

### KREY'S MAGIC TRANSMUTER

When James Powell returned to his home, reckoning on two hours of untroubled quiet before he must attend the annual meeting of the Merchants' Benevolent Club, he was told that a stranger awaited him in the library. He unlocked the door and found a stranger seated at a table in the library. Powell took his seat and the stranger placed a plate and a glass before him. A few moments later Powell was gazing into the face of a shabbily dressed little man, who apologized for intruding at the inopportune hour. Powell, accustomed to quick decision and prompt action, smiled pleasantly and said:

"I'll hear your story after dinner, Mr. —"

"Krey, Wilbur Krey."

After dinner Powell led his guest to the library and announced that he was ready for Krey's story.

"What can I do for you?"

"I call my discovery, Krey's Magic Transmuter. Are you afflicted with leprosy, Mr. Powell?"

"No," laughed the host, amazed at the question.

"Perhaps one of your friends suffers?" queried the inventor, consulting an old notebook.

"Not to my knowledge. Is your remedy a drug?"

"Fardon me, that is my secret. I assure you the remedy is perfectly harmless. However, let me read a few testimonials. They speak for themselves. One trial bottle of Krey's Magic cured a man who had not slept for two weeks. A woman seeking information was successful by using one bottle."

"Let me offer you a prospectus, Mr. Powell?"

"No, no," said Powell, raising and placing a \$10 bill in Krey's hand. "I have an appointment this evening. You must excuse me."

Krey appeared for a moment unable to realize that the crisp bank note in his hand was his to do with as he pleased. When his bewilderment lessened he began to collect his testimonials, managing to stammer forth a few.

"Powell said, clasping his visitor's hand, 'I don't need your medicine, there's something to help you along with me, Mr. Krey. Good-night.'"

After the meeting later that same evening, Powell and Scott walked home. Powell said:

"Good joke you played today sending the 'Magic Transmuter' to me."

"I gave him \$10," said Scott in an approving tone.

The man had come under the full glare of the street light. Powell's eye expressed his appreciation of the humor of the incident.

"I want you, one better, I also gave the fellow \$20 and a good square meal to get rid of him."

"To-day's success may encourage him to become a constant applicant," growled Scott.

The library bore no trace of the trick or madman who had extorted the \$10 bill in Krey's hand. Powell returned shortly before midnight. He stood a moment before the glowing fire conscious of his comfortable surroundings, of a heap of letters scattered over the table which the inventor had placed his testimonials. Was Krey unbalanced? The absurdity of his invention, the airy enthusiasm of the man, appealed to Powell's sense of the ridiculous. What was that remark of Krey's?

"The Transmuter caused all perils to vanish, removed doubts."

What question was uppermost in Powell's mind, causing him to doubt? Not even James Powell's closest friend knew of a romance that had grown to be both his greatest happiness as well as the cause of his greatest doubt.

Faustine Reznice, his young ward, had been absent a year visiting school friends in Europe. Although opposed to her long absence, he had admitted to himself that she ought to have a fair chance before he could expect her to fit into the quiet life of the town in which he lived. She had been entrusted to him a mere child, and he had unconsciously grown to care for her pleasure as the one thing worth while. Where was she at that moment?

Powell sighed deeply at the remembrance of Krey's claim for every ill, for a while of the Transmuter.

He glanced at the clock, then around the room; next he began indifferently to shuffle the heap of letters through his hands, pleased to find one addressed to him in Faustine's girl's handwriting. He spread the sheet close to the droplight and read:

Dear Guardian—I am coming back to you. I have been very unhappy, thinking how lonely you may be, and how hard it was of me to leave you so long without a line from me. The boys are begging me to stay another six months, but they have never had the best guardian in the world to make their lives happy. Poor girls, they rush from one place to another, but wonder why I find amusements like theirs so dull. If it makes any change in your plans necessary, you can tell me when I arrive, which will be in 10 days. The Ivernia is the ship I have engaged passage in.

PAULINE.

Perhaps a tiny drop of the "Magic" had dropped from the bottle Krey had dashed so gaily in that very room. Powell placed Pauline's letter in his breast-pocket, extinguished the light, and went to bed.—IDA W.

### NEWPORT'S LIFE OF CHANGES

Palace Reared to Be Sold Again and Character of Society Evanescent.

The most striking thing about Newport life in its evanescence, says a writer in the Critic, People seem to build and settle in a house just in time to sell it to some one else, and a man's grandfather having lived in the house he now occupies gains the dignified title "Ancestral home."

