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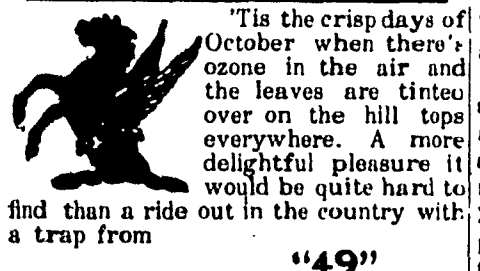
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## Well Planned, But-

By Herbert Reynolds.

"That settles it," said Dick Northcote, watching the red ball hesitate and finally plunge into a side pocket. "How's the time, marker?"

"Near ten, sir," the marker answered, professionally impassive. "By Jove, I must move!" He looked towards his defeated opponent, also struggling into his coat. "Are you going, Catmur?" he asked in some astonishment.

The man addressed as Catmur smiled. Not a particularly pleasant smile if one were observant, but apparently sincere enough for Dick Northcote, who obviously mingled some respect with his evident liking.

"No one else is likely to come in besides, I am tired of billiards. A walk will freshen me." "I'm going straight home," the young bank clerk replied.

"But that's a walk. The sea with this wind will be worth watching. You live on the front, don't you?" "Yes; the terrace facing the green."

The two men passed out of the billiard-room of the Merton Arms Hotel, and into a passage which led to a side-door. From a room near them came the sound of a strident piano and the painful effort of a man persuaded to sing. The door opened and a thick-set, elderly man came out.

"Be that young Mr Northcote?" he asked. "What do you want, Rodgers?" the bank clerk demanded, rather rattled at the term "young."

"You're sleepin' up to Hank Ouse to-night seemin' wim' caretakers while Mr Bird be away, ur's took the maids with him on holiday. Well, it's the annual of the Hoddellows to-night. I'm a Hoddellow, so I'm here. And the missus don't know 'ee. But jus' tell 'er you're come and it'll be all right."

"Very well," the bank clerk answered vexedly. He looked quickly at his companion. Catmur stood a little in advance, waiting. It was not evident whether he had heard Northcote was afraid that it was impossible that he had not, but comforted himself with the thought that in any case it did not matter. If a stranger he had only met Catmur in the billiard-room of the hotel a week previously the man was evidently a gentleman of means. His conversation, cynical and well informed, established that.

The two men walked together down the main street to the long narrow strip of green that lay between terraces of houses and the newly-made promenade. Beyond it, the sand lay hidden by the night. The wind, blowing cold from the southeast straight into the bay, tumbled the waves in ragged lines of creamy white, like bare hungry teeth.

Conversation had drifted unconsciously to the discussion of Northcote's hobby—the collection of moths. Catmur was interested, though confessedly ignorant. Northcote, not unknown in the close fraternity of entomologists, expatiated at some length upon the charm of his hobby.

He rattled on, spurred a little by Catmur's interest, a little by his half-battering ignorance. "My dear fellow," Catmur said, showing the way to that part of the terrace in which Northcote's rooms were situated. "I grant you butterflies—they have the charm of color. An artist might find delight in them. They are gorgeous, Eastern suitors of flower harem, full of suggestion. It was no idle fancy that rendered them the Greek symbols of the soul. But moths—I associate them with the impertinent odors last year's furs shake out in the early autumn."

"You are something of an artist. I could show you beauty in a moth comparable to that in a butterfly. You doubt me? Do you know a Spotted Burnet? No, of course you don't. There's color in moths and beauty of marking. Now I could show—" He pulled up suddenly. The hour was later than it ought to have been, and the Bank House was still without a tenant. Bird, the manager, was away; the cashier lived with his people in a village in the town, and had begged of the discomfited of inhabiting somebody else's house, and Northcote had volunteered. He ought to put his night-clothes together and be off. But here he was outside his rooms, and it would look inhospitable not to ask Catmur in for a peg. He remembered, with a twinge of conscience, that he was indebted for the last drink. "Come in for a peg," Northcote made a plunge at it. "I shall turn you out almost at once, because I have to sleep at the bank to-night. You heard Rodgers speak about it—idiotic fool!"

"A little indiscreet," Catmur said, with a smile. "I confess a peg sounds inviting—this south-easter is nipping—but not if I'm inconveniencing you."

