

MAIL ORDER EVILS

Like a Gentleman
By J. A. TIFFANY

"I beg your pardon, sir; but I am in what you call a difficulty. It is a most natural state of being, ridiculous; I don't think it is natural, but at present it shall embarrass me. I came here alone, to enjoy the cool breezes of the lake; and I have lost it, truly, but I can't talk back. You look like a gentleman, sir. That is why I trust you to tell you my trouble."

"And she looked like a lady, in her neat white linen suit, with tan shoes, sailor hat and dainty lace parasol. She was pretty, too—very pretty, and I was thinking—there is an awful crowd here—may I not have the pleasure of taking you to the car and see what you have to say?"

"You are a most blind gentleman. I shall thank you for the courtesy, sir."

"He gave her his arm, and together they walked their way through the throng of pleasure-seekers, and were soon seated in a car, bound for town.

"They chatted pleasantly as they drove along, and when they reached town, they might have been training in a private Pullman. He absorbed were they in one another. He gathered that she was a tiny, miniature girl. She had come from the southern Europe to make her way in the world. He did not leave her until she was standing safely on her own door-step."

"But I do not know your name and address, sir—so when you see the car fare," she said, as he raised his hat, and bade her "good-night."

"I am," he said, "that is not at all necessary. You are in my studio here!"

"Yes," he was wondering whether you would like to paint my miniature for me. But, though, your prices are too extravagant."

"I paint a miniature for \$15, sir—a gentleman's. Some ladies have me do."

"And why not a gentleman?"

"Because I cannot take it from them, you see."

"Yes; yes—I beg your pardon. You shall do my portrait, and when shall I give you my first sitting?"

He had one the next day; and he had been a difficult subject for his painter. The first sittings had been numerous and protracted. When she handed the picture to him, he said it must have been a good likeness, but that it was not quite what he wanted.

"Now, ready, I don't know what I am going to do with. Would you care to keep it—Marie?"

"I am," he said, "but he had called her by his Christian name. The dark olive cheeks became crimson for a second; and then, in her impulsive humor, she tripped over him, took the hand from his outstretched hand and kissed it.

"But it is such a good, beautiful face," she said, with another blush; "but I must let him kiss me."

"He had called her the next day, though his business with her was finished; and before took his leave he returned to her in person the kiss he had given her. After that, they had gone to the lake resort, many times together in the evenings, and sometimes at night. The days of his vacation had been a launch and taken her for a cruise on the lake.

The harmless flirtation had drifted into something far more serious; and he was getting tired of it—either tired of the woman or of himself.

He had never told her his real name, his address. Always, from the first, he had intended to get away from the dangerous fascination of his foreign attractiveness. But the fascination had been too strong for him.

He had really meant no disloyalty to his absent wife when he first began to cultivate this chance acquaintance of the beach. But his wife was separated from him, and he had been lost to her through three years of absence, caused by a lung difficulty that compelled him to give up his business and travel down to the east by his business connections and the necessity of providing adequately for his invalid wife.

HOW TO KEEP A HAT NICE

It must be as Reliably Brushed as One's Clothes—How to Freshen up Tidiness.

A good hat should be well cared for, to keep it looking fresh. Not only must the hat itself be brushed carefully, but the trimming must be gone over, bows pulled up tight, shape, bows, etc., straightened, and the threads tightened. Flowers and leaves should be carefully wiped with a soft cloth; when colored bows are faded, the hat should be washed over with water-color paint and a sponge.

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For the sake of a few buckets of diamonds, a mass of hard blue varnish, should be carefully wiped with a soft cloth; when colored bows are faded, the hat should be washed over with water-color paint and a sponge.

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WITH A LOW-NECK DRESS

SOME COGENT ARGUMENTS IN FAVOR OF HOME TRADING.

Money Spent with Local Dealer Go to Swell Prosperity and Promote Progress of Local Community, with Benefit to All.

The Retailers' Journal, of Chicago, prints the following, pointing out the advisability of citizens of a community doing their power of home business enterprises:

"The Round, Firm Chin the Most Attractive—English Way of Dealing with Flabby Chin.

Dresses are cut low in the neck this season, and claims must be single and round.

The captivating chin is the round almond-shaped kind of an egg, the slender and delicate. And it has dimples in the middle, so much the better, anyway, the chin must be round.

When you massage you must use to look pretty this summer in a waist that is low in the neck.

Take, then, your double chin in hand and massage it well, rub in the tender, that keeps your skin nice. The English women, who have the neatest skins in the world, are very particu-

larly fond of this.

