



## CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

Mr. Marsh positively gasped, as if the volubility of the accusation had taken his breath away. He glanced at the accuser. She looked, with her flaming eyes and resolute face, very much in earnest; but still he felt that he must not be borne down by mere gibes of assertion.

"It is a good old principle of our English law, mademoiselle, that a man is to be considered innocent until he has been proved guilty. Now, all I have seen of Sir Richard, and all I have heard of him, except from yourself, is very much to his credit. If you want me to change my opinion you must give me proofs."

"You shall have them," said Glitka. "You are, as I believe that you admitted in conversation with Superintendent Swann," said the London merchant, "the writer of the anonymous letter which I received in town. You are also a bitter enemy of Sir Richard's."

"Yes, because I loved him," interrupted the Hungarian girl, with her dark eyes blazing out like those of a hurt wild beast that turns on the hunter. "I was his promised bride—we were betrothed—and he threw me off. Yes, I hate the man! Now hear me."

And in rapid, burning words Lady Thorsdale's maid related how she had, in the room habitually occupied by Sir Richard Mortmain at Thorsdale Hall, discovered in a drawer the compromising letter signed "Rufus Crouch," which had first caused her to send her own anonymous communication to Mr. Marsh himself in London.

"Here it is," she said, as she thrust it into the dry-salt's hand. He read it not without some inward twinge of mortification and annoyance. "The base hypocrite!" he exclaimed; "the rascally dissembler! Why, his scoundrel of a confederate had apprised him of the exact amount of my ward's fortune weeks before he came to make a boast of his disinterested intentions to me! May I keep this letter, mademoiselle? You will be rewarded, I need not say, for your help in unmasking an impostor."

"Reward me—give me money—your sovereigns and your banknotes, perhaps," retorted Glitka, with a hard fierce laugh. "Yes, that would be well for one of your English maids, but I have only one reward to seek! Now, sir, listen. The letter I have placed in your hands will, I hope, prove the ruin of the designs of him to whom it was sent. But I have a new weapon wherewith to strike at that hard, pitiless heart."

And then, rapidly and volubly as before, she narrated how she had chanced to overhear, in that portion of the shrubbery at Thorsdale which bordered on the park, through which there was a public right of way, a conversation between Sir Richard Mortmain and an ill-looking ruffian, whom she easily identified with the writer of the threatening letter. She had no hesitation in avowing that she played the spy on her employer's brother whenever her duties rendered it possible, prompted by jealousy and resentment, and on this occasion she had overheard, herself unperceived, a portion of what was said.

"He, Crouch, menaced Sir Richard all ways. He could, he said, send him to the galleys and the prison, as he could the commonest forger, and the commonest thief. And the great, proud gentleman spoke the ruffian fair, and gave gold, and promised much. He had won over Mr. Marsh, Miss Mowbray's guardian, so he said, and should have his influence on his side. And Crouch was to have his share of the young lady's fortune! I did not hear much, but they bargained."

Mr. Marsh drove back to Woodburn Parsonage with very different feelings from those which he had previously entertained toward the titled suitor for Violet Mowbray's hand.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Well met, Sir R.," said a hoarse, deep voice, at the sound of which the baronet winced impatiently; "I was on my way to Helston, to look you up, but perhaps out on the high-road we can chat more conveniently."

The baronet turned to confront Rufus Crouch. There was an unwholy look of sullen ferocity in the fellow's bloodshot eyes, which told of gin lately imbibed. In his hand was a heavy blackthorn stick, gnarled and fresh-cut.

"What do you want with me, you fool?" demanded the baronet.

Rufus glared at him. "I want a precious lot, Sir R.," responded the ex-gold-digger, after a pause, during which it seemed as though he were meditating whether or not to spring the some savage dog at the throat of his aristocratic accomplice. "I want to be rid of this curish life, and out of this rotten country, and back in old Australia, but as a master this time, mind ye! not a man. But, to set up, I require my share of the swag."

"Of what swag, my talkative friend, do you want your share?" asked the baronet, with much asperity.