Another remarkable feature is the herding together of these millionaires. Were their fortunes not above suspicion, we should be tempted to think that the money gave out before they could purchase enough land to insure privacy. So much magnificence heaped on so small a bit of ground that poor Mother Earth sometimes groans at the burden she has to bear.

But this again, if typically Newport life, is not typically American. There have been and are real country places of extent in America, and there is a country life in which people are not so afraid of being let alone as to build their houses with scarcely a hedge between.

But Newport is not only "our society capital." It is, besides, a very beautiful and interesting place, containing one of our oldest relics, the famous Round Tower, and having taken a brave part in the Revolution. It claims the distinction of being the home of the Jews, who, in 1690 brought the first degrees of Free masonry to this country.

She boasts of many artists among her sons, adopted and native, Amy Bert Peck, Charles B. King, William Alston, Malbone, and others and greatest of all, Gilbert Stuart, who passed all his boyhood in the old town. If he was not actually born within its precincts, and it was a Newport that Bishop Berkeley wrote the famous lines, "Westward the course of Empire," etc.

**Bread Baking Superstitions.**

There are some curious superstitions about baking bread in the course of religious seasons. Most of them are found in France, the great bread-eating country on the globe.

For instance, in upper Brittany bread baked on Good Friday is declared to become black. In Charost it is held that he who sows bread baked on All Souls' day will be discussed. The flames will burst out of the oven in one's face if bread is baked on the feast of St. Nicholas, say the good people at Aube, so it is not done. In Burgundy the people believe that if bread is baked in the course of Rogation week all breads during the remainder of the year will turn moldy. The inhabitants of the Black mountains believe the same thing. The Sicilians refuse to bake on Good Friday because the fear they in some manner they will burn the Saviour.

The methods which other Europeans used to have in early times, doubtless, are now regarded as a superstition. Those used to think that bread baked on Good Friday would not grow moldy and the other buns was included in this list. One has already suggested that it is a superstition.

A piece of bread baked on a day perhaps because of the mysterious powers it preserved. It is said that it was used for preventing scurvy, though said if fed to cattle it cured certain diseases would cure the human animal. It is said that in one country bread baked on a certain day will work it, and it is baked on another on the same day will work good which means the bread baked on that day is about the same as bread baked on any other day.

**Travel of the Prince of Wales.**

When the Prince of Wales returns from his colonial tour four years ago, he was able to inform his audience at the Guildhall, that he and the princess had traveled over 46,000 miles, of which 33,000 were by sea and that—with the exception of Panama we never set foot on any land where the Union Jack did not fly. To this proud record their royal highnesses can now add that by rail alone they have in India and Burma traveled 8,507 miles and spent twenty-eight nights in the train, while in the course of his tour he delivered fifty speeches and performed a multitude of ceremonies. He is well deserved another complimentary banquet at the Guildhall, but it is probable that he will first of all be welcomed back by his own father somewhere in the Mediterranean.—London Chronicle.

**Elephant Power.**

How many men would be needed to pull a weight hauled by an elephant. Fifty. The answer is the result of recent investigations made to determine the respective pulling power of horses, men and elephants. Two hundred-weighting 1,600 pounds each, together pulled 3,750 pounds, or 550 pounds more than their combined weight. One elephant, weighing 12,000 pounds, pulled 8,750 pounds, or 3,250 pounds less than his weight. Fifty men, aggregating about 7,500 pounds in weight, pulled 8,750 pounds, or just as much as the single elephant. But, like the horses, they pulled more than their own weight. One hundred men pulled 12,000 pounds.—Exchange.

Always in a melting mood—the ice

### Helpful Beauty Hints

Here is a Column of Good, Practical Suggestions that Will Be Found Entirely Reliable—Moles as Beauty Spots—Trick of Thinning—Recipe for Sage Hair Restorer.

It is hard to bring women to the belief that many moles are spots of beauty rather than the blotches their owners think them. While there are moles that are blemishes, there are others that are fascinating, and which bring out the clear-coloring in complexion or eyes.

Our ancestresses with their beauty patches gazed with the dots of black did for a dazzling skin and bits of court-plaster were part of the daily toilet. Have you a tiny mole up near the eye or at the corner of the eye? Instead of bemoaning and resorting to dangerous cures consider your loved ones is heightened.

If nothing will convince you of the close relation of certain moles to beauty at least do not try dangerous means to rid yourself of your defect.

There is but one safe cure, the electric needle. Even this should only be used by a skilled specialist. Not only is there danger of blemishing or serious skin or cancerous trouble often follow.

