON.

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tablets advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tablets. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tablets for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you like.

MRS. MARY GORMAN CLARKE.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tablets from an aunt of mine who was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from their use she advised me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headaches. I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial.

Mrs. J. BACCHETTA.

My seven-year-old boy suffered with pain in his head, constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a sallow color. Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tablets, I tried them. Ripans Tablets not only relieved but actually cured my youngster. His headaches have disappeared, bowels are in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a real healthy, rosy boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tablets. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one from the cradle to old age if taken according to directions.

R. W. FRIED.

A NEW style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABLETS packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—for five cents. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One each of the first-class cartons (50 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RUPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABLETS) will be sent for five cents. RIPANS TABLETS may also be had of some grocers, general stores, etc., news agents and at some liquor stores and barber shops. They launch pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.

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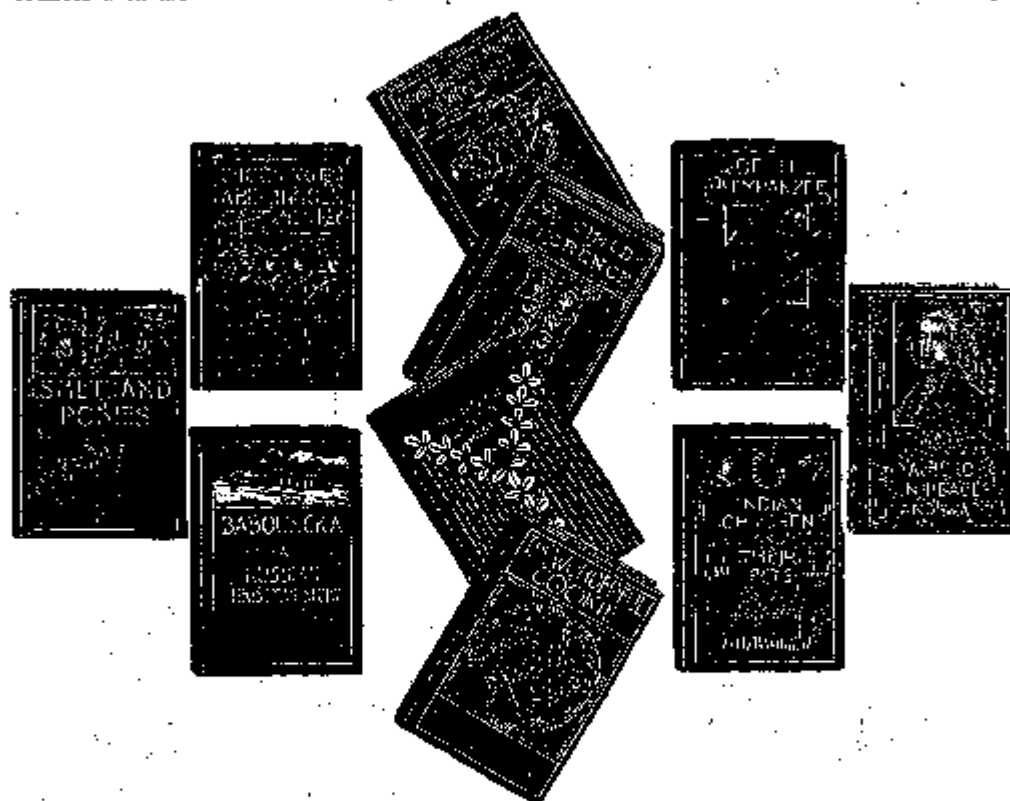
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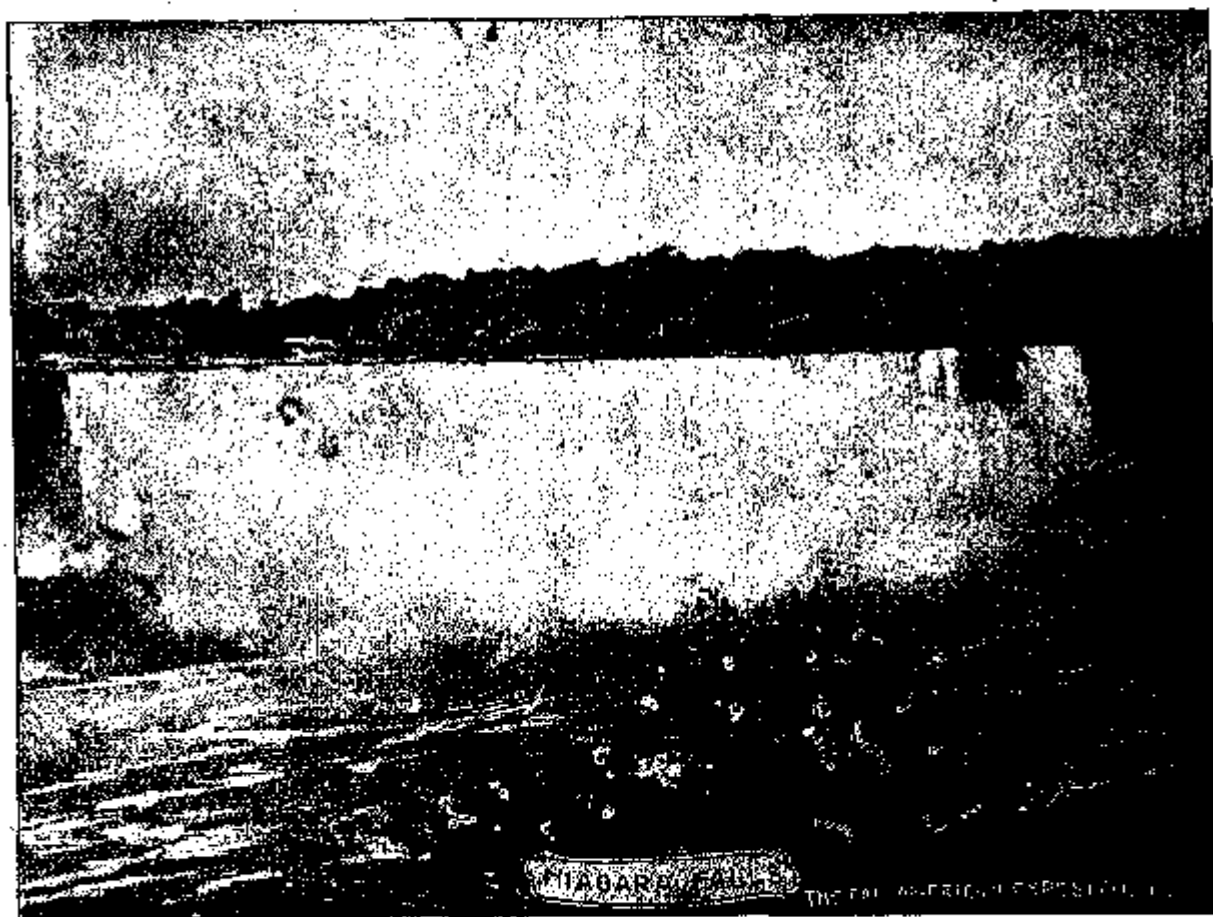
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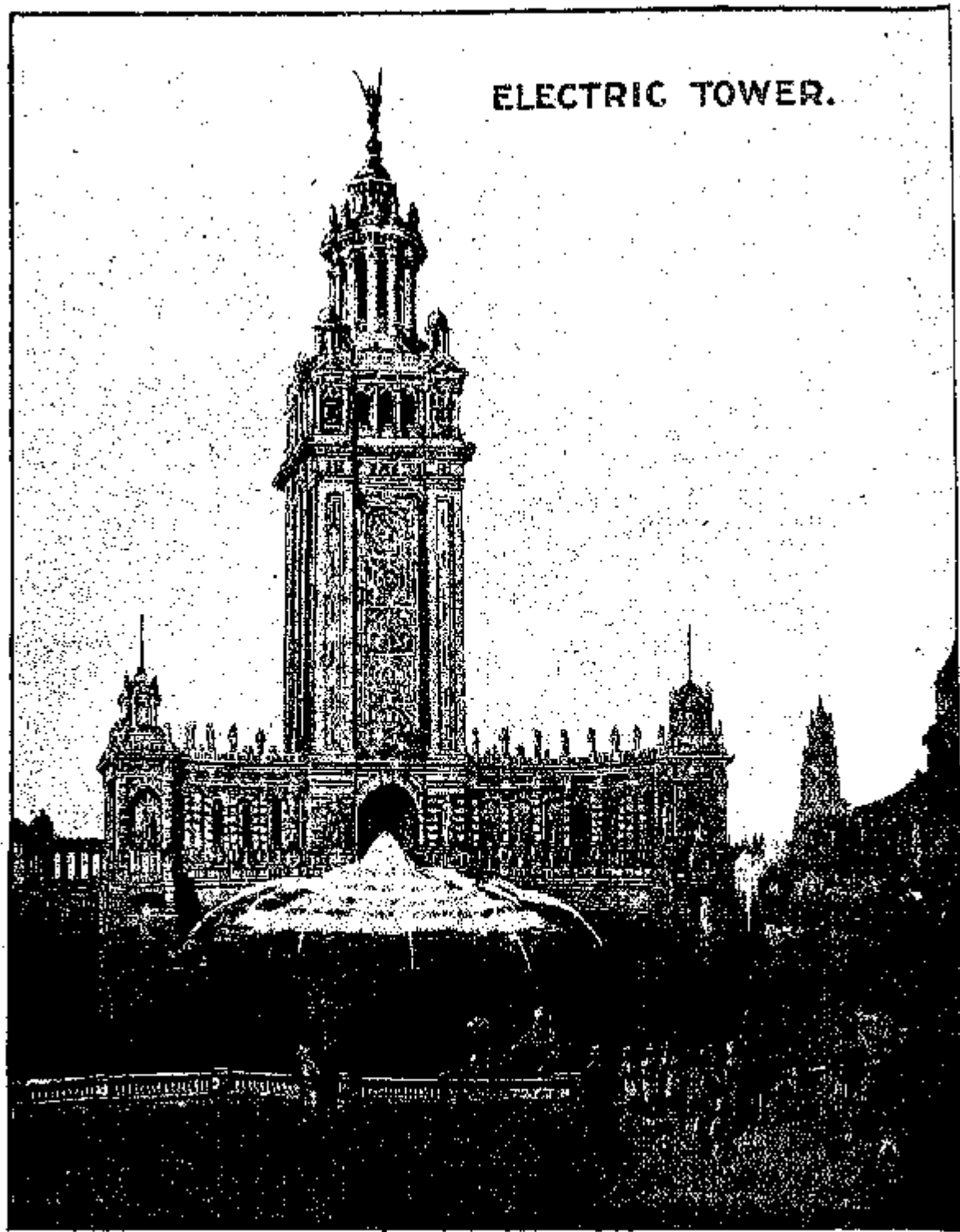
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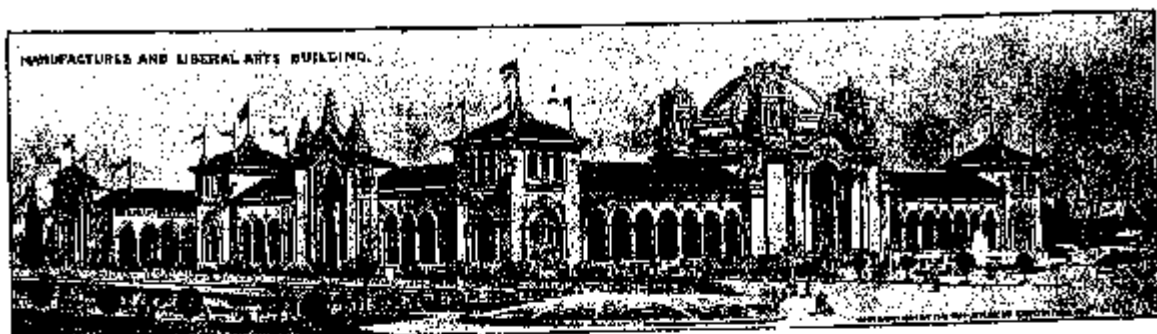
In its immense flow of waters, its grand scenery and its historic lore the Niagara is one of the most renowned rivers of the world. Its great cataract has defied the descriptive powers of poets and philosophers and baffled the delineative skill of painters and photographers. The Falls are nature's contribution to the Pan American Exposition to be held at Buffalo in 1901, and nothing that the hand of man may construct will be their equal.