"Not at all," Northcote answered. He let himself in with a latchkey, and turned up the lamp in the sitting-room. "I won't show you my cabinet to-night," he continued, "but here's a setting-board with a few, enough to convince you." He lugged out the board from a cupboard and placed it in the ring of light shed by the lamp. "If you'll excuse me, I'll rush a few things into my bag. There's a syphon, a bottle and glasses on the sideboard; mix a couple of pegs." He dived out of room as he spoke, after a scared look

at the clock on the mantle-piece.

Catmur, left to himself, took no notice of the setting-board, but crossed the room quickly and closed the door softly, so softly as to suggest considerable practice. Then he busied himself pouring out two pegs of whiskey in two tumblers. He brought them into the light of the lamp, and for a moment stood listening, his eyes fixed on the door. He could hear Northcote plunging about in a neighboring room, dropping away a quick dive into a small phial, uncorked it, and counted a few drops into one of the tumblers. The other he filled up with soda water. Then he turned to the setting-board.

"You are right Northcote," he said when the bank clerk burst into the room carrying a small hand-bag. "I am convinced. There is a softness of color effects I had not noticed. Oh, there's your peg. Shall I help you to soda? I did not know how you liked it mixed. Say when." The syphon hissed, and Northcote accepted the tumbler and drank.

"Rather a queer taste, eh? Corked perhaps. I hope yours is all right?" Northcote looked at his guest a little apprehensively. Catmur had on several occasions betrayed a fastidious taste in whiskey.

"Mine is quite all right, thanks," Catmur assured him. "Then the lingering flavor of a Merton Arms cigar has upset my palate. I don't want to be rude, but I shall have to turn you out. I by Jove this room is hot! I suppose—coming in the cold. Do you mind?" Northcote sat down hastily upon the broken springed sofa and gasped. His eyes stared at the lamp. His face grew white, he put out an irresolute hand and pressed his forehead. "The window, Catmur, open it," he managed to say.

"All right, old man," Catmur answered. He stood looking at the bank clerk without moving. To Northcote he appeared growing further and further away like a man in a dissolving picture. He tried to struggle to his feet, but only succeeded in knocking over the hand-bag. It was curious that the noise of its fall seemed to come from a long distance off. Then his head sank into his breast. Catmur lifted him into a recumbent position upon the sofa.

"Look here, Catmur," Northcote said drowsily, and with extreme difficulty, "I must be going. I must go to the bank." He trailed off into unconsciousness.

Catmur, moving very slowly, turned out the lamp, crossed the dark room with the certainty of a man used to darkness, and let himself out of the front door, closing it very quietly. The wind was higher than before and the sea more wonderful in its turbulence, but now it held to appeal to his artistic sense. He walked briskly to the hotel, and presently emerged from the side door carrying a big handbag that weighed him down perceptibly on one side. The chorus of "Widdicombe Fair," from the lusty throats of the Hoddellows, followed him into the dark night.

He rang the bell at the bank house private door, and presently there was a sound of chains and bolts. At that moment a policeman passed and looked at him, and gave him a civil "Good-night."

"Who'm you?" demanded Mrs. Rodgers, an ample woman, with a perceptible head cold and a certain cheerfulness of tone. "You are expecting me, I think," Catmur said, shifting the bag from one hand to another.

"Oh, you're young Mr. Northcote, are you? You're late. Come in. Your room be ready?" "That bag be savvy?" Mrs. Rodgers commented, preceding him lumberingly up the staircase. "Never seey a young fellow with one so heavy. My main's out, or's might 've been some use. 'E's always missin' his chances—never does anythin' useful." She punctuated her words with pauses for breath. "This 'ere be your room, you're in Mr. Rodgers and Mrs. Bird's." She jumped as he put down his handbag, it sounded so heavy. "Gude lord, sir," she muttered, "what a weight!"

"Yes," he said. "I've brought some dumbells with me." "That's a mercy," she answered. "There is a mortal lot as ain't dumb up there." She pointed to a few electric bells above the bed. "They're connected with the strong-room, so I'm told."

"Yes, yes," Catmur said, a little testily. "I'm tired, Mrs. Rodgers." "With that she made her laborious way downstairs again, grumbling as she went.

For a moment Catmur stood listening. A good-looking man, not much over thirty, in excellent condition, with scarcely a pound of superfluous flesh on his bones, he appeared outwardly to be the type of easy going traveler man at which he aimed. His hands, however, were the hands of a mechanic, and there was a sly alertness in his dark eyes that betrayed from his apparently open manner.