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Manchester Enterprise

By MAT D. BLOSSER:

Established in 1867. Eight Pages, devoted to the interests of the people of Manchester. Every Saturday afternoon, the entire paper is given over to news of the state, the country and the world. Long Distance Bell Telephone No. 44. Daily and Evening News. Post Office, Postmaster, etc. are to be had.

Advertisement with the largest advertising space, and the best copy to do the work can be had in the Manchester Enterprise.

Write to the Manchester Enterprise, 100 Main Street, Manchester, Mich., for a copy of the paper.

Those having business at the Probate Court, or the County Court, or the State Court, or his Deputy, to send the writing to the Manchester Enterprise.

Address, MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE, Manchester, Mich.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1906

Please don't tell us of news to someone else, expecting the ENTERPRISE will hear of it, send it to us direct.

The Dorr family held its annual picnic at Wolf lake last Saturday. The attendance was not as large as it was two years ago, but they had a pleasant time just the same.

W. N. Armstrong, V. S. Ph. B. of Concord, chairman of the board of examiners of the Grand Rapids veterinary college, will attend the A. V. M. A. at New Haven, Conn., Aug. 21-24.

Many married ladies, who travel on the cars, wonder why the railway companies charge them for carrying their baby carriage but carry bicycles free. If this is true it seems like injustice and we wonder that someone does not make a tick and have the matter investigated.

It has always been a wonder to us why railway engineers stop their trains while the baggage cars in front of the passenger stations and compel passengers to walk the length of from one to half a dozen cars, and this sometimes in a storm. We think that this is no good and sufficient reason why they should do so and would like to see the precise changed.

Dear reader, the ENTERPRISE wants the news, all the news that is fit to be published, and waste it when it is fresh. If you have an item, don't wait until publication day, or until tomorrow, send it to us at once. Be careful to write out all the facts, spell all names correctly. We do not know what comes in and try to have it right but you can make it by care.

It took the Michigan legislature several weeks to formulate and pass the primary election law and now it is taking much of Attorney General Bird's time to get at the meaning of some of the paragraphs in the law. Of course he is likely to be wrong in his interpretation of the law, if someone would like to contest it, the surest way to do it is to go to the state supreme court to decide it. Then there is likely to be a difference of opinion, part of the justice taking one view and the others another. So hammering it down, what did the legislature give us for the money tax imposed?

Some of this Manchester friends will be interested in learning that J. M. Hutchison of the Kossack store, Jackson, and E. T. Buckley of Bay City, the two members of the Jackson crew, walking club to take the trip through Colorado, have returned home. They visited the northwestern part of the state, Estes Park and other points of interest; climbed Pike's Peak, journeyed through mountain passes and spent a day in the country of the primitive oil derricks in the southwestern part of the state. The trip was one of exceptional interest, embracing 4,000 miles of railroad travel and 800 foot.

We heard a prominent man talking about automobiles and the reckless manner in which they are run, and he expressed the belief that farmers should carry guns and some of these "don't care who or for whom" fellows come along and hold him up. We have often thought that a state gun law would do some of those fellows that drive horses a lot of good. When a man is driving he has little thought of the rights of pedestrians, man, woman, or child, and drives along with the apparent thought that they will have to get out of the way. There is a "law of the road" and horse drivers as well as automobile drivers ought to study up on it, as there is altogether too much carelessness.

We have changed the make-up of the ENTERPRISE and have added new features which we think will be of interest to our readers. The first page is the first page we give more Michigan news and a summary of general news, markets, etc. The second page has editorial, illustrated articles on home and foreign lands, two columns illustrating American lands, one column on foreign lands, and two good stories on the sixth page and a serial on the seventh. The eighth page has news from the "State Capital," very interesting, two columns illustrated and some home advertisements which give a full read. We have tried to give you a good paper one worth your money and more too. Now is the time to subscribe.

With this we will close. We thank our neighbors and friends, the choir and those who furnished legal offerings at the funeral of our son and brother, Mr. & Mrs. FIELD T. KIRKMAN and Charles.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

John Tracy has not been feeling as well this week.

Mrs. Doe Simmons is visiting relatives at Dundee.

Rev. D. R. Shier of Warren was in town Tuesday.

Rev. Moon and family returned from Eaton Rapids, Tuesday.

Mrs. Charles Youngs returned from Ohio, today to visit friends.

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John Jones of Battle Creek is visiting friends here and in Sharon.

Byron Hall has been visiting friends at Greenville the past week.

George Niles drove to Tecumseh on Sunday, taking Rev. Phillips.