The use of acids to burn out a mole, which some women claim they can apply with a camel's hair brush with perfectly safety cannot be too strongly condemned. Often in burning of the mole a scar is left that is more unsightly than the original offender.

A fuzzy mole is sometimes helped by rubbing with a moistened stone. Several long hairs can be pulled with tweezers. They will return in a few weeks but the process can be repeated.

**Straining the Hair.**

Not for appearance alone is the fashion of loose hair a good one, the injurious effects of the old-fashioned method of straining the hair back from the temples or up from the nape of the neck led to premature baldness.

The mother who draws her child's hair back tight from the forehead with a false idea of neatness should consider that she is laying up for that child a store of thin locks and for herself bitter reproaches.

While the bang was ugly, it was a sensible fashion for children, as it tended to lower the forehead and made the hair grow more gracefully about the brow in later years.

Another bad effect of straining is that one looks much older with tight hair even before the inevitable thinness sets in.

The hair line back of the ears is delicate and for that reason the hair should not be pulled tightly up from them. Some women have been so careless about hair straining that they have ugly bald spots in consequence.

If the hair appears to be thinning from over-straining, a small jar of good hair tonic should be kept on the dressing table, the fingers dipped in it and the threatened bald spots massaged daily. A little vasoline or crude petroleum is also excellent.

**Trick of Thinning.**

A locket down the center of the hair when wearing a low cut frock will make the neck look thinner. This is good news for the girl with a fat neck.

If she thinks a locket too exaggerated she can wear a chain with a pendant fastener, whose ends hang down over the nape of the neck.

Another way to improve the appearance of a fat back is to wear the hair in a low knot on the nape of the neck.

The shape of the neck of the dress should be a V rather than round or square if the shoulders are full and fleshy.

The tulle ruffles that have the choix directly in the center of the back with several ends falling down from it also have a knack of making the back look slimmer though they are fatal to the appearance of a short neck.

**Sage Hair Restorer.**

Place one quart of boiling water and two ounces of sage in an iron pot; allow to stand for twenty-four hours and then filter through filtering paper. Digest one ounce of pine tar in one quart of water for forty-eight hours stirring occasionally and then filter; mix the two together, and add:

Bay Rum, 1 quart; cologne, 1 ounce; glycerine, 4 ounces; distilled water, 20 ounces.

Apply to the scalp once daily with a tonic brush, and massage for ten minutes after applying the tonic. This will gradually restore gray hair to its original color, and is also a good tonic.

**Bust Developer.**

Cocoa butter, 2 ounces; lanoline, 2 ounces; oil of sweet almonds, 2 ounces.

Wet the first two in a double boiler and remove from the fire, stir in the oil and beat until cool. Bathe the bust with warm water, dry and massage gently with the cream. Every morning bathe the bust with very cold water. Deep breathing before an open window, clad in a loose gown, is also helpful.

**Slap the Hollow Back.**

A gully between the shoulder blades is fatal to beauty. This hollow can sometimes be filled out by a treatment of vigorous slapping with the palm of the hand. This develops the muscles and makes soft.

### Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

#### DANISH LEADER'S VIEWS.

Our Suffragettes Lead in Beauty, While Denmark's Gets Votes.

Miss Elizabeth Gad, representative of the National Committee of Denmark Suffrage, draws a three-cornered comparison of the women who are rugging for franchise in a trio of nations. She says:

American suffragettes are more active as women than are the English suffragettes, and the women of Denmark are more advanced suffragettes than are the women of America. And, in a measure, we women of Denmark are no longer struggling for 'we have won' added Miss Gad with enthusiasm.

This lady from Denmark is in the moral sense of the word, evidently a



"Militant" believer in votes for women. Gentle of voice and manner as she is, she yet conveys a tenacious earnestness of purpose that apparently reaches its zenith in suffrage discussion. She leans forward in her eagerness and the fine color in her cheeks deepens.

"I am going to lecture upon the evils of the white slave traffic," continued Miss Gad. "For I am strongly of the opinion that arresting this frightful menace is one of the works to which good women all over the world should be willing to lend a hand. If there is one reformation that is cut out for women that they should be able to understand better than men it is this one."

"In Denmark we have had a very efficient bureau for the rescue of these unfortunate slaves since 1902. But," concluded Miss Gad, "with the political vote to back us we hope to halt the traffic altogether. I am sure you will agree with me that if we can show that this is something that we can do it will be one of the strongest arguments for suffrage that would be possible for us to advance."

