

The Price of a Week's Board

By RUTH GRAHAM

Tom Burns, a farmer's boy, who didn't like farm work, went from Illinois out into the wild west. There he wandered about, making a living as best he could, but there was little for him to do, except kill the animals of the wilderness either for their meat or their skins. During his wanderings Tom married the daughter of a settler who had come from Ohio. She wished to get back to that state as much as her husband wanted to return to Illinois. But instead of drifting eastward they drifted farther westward, for as civilization encroached upon them the wild animals, by which Tom made a living, became scarce, and they were obliged to find new hunting grounds.

So at last they found themselves in a gulch where game was plenty and neighbors were few. It was a desolate life, especially for the woman. Tom offered to take his wife east, but she knew he had never fitted himself for the work to be done there, and she preferred to remain where they were rather than run the risk of starving in her former home.

One day a man came trudging up the gulch and, stopping at the Burns cabin, asked Mrs. Burns if he could be accommodated for a short time. She told him that her husband would be home soon and then she could give an answer. The stranger said he would pay well for his board. When Tom returned it was agreed between him and his wife that they would take the stranger in, though there was only one room in the cabin, and they were all obliged to sleep in the same room, divided into two parts by a curtain.

The man went out every morning prospecting for something he didn't say what—and every night returned to the cabin. He remained with the Burns couple a week, then said to them:

"I'm going away from here, and I can't pay you any board. I have been told that an article is to be found in this region that is very valuable. Had I found it I could have paid you thousands of dollars for my keep. As it is I can't pay you anything."

"That's all right, stranger," said John. "We wouldn't have felt warranted in charging you over \$4 anyway, so it doesn't matter much."

"It matters more to me than to you. It may be that I've missed the deposit you may be looking for. And some day you may stumble on it. But you won't recognize it if you do. I'm going to leave you some chemicals, and if you ever come across the article I refer to add mix it with the chemicals and burn the compound it will give a green flame."

He gave them some idea of what the substance looked like in its crude form and, pouring the chemicals from his stock into bottles, left them with him, with his address, telling them if they ever found the article to write him and he would make them rich.

A month passed after the stranger's departure and the Burnses would have almost forgotten his coming had it not been for the bottles he had left them that stood in the cupboard. One day John, instead of hunting in the gulch and the region thereabout, went down to its mouth and, rounding a mountain spur, entered a valley. He encountered a trapper, who told him that nothing could live there, not even animals, and there was no use for him to try to get any game there. So desolate was the place that it was called Death valley. John had heard of it and concluded to have a look at it before going home. So he wandered about in it. He hadn't gone far before he saw scattered about a substance that answered the description his boarder had given him. He gathered some of it and took it home with him.

After supper, while his wife was washing the dishes, he took a piece of the substance he had brought from Death valley and, putting it in a tin pan, poured the chemicals over it and set fire to it. As he did so his wife paused in wiping a dish and watched him. As the flame burst forth the two looked at each other with surprise and pleasure.

It burned green. The couple talked that night over various plans to secure what value there might be in their find to themselves. They thought of presenting a claim for the ground where they had found the substance, but realized that they were too poor and too ignorant of the subject to handle it themselves, so they wrote to their lodger that they thought they had found what he had been looking for. He came to see them, and John showed him a specimen of his find and also that it burned green. The stranger uttered an exclamation of delight.

"That is borax," he said, "used for washing purposes in every household in America." He told John that if he would tell him where it lay he would form a company to take the ground, work it and would give John half of all he made out of it himself. John accepted his proposition, and an agreement was written out and signed by both according to the terms.

It turned out the stranger had a large borax company behind him with unlimited capital. A company was formed, and he retained 20 per cent of the stock. Of this he assigned one-half to John, which gave him more money than he and his wife could spend. They went back to the east, where they lived in comfort for the rest of their lives.