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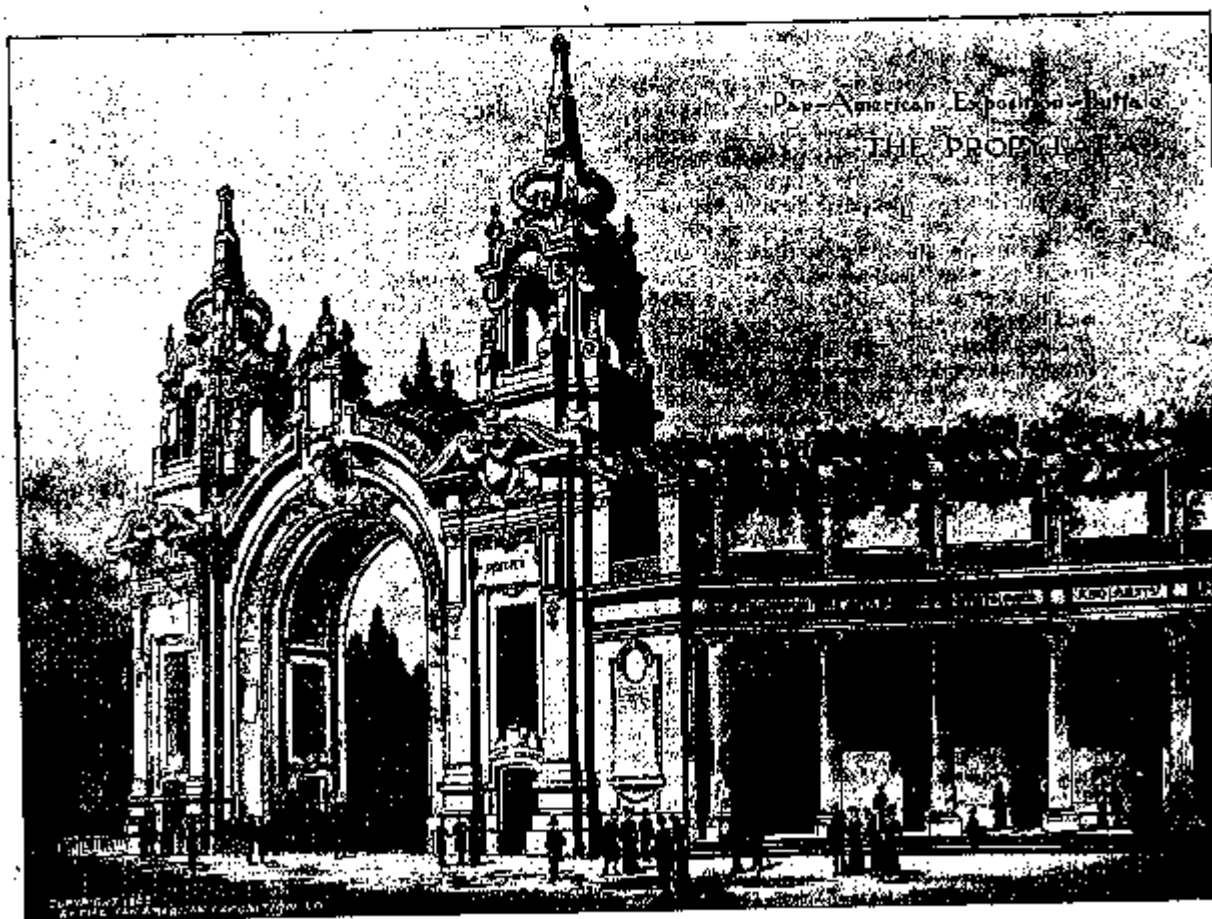


Elaborate designs have recently been completed for the Electricity Building for the Pan-American Exposition, to be held here, N. Y., May 1 to November 1, 1901. Displays of all kinds in the practical and artistic uses of electricity, together with complete exhibits of electrical machinery and appliances, are to be conspicuous features of the great exposition.

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Kidnapped

BEING MEMOIRS OF THE ADVENTURES OF DAVID BALFOUR
IN THE YEAR 1751

By Robert Louis Stevenson

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

In the year 1751 David Balfour, a young lad, is sent to the House of Shaws in which lives his rich uncle. He is given a letter written by his father shortly before the latter's death, and starts for the summer residence there at night. On the way he meets a great deal about the business of his uncle. David finds his uncle a narrow minded miser who tries to send him on an errand which nearly causes the boy's death. The uncle finally succeeds in having the boy kidnapped and placed on board a brig sailing for the Caribbean. The object was to sell David into slavery. While on board the brig David becomes a cabin-boy. After sailing for some time the brig runs down a small boat with the occupants of which, excepting Alan Breck, are unknown. Alan wears a belt of gold and the captain of the large ship to murder Alan and secure the money. David over-comes the plot and informs Alan. The two become friends and decide to fight the captain and his crew when they attempt to secure the belt of gold.

CHAPTER X

THE SIEGE OF THE ROUND-HOUSE

+++++
BUT now our time of truce was come to an end. Those on deck had waited for my coming till they grew impatient; and scarce had Alan spoken, when the captain showed face in the open door.

«Stand!» cried Alan, and pointed his sword at him.

The captain stood, indeed; but he neither wincd nor drew back a foot.

«A naked sword?» says he. «This is a strange return for hospitality.»

«Do you see me?» said Alan. «I am come of kings; I bear a king's name. My badge is the oak. Do ye see my sword? It has slashed the heads off mair Whigmores than you have toes upon your feet. Call up your vermin to your back, sir, and fall on! The sooner the clash begins, the sooner ye'll taste this steel throughout your vitals.»

The captain said nothing to Alan, but he looked over at me with an ugly look. «David,» said he, «I'll mind this;» and the sound of his voice went through me with a jar.

Next moment he was gone.

«And now,» said Alan, «let your hand keep your head, for the grip is coming.»

Alan drew a dirk, which he held in his left hand in case they should run in under his sword. I, on my part, clambered up into the berth with an armful of pistols and something of a heavy heart, and set open the window where I was to watch. It was a small part of the deck that I could overlook, but enough for our purpose. The sea had gone down, and the wind was steady and kept the sails quiet; so that there was a great stillness in the ship, in which I made sure I heard the sound of muttering voices. A little after, and there came a clash of steel upon the deck, by which I knew they were dealing out the cutlasses and one had been let fall; and after that silence again.

I do not know if I was what you call afraid; but my heart beat like a bird's, both quick and little; and there was a dimness came before my eyes which I continually rubbed away, and which continually returned. As for hope, I had none; but only a darkness of despair and a sort of anger against all the world that made me long to sell my life as dear as I was able. I tried to pray, I remember, but that same hurry of my mind, like a man running, would not suffer me to think upon the words; and my chief wish was to have the thing begin and be done with it.

It came all of a sudden when it did, with a rush of feet and a roar, and then a shout from Alan, and a sound of blows and some one crying out as if hurt. I looked back over my shoulder, and saw Mr. Shuan in the doorway, crossing blades with Alan.

«That's him that killed the boy!» I cried.

«Look to your window!» said Alan; and as I turned back to my place, I saw him pass his sword through the mate's body.

It was none too soon for me to look to my own part; for my head was scarce back at the window before five men, carrying a spare yard for a battering-ram, ran past me and took post to drive the door in. I had never fired with a pistol in my life, and not often with a gun; far less against a fellow-creature. But it was now or never; and just as they swung the yard, I cried out, «Take that!» and shot into their midst.

I must have hit one of them, for he sang out and gave back a step, and the rest stopped as if a little disconcerted. Before they had time to recover, I sent another ball over their heads; and at my third shot (which went as wide as the second) the whole party threw down the yard and ran for it.