#### WARNINGS TO WIVES.

1. Don't sign or endorse a note or agree to be surety for any debt unless you are willing and can afford to pay the amount yourself. Never vary from this rule even in the case of your husband (father or your dearest woman friend).
2. Don't write your name on a blank piece of paper. Many women have done it and bitterly regretted it for the rest of their days.
3. Don't give an unlimited power of attorney to anyone. If it is absolutely necessary to give one at all, be sure that it is given only for what it is needed, and limit the time as much as possible.
4. Don't do anything in business "for politeness" which your judgment tells you you should not do.
5. In short, don't give any promise or sign any paper whatever until you are sure you know the legal effect of it on yourself and your family.
6. Don't write anything, even in a friendly letter, which you would not be willing to have used as evidence in court. On the other hand, don't destroy any letter or paper which may have a bearing on a business matter.
7. Don't consent to your husband's assigning his wages. Don't make it necessary by extravagant living.
8. Don't keep people rich or poor, waiting for money you owe them.

#### Guest Room Horror.

"The horrors of the guest room are well known to need enumeration, and can seldom be ameliorated," remarks a writer. They are, roughly, as follows: The embroidered pillow, the warped bureau drawer, the very pins in the stony cushion, the dirty cutlages, the cold bottles, the beds that hang in the night, the absence of hooks on which to hang your wrap, the picture of "The Ingentious Lover," the hidden antechamber, the dear little children in the nursery above you, the dead fly on the dried up ink well, and the hidden radiator under the sofa.

### A Turquoise Ring

It seemed to Frank Denning as if his eyes had played him false. But when he had looked inside the ring and read the inscription, "F. D. to J. M.," he knew without a doubt that he held in his hand the ring he had given to Josephine on her birthday six years ago. Then the world had not held a happier man than he, for only two weeks before she had promised to be his wife and he had placed on her finger the seal of their betrothal.

Denning's happiness had been of short duration. His business had called him abroad for several months, and upon his return he had found a note from Josephine breaking the engagement, and a tiny package which contained the diamond, but the turquoise ring had not been returned. She had not offered any explanation whatever, but he learned soon afterward that her father's fortune had been swept away in a single day and that it had been such a blow to him that he had fallen ill, and that after only a short sickness Josephine had been left alone. She had left the city at once and had been proud to explain to him, deeming it best to release him from the engagement. He had tried to find her, but he had not been successful. No one could give him any information in regard to her whereabouts. And now after six years he had found the turquoise ring lying in the gutter not 30 feet away from the place where he lodged Josephine, and he was somewhere in the city, and possibly very near, he told himself, for she would, of course, advertise for the ring and then he would see her again and everything would be made right. In the years that had passed since they had last met he had lost his own fortune, and now he could not present the argument that he was rich while she was poor at what if she did not advertise when he would put an advertisement in the paper himself, he decided quickly.

The next moment a greater fear came to worry him. What if the ring had been stolen from Josephine somewhere else and the person taking it had come to this city, losing it here, well, it would not be long before he would find out, and he could only hope for the best.

All that day his thoughts centered around the turquoise ring and the girl who had never been able to put from his heart. He bought an evening paper as soon as the edition was out and read his attention at once to the "Lost and Found" column, but although he searched carefully he was unable to find an advertisement pertaining to the loss of a turquoise ring. He was disappointed, but he consoled himself with the thought that he would find the ad in the morning paper. He crossed nearly an hour earlier than usual, and buying a paper went again through the "Lost and Found" ads. This time his search was rewarded. But when he had read he was so surprised that he stood straight in the middle of the street. There was no name given, but the address was that of his own lodging house. He made his way back quickly to the landlady.

Miss Merton lost a ring and had it in the paper," she said in answer to his inquiry. "She thought someone might call on she stayed a while from work. You stop in the parlor and I'll speak to her."

Denning could hardly control himself. Then Josephine was here in his own house as he. He could hardly believe it to be true. What if someone else of the same name should be living here? But in a few moments his fears were routed for the door opened and Josephine Merton entered a room.

As she saw him a glad cry burst from her lips.

The man rose quickly from his chair and stepped forward to meet her, possessing himself of both of her hands.

"I'm so glad to see you," she murmured.

"And I to see you," he returned with a bright smile. "You don't know how glad. But how long have you been stopping here? I room here myself. Just think of it, under the same roof and I never knew it."

"I've been here about three months," she said. "I returned from the West only this spring. I have an upper room, and as I go to work very early and return home late, it is not strange that we haven't met. And it's you, Frank, who has found my ring?"