The sound of closed doors reassured him, and he smiled. The job promised to be an absurdly easy one. He had the bank to himself, and with no chance of interference. At five o'clock a London mail train stopped at Preston-Super Mars station. Nothing would be discovered until nine, at the earliest. Possibly the cashier would not come in until later than that.

Catmur proceeded to open his bag. It contained an elaborate selection of steel tools. He commenced to whistle softly to himself as he selected a wire cutter. In five minutes the electric bells were as dumb as those he professed to be carrying.

There were a pair of felt slippers in the bag. Catmur put these on. There was also a dark lantern; he trimmed and lit it. Then, taking up his bag, he smiled again.

The diamonds were lodged here a fortnight ago," he thought triumphantly, when the Wasbes went away. I know they are good, beyond the average value of those of a successful brewer. They were Lady Washe's passport to society."

Very cautiously he went downstairs. The bank itself looked curiously ghostly with its empty stools. He felt his way carefully. "Ah! This is the entrance to the strong-room." He put down his bag of tools. Presently there was a curious sound of grating like the gnawing of a big rat.

About two o'clock, Mr. Rodgers stood outside the bank house ringing the bell. A constable coming round the corner advanced towards him at the same time as Mrs. Rodgers set to work to leisurely unbar the door.

"Hallo, Mr. Rodgers, you're late to-night!" said the constable. "Scuse me," Rodgers replied, with elaborate politeness. "Scuse me you 'ave 'antage."

The door opened, and Mrs. Rodgers, swathed in shawls and red fannel, and holding aloft a flat-bottomed candlestick, peered out.

"Ah, my dear!" said Rodgers. "Friend of mine?" He waved towards the constable. "As young Mr. Northcote come in?"

He came in a long time ago," Mrs. Rodgers said. "It war about seven nearly that, I reckon."

"Mr. Northcote?" exclaimed the constable. "I saw you let in a tall, dark man carrying a bag. That was not Mr. Northcote. I know him. I don't know the cashier. I thought it might be him. I didn't see the man clearly, but he was taller and thinner than Mr. Northcote and Mr. Northcote is very fair."

"You're not long here?" asked Mrs. Rodgers. "Only moved here last week. But Mr. Northcote was up to Bovey fishing in the summer. I had better look into this, sir."

The constable moved into the passage and waited while Mrs. Rodgers closed the door. Rodgers sat down on the mat.

"Lock him into a room and slip out to the police-station," whispered the constable.

"Like this?" Mrs. Rodgers said indignantly. "I couldn't." "Well, dress as quickly as you can."

He watched her guide Rodgers into a room, and then turned towards the door, communicating with the bank premises proper.

"I didn't get a good look at the chap," he whispered to himself, "but he was very like—Oh, it can't be. It can't be. It's so many years ago, and he— I'm a fool to be thinking of him!"

His heavy regulation boots resounded on the tiled passage, try as he would to smother the sound. At the door he paused. A curious grating noise like the gnawing of a big rat that came from the bank premises, paused also. He opened the door cautiously and edged in.

There was a sunk mat on the other side of the door, and he stood on that, motionless. He thought he heard a movement, a secretive, furtive movement, somewhere in the room.

There was no sound for two minutes. The constable's big fingers grouped silently over the wall. He could feel nothing but the distemper. So suddenly, that it almost made him start his fingers felt the cold touch of metal. With a bold sweep, he switched on all the lights.

"Move," came in a low voice in a vindictive hiss, "and you are a dead man! Switch off those lights!" The constable turned round quickly. Catmur stood beside the entrance to the strong room with a revolver in his hand. The door was open. As each caught sight of the other, both started.

"Bob!" said Catmur. "Jack!" gasped the constable. "Thank God, 'tis you!" Catmur said. "You can say I was gone. Two minutes to get the sparklers—I'm through with the door—and I can slip out. You can report you found the strong room open. Switch off the lights!"

"I can't," said the constable. "Don't, Bob!" cried Catmur. "I'm armed, I—you're my brother, but I'm going to get out of this—by Heaven, I am!" He levelled his revolver.

"I have my duty to do," said the constable. "D'you here? Switch off those lights!" Catmur leaned forward, the revolver hand raised.

"I won't!" The constable spoke firmly and strode forward. There was a loud crack. When the smoke cleared away, the constable was kneeling over the dead body of Catmur.