Then I looked round again into the deck-house. The whole place was full of the smoke of my own firing, just as my ears seemed to burst with the noise of the shots. But there was Alan, standing as before; only now his sword was running blood to the hilt, and himself so swelled with triumph and fallen into so fine an attitude, that he looked to be invincible. Right

before him on the floor was Mr. Shuan, on his hands and knees; the blood was pouring from his mouth, and he was sinking slowly lower, with a terrible, white face; and just as I looked, some of those from behind caught hold of him by the heels and dragged him bodily out of the round-house. I believe he died as they were doing it.

"There's one of your wigs for ye!" cried Alan; and then turning to me, he asked if I had done much execution.

I told him I had winged one, and thought it was the captain.

"And I've settled two," says he. "No, there's not enough blood let; they'll be back again. To your watch, David. This was but a dram before meat."

I settled back to my place, recharging the three pistols I had fired, and keeping watch with both eye and ear.

Our enemies were disputing not far off upon the deck, and that so loudly that I could hear a word or two above the washing of the seas.

"It was Shuan hauchled* it," I heard one say. And another answered him with a "Wheesht, man! He's paid the piper."

After that the voices fell again into the same muttering as before. Only now, one person spoke most of the time, as though laying down a plan, and first one and then another answered him briefly, like men taking orders. By this, I made sure they were coming on again, and told Alan.

"It's what we have to pray for," said he. "Unless we can give them a good distaste of us, and done with it, there'll be nae sleep for either you or me. But this time, mind, they'll be in earnest."

By this my pistols were ready, and there was nothing to do but listen and wait. While the brush lasted, I had not the time to think if I was frightened; but now, when all was still again, my mind ran upon nothing else. The thought of the sharp swords and the cold steel was strong in me; and presently, when I began to hear stealthy steps and a brushing of men's clothes against the round-house wall, and knew they were taking their places in the dark, I could have found it in my mind to cry out aloud.

All this was upon Alan's side; and I had begun to think my share of the fight was at an end, when I heard some one drop softly on the roof above me.

Then there came a single call on the sea-pipe, and that was the signal. A knot of them made one rush of it, cutlass in hand, against the door; and at the same moment, the glass of the skylight was dashed in a thousand pieces, and a man leaped through and landed on the floor. Before he got to his feet, I had clapped a pistol to his back, and might have shot him, too; only at the touch of him (and him alive) my whole flesh misgave me, and I could no more pull the trigger than I could have flown.

*Dungled.

He had dropped his cutlass as he jumped, and when he felt the pistol whipped straight round and laid hold of me, roaring out an oath; and at that my courage came back again, or I grew so much afraid as came to the same thing; for I gave a shriek and shot him in the midst of the body. He gave the most horrible, ugly groan and fell to the floor. The foot of a second fellow, whose legs were dangling through the skylight, struck me at the same time upon the head; and at that I snatched another pistol and shot this one through the thigh, so that he slipped through and tumbled in a lump on his companion's body. There was no talk of missing, any more than there was time to aim; I clapped the muzzle to the very place and fired.

I might have stood and stared at them for long, but I heard Alan shout as if for help and that brought me to my senses.

He had kept the door so long; but one of the seamen, while he was engaged with others, had run in under his guard and caught him about the body. Alan was dirking him with his left hand, but the fellow clung like a leech. Another had broken in and had his cutlass raised. The door was thronged with their faces. I thought we were lost, and catching up my cutlass, fell on them in flank.

But I had not time to be of help. The wrestler dropped at last; and Alan, leaping back to get his distance, ran upon the others like a bull, roaring as he went. They broke before him like water, turning, and running, and falling one against the other in their haste. The sword in his hands flashed like quicksilver into the huddle of our fleeing enemies; and at every flash there came a scream of a man hurt. I was still thinking we were lost, when lo! they were all gone, and Alan was driving them along the deck as a sheepdog chases sheep.

Yet he was no sooner out than he was back again, being as cautious as he was brave; and meanwhile the seamen continued running and crying out as if he was still behind them; and we heard them tumble one upon another into the fore-castle, and clasp to the hatch upon the top.

The round-house was like a shambles; three were dead inside, another lay in his death agony across the threshold; and there were Alan and I victorious and unhurt.

He came up to me with open arms. "Come to my arms!" he cried, and embraced and kissed me hard upon both cheeks. "David," said he, "I love you like a brother. And O, man," he cried in a kind of ecstasy, "am I no a bonny fighter?"

Thereupon he turned to the four enemies, passed his sword clean through each of them, and tumbled them out of doors. As he did so, he kept humming and singing and whistling to himself, like a man trying to recall an air; only what he was trying, was to make one. All the while, the flush was in his face, and his eyes

were as bright as a five-year-old child's with a new toy. And presently he sat down upon the table, sword in hand; the air that he was making all the time began to run a little clearer, and then clearer still; and then out he burst with a great voice into a Gaelic song.

I have translated it here, not in verse (of which I have no skill) but a least in the king's English. He sang it often afterward, and the thing became popular; so that I have heard it, and had it explained to me, many's the time:

This is the song of the sword of Alan:
The smith made it,
The fire set it;
Now it shines in the hand of Alan Breck.

Their eyes were many and bright,
Swift were they to behold,
Many the hands they guided:
The sword was alone.

The dun deer troop over the hill,
They are many, the hill is one;
The dun deer vanish,
The hill remains.

Come to me from the hills of heather,
Come from the isles of the sea.
O far-beholding eagles,
Here is your meat.

Now this song which he made (both words and music) in the hour of our victory, is something less than just to me, who stood beside him in the tussle. Mr. Shuan and five more were either killed outright or thoroughly disabled; but of these, two fell by my hand, the two that came by the skylight. Four more were hurt, and of that number, one (and he not the least important) got his hurt from me. So that, altogether, I did my fair share both of the killing and the wounding, and might have claimed a place in Alan's verses. But poets (as a very wise man once told me) have to think upon their rhymes; and in good prose talk, Alan always did me more than justice.

In the meanwhile, I was innocent of any wrong being done me. For not only I knew no word of Gaelic; but what with the long suspense of the waiting, and the scurry and strain of our two spirits of fighting, and more than all, the horror I had of some of my own share in it, the thing was no sooner over than I was glad to stagger to a seat. There was that tightness on my chest that I could hardly breathe; the thought of the two men I had shot sat upon me like a nightmare; and all upon a sudden, and before I had a guess of what was coming, I began to sob and cry like any child.

Alan clapped my shoulder, and said I was a brave lad and wanted nothing but a sleep.

"I'll take the first watch," said he. "Ye've done well by me, David, first and last; and I wouldn't lose you for all Appin—no, nor for Breadalbane."

So he made up my bed on the floor, and took

the first spell, pistol in hand and sword on knee; three hours by the captain's watch upon the wall. Then he roused me up, and I took my turn of three hours; before the end of which it was broad day, and a very quiet morning, with a smooth, rolling sea that tossed the ship and made the blood run to and fro on the round-house floor, and a heavy rain that drummed upon the roof. All my watch there was nothing stirring; and by the banging of the helm, I knew they had even no one at the tiller. Indeed (as I learned afterward) they were so many of them hurt or dead, and the rest in so ill a temper that Mr. Riach and the captain had to take turn and turn (like Alan and me), or the brig might have gone ashore and nobody the wiser. It was a mercy the night had fallen so still, for the wind had gone down as soon as the rain began. Even as it was, I judged by the wailing of a great number of gulls that went crying and fishing round the ship, that she must have drifted pretty near the coast or one of the islands of the Hebrides; and at last, looking out of the door of the round-house, I saw the great stone hills of Skye on the right hand, and, a little more eastern, the strange Isle of Rum.

CHAPTER XI

THE CAPTAIN KNUCKLES UNDER

Alan and I sat down to breakfast about six of the clock. The floor was covered with broken glass and in a horrid mess of blood, which took away my hunger. In all other ways we were in a situation not only agreeable but merry; having ousted the officers from their own cabin, and having at command all the drink in the ship—both wine and spirits—and all the dainty part of what was eatable, such as the pickles and the fine sort of biscuit. This, of itself, was enough to set us in good humor; but the richest part of it was this, that the two thirstiest men that ever came out of Scotland (Mr. Shuan being dead) were now shut in the fore part of the ship and condemned to what they hated most—cold water.

"And depend upon it," Alan said, "we shall hear more of them ere long. Ye may keep a man from the fighting, but never from his bottle."

We made good company for each other. Alan, indeed, expressed himself most lovingly; and taking a knife from the table, cut me off one of the silver buttons from his coat.

"I had them," says he, "from my father, Duncan Stewart; and now give ye one of them to be a keepsake for last night's work. And wherever ye go and show that button, the friends of Alan Breck will come round you."

He said this as if he had been Charlemagne and commanded armies; and indeed, much as I admired his courage, I was always in danger of smiling at his vanity; in danger, I say, for had I not kept my countenance, I would be afraid to think what a quarrel might have followed.

As soon as we were through with our meal,

he rummaged in the captain's locker till he found a clothes brush; and then taking off his coat, began to visit his suit and brush away the stains, with such care and labor as I supposed to have been only usual with women. To be sure, he had no other; and besides (as he said) it belonged to a king and so behooved to be royally looked after.

For all that, when I saw what care he took to pluck out the threads where the button had been cut away, I put a higher value on his gift.

He was still so engaged, when we were hailed by Mr. Riach from the deck, asking for a parley; and I, climbing through the skylight and sitting on the edge of it, pistol in hand and with a bold front, though inwardly in fear of broken glass, hailed him back again and bade him speak out. He came to the edge of the round-house, and stood on a coil of rope, so that his chin was on a level with the roof; and we looked at each other awhile in silence. Mr. Riach, as I do not think he had been very forward in the battle; so he had got off with nothing worse than a blow upon the cheek; but he looked out of heart and very weary, having been all night afoot, either standing watch or doctoring the wounded.

"This is a bad job," said he at last, shaking his head.

"It was none of our choosing," said I.

"The captain," says he, "would like to speak with your friend. They might speak at the window."

"And how do we know what treachery he means?" cried I.