"Why, of the heifers' seventy thousand pounds—what else?" gravely rejoined the ex-gold-digger; "and Sir R., not one penny less than twenty-five thousand—not twenty—will satisfy yours truly, and—"

"You do!" broke in Sir Richard, "you may keep your bigging talk till the market is open. That Will-o-the-wisp of the big sum of ready money that lured me down here, is as very a Jack-o'-lantern as ever led a silly swain into a quagmire. Even if the girl has a right to this money—"

"True as death and taxes she has, Sir R.," protested Crouch, looking serious. "Even then, we don't live in a country where young ladies can be married against their will," retorted the baronet. "Your heifers, I tell you, turns out to be of less malleable stuff than we supposed, and her money is as much out of my reach as if it were fifty fathoms deep beneath the sea. She insults me—won't see me—will have none of me—even though I have duped that old dotard of a dry salter, the guardian, into buckling up my cause. I'm sure there's some young lover."

"And I can give a shrewd guess, Sir R., as to who the young chap is," interrupted Crouch. "I'll stake anything it's that beggarly upstart, Don. I heard he had been caught spooning and mooning with Miss Violet. I heard he had been forbid the house, down at the parson's. He's what the girls call handsome, and—"

But, in a voice that he instinctively lowered, "come in to my terms—the five and twenty thousand, out of the new Lady Mortmain's tin—and he, this beggarly gentleman founding, shall be dead. I'll engage for the sake of old grudges, and for my share of the plunder, to put him out of the way. D'ye hear?"

"I don't much like being mixed up in that sort of thing," said the baronet, hesitatingly; "I wish the youngster were well out of the way, but—"

"One push, between the shoulders," chuckled Crouch, thrusting out his great hands and counterfeiting the action so as to suit the words, "and over goes my young lordling to the crabs and the sand eels in the rock-pools below. And as for Miss Violet, while the tear is in her eye, which is always a soft time with women, my advice is, cut in, Sir R., and win. But," said Rufus roughly, as he glared at his titled friend, "you mind how you break faith with me, Sir Richard Mortmain, baronet, once I've risked scragging for your sake. Try and cheat me out of a sixpenny of my due, and keep me in this miserable country for above three months more, and see if you don't go to fail as a forger, and give the newspapers the fun of printing leading articles about the disgrace of a fellow like you, with a handle to his name."

Sir Richard had an almost fiendish temper, left in check usually by habit and self-discipline, but he had had much to annoy him that day, and now the pent-up volcano blazed up into flame.

"You hear?" he exclaimed; "you low-browed hound! you dare, dare you, to threaten a gentleman?"

And, with his gold-mounted riding whip, he dealt Rufus two sharp cuts across the face.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

The immediate effect upon Crouch of the stinging blows he had received was to make the ex-gold-digger and possible bush-ranger stand as still as if he had been some hideous effigy of a man carved in stone. But then his native ferocity awoke, and it was with a yell like that of a wild beast that the ruffian sprang forward, clutching the bridle of Sir Richard's gallant horse, and forced him back upon his haunches. The terrified horse snorted and reared arrow-straight, and fell back with a crash upon his rider. Stunned by the shock, the baronet lay helpless.

"You hear, Sir R.," growled Crouch, whirling up his club, and dealing a furious stroke at Sir Richard's prostrate head.

"Hold there! stop!" cried a ringing, clear young voice, as the sound of hurrying feet was heard; and the would-be murderer, club in hand, wheeled round, only to find himself face to face with the man whom, of all men, he hated and feared the most—the youth whose skill and courage had saved him from the Soldier's Slough—Don.

"Don't interfere with me, youngster, if you care to keep a whole skin and bones unscathed," said Crouch, brandishing his cudgel.

"I am interfering, comrade," replied Don resolutely, but with no sign of ill-temper, "to save you from yourself."

"Try the left of it!" answered Crouch, savagely, as he lifted the club, and struck at Don with all his force. But Don, whose eyes were quick and his movements agile, eluded the blow, sprang forward, and had closed with the gold digger in a moment.

"Now I've got you, my Jimmy Jessamy fine gentleman!" muttered Rufus, as the grapple began, for in all his many meditations concerning Don he had always felt that the boy was a stronger of the two. Then Crouch never afterward could realize how the brawny man felt that he was snatched up from the ground like a tree suddenly uprooted, and next he fell with a crash upon the earth.