Ten minutes later he was still kneeling there, when the sergeant touched him on the shoulder. "What's this?" asked the sergeant. "Dead?" "He shot himself. It was a question between shooting me or—that. He shot himself." He spoke in a dazed way, still staring at the prone body. "My poor mother!" he added.

## THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S VOICE.

Loud Intrusive Speech No Longer Confined to Poorer Class.

"Low voice and eyes that do not wander"—these are among Oliver Wendell Holmes's points of good manners in conversation. It is only when one is among a people who have learned or not forgotten these points that one feels acutely the offensiveness of the English habit of loud talking in public, says the London Daily News. It is a habit which has grown alarmingly of late years. Formerly it was confined to Harry and Harriet, who employed it on holidays, partly as an expression of good humor, partly as an evidence of social equality—an intimation that they were not to be terrorized by their "betters." The habit in them was excusable if deplorable.

But the habit has spread. Loud, intrusive speech has become the mark of the West as well as of the East. It has not yet touched the Judicial or middle class, except that portion of the middle class whose daughters have been to a certain class of "finishing" schools.

It is the strangest perversion of good breeding conceivable. It offends against the first law of behavior, which is respect and consideration for others. In fact, it obtrudes others. It assumes that no one else is present, or that, being present, they belong to another hemisphere of society so remote and so negligible that they do not count.

The loud voiced woman is a trying burden at home. Abroad, she is a blot on the national name. It is by her vacuous and insolent shrillness that English character is written down. It is one of the causes why England, though respected, is unpopular on the Continent. It is symptomatic of a certain crude, overbearing attitude which has other manifestations touched on by a writer in the Saturday Review who, discussing the manners of English trippers abroad generally, says: "The American, the German, or the French gentleman in England is even more punctilious than when he is traveling among his own people. We cannot say the same of the English people, though of good breeding, or education, when they are taking holiday abroad, and it is painful to add that the women are a trifle worse than the men."

In the Newer West.

After the war many States were added to the trans-Mississippi list. Nebraska, the old partner of Kansas in the fateful territorial organization bill of 1854, came in in 1867, and Colorado, Gilpin's old territory was admitted in 1876 after several attempts to get into the Union in 1849, early in the administration of General Harrison, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana and Washington entered in the following year Idaho and Wyoming came in, and half a dozen years afterward Utah was added to the list, bringing the whole number of States west of the Mississippi up to nineteen and the grand aggregate of the country at large up to forty-five, where it stands yet. Utah had the longest contest for statehood of any of the States. It started in 1850, at the time of California's admission, when Brigham Young's community endeavored to get in. The fight against polygamy, which began soon afterward, in which the Republican party took a decided stand, kept Utah out for the next third of a century. In the Fremont platform of 1856 the Republicans coupled polygamy with slavery as twin relics of barbarism. The Republicans opposed Utah's admission until after President Woodruff had the head of the Mormon Church, in his manifesto of 1890, declared that polygamy had been given up by the church. As this removed the only objection which could be made to admission, an amnesty was soon afterward granted by the president to all those assailed by previous anti-polygamy Federal laws, and Utah entered at the beginning of 1896 without any opposition.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Hit Them Both at Once.

A good instance of a double reproof occurred in a Scottish church. A lad named Merryweather was very inattentive during the service, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. His father always composed himself for a nap directly the sermon was well under way, so that the boy could do as he liked without parental reproof. The minister could stand it no longer one Sunday, so he stopped suddenly in his sermon and said: "John Merryweather, if you continue to act in such an unseemly manner during divine worship I shall tell your father. I would tell him now, but he happens to be asleep." From that day Merryweather senior and junior were model listeners.—Dundee Advertiser.

Bread Fruit for Us?

Consul Anderson, of Hangchow, thinks the pomelo or Chinese bread-fruit would do well in this country. The fruit is grown in the United States by a few persons, but not commercially. Foreigners agree in declaring that the pomelo is the finest fruit in the Far East. It combines the good points of the orange with the good points of the grape fruit.

The Chinese say that a good-sized tree will ordinarily produce from 600 to 700 pomeloes. When it is considered that many pomeloes will run as large as seven or eight inches in diameter and even larger, it will be appreciated that such a tree is bearing a load. The fruit is more oval than round. Its color and appearance are those of the grape fruit.