Thrown to the Wolves

A story of a father's desperate act in throwing his child to the wolves is related by the Astrakhan correspondent of the *Viedomosti*. A peasant named Grusneljoff, accompanied by his wife and four-year-old child, it is stated, was traveling by sleigh to Volzhsk. Toward dusk, when only a few miles from the town, he suddenly came on a pack of wolves. Grusneljoff's wife in her terror suggested that he should appease the beasts by flinging them the child. This the man at first refused to do, continuing to belabor his horses. At length, seeing that the wolves were gaining on the sleigh, he flung the child into the road. His sacrifice was in vain, for the wolves, discarding the living bundle, flew to the attack with renewed fury and at length dragged the peasant from the sleigh. When the horses arrived in the town the woman was found lying unconscious in the sleigh. The child, which had not suffered the slightest injury, was found sleeping on the road.

Printing Unpopular in Persia.
Type printing is unpopular in Persia. The straightness of the lines offends the Persian's artistic sense, and he feels that in printed books the character of the letters is lost. Persia is today entirely dependent upon lithography for its own production of books. Naturally these are very rare. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the press with movable types was set up in Tabriz, and a certain number of books were printed. The effort met with no encouragement, however, and had shortly to be abandoned. The same work which makes a Persian esteem so highly the great calligraphists makes him deplore the absence of character in a type printed book. What most delights him is well written manuscript, and he takes the same delight in the copyist's work that we take in an old master. Finding this, he contents himself with a lithograph, which is usually a facsimile of the writing of some fairly good scribe.

A Wandering Scot's Tribulations.
A Glasgow man who recently took up residence in London, says the *Glasgow News*, selected from the people answering his advertisement for rooms a landlady boasting the name of Mackay. That name, even without the lady's protestations, convinced him that he was going to a "home from home." On arriving, his pleasurable anticipation was increased when he was informed that it was "taken for granted" he would have porridge for breakfast. He was astounded, however, to find the oatmeal served cold and solid and profusely sprinkled with parsley. Something approaching a scene occurred when he intimated to the lady that he required the dish brought hot and fresh and without vegetable embellishment. With a gesture of despair she led him to the kitchen, where on the shelf was a row of bowls containing his weekly supply of parsley decorated porridge!

Our Musical Nerves.
Everybody who has been to the dentist knows only too well that the teeth have nerves connected with them. These nerves lead to certain knots of nerve tissue called ganglia, from which also proceed other nerves that pass to the auditory chambers of the ear. If you grind your teeth ever so slightly you will find that you hear the sound very distinctly. The vibrations caused by grinding are conveyed to the auditory chamber, where a series of pyramid cells of varying lengths are so arranged as to operate like keys of a piano. These cells, each of which responds to a particular note, are connected by nerve threads, like piano wires, with the main nerve of hearing—a complex and beautiful arrangement to which we owe our power to appreciate the exquisite harmonies of music.

Starved Himself to Death.
Hunger strike records were broken some years ago by a Frenchman named Granle, who was arrested for murder in circumstances which left no doubt as to his guilt. He determined to starve himself to death in order to escape the guillotine, and from the day of his arrest refused to eat. In spite of every effort on the part of the prison authorities, who first tried tempting him to eat by placing the most dainty meals in his cell and when that failed attempted forcible feeding, Granle held out for sixty-three days, at the end of which time he died.

A Renewed Struggle.
"My old barber has left the city."
"You seem very regretful."
"Yes, he had been trying to sell me a bottle of hair tonic for the past fifteen years, and so far I had succeeded in standing him off. Now I shall have to start the battle all over with a new man."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A Grave Danger.
"Madam, your pet Pekinese spaniel bit one of the children on the street in the face this morning."
"Good heavens, my poor little dog! I know none of the children about here have their faces antiseptically washed."—*Baltimore American.*

Scarce Strings.
Parke-Biddat is certainly tied to his wife's apron strings. Lane-Well, in these days he is lucky if he has a wife with apron strings.—*Life.*

Cloak.
Bees—Chollie is certainly a peach, but he won't give me an engagement ring. Jeas—Perhaps he's a clingstone.—*Boston Post.*

The man who feels certain that he will not succeed is seldom, if ever, mistaken.