"He means none, David," returned Mr. Riach; "and if he did, I'll tell ye the honest truth, we couldnae get the men to follow."

"Is that so?" said I.

"I'll tell ye more than that," said he. "It's not only the men; it's me. I'm frich'ened, Davie." And he smiled across at me. "Nae," he continued, "what we want is to be shot of him."

Thereupon I consulted with Alan, and the parley was agreed to and parole given upon either side; but this was not the whole of Mr. Riach's business, and he now begged me for a dram with such instancy and such reminders of his former kindness, that at last I handed him a pannikin with about a gill of brandy. He drank a part, and then carried the rest down upon the deck, to share it (I suppose) with his superior.

A little after, the captain came (as was agreed) to one of the windows, and stood there in the rain, with his arm in a sling, and looking stern and pale, and so old that my heart smote me for having fired upon him.

Alan at once held a pistol in his face.

"Put that thing up!" said the captain. "Have I not passed my word, sir? or do you seek to affront me?"

"Captain," said Alan, "I doubt your work is a breakable. Last night ye haggled and argle-

baggled like an apple-wife; and then passed me your word, and gave me your hand to back it; and ye ken very well what was the upshot. Be damned to your word!" says he.

"Well, well, sir," said the captain, "ye'll get little good by swearing." (And truly that was a fault of which the captain was quite free.) "But we have other things to speak," he continued, bitterly. "Ye've made a sore bash of my brig; I haven't hands enough left to work her; and my first officer (whom I could ill spare) has got your sword throughout his vitals, and passed without speech. There is nothing left me, sir, but to put back into the port of Glasgow after hands; and there (by your leave) ye will find them that are better able to talk to you."

"Ay?" said Alan; "and faith, I'll have a talk with them myself! Unless there's naeboddy speaks English in that town, I have a bonny tale for them. Fifteen tarry sailors upon the one side, and a man and a halfling boy upon the other! O, man, it's peetiful!"

Hoseason flushed red.

"Nae," continued Alan, "that'll no do. Ye'll just have to set me ashore as we agreed."

"Ay," said Hoseason, "but my first officer is dead—ye ken best how. There's none of the rest of us acquaint with this coast, sir; and it's one very dangerous to ships."

"I give ye your choice," says Alan. "Set me on dry ground in Appin, or Ardour, or in Morven, or Arisaig, or Morar; or, in brief, where ye please, within thirty miles of my own country; except in a country of the Campbells'. That's a broad target. If ye miss that, ye must be as feckless at the sailing as I have found ye at the fighting. Why, my poor country people in their lit cobles* pass from island to island in all weathers, ay, and by night too, for the matter of that."

"A coble's not a ship, sir," said the captain. "It has nae draught of water."

"Well, then, to Glasgow if ye list!" says Alan. "We'll have the laugh of ye at last."

"My mind runs little upon laughing," said the captain. "But all this will cost money, sir."

"Well, sir," says Alan, "I am nae weather-cock. Thirty guineas, if ye land me on the sea-side; and sixty, if ye put me in the Linne Loch."

"But see, sir, where we lie, we are but a few hours' sail from Ardnamurchan," said Hoseason. "Give me sixty, and I'll set ye there."

"And I'm to wear my brogues and run jeopardy of the read-coats to please you?" cried Alan. "Nae, sir, if ye want sixty guineas, earn them, and set me in my own country."

"It's to risk the brig, sir," said the captain, "and your own lives along with her."

"Take it or want it," says Alan.

"Could ye pilot us at all?" asked the captain, who was frowning to himself.

"Well, it's doubtful," said Alan. "I'm more

Coble: a small boat used in fishing.

of a fighting man (as ye have seen for yourself) than a sailorman. But I have been often enough picked up and set down upon this coast, and should ken something of the lie of it."

The captain shook his head, still frowning.

"If I had lost less money on this unchancy cruise," says he, "I would see you in a rope's-end before I'd risk my brig, sir. But be it as ye will. As soon as I get a slant of wind (and there's some coming, or I'm the more mistaken) I'll put it in hand. But there's one thing more. We may meet in with a king's ship and she may lay us aboard, sir, with no blame of mine; they keep the cruisers thick upon this coast, ye ken who for. Now, sir, if that was to befall, ye might leave the money."

"Captain," says Alan, "if ye see a pennant, it shall be your part to run away. And now, as I hear you're a little short of brandy in the fore part, I'll offer ye a change; a bottle of brandy against two buckets of water."

That was the last clause of the treaty, and was duly executed on both sides; so that Alan and I could at last wash out the round-house and be quit of the memorials of those whom we had slain, and the captain and Mr. Riach could be happy again in their own way, the name of which was drink.

CHAPTER XII

I HEAR OF THE RED FOX

BEFORE we had done cleaning out the round-house, a breeze sprang up from a little to the east of north. This blew off the rain and brought out the sun.

And here I must explain; and the reader would do well to look at a map. On the day when the fog fell and we ran down Alan's boat, we had been running through the Little Minch. At dawn after the battle, we lay becalmed to the east of the Isle of Canna or between that and Isle Eriksa in the chain of the Long Island. Now to get from there to the Linne Looch, the straight course was through the narrows of the Sound of Mull. But the captain had no chart; he was afraid to trust his brig so deep among the islands; and the wind serving well, he preferred to go by west of Tiree and come up under the southern coast of the great Isle of Mull.

All day the breeze held in the same point, and rather freshened than died down; and toward afternoon, a swell began to set in from round the outer Hebrides. Our course, to go round about the inner isles, was to the west of south, so that at first we had this swell upon our beam, and were much rolled about. But after night-fall, when we had turned the end of Tiree and began to head more to the east, the sea came right astern.

Meanwhile, the early part of the day, before the swell came up, was very pleasant, sailing, as we were, in a bright sunshine and with many mountainous islands upon different sides. Alan and I sat in the round-house with the doors open on each side (the wind being strait astern)

and smoked a pipe or two of the captain's fine tobacco. It was at this time we heard each other's stories, which were the more important to me, as I gained some knowledge of that wild Highland country, on which I was so soon to land. In those days, so close on the back of the great rebellion, it was needful a man should know what he was doing when he went upon the heather.

It was I that showed the example, telling him all my misfortune; which he heard with great good nature. Only, when I came to mention that good friend of mine, Mr. Campbell the minister, Alan fired up and cried out that he hated all that were of that name.

"Why," said I, "he is a man you should be proud to give your hand to."

"I know nothing I would help a Campbell to," says he, "unless it was a leaden bullet. I would hunt all of that name like blackcocks. If I lay dying, I would crawl upon my knees to my chamber window for a shot at one."

"Why, Alan," I cried, "what ails ye at the Campbells?"

"Well," says he, "ye ken very well that I am an Appin Stewart, and the Campbells have long harried and wasted those of my name; ay, and got lands of us by treachery—but never with the sword," he cried loudly, and with the word brought down his fist upon the table. But I paid the less attention to this, for I knew it was usually said by those who have the underhand. "There's more than that," he continued, "and all in the same story: lying words, lying papers, tricks fit for a peddler, and the show of what's legal over all, to make a man the more angry."

"You that are so wasteful of your buttons," said I, "I can hardly think you would be a good judge of business."

"Ah!" says he, falling again to smiling, "I got my wastefulness from the same man I got the buttons from; and that was my poor father, Duncan Stewart, grace be to him! He was the prettiest man of his kindred; and the best swordsman in the Highlands, David, and that is the same as to say, in all the world, I should ken, for it was him that taught me. He was in the Black Watch, when first it was mustered; and like other gentleman privates, had a gillie at his back to carry his firelock for him on the march. Well, the king, it appears, was wishful to see Highland swordsmanship; and my father and three more were chosen out and sent to London town, to let him see it at the best. So they were had into the palace and showed the whole art of the sword for two hours at a stretch, before King George and Queen Caroline, and the Butcher Cumberland, and many more of whom I havenae mind. And when they were through, the king (for all he was a rank usurper) spoke them fair and gave each man three guineas in his hand. Now, as they were going out of the palace, they had a porter's lodge to go by; and it came in on my father, as he was perhaps the

first private Highland gentleman that had ever gone by that door, it was right he should give the poor porter a proper notion of their quality. So he gives the king's three guineas into the man's hand, as if it was his common custom; the three others that came behind him did the same; and there they were on the street, never a penny the better for their pains. Some say it was one that was the first to see the king's porter, and some say it was another; but the truth of it is, that it was Duncan Stewart, as I am willing to prove with either sword or pistol. And that was the father that I had, God rest him."

"I think he was not the man to leave you rich," said I.

"And that's true," said Alan. "He left me my breeks to cover me, and little besides. And that was how I came to enlist, which was a black spot upon my character at the best of times, and would still be a sore job for me if I fell among the red-coats."

"What?" cried I, "were you in the English army?"

"That was I," said Alan. "But I deserted to the right side at Preston Pans—and that's some comfort."

I could scarcely share this view: holding desertion under arms for an unpardonable fault in honor. But for all I was so young, I was wiser than say my thoughts. "Dear, dear," says I, "the punishment is death."

"Ay," said he, "if they got hands on me, it would be a short shrift and a lang tow for Alan! But I have the king of France's commission in my pocket, which would aye be some protection."

"I misdoubt it much," said I.

"I have doubts myself," said Alan, dryly.

"And, good Heaven, man," cried I, "you that are a condemned rebel, and a deserter, and a man of the French king's—what tempts ye back into this country? It's a braving of Providence."

"Tut," said Alan, "I have been back every year since forty-six!"

"And what brings ye, man?" cried I.

"Well, ye see, I weary for my friends and country," said he. "France is a braw place, nae doubt; but I weary for the heather and the deer. And then I have a bit thing that I attend to. Whiles I pick up a few lads to serve the king of France; recruits, ye see; and that's aye a little money. But the heart of the matter is the business of my chief Ardschiel."

"I thought they called your chief Appin," said I.