"You've lost your plate, is to take yourself off," spoke Don, "and if you have any conscience left, to be thankful that you have been saved from a great crime, and the hangman's noose as its penalty. I am sorry to be harsh with a jet-hunter, but I'm more sorry to find that one of our company could deserve it. Now go!"

Don proceeded to assist Sir Richard Mortmain, who was now stirring uneasily as he lay, trying to rise. The baronet staggered as he regained his feet, and would have fallen but for Don's support.

"Are you much hurt?" asked the young man, compassionately.

"It's all right—it's all right!" muttered Sir Richard, leaning heavily on his preserver. "Yes, it's all right. I was a trifle dizzy at the first, but I'm quite right now."

"Perhaps, sir, you could walk if I held your arm," Helston Hall was within half an hour from here, suggested Don, and Sir Richard murmuring a weak assent, the young man struck into the lane hard by, leading the black horse and bearing upon his strong arm the tottering form of his rescuer.

There was not much conversation, naturally, on the slow walk, along the lane that led to Helston Hall. Once the baronet plucked up spirit enough to say what he thought of the cowardly aggressor.

"That Crouch, I mean, a son of my father's bailiff, a dog who was always glad to come sneaking up to me at Mortmain, and carry my second gun or run my errands—the beast!" ejaculated Sir Richard. "But if there's law or justice in England, I'll—"

He stopped short here, confusedly. Perhaps he had remembered that Crouch, might have ugly revelations to make in a court of justice.

"The man, I believe," said Don, tolerantly, "is but partly responsible for his actions. He is mad, drunk sometimes. He was so to-day, till the fall I gave him sobered him. I hope this may serve as a lesson to the fellow. But he is a bad sort of man, and we jet-hunters will be well rid of him. I suppose, Sir Richard, that he did not attack you for the mere purpose of robbery?"

"He—I—yes; but I feel rather faint, somehow," murmured the baronet; and he said no more until he reached his own home.

"I may leave you now?" said Don with his bright smile.

"If you please, I should like to shake hands with you," said Sir Richard, hesitatingly, and he held Don's hand for a moment. "You have saved my life, and whatever I may be, I shall not forget what I owe you."

Downon and Grosford was what our French neighbors describe as a person, quite as great a man, so far as wealth and pedigree went, as Lord Thorsdale, with whom he was somehow remotely connected by ties of kindred.

The Earl was a childless widower. He was still of middle age. He was clever enough, had he preferred it, to have made a figure in our home politics, and rich enough, had he so pleased, to have been noted in London society. As it was, much of his life had been spent officially or unofficially on the continent.

"Will you join the grouse shooters, Wyvern, to-morrow?" his brother earl had asked, when first the visitor arrived.

"I have not fired a gun for years—except a rifle at some battue in Austria," Lord Wyvern had smilingly replied; "but if there is to be an expedition, I will accompany the lookers-on willingly enough."

(To be continued.)

## Know All About Law Questions.

In one of the big down-town office buildings, tenanted principally by lawyers, a reporter rode down in an elevator with two boys, who, to judge from their conversation, were budding limbs of the law. One of them was about 15 years of age, and the other perhaps a couple of years his senior.

"I had that judgment opened this morning," remarked the younger of the two, flicking the ashes from a cigarette, "but I thought Giegerich was a little slow about it."

"Ya-as," drawled the other, "it's certainly a great bore to have to spend so much time in court. Remember my bond and mortgage case in the Supreme? Well, it was enough to try anybody's patience. The trouble with some of your judges, Frank, is that they don't know the rudiments of landlord and tenant law. I cited Pebbles vs. Bubbles, and it knocked him out. Where are you bound?"

"O, I've got a little corporation matter on hand to-day," was the reply. "Receiver wants to be relieved. I don't know whether I'll consent or not. I've got a demurrer to argue besides, and—"

By that time the car was at the ground floor. A stout, matronly woman stood waiting to get in.

"Well, young man," she said, addressing the boy who had been called Frank, "I was just about to go up and give you a talking to in front of your boss. You didn't say your father's shoes that you took to be half-soled?"

"Hush, mother," whispered "Frank," as his face reddened. "I don't want to be talking about that down here. I'm going to court."