How I Came to Marry

By ALLAN G. LANOUD

In the gold hunting days I went out to the gold fields to make a fortune. I fell in with a young man of my own age, Elliot Mansfield, and we agreed to prospect together. Mansfield had left a mother and sister, to whom he was much attached. Unfortunately his mother had received an injury to one of her eyes, and since her son's departure for the west it had extended to the other eye, and she was gradually becoming blind.

The letters she wrote Mansfield were pathetic. She hoped that he might be with her again, but she did not expect to see him. His sister wrote him that if possible, he should come home that his mother might see him once more before losing her sight. But he had no money for the journey, and if he could get home he would not be able to get back again. He was a resolute fellow and averse to giving up what he had undertaken—namely, to go back to the gold fields. He was no better off than Mansfield, and he wandered about with picks on his shoulders wherever we believed there might be gold and at last succeeded in striking dirt that promised to pay. While we were getting it into shape to secure capital with which to take Mr. Mansfield was taken sick. He was ill a long while, and during this time I wrote letters for him to his mother and sister. In these letters, at his request, I forged his handwriting so that they might not suspect that he was unable to write them himself. Furthermore, he charged me to tell them that he had struck a mine of value and would soon go east with a view to forming a company to work it. The poor fellow did not recover. He asked me before he died to make over his share in our mine to his mother and sister and if possible go east, as he had hoped to do, and either sell the mine or organize a company, as I might be able. Dreading the shock of his death on his mother, he asked me to keep up the deception till I should go east and arrange with his sister for breaking the sad news to his mother.

I found an opportunity to sell out for \$50,000 and availed myself of it. If I had held on the property would have made me very rich, but I was tired of the deception I was practicing and knew my late partner's mother and sister were very poor. Taking their share of the proceeds with me, I went at once to the town in which they lived. On my arrival I sent a messenger to Miss Mansfield to tell her that her brother's partner had arrived with news of him, but cautioning her to say nothing about me to her mother until I had had an opportunity to see her. She appointed a meeting with me at the home of one of her friends. I went there and told her the bad news I had for her.

To her grief was added the fact that her mother, who had now become quite blind, was looking for her son every day. Her daughter—Mildred was her name—was in agony at the idea of imparting the news to her. She could not think of doing so at the time, for the old lady was not in a condition to bear it. So we arranged between us, I wrote letters as before, putting off the news and brother's arrival.

Mildred Mansfield was a very lovely girl. I sympathized with her deeply, and it was a matter of satisfaction to me that I was enabled to turn over to her the affairs of her mother, which, taken at her brother's share in what I had realized for the mine.

One day, desiring to consult with Mildred, I went to her house to see her. I could see no risk of revealing the true situation in doing so.—But the old lady, who was in her room above, and hearing my voice below and got it into her ears, she came out to see the wonderful thing she had heard of. She and I were talking as they walked along on a million interesting subjects.

"Yes, John," said my wife, turning to me, "the old man after they had gone quite close to a hugging and weeping that were almost hysterical."
"The mine is sold, mother," I said, "and my share is \$25,000. It's all in bank right here in this town."
"I'm very happy," she said through her tears, "though I can't see you. You must stay here always, and so long as I live neither you nor your sister must marry, but live here for me and each other."
Mildred was too embarrassed by this to make a reply, so I was obliged to make it myself.

"Yes, mother. We will live only for you and each other."
I was looking at Mildred when I said this, and she raised her eyes and blushed. Then she said, "You'd better give mother time to recover from her excitement," and I went downstairs. Well, we were in for it now deeper than ever. Of course I was obliged to take up my quarters in the house, and since Mrs. Mansfield was blind as a bat she was not available for a chaperon. We talked over the matter of telling her the truth, and finally I said: "Why not let her remain in ignorance? We can be married, and that will make it all right for me to live here. After your mother's death, if you wish it, I will help you to get the marriage annulled."
So we had a wedding ceremony performed, just to enable us to deceive Mrs. Mansfield for her own good, and when she died we concluded to let the marriage stand. And that's the way I came to be a married man today and the father of seven children—just to avoid giving an old lady on the brink of the grave a shock.