"Ay, but Ardschiel is the captain of the clan," said he, which scarcely cleared my mind. "Ye see, David, he that was all his life so great a man, and come of the blood and bearing the name of kings, is now brought down to live in French town like a poor and private person. He that had four hundred swords at his whistle I have seen, with these eyes of mine, buying butter in the market-place, and taking it home

in a kale-leaf. This is not only a pain but a disgrace to his family and clan. There are the bairns forby, the children and the hope of Appin, that must be learned their letters and how to hold a sword, in that far country. Now, the tenants of Appin have to pay a rent to King George; but their hearts are stanch, they are true to their chief; and what with love and a bit of pressure, and maybe a threat or two, the poor folk scrape up a second rent for Ardschiel. Well, David, I'm the hand that carries it." And he struck the belt about his body, so that the guineas rang.

"Do they pay both?" cried I.

"Ay, David, both," says he.

"What? two rents?" I repeated.

"Ay, David," said he. "I told a different tale to yon captain man; but this is the truth of it. And it's wonderful to me how little pressure is needed. But that's the handiwork of my good kinsman and my father's friend, James of the Glens; James Stewart, that is! Ardschiel's half-brother. He it is that gets the money in, and does the management."

This was the first time I heard the name of that James Stewart, who was afterward so famous at the time of his hanging. But I took little heed at the moment, for all my mind was occupied with the generosity of these poor Highlanders.

"I call it nobla," I cried. "I'm a Whig, or little better; but I call it noble."

"Ay," said he, "ye're a Whig, but ye're a gentleman; and that's what does it. Now, if ye were one of the cursed race of Campbell, ye would gnash your teeth to hear tell of it. If ye were the Red Fox." . . . And at that name his teeth shut together, and he ceased speaking. I have seen many a grim face, but never a grimmer than Alan's when he had named the Red Fox.

"And who is the Red Fox?" I asked daunted, but still curious.

"Who is he?" cried Alan. "Well, and I'll tell you that. When the men of the clans were broken at Culloden, and the good cause went down, and the horses rode over the fetlocks in the best blood of the north, Ardschiel had to flee like a poor deer upon the mountains—he and his lady and bairns. A sair job we had of it before we got him shipped; and while he still lay in the heather, the English rogues that couldnae come at his life, were striking at his rights. They stripped him of his powers; they stripped him of his lands; they plucked the weapons from the hands of his clansmen, who had borne arms for thirty centuries; ay, and the very clothes from off their backs—so that it's now a sin to wear a tartan blaid, and a man may be cast into jail if he has but a kilt about his legs. One thing they couldnae kill. That was the love the clansmen bore their chief. These guineas are the proof of it. And now, in there steps a man, a Campbell, red headed Colin of Glanure——"

"Is that him you call the Red Fox?" said I.

"Will ye bring me his brush?" cries Alan, fiercely. "Ah, that's the man. In he steps, and gets papers from King George, to be so-called king's factor on the land of Appin. And at first he sings small, and is hail-fellow-well-met with Sheamus—that's James of the Glens, my chieftain's agent. But by and by, that came to his ears that I have just told you; how the poor commons of Appin, the farmers and the crofters and the hounen, were wringing their very plaids to get a second rent, and send it over-seas for Ardshiel and his poor bairns. What was it ye call it, when I told ye?"

"I called it noble, Alan," said I.

"And you little better than a common Whig!" cries Alan. "But when it came to Colin Roy, the black Campbell blood in him ran wild. He sat gnashing his teeth at the wine table. What! should a Stewart get a bite of bread, and him not be able to prevent it! Ah! Red Fox, if ever I hold you at a gun's end, the Lord have pity upon ye!" (Alan stopped to swallow down his anger.) "Well, David, what does he do? He declares all the farms to let. And thinks he, in his black heart, I'll soon get other tenants that'll overbid these Stewarts, and Maccolle, and Macrols (for these are all names in my clan, David); and then, thinks he, Ardshiel will have to hold his bonnet on the French roadside!"

"Well," said I, "what followed?"

Alan laid down his pipe, which he had long since suffered to go out, and set his two hands upon his knees.

"Ay," said he, "ye'll never guess that! For these same Stewarts, and Maccolle, and Macrols (that had two rents to pay, one to King George by stark force, and one to Ardshiel by natural kindness), offered him a better price than any Campbell in all broad Scotland; and far he sent seeking them—as far as to the sides of Clyde and the cross of Edinburgh—seeking and beseeching, and begging them to come, where there was a Stewart to be starved and a red-headed hound of a Campbell to be pleased!"

"Well, Alan," said I, "that is a strange story, and a fine one too. And Whig as I may be, I am glad the man was beaten."

"Him beaten?" echoed Alan. "It's little ye ken of Campbells and less of the Red Fox. Him beaten? No; nor will he, till his blood's on the hillsides! But if the day comes, David man, that I can find time and leisure for a bit of hunting, there grows not enough heather in all Scotland to hide him from my vengeance."

"Man Alan," said I, "ye are neither very wise nor very Christian to blow off so many words of anger. They will do the man ye call the Fox no harm, and yourself no good. Tell me your tale plainly out. What did he next?"

"And that's a good observe, David," said Alan. "Troth and indeed, they will do him no harm; the more's the pity! And barring that about Christianity (of which my opinion is quite

otherwise, or I would be a Christian) I am much of your mind."

"Opinion here or opinion there," said I, "it's a kent thing that Christianity forbids revenge."

"Ah," said he, "it's well seen it was a Campbell taught ye! It would be a convenient world for them and the sort, if there was no such a thing as a lad and a gun behind a heather bush! But that's nothing to the point. That is what he did!"

"Ay," said I, "come to that!"

"Well, David," said he, "since he couldnae be rid of the royal commons by fair means, he swore he would be rid of them by foul. Ardshiel was to starve; that was the thing he aimed at. And since them that fed him in his exile wouldnae be bought out right or wrong, he would drive them out. Therefore he sent for lawyers, and papers, and red-coats to stand at his back. And the kindly folk of that country must all pack and tramp, every father's son out of his father's house, and out of the place where he was bread and fed, and played when he was a callant. And who are to succeed them? Bare-legged beggars! King George is to whistle for his rents; he mawn dow with less; he can spread his butter thinner; what cares Red Colin? If he can hurt Ardshiel, he has his wish; if he can pluck the meat from my chieftain's table, and the bit toys out of his children's hands, he will gang hame singing to Glenure!"

"Let me have a word," said I. "Be sure, if they take less rents, he sure Government has a finger in the pie. It's not this Campbell's fault, man—it's his orders. And if ye killed this Colin to-morrow, what better would he be? There would be another factor in his shoes, as fast as spurs can drive."

"Ye're a good lad in a tight," said Alan; "but man! ye have Whig blood in ye!"

He spoke kindly enough, but there was so much anger under his contempt that I thought it was wise to change the conversation. I expressed my wonder how, with the Highlands covered with troops and guarded like a city in a siege, a man in his situation could come and go without arrest.

"It's easier than ye would think," said Alan. "A bare hillsides (ye see) is like all one road; if there's a sentry at once place ye just go by another. And then heather's a great help. And everywhere there are friends' houses and friends' byres and haystacks. And besides, when folk talk of a country covered with troops, it's but a kind of a by-word at the best. A soldier covers nae mair of it than his boot-soles. I have fished a water with a sentry on the other side of the brae, and killed a fine trout; and I have sat in a heather bush within six feet of another, and learned a real bony tune from his whistling. This was it," said he, and whistled me the air.

"And then, besides," he continued, "it's no sae bad now as it was in forty-six. The

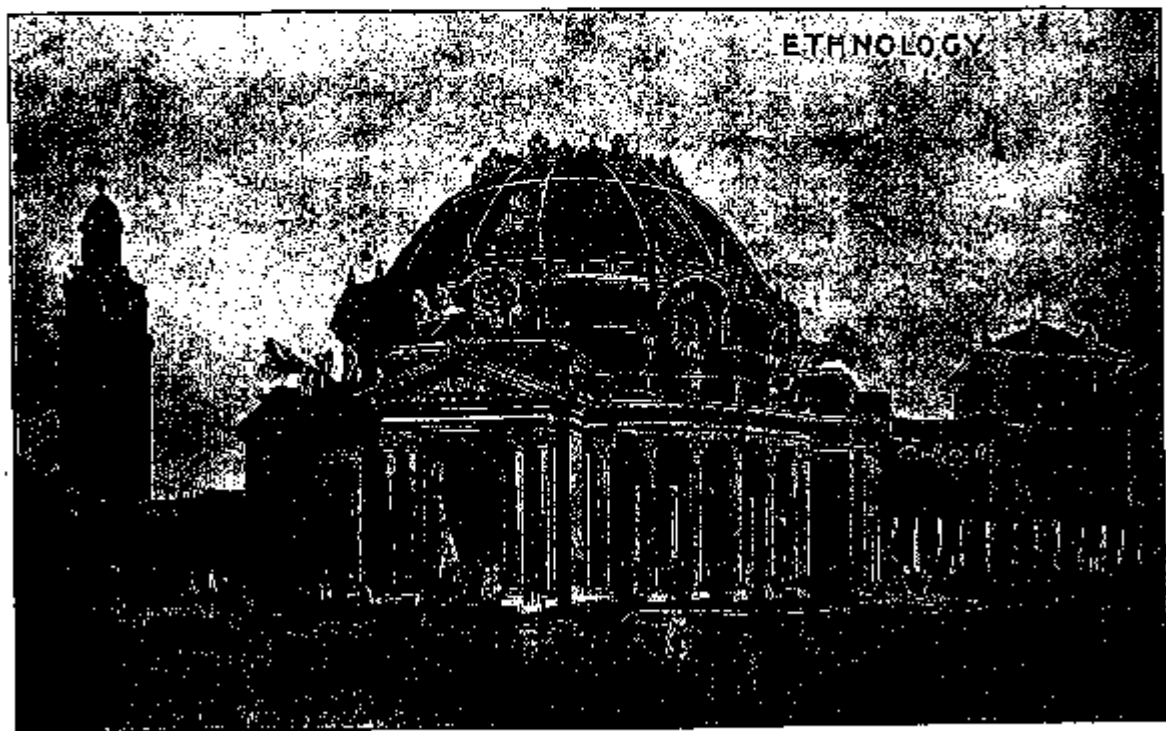
Hielands are what they call pacified. Small wonder, with never a gun or a sword left from Cantyre to Cape Wrath, but what tenty folk have hidden in their thatch! But what I would like to ken, David, is just how long? Not long, ye would think, with men like Ardshiel in exile and men like the Red Fox sitting birling behind the wine and oppressing the poor at home. But it's a kittle thing to decide what folk'll bear, and what they will not. Or why would Red Collie be riding his horse all over my poor country of Appin, and never a pretty lad to put a bullet in him?"