"You're going to court, are you?" responded the stout lady in a loud tone. "Very well, go to court, but if you come home to-night without those shoes you get no supper and you don't stir a peg out of the flat the rest of the week. Do you hear?"

"Say," said the elevator man, as he stuck his head out of the car and grinned, "you've run up against the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, haven't you? Gee-whizz!"—New York Mail and Express.

## Saved by Three Boys.

Three boys of Plainfield, N. J., should be honored with the humane society's medal for saving two little girls from drowning. The New York Tribune thus relates the story of the rescue:

Mamie Long and Florence Wilson, two little girls, had a narrow escape from being drowned in Tiers Lake. There is a raceway from the pond to the mill, a short distance away. The gates were open to allow the water to flow into the race and thus relieve the pressure on the dam.

The children were gathering wild flowers. Attracted by the rush of water through the race, they stepped upon a plank which projected over the edge of the lake, and it tipped over, and both girls went into the water directly in front of the race.

Harry Boyd, a colored lad, witnessed the accident. He and Tommy and Willie Martin hurried to the spot. There was nothing to be seen of the girls, and the boys concluded they had been carried into the race, in which case an attempt at rescue was useless.

A moment later Mamie Long came to the surface. One of the boys plunged in, although he ran the risk of being caught in the race, and carried down. He aided the girl to the bank, where she seized the framework of the gates and was drawn out.

Florence Wilson did not rise, so Boyd, who had thrown off his clothing, plunged in. He found her near the gateway, under ten feet of water, and brought her to the surface. She quickly revived. To-day both girls are apparently no worse for their adventure.

## Causes of Headache.

The ordinary headache which is so extremely common among the inhabitants of our Atlantic seaboard towns is the outcome of conditions affecting the nerves through impoverished blood containing poisonous matter absorbed from badly digested food. So-called liver torpidity and the catarrhal affections due to our changeable climate also aid in effecting its spread. Nervous exhaustion, due to irregular and fast living, plays an important part in its causation. Nervous strain, especially of the eyes, and inflamed tissues about the internal bones of the nose are special causes. Nerve irritation, which is but poorly understood by the general reader, is a prolific cause of so-called nervous headache. I know of no more dangerous practice than to treat headache pain blindly with drugs. Of course, outdoor exercise is the best possible thing for permanent cure. It is very easy to relieve most forms of headache by means of the coal tar derivatives, of which so many are in the drug market. These form the basis of the many headache cures found on the druggists' shelves. Their use is not entirely without danger, for they are powerful heart depressants if taken in doses of any considerable size.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Employ Girls Before Men.

Throughout Germany and Holland, whenever girls can be employed to advantage they are taken in preference to young men. At Munich the clerks and bookkeepers in the banks are nearly all young and handsome girls.

Except in the Ottoman Empire, Persia, Arabia, Siam, China and the interior of African countries, slavery is now extinct.

An Atchison child, 4 months old, walks and talks. Its father is a book agent.

## THE HOLD-UPS AND THEIR FATE—WHO WILL TACKLE HIM NEXT?



## REVOLT OF PLUTOCRACY.

No single issue ever raised in the history of American politics exceeds in importance that of opening our mints and redeeming our currency from the control of those foreign and domestic corporations which seek to inflict on us as a permanent system their usurpation of the sovereign power of issuing and regulating the circulating medium. The only single evil greater than corporation control of the taxing power is this of corporation control of the currency. It is greater because when the people are robbed, whether by direct or indirect taxation, the results quickly appear. But when the robbery is carried on through contraction of cash and the inflation of corporation credit paper, they are brought to bankruptcy before realizing the cause.

But great as is this issue, it is only an incident of the present campaign. The higher and broader issue which has been forced is between the millionaires of the country and the American people. The entire plutocracy is in revolt against our system of popular constitutional government. So menacing a movement of class against people has never occurred before in our history—not even when the same class under the leadership of the Biddles of the United States Bank captured the administration of John Quincy Adams and so entrenched themselves in control of the government that they looked with contempt on the attempt made by the people under Jackson's leadership to dislodge them and restore popular government. John Quincy Adams had been elected as a Democrat, but he abandoned the party, repudiated the principles to which it had pledged his administration and endeavored to revive the Federalist party whose fundamental maxim, as defined by Daniel Webster himself, was that all stable and orderly government must be based on property. As the fundamental tenet of Democracy is that all just government must be based on manhood right and on the consent of the governed, the masses of the Democratic party felt the same hot resentment against the Adams administration which they now feel when they see Federal officeholders controlling the action of Mr. Whitney of the Standard Oil Co. and Mr. Belmont, American agent of the Rothschild banks.