Austin Vacum and family went to Jackson Tuesday to visit friends.

F. J. M. Freeman was at the county seat last Saturday on legal business.

Moses Francis and Louis Goodey visited friends in Brooklyn over Sunday.

John Spaniel will go to Ann Arbor to attend a meeting of officers of the Farmer's Mutual Insurance company.

Mr. & Mrs. John Anspacher of Clinton and Mr. Heath and grandson of Columbus, Ohio are visiting there this week.

Fred Schueler, who works in a Tennessee cigar factory, was home over Sunday.

Miss Janetta Bladell, who has been very sick the past week, is slowly improving.

Miss Mares Blower went to Lansing Tuesday to visit her sister, Mrs. B. F. Burtties.

Mr. & Mrs. Charles Brownell of New Orleans, La. are visiting Mr. & Mrs. Will Holmes.

Wm. Wallwood and James Wallace of Manchester were in the city Thursday.

Miss Addie Vogelbacher entertained Emanuel's young ladies' society last Thursday evening.

Miss Martha and Emma Breitenwischer are spending the week with friends in Detroit.

Mr. & Mrs. J. W. Waters and Mrs. William J. H. Aman have gone to home to visit an old school friend.

Bert Traub and Elbert Morris of Arden Heights, Ill., visited Rudolph Mahle on Tuesday.

Mr. & Mrs. A. L. Holden Jr. spent Saturday at Clear Lake.

Mr. & Mrs. C. D. McMahon of Iron Creek spent Sunday here.

Malvin Ellis is visiting his grandparents, Mr. & Mrs. E. C. Roosel, in Ann Arbor.

We learn that Lieut. Roland W. Goss, who has been with his company of U. S. troopers at the Presidio, Monterey, Calif., the past month or more, has been ordered back to the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. J. C. Gordner of Clare, who has been visiting relatives here, went to Jackson Monday to visit Charles Holden's family and will go to Wolf lake to visit the Millers over Sunday.

Mr. & Mrs. M. E. Lauterhahn of Mill Creek have returned to their home after visiting with relatives near Traverse City. Mr. & Mrs. Lauterhahn and Miss Florence Bladell of this village.

Mr. John Spiegel went to Detroit last Friday on the excursion train and remained to visit friends.

Mr. & Mrs. McGaugh of Ripley, N. Y., have been guests of Mr. & Mrs. Fred Spiegel this week.

Miss Fannie Scheller and Abbie Palmer, who have been visiting the Palmer, Loomis and Colborn families, left this morning for Grand Rapids to visit friends and will return to their home in Kaukauna from there.

Mr. Jesus Reeder-Adams was called here Monday on account of the illness of his mother, Mrs. Eliza Root.

Mr. Will Gage and son, who have been visiting Mrs. S. W. Lockwood, have returned to Detroit Saturday.

Mr. & Mrs. George Seaman of Clinton and daughter, Downs, and children are visiting at H. C. Colborn's today.

Mr. & Mrs. Fred Hall of Los Angeles, Cal., arrived in town Monday and are visiting their parents and friends a visit.

We learn that Tom Riley was arrested on a charge of stealing a watch at Tecumseh and had his examination Monday.

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A company of ladies had a picnic in Schuler's grove Tuesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Pease of Dimora, Penn. Gladys Loppenstein, Lowery and Charles Pease, Mrs. Lillian Laurena, and Eddie Kuhl kept company with the party.

The Misses Neyer, Kramer and Silliman, who are the young ladies of Ypsilanti great of Miss Silbrow's had a picnic at the Ypsilanti branch on the 23rd.

Any of the above Articles on the above date for 25c.

Remember the Day and come early while Assortment is good.

Klinks Bazaar

Margain Store of Manchester

25c

Granite Sale!

On Saturday, August 18, we will offer the following assortment of GRANITE - WARE

25c

PIANOS.

ON

SEWING MACHINES.

FURNITURE

BY

Schriber & Huber

C. S. Schriber Funeral Director and Embalmer.

It's Up To You

We have a Good Assortment of Ladies' and Gent's Watches in

ELGIN,

HOWARD,

W. E. HOWARD,

Novelties in

Jewelry

and Silverware

Something new all the Time. Repairing and Engraving.

PRICE, 10 CENTS A PACKAGE.

H. L. ROOT.

Jaeger & Dietle.

Card of Thanks.

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LOVED by a MADMAN

BY GEORGE WELCH

Narrative of John Caleeps.

On the 9th day of September, in the year 1900, I was a passenger on one of the famous Canadian ocean liners. Had I foreseen, however, the strange happenings during the voyage, I should have postponed my trip.