Artificial Ears

These days there is a great deal of talk about artificial ears. The first was made by the late Dr. Henry, the second by Dr. Edward I. Henry, who was never in the government service at the time, and Edward could not afford the expense of a corporation. The first artificial ear was made by Henry VIII. Some of the most famous of these were made by the late Dr. Henry, who was never in the government service at the time, and Edward could not afford the expense of a corporation. The first artificial ear was made by Henry VIII. Some of the most famous of these were made by the late Dr. Henry, who was never in the government service at the time, and Edward could not afford the expense of a corporation. The first artificial ear was made by Henry VIII. Some of the most famous of these were made by the late Dr. Henry, who was never in the government service at the time, and Edward could not afford the expense of a corporation.

Artificial ears are so skillfully made that they may with difficulty be distinguished from natural ones. It is said that when the person who has lost an ear applies to the manufacturer for a substitute there is made a mold of the remaining ear. If there is left any part of the other a mold of that part also must be taken to assist in the fitting of the artificial. Manufacturers assert that the two ears are alike and that the new ear is pasted on the stump or stump of the ear in the position of the lost ear. It is really only the first artificial ear that is expensive, the chief cost pertaining to the making of the mold. Vulcanized rubber, which can be bent and twisted, has been found to constitute the best material for the making of artificial ears.

The Two Fine Things of Life.
Because it is an elementary thing to do, it requires courage to buy or build a house. Buy! Build! The national head becomes a pendulum of waiting. There are just two fine things open to most of us between the cradle and the grave. One is to marry and the other is to acquire a home, and the modern answer to both proposals is the same. "Don't," so glibly do many men live, so exorbitantly do they purport to enjoy it. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in "The Intellectual Life," pointed out that the invention of railways had resulted in a return to one of the most marvellous pieces of barbarism, a domestic life. Since he wrote we have invented the motorcar and the bicycle and fifty residences, which is a distinctive mark of civilization. Has become its derision or despair.—*London T. P. Weekly.*

A Corner For Recruits.
Nowadays the authorities do not address so alluringly for recruits as they did in the past. A source would in 1801 by British authorities call on her mother, who had now become quite blind, was looking for her son every day. Her daughter—Mildred was her name—was in agony at the idea of imparting the news to her. She could not think of doing so at the time, for the old lady was not in a condition to bear it. So we arranged between us, I wrote letters as before, putting off the news and brother's arrival.

Some Talkers.
A man once visited Niagara Falls, taking with him his wife and his true situation in doing so.—But the old lady, who was in her room above, and hearing my voice below and got it into her ears, she came out to see the wonderful thing she had heard of. She and I were talking as they walked along on a million interesting subjects.

Reason and Instinct.
Inquiring Son—Paper, what is reason?—Fond Parent—Reason, my boy, is that which enables a man to detect what is right. Inquiring Son—And what is instinct?—Fond Parent—Instinct is that which tells a woman she is right whether she is or not.—*London Tit-Bits.*

Were Still.
Mother (to wriggling son across her knee)—I'll teach you to sneeze as dogs' tails.
"But, mother, it isn't our dog."
"No, I know it isn't our dog. But it's my sauceman; you young rascal."—*London Mail.*

His Definition.
A boy who was asked to describe a kitten said, "A kitten is remarkable for rushing like mad at nothing whatever and stopping before it gets there."
A Restful Fall.
"I had a fall last night which rendered me unconscious for six hours."
"Really? Where did you fall?"
"I fell asleep."
Hard Luck.
Mrs. Dash-Mother says that she wants to be cremated. Dash—Just my luck! I haven't a match with me.—*London Mail.*


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