Andrew Jackson put voiced this just resentment of the masses when in his inaugural address he declared that it was the right of the people to elect from office those officials who had used office in an attempt to dictate the result of elections. It was because the people had seen Federal offices used to control State Legislatures, to dictate nominations, to interfere at the polls, that Jackson denounced life-tenure in office as foreign to the spirit of America and declared that whatever the evils of change, they were less than those of the permanent tenure which breeds in the office-holder the spirit of insolence and of despotism. He was again the exponent and champion of the masses when he followed his attack on Federal bureaucracy with a determined assault on the National bank and its control of the Treasury and of Congress. Forthwith was denounced in New York City and Boston as no other American President had ever been denounced before. But he did not swerve. With a supreme confidence in the people and in his own integrity, he forced the fighting, keeping the aggressive always and not stopping to defend himself, until overwhelming victory showed that no man who really represents the cause of popular freedom need fear to appeal to the masses for support of the principles on which their freedom and progress depend.

On the issue as it was then presented, appeal has once more been made to the people. The plutocracy has once more usurped control of the government. Democracy has once more been betrayed. Once more the millionaires of the country are in the field openly asserting that property has a divine right to rule manhood and that it is treason to deny it. They have drawn their lines of class and caste and drawn them hard. Those of them who once called themselves Democrats do so no longer. They call the Democracy of Jefferson and Jackson, as they do the Republicanism of Lincoln, an evil thing. They say that the rule of the people is anarchy and they threaten the country with the worst they can do against it unless they are allowed to name the next President and put Messrs. Hanna and Morgan, Whitney and Belmont in control at Washington as their agents. But they cannot win. There is not money—there are no rifles and cannon enough in America or in the world to impose plutocracy on America as a permanent condition. Against plutocracy and class government the Democratic party has made its "appeal to Caesar!" And in America there is no king but Caesar and no Caesar

## TRUTHS THAT LIVE.

### Epigrams Culled from Bryan's Great Speech.

"Truth will vindicate itself; only error fears free speech."

"Between bimetalism and the gold standard there is an impassable gulf."

"We do not propose to transfer the rewards of industry to the lap of indolence."

"The well-being of the nation—aye, civilization itself—depends upon the prosperity of the masses."

"We would not invade the home of the provident in order to supply the wants of the spendthrift."

"Vicious legislation must be remedied by the people who suffer from it, and not by those who enjoy its benefits."

"Those who daily follow the injunction, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' are the bulwark of law and order."

"So long as the scramble for gold continues prices must fall, and a general fall in prices is but another definition of hard times."

"The people who in 1776 rejected the doctrine that kings rule by right divine will not subscribe to a doctrine that money is omnipotent."

"No public official who conscientiously discharges his duty will desire to deny to those whom he serves the right to discuss his official conduct."

"They (the people of the West) invite you to accept the principles of a living faith rather than listen to those who preach the gospel of despair."

"No government is worthy of the name which is not able to protect from every arm uplifted for its injury the humblest citizen who lives beneath the flag."

"Salaries in business occupations depend upon business conditions, and the gold standard both lessens the amount and threatens the permanency of such salaries."

"A law which collects from some citizens more than their share of the taxes, and collects from other citizens less than their share, is simply an indirect means of transferring one man's property to another man's pocket."

"Prices can be lowered as effectually by decreasing the demand for an article as by increasing the supply of it, and it seems certain that the fall in the gold price of silver is due to hostile legislation and not to natural laws."

"Whenever it is necessary for the people as a whole to obtain consent from the owners of money and the changers of money before they can legislate upon financial questions, we shall have passed from a democracy to a plutocracy."

"In a government like ours every public official is a public servant, whether he holds office by election or by appointment, whether he serves for a term of years or during good behavior, and the people have a right to criticize his official acts."

Bad News for Hanna.