I always like a berth to myself, but as the steamer had more than the usual complement of passengers, I had to share one with another person.

The experience of the situation gave me the companionship of Mr. Gorman.

I was just getting into my berth—had the various reasons I chose the one—when to my surprise, I saw my roommate take a coil of rope from his locker, which he placed on a seat.

"What you, Mr. Caleeps, to do me a favor—take this rope and firmly secure me to the berth with it, so that I can't possibly whatever I can escape?"

"Don't be surprised at my request," he continued. "The truth is, I am a somnambulist, and I don't want to walk into the sea."

His words being reassured me, I fastened him as securely as possible.

I continued this every evening, always releasing him in the morning.

One morning he complained of indisposition, and asked me to send the doctor to him.

"I could not find the doctor—but, happening to meet the stewardess, I requested her to do so."

"What did you say his name was?" she asked, looking at me with astonished eyes. "And does he occupy your berth?"

Having gratified her curiosity, she continued in a low voice:

"You must not repeat what I tell you, but if I were you I'd change my berth."

As I could not conceive any practical reason for her advice, I did not see the necessity of acting on it. At all events, that night I tied the ropes more firmly than ever.

I am one of those fortunate individuals who always sleep soundly, but on this night a jumble of unpleasant dreams now and again startled my slumbers. Suddenly my dreams grew so insufferable as to completely oversleep. I awoke. All was still. The light of the porthole seemed to glint luridly, and my glance reaching the berth where I had fastened my companion, found it empty. He had broken loose from his meshes. Just then my ears were assailed by distant muffled sounds of "Murder! murder! Help! help!" proceeding from the deck above me.

In an instant I ascended the gangway stairs. I rushed to the deck. The night was dark and silent. In the gloom I proceeded to where the voice had issued, and to my horror I saw my companion dragging the stewardess by main force along the deck, striving evidently to cast her into the sea. I caught hold of the arm of the wretch and strove to wrest it from the clasp of the woman—but I did not succeed. I attempted again and with all the resolve force possible. At that moment I saw a flash of light. I felt a maddening blow, and then I must have grown insensible to everything.

On recovering consciousness, I found myself in my berth, attended by the doctor and the stewardess. I soon recovered from my injuries, which were slight, and, afterward, naturally, I asked her to give me some particulars of the mysterious occurrence.

"Read what will explain what seems inexplicable," she replied, handing me the following MS.

Narrative of Millicent Harworth, Stewardess.

I am the youngest of six sisters—all favored by nature, with good looks, and in consequence, all encouraged by our parents to bid advantageously in the market for respectable rich husbands. Three of my sisters mated themselves to unexceptionable types of golden prosperity, two of them wedded worthy but neccesitous young men.

Somehow or other, I did not follow the excellent example of my elder sisters. I had never hankered after a monotonous life of responsibility. I did not think that the crown of womanhood consisted in being the mother of squalling infancy or a slave to manly brute.

After a few years I became one of the principal nurses in a hospital. I need not detail here the numberless cases I nursed, but I must mention

the particular one which concerns this narrative.

He had met with an accident, and his injuries necessitated careful nursing. He was not a restless, complaining sufferer. He gave little trouble, and his sturdy constitution soon conquered his injuries.

As he grew convalescent, however,

to my amazement the reticence of a suffering patient suddenly turned into the speech of a passionate lover.

The thought arouses a surge of emotion to madden me. I tried—oh, how I tried!—to awaken her pity, to inspire her devotion! She would not listen to me or give me the slightest encouragement; in fact, I could win neither her confidence nor her favor. Then my madness came again. Her repulsion stirred my hate and I felt it would be a joy to strangle her. But when my saner moments came, I abhorred myself for my thought, and common sense urged me to forget her, so I tried to banish her memory. Then I lost sight of her.

After I had taken my berth on this steamer, to my surprise I recognized the stewardess. It seemed a caprice of fate. Her face again chilled me. I was helpless in her arms as he dragged me onward, onward on the deck. I felt I was doomed, that presently the wild, cruel waves would engulf me, and I made a frantic effort to cry "Help!" and "Murder!" and you can see on the scene, and after my assailant had felled you with a blow

I am the victim of heredity. One day I was in a motor car which overturned. I was nearly killed. I was taken to a hospital where I was kindly treated and tended, and it was here that I met the one whose love might have driven the devil out of me. I had never known before what the spell of a woman's beauty and sweetness meant. It is impossible for me to dilate upon my passionate love for her.