And with this Alan fell into a muse, and for a long time sat very sad and silent.

I will add the rest of what I have to say about my friend, that he was skilled in all kinds

of music, but principally pipe music; was a well-considered poet in his own tongue; had read several books both in French and English; was a dead shot, a good angler, and an excellent fencer with the small sword as well as with his own particular weapon. For his faults, they were on his face, and I now knew them all. But the worst of them, his childish propensity to take offense and to pick quarrels, he greatly laid aside in my case, out of regard for the battle of the round-house. But whether it was because I had done well myself, or because I had been a witness of his own much greater prowess, is more than I can tell. For though he had a great taste for courage in other men, yet he admired it most in Alan Breck.

(To be Continued.)



The Ethnology Building will be one of the most central in the extensive group now in process of construction for the great Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo next year. The site for this structure is at the east junction of the Court of the Fountains and the grand Esplanade. It will be conspicuous from all parts of the grounds and its ornate character will entitle it to the place of honor to which it has been assigned.

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T H E C R A M E R K R A S S E L T C O .
M I L W A U K E E W I S C O N S I N

THE BICYCLE

SADDLED BY YOUNG AND OLD

Tandem Riding

SOUND ankle work tells more in tandem riding than in any other form of riding, and the difficulties which many couples on tandems experience, especially in hill climbing, are due in a very great degree to want of agreement in the ankle action. In short spins this fact may not become apparent, but in long rides it is sure to tell, and the fact that cyclists who habitually ride together do vastly better than scratch pairs is of course due to their having got acquainted to one another's style. It very often happens that two notably good riders on singles fail altogether to ride as well as they or their friends expect when they use a tandem, whilst individually inferior riders ride considerably better together, the explanation being obvious. The two crack riders possess marked styles of their own and those styles do not agree, the technical expression being "they don't nick." The proper way to minimize the difficulty at first, and to bring the two styles into agreement, is for the riders to decide that one shall be the leader or captain, and that the other shall obey his instructions. The leader should, of course, steer and have control of the break, and on him will fall at first the lion's share of the work. A clever pedaller, especially if he rides on the front saddle can usually feel with his feet what the rear rider is doing, and will very soon discover what special trick or fault of style his companion possesses; so far as my experience goes this cannot quite so well be done on a tandem steered from the rear saddle though I am not quite clear why.

In the earlier spins, which should be taken on as level a road as possible, the leader should let the novice or beginner do as little hard work as possible. In many such cases the other rider is most anxious to do his "fair share of the work," and this desire, unless carefully checked, leads to trouble—in this way one rider puts in a lot of work, the other rider feeling the machine running very easily, has qualms of conscience as to whether he is doing his fair share—he begins to work harder with a similar result, and in a very short space of time are going "all out" until exhaustion sets in. The crucial test of good tandem work is found in hill climbing—the tandem is considered to be a bad hill climber as compared with the single cycle—and there may be some drawbacks in the distance between the wheels, but I am inclined to

put its bad name for hill work down to two conditions.

First, the want of agreement between the style of innumerable "scratch pairs," which disagreement tells most uphill; second, the high gearing used on many tandems on the road. Where two cyclists habitually ride together on a moderately geared tandem they will, in most cases, be found to have a special reputation as hill riders, which bears out my view of the matter. Tandem riding is certain to grow in popularity as time goes on, especially where ladies and gentlemen ride together, the steering and brake being in the hands of the male member of the mixed crew, the lady being thus relieved of all the troubles which they involve. The tandem is faster than the single on the level, and that means, of course, that the work is easier at moderate speeds, and it is certainly a more companionable mount, especially when there is much difference in the riding capacity of the two cyclists.

Many a fair cyclist, who, for one reason or another is much slower than her husband, feels that she is something of a drag upon him when out for a ride and that he would really like to go two or three miles an hour faster. This often induces her to remain at home rather than go for a run with him, though possibly the spin would be not only enjoyable, but a real benefit to her health.

This eventually causes the lady to give up cycling to her own detriment. But if a tandem be added to the family stable of cycles, the conditions are entirely altered—the lady can do all the work required of her—as it very often happens that nervousness in steering and balancing has much to do with slow pace on the single, and after a few rides together, the pair get accustomed to one another's style, and the result is entire comfort and satisfaction.

If the steersman of such a tandem will take the trouble to learn ankle action himself, and carefully instruct his partner in the art, the pair will be able to ride faster and further with ease and satisfaction to both.

Worry and its Effect on Cycling

FEW of my readers, says a writer in a foreign exchange, I venture to think, appreciate the full extent to which any petty annoyance in connection with a machine can

not only lessen the pleasure of a ride, but render it physically harder. Yet the connection between our mental and physical faculties is so intimate that worry is a very vital element to be reckoned with. I shall never forget one instance of this sympathy between distinct faculties. Riding through a busy part of London, I somehow got into an awkward situation, from which it seemed impossible to escape. My lucky star was, however, in the ascendant that day, and I got out of the mixture of ponderous market wagons, etc., but my muscles were as stiff and tired as though I had just completed a hundred-mile ride. "Lancelot," the English writer, accustomed as he is to ride through London streets, confesses that his half-a-dozen miles from home to Fleet Street make him more fatigued than double the distance where the nerves are not kept at tension by the necessity of dodging the traffic. It is a well-known fact that worry will spoil the changes of the best men in races and competitions upon path or road, and it has many and many a time endangered the lives and limbs of cycle riders. The calm and phlegmatic riders will go scathless through ordeals where nervous and excited cyclists fall upon stony ground, or get so perilously near to accident that they are palpitating wrecks for hours afterwards. It is the same with the average rider on the road. To get the best results from cycling it is necessary that worry shall be eliminated, and in this connection it is absolutely necessary that the rider should possess a machine that will not irritate or annoy; and with a little care and a determination to ride only a thoroughly dependable and good-class cycle, this is always possible. A squeaking saddle, a rattling bell, a creaking chain, a grinding bottom bracket, conversational hubs, a talkative gear-case, or other small worries can easily be avoided if a little attention, elbow-grease, and commonsense are employed; but if a rider is cursed with a machine which is for ever going wrong, he or she may be very sure that bicycle riding is likely to do more harm than good. Nine-tenths of the worry in wheeling is caused by cheap machines and tires; and so long as unreliable articles of this description are put upon the market, so long will there be constant worry and consequent nerve waste. A good machine, made by responsible makers, is a blessing and a continual source of healthy enjoyment to its owner; a bad one is nuisance and an evil, and had far better be put upon the scrap-heap, and the nerves of its purchaser thereby prevented from being shattered and destroyed. The remedy is in the hands of every rider. Good-class bicycles may now be had everywhere for reasonable amounts; and the parsimonious people have only themselves to thank if they will persist in saving money at the expense of their nerves. More perhaps than in any other connection is the ancient axiom applicable to cycling—that the cheapest is the long run; though it must not be forgotten that with the posses-

sion of a first-class instrument of locomotion comes the necessity of care and attention to detail and comfort. Every rider should endeavor, without fadding, to find out that which suits him or her best, and take particular notice that every possible element toward worry is eliminated.

THE following article from a recent issue of a Buffalo publication demonstrates the great dangers arising from riders making use of the narrow sidepaths after dark without carrying lamps.

An unfortunate accident, in which a prominent cyclist was quite seriously injured, occurred shortly after midnight, Tuesday morning. Two wheelmen were returning on their wheels from Oak Orchard, and in the darkness were making good progress along the cycle path. Suddenly a wheel and its rider hove in sight, and the leader turned out of the path to pass. But the second rider did not see in time and he and the other rider collided head to head, with terrific force. By the collision he was thrown to the ground, where he remained some time unconscious. Reviving, he was assisted to reach Medina, where some severe wounds about his face were dressed by a physician. The other rider escaped with a few bruises, while the wheels were badly damaged.

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WORTH WOMAN'S WHILE

A VARIETY OF FACTS CAREFULLY BOILED DOWN AND SERVED WARM AND CRISP.

By Mrs. Cody.

Some Methods for Cooking Artichokes

The following are some of the many methods of preparing artichokes for the table. That most in vogue in the South is to boil in water, with a pinch of salt, pepper, vinegar, and oil. An Italian method is to stuff them by removing the flowers from their receptacle and filling this space with fresh boiled salmon, bread crumbs, chopped parsley, and garlic, and to bake in olive oil. The fleshy base of the head makes a palatable substitute for mushrooms, and may be stewed or prepared in a variety of ways. A German method of cooking this artichoke is to cut the heads up into eight pieces, parboil, add bread crumbs and bouillon, and bake.

Three recipes by Dubois and Bernard may be added: *Lyonnais artichokes*.—Quarter six large artichokes, clean the bases with care, cut off the hard leaves and shorten the upper ones; round off the angles of the quarters, rub with lemon, and throw into a dish of cold acidulated water to prevent blackening. Drain the quarters and dry on a cloth, then lay flat in a frying pan in melted butter, add salt and start a brisk fire, turn over and finish cooking over a moderate fire; then arrange in a circle on a platter. Skim off the fat from the contents of the pan and add hot meat glaze (the juice of beef or other meat boiled until of a jelly-like consistency) and bring to a boil; then add the juice of two lemons and pour on the artichokes through a sieve. Garnish with squares of toasted bread covered with glaze. If the artichokes are not tender, they must first be blanched—i. e., put in cold water—then brought to a boil, after which throw into cold water. The water must be acidulated to prevent blackening.