"Yes, it's I who had the good luck to find it," he answered. "If I hadn't here's no telling when we should have met. You must have thought it of it, Josephine, or you would have returned it with the other one. Why were you so cruel? I've been trying to find you all these years. As if it would have made any difference to me whether you had a penny or not. I've something to tell you now. I've seen you I've lost my own fortune."

"I'm so glad, Frank, that is, I'm glad I don't mean that I'm glad you lost your fortune, but now I can't say."

"You can love me, dear," he finished for her. "Let me put on the turquoise ring, little girl, and to-night I'll bring the other one."

With a happy smile she put out one all hand and the next moment he had slipped the ring on the slender finger. MRS. FLORENCE M. FISHER.

That the churches might catch more on by putting turnstiles at the doors.

### JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

A Statesman Who is a Study in Contradictions.

There is probably no statesman in our history who has played so important a part as Mr. Chamberlain and at the same time has changed his opinions so often and so widely without being exposed to the charge of mere vulgar self-seeking. Mr. Chamberlain, it is true, began his political life as a "rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories" and concluded it is the most honored mouthpiece of democracy. But his development was much lower than Mr. Chamberlain's and coincided with a parallel development in the conditions of political warfare. It would be difficult to find an analogy to that diametrical change in political outlook, illustrated by the appendix of quotations which Mr. Mackintosh calls "A Study in Contradictions," without seeking among that order of politicians of whom a great cynic observed that their only firm political principal was to draw \$5,000 a year. But this is probably the only charge which has never been seriously brought against Mr. Chamberlain. When the kaleidoscope changes in his views have been ascribed to egotism, it is on a higher plane than the accusation is brought. Mr. Mackintosh puts it in the form of a very happy quotation from Matthew Arnold:

O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine!  
Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs?  
And share the battle's common chance with us  
Who love thee, but must press forever first.

In single fight incurring single risk? Others might find the explanation to the fact that Mr. Chamberlain possesses one of those strenuous and unobscured souls whose motto is always Honesty, and who concentrate all their energy on the task in hand at the present. They "needs must love the best when they see it" but they are constitutionally governed by such an optical law that they can see nothing higher than the thing on which their eyes are fixed for the time being.—London Spectator.

**In the Capitol Dome.**

Every day you find at the capitol the steady and ceaseless throng of visitors leaning upon the rails of the stairway, looking upon the paintings which so vividly portray stirring scenes of national history, says the National Magazine. Now the space in the Brumidi frieze in the capitol, which has remained incomplete on account of the death of the artist, is to be filled. The unfinished work was always the text for a long paragraph in the lecture of the capitol guide. The frieze is seventy-five feet from the floor and runs about the base of the dome. The completed part depicts historic scenes of the new world from the time of Columbus to the Civil War.

With upward craned necks visitors never fail to discover the missing part of the decoration, entirely overlooking the dome with the exception of the few left incomplete by Brumidi, who fell from the scaffold in 1890 and lay in a portous position above the marble floor until rescued. The strain and shock resulted in his death shortly after the accident.

Filippo Costagani continued his work until 1899 when vigorous opposition arose against having scenes of the Civil War depicted in the frieze. This was the chief reason for its being left unfinished. Now it is suggested that scenes shall be taken from the Spanish-American war, with a suggestion of the Philippines, Porto Rico and the Panama Canal, leaving the fratricidal war to be chronicled only on the yellow pages of history, with all bitter memories eliminated from the hearts of the people—a completed are symbolic of the unity of the nation.

**They Mean Business.**

The visit of King Blissowath and the Cambodian royal consorts to Paris has led to interesting researches in the court matrimonial usages of Cambodia. It appears from these that the life of a king of these countries, like that of a western politician, is "not a happy one." Whether he likes it or not, he is bound to be a very much married man. To begin with, he must marry three princesses of the highest royal rank, who have the status of queens; then he must ally himself with 100 more young ladies of blood more or less royal, who enjoy connubiality in the second degree, and are named "tepis." After these come a score or two of "piyos," or daughters of ministers, a similar number of "meyous," or daughters of councillors of state, and in wifehood of the fifth degree, a few scores of "tangkous," who are the daughters of the people. It is understood that the ladies of these different categories do not perform in the royal ballet. They are supervised by three widows of noble family, approved age and asperity.—London Globe.

**Denaturalized.**

Now that this country has a new board of naturalization, why not naturalize the American millionaires who insist on spending every summer abroad instead of "seeing America first"?—Denver Republican.

The black diamond is so hard that it cannot be polished.

ROX NESTER