When the Lusitania took its first plunge into the waters of the Clyde it could have carried unseen on a corner of its deck the first steamship built in Britain. The Clyde claims both as its offspring. The Comet, constructed by Mr. Henry Bell, flashed its four shovel-shaped paddle on each of its four wheels in the year 1812, and carried on its deck of 40 feet by 10 as many passengers as its three horse-power could negotiate. The Comet was so conspicuously successful that two or three more boats of a larger capacity were immediately built, and the citizens of Glasgow became the envy of mankind. Mr. Lawrence, of Bristol, determined that England should not be left behind in the race, tried one on the Severn, and was so delighted with the result that he steamed it up the Thames, intending to reap a harvest from city men on their way to and from business. He overlooked the company of Watermen, who made such a fuss about this inhuman competition fell back to the Severn. From 1813 to 1823 no vessel was built in Britain of a greater tonnage than 500, the average being only about 60. The Lusitania of those days was the Atlas, described by the contemporary press as "the largest vessel ever built." She was impelled, says an enthusiastic reporter, by "three mighty engines of 100 horse-power each." This gigantic vessel (which could be stowed away quite comfortably in the hold of the Lusitania) was built at Rotterdam, and launched in the summer of 1823.

With WARLIKE WAYS.

WHEN STEAM WAS NEW POWER

First Boats Using It Were Considered Something Remarkable.

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The most popularfad at every summer resort I've ever climbed into is to watch the landlord reaching out for the coin.

Husbands make bets with their wives whether the landlord of the hotel will get all their money in an hour or an hour and a half.

Both husband and wife loose; because the landlord generally gets it in ten minutes.

At some of the hotel dining-rooms it costs six dollars to peep in; eight dollars to walk in and fifteen dollars to get near enough to a waiter to talk to him.

You can see lots of swell guys in the dining-rooms who are now using a fork in public for the first time.

This reminds me of an experience I had in certain summer resort dining-rooms not long ago.

At a table near me sat Ike Gooseheimer.

Ike is a self-made man and he made a quick job of it.

Ike was eating with his knife and doing it so recklessly that I felt like yelling for the sticking plaster.

After I had watched him for about five minutes trying to juggle the new peaces on a knife, it got on my nerves, so I spoke to him.

"Ike," I said, thinking possibly I might cure him with a bit of sarcasm, "aren't you afraid you will cut yourself with the sword?"

"Oh! no, no," he answered, looking at the knife with contempt: "there is no danger at all. But at the Palmer house in Chicago—Ah! there they have sharp knives!"

Ike is beyond the breakers for mine.

The races at Saratoga were extremely exciting.

A friend of mine volunteered to pick out the winners for me, but after I lost eight dollars I decided that it would be cheaper to pick out a new friend.

But I do love to mingle with society at the summer resorts.

It isn't generally known, but one of my great-grandfathers was present when the original 400 landed at Plymouth Rock.

My great-grandfather owned the rock.

A couple of nights after the original 400 landed on Plymouth Rock the leader of the smart set, Mrs. Von Tweedlebum, gave a full-dress ball.

My great-grandfather looked in at the full-dress ball and was so shocked that he went and opened a clothing store next day.

Society never forgave him for this inattention.

But say, isn't it immense the way the doings of these society dubs are chronicled in the society papers?

In case you haven't noticed them I would like to put you wise to a few:

SOCIAL GLINTS FROM THE SUMMER RESORTS.

Among the smart setters now present at Saratoga is John J. Sousey, the well-known millionaire from Cincinnati. He is here to follow the races, but he seems to have had a collection of ships.

Why He Did Not Resign.

Sgt. William Wightman held office in the old court of queen's bench far beyond the prescribed time, and at last, on the eve of the "long vacation," he took a sort of farewell of his brother judges. However, when "the morrow of All Souls" came around he turned up smiling at Westminster hall. "Why, Brother Wightman," said Sir Alexander Cockburn, "you told us that you intended to send in your resignation to the lord chancellor before the end of August." "So I did," said Sir William, "and when I went home and told my wife she said: 'Why, William, what on earth do you think that we can do with you messin' about the house all day?' So you see, I was obliged to come down to court again."

Light as a Curaive.

The value of light as an agent in curing diseases is becoming increasingly recognized. The latest development of the idea is the assertion of a medical man that the clothes worn by consumptives should be of a color which will allow the light to penetrate the body. White materials, it is found, are the best for this purpose, and consumptives are consequently advised to clothe themselves in snowy material, either of linen, velvet, cotton or cloth. Silk, however, is barred next in curative value comes blue, but it is far inferior to white. Materials of black, red, yellow or green are said to be useless, as they prevent the passage of the germicidal rays.