Boiled artichokes with Dutch sauce.—Select very fresh artichokes, break off the stems and remove the outside leaves and the center, pare the bases, rub with lemon, and throw into cold, acidulated water. Drain and throw into salty, boiling water, also acidulated. Cover the vessel and boil over a quick fire. Test them from time to time and as soon as tender drain and plunge again into cold water. Remove the centers and place again in the water in which they were boiled; when well warmed drain again; cut in two without breaking and place in a napkin. Serve hot with Dutch sauce (sauce hollandaise) made as follows: Place a few grains of pepper in a stew-pan with five or six tablespoonfuls of good vinegar; boil until reduced to half in bulk, allow to cool, add five or six yolks of eggs, five ounces of butter, in little pieces, a little salt, a very little nutmeg; then put the saucepan on a low fire and stir the sauce vigorously with a spoon to thicken, pass through a sieve into another saucepan, place on a very low fire or in a double boiler, and whip with a fork, while adding slowly four to five ounces more of butter, cut into small fragments. When all is added and when the sauce is beaten to a good foam, take off and finish with a little lemon juice.

Artichoke fritters.—Select artichokes that are small

and tender. Remove the centers and all leaves that are not tender; cut lengthwise into small pieces and place in a pan with salt and pepper and let remain for three quarters of an hour; then drain, dip in egg batter, and fry in hot lard.

Washday Wisdom.

You may use the washboard or machine for coarse white goods but don't use them for washing delicate goods such as lawns, cambrics, laces, embroidered articles, fine handkerchiefs, etc. When washing these delicate goods you must first remove any stain that may be in them, then make a suds of soap and hot soft water, one spoonful of the powder to each pailful of water, and pour over the clothes. Let them stand one half hour, then wash out, rubbing gently with the hands. Make a very thin starch of one-half cupful starch, mixed in a little cold water, and poured into two or three quarts of hot water; boiled until clear. Add enough warm water to cover the clothes, then rub and squeeze them through it and rinse in cold water slightly blue. Dry in the sunshine after carefully straightening each article properly, and pin to a sheet spread over the line.

The following is an excellent starch for white shirts, cuffs and collars, skirts, etc.

To one-fourth pound of good laundry starch, add two tablespoonfuls of borax, and two tablespoonfuls of turpentine, with three quarts cold soft water. Mix well and keep in a jug or jar closely covered. When needed, shake well, pour out enough to wet the articles, which have been previously dried, roll tightly for one-half hour, and then iron. Some prefer to use cooked starch, but the clothes should always be dried before starching. Put in a little wax, lard or kerosene, to prevent the starch sticking when ironing, and boil until clear. Strain through cheese cloth, then rub thoroughly into the clothes while as hot as can be handled. Spread a clean cloth on the table, and, after working the starch into the clothes and wringing as dry as possible, spread them on the cloth and wipe hard with a cloth wrung out of hot water. This will remove any starch on the outside and make them easier to iron. Dry the clothes again, then dampen and iron.

You all know the careful attention that must be bestowed on dresses and waists of delicate shades. Some of you probably set the colors before the garment is worn by soaking the goods in a solution of one tablespoonful of sulphate of zinc to a pailful of cold soft water for one-half hour, then rinsing thoroughly and drying. This is a good thing to do. If the garment has been worn it must be washed before setting the color, and, of course, may fade some in the washing. All colored goods should be washed in lukewarm soap suds, but no soap should be rubbed on the clothes. Some use one tablespoonful each of salt and alum in a pailful of water instead of zinc to set the color. Rub

the starched warm water into colored clothes as recommended for delicate white fabrics. For blue or green shades, use bluing in the rinse water; for ecru use cold coffee; for cream or butter color use a little saffron tea; for black, dark blue or brown lawns or satens make a bran water. Put one quart of wheat bran in a two or three-quart cloth bag, and boil in a kettle of water one hour. Drain off the water, add enough warm water to cover the goods and let them soak in it awhile; then wash out, without any soap, and rinse in a second bran water made by rubbing the sack of bran thoroughly in a clear water. No other rinsing is needed, and the goods will look like new. Always iron dark goods on the wrong side or with a dark cloth over the right side. No soap or starch is needed with the bran water. When the color has been taken out of colored goods with an acid, try diluted ammonia to rector it.

Readers of THE PNEUMATIC are cordially invited to write to the editor of this department. All questions will be answered as soon as possible. Letters intended for answer by mail must contain return postage. Address Mrs. Cady, at the office of THE PNEUMATIC.

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A Woman's Question.
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PLANTS AND FLOWERS

The Poppy Lady

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In the warmth her wand she wields, not in covert
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When the faint perfume of flowers thrills the Virgin
air,
To this golden clime of ours, comes she—regal—fair,
Comes she, with her wealth of gold spilling o'er the
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And when day is growing old, thro' the dusk she steals,
When the Poppy-Lady comes, down, white eyelids go:
As her drowsy song she hums: "Sleep, dear one, by lo."
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But the dark must come space, Sun and Poppy-Lady,
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Pure bone meal is probably the best fertilizer for
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Ruellias like a warm, moist temperature, but little
direct sunlight and plenty of water. They cannot
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Begonias, to do well, must have a porous soil and
good drainage, and a liberal supply of water during
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ly to fall upon it, as this will scorch and brown the
leaves. To keep the plant free from dust syringe with
pure water in the evening, always during clear weather.

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Pathfinder.....	1.50	1.00
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bination must be new subscribers—not a renewal.

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Something New.

DUNCAN GALBREATH, of New Orleans, La., has invented a tool by means of which buds may be transplanted without injury. The tool consists of two pivoted levers or handles, each having a cross-head upon one end. To each cross-head a pair of blades is screwed, formed with concave cutting-edges, so that when the handles are brought together, only the top and bottom portions will touch. The space between the blades is open so that the bud cannot be injured. The pairs of blades, constituting jaws, in effect are held in adjusted position by a link which is pivoted to one handle and which is made to receive a set-screw carried by the other handle. The jaws are fitted to the exterior of the limb, twig, or branch, the bud being midway between the pairs of jaws. After the blades have been closed firmly around the branch, and locked in adjusted position, the tool is turned so as to cut a sleeve or ring of bark from the branch. The limb to which the bud is to be transplanted has a section of its bark removed by a similar tool, the space thus formed corresponding in length with the sleeve of bark carrying the bud to be transplanted.

A New Device

Mrs S. L. Johnson, of Bradford, England, has

invented a method of removing wool from skins by an electrical process. The invention consists of an electric cautery or fleshing knife, in such a handy form that the wool may be shorn or cut from the skin rapidly, without injury either to the wool or pelt. The apparatus is held by a handle through which electric cables pass, and these are connected to the two terminals, and from thence the current is passed through a wire of platinumiridium alloy, which is thus rendered incandescent. The wire is fastened to and supported by a highly refractory substance, especially made for the purpose, the current required being about 60 amperes at a potential of four volts. The method of removing the wool is to push the cautery along the surface of the skin. The red-hot knife immediately moves down the wool, and the only limit to the speed is the deftness of the person operating. The work is performed so quickly that the skin or wool is not injured in any way by the heat. It is estimated that with a few hours, practice a girl would be equal to dewooling from eight to twelve skins per hour, and the cost of the current is exceedingly small. The wool itself is not injured by lime, chemicals or other objectionable influence; the mere singeing of the end of each fiber is imperceptible, and it is claimed the skin itself is in a more perfect condition for the tanner to deal with.

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PLANTS AND FLOWERS

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Jessie Juliet Knox.

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The Hum of the Horseless

A Doubtful Invention in the 18th Century—A Certainty in the 20th

Mr. A. L. Riker Wins

THE Automobile Club of America held on April 14th, a fifty mile automobile race on the Merrick Road, in which Mr. A. L. Riker was the successful person. The time for the fifty miles from Springfield to Babylon was 2 hours, 3½ minutes.

Nine automobiles participated in the race.

Mr. Whitney Lyon acted as starter, and Mr. V. Everett Macy held the watch. The automobiles were started under thirty seconds headway, the first man out being Mr. A. L. Riker in a specially built electric wagon, which was towed to the starting point to save his power for the race. This wagon has double batteries and is very fast, and Mr. Riker was picked as a winner. Mr. A. A. Whiting was his guest.

Mr. Albert C. Bostwick came next, with Mr. Leon Blanchet, the donor of the cup which was offered as a prize, as guest. They rode in a gasoline wagon. Then came Mr. David Wolfe Bishop, Jr., in a gasoline wagon; Mr. A. Fisher, gasoline; Mr. William H. Hall, steam; Mr. C. J. Field, gasoline; Mr. George F. Chamberlin, gasoline; Mr. Dave H. Morris, steam, and Mr. S. T. Davis, Jr., steam. Mr. Davis got away at 10.28.

The conditions for the race were favorable, the roads being in excellent shape except for a little mud at certain points.

Postmaster Wilson Seeks Legal Advice

POSTMASTER WILSON'S scheme to introduce motor vehicles into Brooklyn post-office service has received considerable discussion. He has submitted to the consideration of a firm of patent lawyers three of the most feasible-appearing plans that have been proposed by manufacturers of horseless vehicles of various kinds. These experts are to decide not only whether the schemes are practicable, but whether the machines to be used in the collection of mails are infringements on any other devices.

Mr. Wilson still favors a motor vehicle that is operated by a gasoline motor. It can be built in either tricycle or four-wheeled form and the inventor claims for it a speed of twenty miles an hour under the most favorable conditions. In ordinary service the inventor says

that the wagon can be driven from eight to ten miles an hour at the cost of less than two and a half gallons of fuel each day. It is understood that several of these wagons are to be built within a few weeks in order that a thorough test may be given them. Mr. Wilson declares that no motor vehicle will be chosen until he has given those available trials and until he has received a report from the firm of patent lawyers.

As a result of the plan to introduce motor vehicles in the mail service in Brooklyn, Postmaster Wilson has been overrun with inventors, motor vehicle manufacturers and others who believe they can solve the problem of rapid and economical transportation of the Brooklyn mails.