Rainbow chasing seems to be a sport to which the Republican campaign managers are very much devoted this year, and if Mark Hanna is not careful he will get a reputation in that line which will eclipse even the best performances of the past in national politics. Here he has been calculating on a seventy-five thousand majority for McKinley in Iowa, and now comes forward the chairman of the Republican State Committee there with the statement that if the election were held to-morrow the chances are that Bryan would have a majority.

Iowa is one of the States which has ordinarily been so strongly Republican in Presidential years that the growth of free silver sentiment was regarded as an intrusion by the railroad corporations who have been particularly active in politics there. When they heard of it they notified their employees without delay that the election of Bryan would mean a reduction in pay and a possible loss of their situations. It was as barefaced a case of bulldozing as has ever been attempted in an American election, and it has naturally acted as a boomerang, as such tactics always will do when applied to men who are intelligent enough to value their rights as citizens.

## A STONE FROM THE CHINESE WALL OF PROTECTION.



## Iowa reflects the sentiment of Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota, Wisconsin and the neighboring States generally, and without these the election of McKinley is absolutely hopeless. It is not surprising, therefore, that the canvass which the Republicans have made there is a startling revelation to them. It means that—unless they can perform wonders between now and November—their cause is lost, for with all the bluster that Hanna and Quay are indulging in they have no hope of breaking the solid South since the Arkansas returns have come in.—New York News.

## Voting on Railroad Trains.

The railroad car voting has begun. Our Republican contemporaries are beginning to keep up the courage of their fellow partisans by printing reports that on such and such a train a vote of the passengers was taken, where McKinley had forty votes and Bryan four—or figures to that effect. This thing will be repeated daily from now until election. It will only deceive those who are desirous to be deceived.

All the world knows that the supporters of Bryan are plain people, staying at home, or working in stores, factories, works or employments for their bread and butter. The people who are flying about the country on railroad trains and casting the McKinley votes are of the classes who can be found abroad.

It has not happened often in this country that a campaign for the Presidency has involved questions dividing one class from another—in fact, we have not known of classes at all in our political contests. But now we have a class issue forced upon us by the remorseless gold standard advocates. It is not the wage-earning class that has raised that issue; it is the idle and comfortable class. It is not at all wonderful that the travelling members of "the better element" should be giving McKinley a majority in these car elections. It will be otherwise at the polls, when the stay-at-homes leave home and workshop long enough to deposit real ballots on election day.—New York News.

## Bryan in the Campaign.

The Republicans have about given up sneering at "the boy orator." The best of them have admitted that he never repeats himself, and that all his speeches are readable. There are plenty of men who produce a magnificent impression on the stump whose speeches do not read well at all. Bryan is not one of them. There are other plenty who can write a superior argument, but whose delivery of it would disperse a crowd quicker than a rain-storm. Bryan is not one of these. Not even rain keeps people from thronging to hear him.

It is because the bimetalists are reading Bryan's speeches daily that they believe in the victory of Bryan. It is because they believe that the people of the great States east of the Mississippi are reading Bryan daily that they think those States will go for Bryan. It is conclusive logic: If you read Bryan's speeches you have to vote for Bryan—you cannot help yourself.

Bryan's speech at Chicago has been read since then everywhere. Addressed especially to laborers, and heard by as many thousands of laborers as could crowd themselves within hearing, it is being read not only by laborers, but by every other class of citizens. Not many men could stand such a severe test of capacity as Bryan is undergoing. The man who can stand it is fit to be President of the United States, and he will be.

Prince Bismarck is to have another statue. This time it is at Leipzig. The city has commissioned Sculptor Lehnert to execute it, and the municipality has selected a site near the park.

## How the Heart Rests.

When one is lying down the heart makes about ten strokes less a minute than when one is upright, says The Medical Review. That means a saving of 600 strokes per hour, or about 5,000 heart beats during the eight hours spent in bed. The heart pumps six ounces of blood with each beat. Therefore lifts 30,000 ounces less of blood in a night of eight hours spent in bed than when one is in an upright position. The blood flows just so much more slowly through the veins when one is lying down, therefore one has to use extra covering to supply the warmth usually furnished by circulation.