He strove to fasten his loathsome lips against my own?"

My screams awakened assistance and supreme effort of will that I refrained the brute was quickly overpowered from accosting her, but do so must have so affected my mad

—she was seated as usual on deck.

The fresh air woke me, but I could not retreat. Madness overpowered

me, guided my steps, incited my action, urged me to pronounce wild, passionate words. I clasped her waist.

I strove to snatch her kisses. She repelled me. She maddened me. I resolved to destroy her life. My wicked

desires gave me unnatural strength.

I held her in my arms in spite of her wild cries for help, and I tried to cast her overboard. Then you appeared

and I vented my anger and vengeance

on you. I struck you. You fell, but I was soon overpowered by those who

came to her rescue. They bound me tightly, but I had the very knife se

creted with which I had cut your

ropes—and after writing these words

I shall seek eternal peace. I must

not any longer blight the world with

my madness. I am unfit to live.

The cold mass of waters shall embrase me,

stifle me in oblivion. Good-bye.

Men Who Tug to the Sea.

The officers and men of the French fleet which struggled so persistently

and so fruitlessly against the British

in the wars of the revolution and empire were individually quite as intelligent as their conquerors. But the French were not at home on the sea.

They fought like brave men out of their element. They had not the sea habit by nature, whereas, the British had.

It is much the same with the Japanese to-day. The sea habit is not with them.

It is not with the Russians.

They are not at home on the sea.

The INVISIBLES

A NOVEL
BY EDGAR EARL
CHRISTOPHER

CONTINUE PAGE BY THE
SAINTED RELIEFLESS WRITER

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

This clue has undergone many changes; new elements have been crowded into the plot; it has thickened, deepened, enlarged, until I had myself face to face with one of the most prodigious affairs of the kind in the world's history."

"Theoretically prodigious—practically complicated," said La Prade, doubtfully.

"But this Jean Valdemere—you seem only to have followed him."

Then, leaning his attenuated face upon his long hand, he told La Prade, in detail, the history of the case from the day he left Paris, omitting nothing, during which recital the damp gathered upon the fat bald head of the new arrival—the eyes bulged—the form bent.

"Now, you can see," continued Deneau, "why I have followed Valdemere—why we have traveled together over the face of the earth, he leading, I following, and our journey has led up into many strange places—Valdemere and his shadow, day by day, month by month, year by year, two men have moved in one path, straight, circuitous; by land and by sea; coming together only once, losing sight of each other only once—then again, after a time, the shadow comes after the man, Deneau lurks again on the endless track of his enemy."

The shadow once more falls upon the foot-steps of the treacherous conspirator, until, at last, both man and shadow pause, after a pilgrimage of ten weary years, both man and shadow rest—the hated man—the hated shadow—at the base of that mountain yonder."

La Prade stared wildly into the hungry, feverish eyes of the man before him. Can he be mad? Can he have lost his mind in the intricate mazes of this great plot which threatens a empire?

"And does the man and the shadow still rest there," pointing to the black outlines of the mountain frowning against the eastern sky.

"For the time, yes; but the man has begun to move, and the shadow must also move—the man is gone—but the shadow."

"Gone, did you say?"

"Gone, but he will return."

"How, and when?"

"I can't say, how, but soon—the question is, will he return alone, or will he be accompanied by others?"

"Does he know of your presence here?"

"Undoubtedly, as one of his accomplices, a tall, eccentric Englishman, recently joined him, but not before he had spent two hours with me at a tavern in Chattanooga."

"An Englishman?" I thought this was a Russian plot—ah, can we be dealing with the agents of kings—or the powers—what can it mean?" cried La Prade.

"Ah, you speak of things that are indeed probable, but we also have Frenchmen in this whirlpool of conspiracy. The case will reveal the plot, whether national or international—whether the plot of kings against kings—or usurpers against legitimats—it can make but little difference in our plans, which are to discover the plotter and seize the plotters, and the—"

"The treasure," cried La Prade, his eyes alight, his hand trembling.

"Ah, I see you follow me," said Deneau, smiling.

"But the Englishman, what of him?"

"Well, that interview placed Valdemere on his guard—damn the Englishman!"

Here Deneau unfolded his connection with the old stone house.

"But, what has the stone house to do with the cavern?"

"Ah, that is one of the great secrets we are to discover. The house is

ing upon the strange stone, as though it held a fascination for him, "you secured it from that devil of a savage!"