On Wednesday Mr. Wilson was visited by W. S. Shallenberger, second assistant postmaster general, who is much interested in the motor vehicle proposition. Mr. Shallenberger has devoted much time to the problem of quicker transfers of mail between railway stations and he believes that in the motor vehicle lies the solution.

Have You Time

to solicit subscriptions for "The Farm Magazine"? If you have, write us for our proposition to agents.

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No. 109

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The Publisher's Pen

We want to change the title of THE PNEUMATIC. If you will read this you will learn why.

THE PNEUMATIC, the magazine you are now reading, was established away back in 1891. It was to be devoted to the interests of cyclists, wherefore the name "Pneumatic" was given it.

"The Pneumatic" was a good name for a bicycle publication. It was about as good a name as could be found.

We would never have thought of releasing it had we continued this magazine as a bicycle paper. In changing the object of the paper we found that it would be necessary to change the name. It's like transforming a factory into a hotel. You wouldn't want to call the hotel a factory just because it was a factory once upon a time.

You all know what kind of a paper THE PNEUMATIC is now. It's a paper that may go into any household and feel at home. Its contents are selected with a view to include something of particular interest to every member of a family and not to contain anything that is not interesting in a general way to everyone.

Its short and serial stories are, as you know, the best stories by the best writers. Its departments cover every phase of home life and are conducted by people who thoroughly understand the topics they write about.

If you will study THE PNEUMATIC for several minutes you will find that it is a family magazine. It has a claim for recognition from every English reading family no matter what the family's standing may be.

The word "Pneumatic" doesn't convey the above impression. Who in the world would consider a paper styled "The Pneumatic" to be a family magazine? No one; and that's the reason we want to change the title.

In adopting a new name we want to adopt a good one. We want it to be the best name we can get.

We have under consideration about fifty names. None of them are just what we want.

It occurred to us that perhaps some of our readers might know a good name or be able to coin a good one. A good name is worth something to us and therefore we are not going to ask you to suggest one for nothing.

This is our offer: To the first reader sending us a title that we deem good enough to adopt we will send ten dollars. If more than one send in the same name each additional reader will receive a five year's subscription to this magazine.

In order to restrict this name-coinage contest to those interested we are compelled to make the following stipulation:

Every sender of a name or names must send ten cents for one year's subscription to this

magazine. If the sender is a subscriber the 10 cents will renew his subscription for one year from date of expiration. There is no restriction on the number of names you send in. The more the merrier.

We are anxious to announce the new title in our next issue, and therefore ask our readers to send in the names as soon as possible. There are many appropriate names, if we could only think of them. The best one may be coined by you as well as anybody else.

Give this matter ten minutes thought. If you can't think of any names in that amount of time give it up. If you can send them in and secure a chance for the ten dollars. A dollar a minute is pretty good speed to make money at.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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Mr. Major, the famous cement man, of New York, explains some very interesting facts about Major's Cement.

The multitudes who use this standard article know that it is many hundred per cent better than other cements for which similar claims are made, but a great many do not know why. The simple reason is that Mr. Major uses the best materials ever discovered and other manufacturers do not use the best, because they are too expensive and do not allow large profits. Mr. Major tells us that one of the elements of his cement costs \$5.75 a pound, and another costs \$2.25 a gallon, while a large share of the so-called cements and liquid glue upon the market are nothing more than six-cent glue, dissolved in water or citric acid, and, in some cases, altered slightly in color and odor by the addition of cheap and useless materials.

Major's cement weighs at fifteen cents and twenty-five cents a bottle, and when a dealer tries to sell a substitute you can depend upon it that his only object is to make larger profit.

The profit on Major's cement is as much as any dealer ought to make on any cement. And this is doubly true in view of the fact that every dealer gets his share of the benefit of Mr. Major's advertising, which now amounts to over \$5,000 a month, throughout the country. Established in 1878.

Insist on having Major's. Don't accept any off-hand advice from a druggist.

If you are at all handy (and you will be likely to find that you are a good deal more so than you imagined) you can repair your rubber boots and family shoes, and any other rubber and leather articles, with Major's Rubber Cement and Major's Leather Cement.

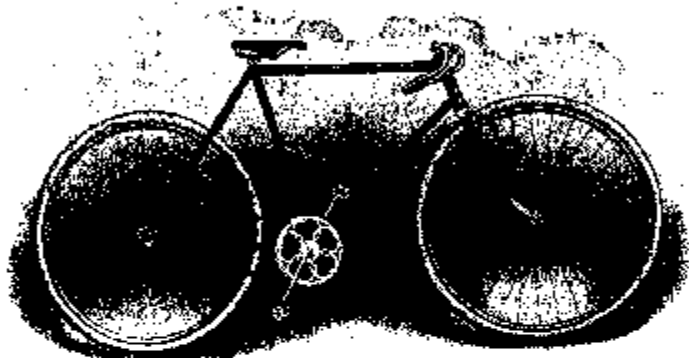
And you will be surprised at how many dollars a year you will thus save.

If your druggist can't supply you, it will be forwarded by mail, either kind. Free of postage.

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Our supply department having made arrangements to sell the entire 1900 output of a manufacturer of exclusively high grade bicycles we have the pleasant information to give out that

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We can sell this high grade \$40 wheel for \$20 or just half the regular price because—

We have no traveling salesmen's expenses to pay.

We have no jobbers' profits to allow.

We have no retailers' profits to allow.

We have no bad account losses to figure on.

We have no long time credits to extend.

The above items usually constitute 50 per cent of the selling price of a manufactured article. We have none of them, therefore we can reduce our selling price just 50 per cent.

SEND US \$1.00

And we will send the wheel to you subject to examination. If you are not satisfied that it is the highest grade bicycle made you need not accept it.

ADDRESS SUPPLY DEPT.

The Cramer-Krasselt Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

I have used Ripans Tablets with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. Have been troubled for about three years with what I called bilious attacks coming on regularly once a week. Was told by different physicians that it was caused by bad teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tablets in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but two of the small four-cent boxes of the Tablets and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tablets induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now.

A. T. DeWitt.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tablets. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tablets does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bowser, Ph. D., 304 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tablets with grand results.

Mrs. Emma Wiseman.

Mother was troubled with heartburn and sleeplessness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she saw a testimonial in the paper endorsing Ripans Tablets. She determined to give them a trial, was greatly relieved by their use and now takes the Tablets regularly. She keeps a few cartons Ripans Tablets in the house and says she will not be without them. The heartburn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indigestion which was formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole family take the Tablets regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; she eats hearty meals, an impossibility before she took Ripans Tablets.

Arthur H. Blakely.

A new style packet containing ten RIPSAN TABLETS packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—see size chart. This low-priced size is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (20 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPSAN Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York— or a single carton (10 tablets) will be sent for five cents. RIPSAN TABLETS may also be had of some grocers, general merchandise, drug stores and at extra liquor stores and barbers shops. They build pale, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only loose dresses. I saw Ripans Tablets advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is upon a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tablets. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tablets for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may believe better and have as you like.

Mrs. Mary Graham Clarke.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tablets from an aunt of mine who was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had found much relief from their use and tried me to take them too, and I have been doing since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headache. I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial.

Mrs. J. Macomber.

My seven-year-old boy suffered with pains in his head, constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a sallow color. Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tablets, I tried them. Ripans Tablets not only relieved but actually cured my youngster, the headaches have disappeared, bowels are in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tablets. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one (from the cradle to old age) if taken according to directions.

R. W. Hays.

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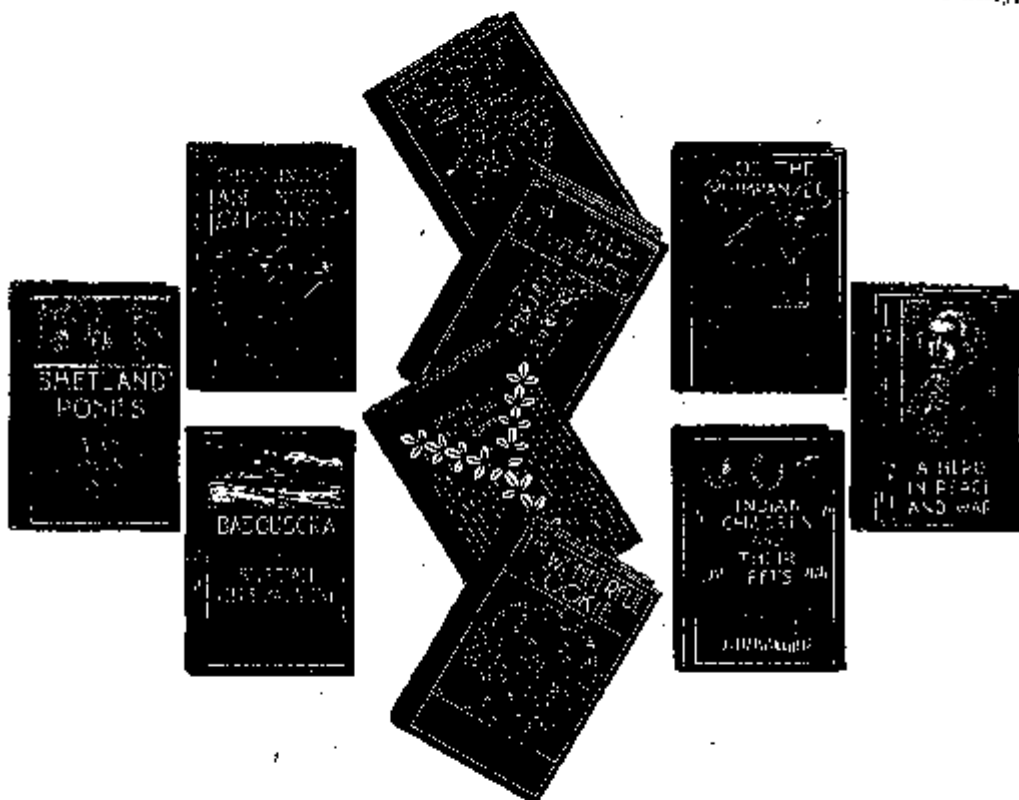
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