## Germans Playing Chess.

One can scarcely take up a German paper or magazine which does not have its special column or corner devoted to chess and its interests. The children are set to work on simple chess puzzles, while the magazines for older readers present problems which seem almost hopeless of solution to an inexperienced player. There are chess clubs, chess rooms, chess books and chess players without number.

## MORE INVENTIONS NEEDED.

### The Possibilities of the Brain are Richer Than a Gold Mine.

If one should learn the location of a hidden treasure he would steal out at midnight, working hard and fast to secure it before its whereabouts became known to another, says an exchange. But one is absolutely indifferent to the great wealth that lies beneath one's very nose, as it were, in the need of inventions.

This is not only a progressive age, but it is an age that likes to be amused, if the amusement is tinged with a modicum of appeal to what we call our astuteness. When the inventor of "Pigs in Clover" patented his clever little scheme of inducing the wisecracks as well as the foolish to a trial of nerve, he had no idea that his happy thought would net \$100,000. Yet such is the fact. The wooden return-ball that has delighted every child earned \$50,000 for the inventor in one year. The little tube inserted in rubber toys which, when pressed, gives forth a sound supposed to represent the cry of an animal in whose body it is lodged yields thousands of dollars yearly.

There isn't a man who sees one of these simple inventions who doesn't feel an inner consciousness that he could have done the thing himself and he scolds himself mentally because he was not the first one to think the happy thought.

By no means has everything been invented. The need of "happy thoughts" increases as the world advances. Thousands of dollars lie in wait for the man who will invent any improvement on the bicycle. Each manufacturer of the silent steel stands with open purse to welcome the inventor of the least betterment that he may outrank his rivals. An invention that will deaden the noise of the typewriter will bring with it a large fortune. If any man can conceive a method of making a bottle which cannot be refilled when emptied, he can soon rank with the millionaires. The largest paper house in the world is begging for a machine to place mourning border on stationery.

Every woman in the land is crying out for a cheap, handy sashor sharpener and a cheap device to help teach young children to walk would be hailed with delight by thousands of tired mothers. A self-locking hat pin and a good folding baby carriage are other inventions sure to find ready purchasers among women. These are simple things, but it is really the simple things that yield the large incomes.

A woman was dressing in a hurry for the theatre. As fast as she hooked one part of her waist the other part unhooked. The words with which she gave vent to her annoyance were of the class that appeal rather to the ear than to the eye. Her husband looked up in surprise. "Humph!" he mildly ejaculated. "You would do better to lump these hooks," exclaimed the exasperated woman. The lump was put on the hook and the simple invention not only netted an immense revenue, but has proved a blessing in the home.

The bent wire by which the cork is held in place in the soda water bottle is a most simple invention, but it was a lucky man who thought of it and patented it and thereby received a princely income.

There are other needed inventions that would require something more than merely inventive genius. For example, a bicycle that will turn round in about its own length; an attachment for embroidering machines, permitting the needle to take the thread directly from the spool—one of the largest lace-manufacturing houses is asking for this; an apparatus for utilizing wave power; a cheap guard attachable to and detachable from freight cars to keep brakemen from falling off the roof—as there are thousands of accidents yearly from this cause the inventor would not only make his fortune, but would be instrumental in saving life and limb of his fellow man. A means to make kerosene oilproof would be of practical use and would appeal at once to manufacturer and buyer. The list might be extended indefinitely, but if some one will invent a collar button, or any means to fasten a collar that will dispense with the sad loss of patience of the average man struggling with freshly laundered linen and a refractory button, or if he will invent a toothbrush the bristles of which will not come out, or a shoe lace fastener he will erect for himself, like the poet of old, a monument more lasting than brass.—Chicago Record.

## The Tomb of Pocahontas.

An interesting discussion has lately been in progress in the London newspapers with regard to the whereabouts of the tomb of Pocahontas. From this it would appear that the American princess was not buried, as has generally been supposed, in the parish church at Gravesend, as the edifice was only erected in 1730. The ancient parish church was half a mile from the river, and after having been destroyed by fire in 1727 was never rebuilt. Doubts prevail as to whether the remains of Pocahontas lie somewhere among the ruins of this church or whether they were transferred to the ancient Church of St. Mary, where an elaborate search is now about to be instituted.

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