"Yes, and when you see a man wearing that you will have seen a member of 'The Invisible Hand.'

"'Invisible Hand'—a strange title. La Prade wiped from his bald head a cold sweat that had gathered there.

"True, it is a strange designation, but a most appropriate one—one I fear, as the devil."

"No, not that," said Deneau, "we are here to take, not to be taken, to seize, not to be seized."

"Ah, I had as soon enter Hades as enter that cave."

"And yet, we must enter it, and without delay."

"Should we surprise a force within?"

"I do not believe we shall. I am sure that it is used as a sort of storage for plunder, a secret refuge for the plotters—but we can safely assume it is not used as a dwelling, if guarded at all, the guard is small."

"Theoretically small," said La Prade.

"Yes, but in any case, we have the chances in our favor."

"And your plans are?"

"To enter those caverns prepared for the worst, that is—prepared to fight our way if met by resistance, but hoping we shall find the road clear, which I believe will be the case—for having such absolute protection as the cave affords them, as they think it impenetrable, inaccessible, and separated from the world by a barrier which can be removed only by 'The Invisible Hand' itself, and one other—that other is mine. I have the secret to the entrance, and can, by the movement of my hand, cause the stone wall to fall apart and open the way to the tunnels or caverns beyond."

His eyes blazed, his hand smote the air, and his words were marked by a triumphant inflection. He told La Prade the secret of Dead Man's Cave.

La Prade leaned forward, almost breathless, his eyes bulging, and his bald head beady with sweat. His hand shook as he fingered the memorandum before him.

"Mon Dieu," he cried, "can there be such a thing as magic in this?"

"There are devils in it," sneered Deneau, "and if devils possess magic, then there's both magic and devils."

"But suppose we should enter, and when on the inside the damned thing would not work? I suppose the same machinery can be found on both sides of the wall—that is, inside and out?"

"Undoubtedly, for I saw it work from within when Valdemere and the Englishman left the cave, and I saw it work from without when I discovered the lever hidden under the wall and concealed by a pool of water."

Deneau continued to exploit his well-laid plans to his old comrade until the moon had sunk away behind the mountain, until a grayish light penetrated the interior of the dismal little room, and the small wick of the oil-lamp had burned to a crisp coal.

"This is a most remarkable case," said La Prade, his eyes staring through the small pane toward the black outline of the mountain beyond, "different in every detail from any other job that has come under my observation. I distrust it. I can hardly reconcile the motive to the measure."

"And yet?" replied Deneau, "what better place could be found to conceal from the law and from the world a treasure than those underground caves—what better place to hatch a great conspiracy?"

In the Northern and Eastern States, the eye of the law is ever upon the nihilists and the anarchists.

"Ah, you speak of things that are indeed probable, but we also have Frenchmen in this whirlpool of conspiracy. The case will reveal the plot, whether national or international—whether the plot of kings against kings—or usurpers against legitimats—it can make but little difference in our plans, which are to discover the plotter and seize the plotters, and the—"

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way, and not a trace of the night's anxiety was left. He seemed in excent uplifts. He patted the great leonine head of his favorite mastiff, and the huge brute overdid his reciprocal affections, as some dogs do, by frantically pawing his master's spotless skin and thrusting his great teeth against him, or bounding madly away among the plants and breaking down the frail stalks of rare flowers in his canine ecstasy.

You seem unusually well this morning, Mr. De Taverne," I said, as he offered me his hand and accompanied me to breakfast.

"Yes, and when you see a man wearing that you will have seen a member of 'The Invisible Hand.'

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BIG NEW SHOE BUILDING!

It is Dedicated by the W. L. Douglas Co. at Brockton.

The dedication a short time ago of the new administration and joining house building erected by the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co. as a part of its mammoth manufacturing plant at Montello was marked by the thoroughness and attention to detail characteristic of the firm in all its undertakings.

The dedicatory program included open house from 11 a. m. to 8 p. m. with concert by the Mace Gay orchestra and the presence of a Boston caterer to attend to the wishes of all. The building itself afforded a feast for the eye, especially the offices which are marvels in many ways. Fifteen thousand invitations were sent out, including over 11,000 to the tall dealers in the United States who handle the W. L. Douglas Co. shoes, the others going to shoe manufacturers and all allied industries in Brockton and vicinity. Mr. Douglas will be glad to have anybody who is interested call and inspect the new plant, and says the "latch string is always out."

All departments of the plant were open for inspection, the three factories as well as the new building, and visitors were received and escorted through the industrial maze by ex. Gov. Douglas, assisted by the heads of the various departments.