## SILVER DOLLAR LEGEND.

Why the Eagle Claps Three Arrows in Its Claws.

Perhaps there are few who know why there are three arrow heads on a silver dollar, or for that matter, that there are only three. There is an Indian legend as to how they came there, which is closely associated with the flag of the Quapaw nation.

This flag is the property of Joseph McCoonse. It has been handed down from his great-great-grandfather, Superneau McCoonse. The flag was the one carried by Tecumseh in his long campaign and was taken from his dead body after the battle of the Thames. In this campaign there were allied with Gen. Harrison the Peorias, Kashaskias and Piankshas, three nations that once helped rule Canada, New York and a part of Pennsylvania, the fragments of which are now gathered in the Quapaw nation and all told number fewer than 200.

The night before the great battle a council was called. A man volunteered from each of these tribes who took a solemn oath to kill Tecumseh the next day. The battle followed and Tecumseh was killed. His followers attempted to take his body down the river in a boat that night, but the three watchful enemies were too alert and surprised the party. They failed to secure the body of Tecumseh, but succeeded in getting the flag which was wrapped around his body. It was cut with many bullet and arrow holes.

This flag fell to Superneau McCoonse and has been handed down in his family ever since. The flag is of dannel cloth made after the design of the British flag of that day. It is hand sewed and was made by the squaws of Tecumseh's tepec. According to the Indian legend, it was in honor of the three Indians who volunteered to kill Tecumseh on that day, or die in the attempt, that the three arrows appeared on the issues of the silver coins after that date.—Kansas City Star.

Hard Sledding in Alaska.

Maj. William R. Abercrombie, 30th United States Infantry, has prepared an account of an exploring expedition which he led into the Copper river country, Alaska, in 1898. The work was conducted under the direction of the war department and its purpose was to determine the existence or non-existence of an all-American route to the Yukon. With an outfit of 557 Norway reindeer with sleds, equipment, supplies and 113 laplanders as drivers and herders, Maj. Abercrombie started from Seattle, April 8, and arrived at Port Valdez, July 8. A month later he crossed the great Valdez glacier at an altitude of 5,000 feet, and after extraordinary hardships descended into the valley of Copper river.

"The mortal strain at this stage of the journey," says Maj. Abercrombie, "was terrific. The men and the animals were so badly used up that it would have been impossible for them to survive another night on the glacier, and our progress through this network of crevasses had been so slow that I was afraid we would not cross the summit in daylight. We were up about 3,000 feet and in slush and snow about knee deep. Bearing off from the fourth bench to the right we managed to get our train onto a series of snow slides and made fairly good time to the foot of the sixth bench.

"This was the last rise of the glacier, which was 11,000 feet on one mile or a climb of almost forty-five degrees. We returned to Port Valdez Oct. 15, having covered a little more than 800 miles on foot, horseback and by raft, since Aug. 5, demonstrating the existence of an all-American route from Prince William sound to the Yukon valley."

Snakes and Eels.

Richard Kearton, a well known naturalist, tells of an experience in the Hebrides: "We saw great numbers of eels actually leaving the sea and ascending a small clear stream, which formed the outlet to a shallow loch," he writes. "They varied in size from mere threads to specimens weighing two to three pounds each. The migration continued for a whole week, and one day we succeeded in capturing half a score about fifty yards away from high-tide mark. These were offered to a highland shepherd, who, with a shrug and a grimace, said 'Och, sir, I would liefer eat snakes.'"

Some Champion Long Names.

A directory issued in Honolulu contains what is believed to be the longest name appearing in any such publication. It is that of Miss Annie K. Keohanoakalainhueakaweloakaka, which means substantially "Jack and the Bean Stalk." Pauline Nabucodonozowiszowna, a resident of Milwaukee, is probably champion of America, though Salvatore Schlanodonnariello of Providence, R. I., and Bernard G. Ahrenhoersterbauer of St. Louis may be regarded as entitled to honorable mention.

English as She Spoke.

A story is told of a German teacher at Vassar who is not thoroughly acquainted with the English language and the college slang has not helped her in solving the puzzle. She had heard the girls talk about going on larks. Returning one day from a picnic she said to some of the girls: "Oh, I have been on such a canary." She started her class one day by complaining against some of the cold days of September, saying: "Why, it was so cold one day I had to stay in my room all the morning and sit with my feet over the transom trying to keep warm."