Under the present system all shoes are manufactured to order, and customers sometimes lose sales waiting for shoes to arrive. With the new building house they will be enabled to have their hurry orders shipped the same day they are received.

The new building is 260 feet long and 60 feet wide and two stories in height. The jobbing department will occupy the entire lower floor, while the offices will occupy the second floor.

The jobbing department will carry complete stock of men's, boys', youths' misses' and children's shoes, slippers, rubbers and findings equal to any jobbing house in the country. Buyers are especially invited to come here to trade, and every effort possible will be made to suit their convenience.

There will be a finely appointed sample room on the second floor, with an office in which both telephone and telegraph will be installed, with operators, both Western Union and Postal Telegraph wires to be used. There will also be arrangements for the receipt and despatch of mail.

PECULIAR MEANS OF DEFENSE

Small Daggers of Light Sent Out by the Centipede.

Among the peculiar powers of animals there are none harder to explain than the power of being self-luminous. It is sometimes termed phosphorescence, but it is not now supposed to depend upon phosphorus in the animal. A correspondent of Nature describes her experience with a luminous centipede which shows the evident purpose of the luminous substance as a means of defense. Attention was first attracted by a light of brilliant bluish-green that moved forward over the gravel, leaving behind a trail of light, which, gradually separating, became a scattered mass of brilliant points. The scattered points proved to be red ants which were pursuing the centipede. It had discharged this luminous liquid over them. The centipede was picked up and put in a tumbler where it flashed out a mass of light. When the hand was placed over the tumbler to prevent the escape of the captive, a strange prickly sensation was felt as from a slight charge of electricity. The centipede would write the light out of its body in blue-green flashes until it had exhausted its luminosity and ceased to shine. Defense seems certainly to be one of the uses of this secretion.

Drawing the Line.

We have followed the plow, wielded the hoe, served time on the public roads under an austere overseer, wept the backyard, worked the garden, churned the butter, washed the dishes, nursed the baby and performed other various and sundry disagreeable tasks in our times without a murmur, but when it comes to cleaning streets under three lady bosses—excuse us, please. Three women to boss you, Great Caesar's ghost! Just the thought of such a catastrophe is enough to give a man the "buck-augue."

"Mind the (La) Signal.

Inoculants in Vegetables.

Vegetables not only contain stimulants but are capable of producing an intoxicating influence on those who depend on them exclusively for food, according to an investigator. He cites a case in which some young people of his acquaintance suffered from partial intoxication as the result of a purely vegetable meal.

It is too bad, gentlemen," she said, "here you are at table and no flowers could you not wait?"

"But we cannot eat flowers, my child," said her father, rising and placing her chair at his side, where she deftly fashioned the roses, the carnations, and the lilies into a beautiful bouquet, and placed them in a huge china basin, during which time her father sat smiling, approvingly upon her, while I sat upon the floor, watching the tints of her fair cheeks and watched the strange light in her great brown eyes—ah, dear one, if I had but her to hold forever—if it were not that fate separated us—if I could know her and not know the oath that bound her!

The day passed as no other day had done. Telegrams and cablegrams were prepared and sent to a hundred men, and the servants were coming and going all day long. Messenger boys were summoned and hurried away with the words which would cause the Council to gather in haste. My brain was in a whirl, and I dread the hour of the arrival.

The danger signal sped over the wires—booms and accounts—were placed away in the desks; and letters which came from the committees were hurriedly answered, and in twenty-four hours the uttermost ends of the habitable globe and the faces of four thousand men and women would pale with the awful news and await, in unending agony and suspense, the success or failure of the hundred men who would enter those dreadful caverns, now slowly filling with gas to remove the \$60,000 worth of treasure, or leave it to oblivion.

It sent a shadow through my frame to think of it—suppose the Council should be too late?

From the State Capital

Information and Gossip Furnished by Special Correspondent at Lansing.

Lansing. While the state won a victory in having the supreme court hold with Judge West that the demurrer of the Michigan Central Railroad company in the suit brought by the state to collect \$4,000,000 in back taxes should not prevail, the reasoning of the opinions that were rendered was such as not to create the greatest hope of ultimate victory. When asked if he would bring the case to trial, Attorney General Bird said "certainly." The case will require a great deal of time for preparation. When under the act of the last legislature, the department asked to examine the books of the Michigan Central to secure data for the suit, the company resisted on the ground that such evidence was not then material, as it hoped the demurrer would be sustained, in which event no evidence of the kind could be used. Mr. Bird said that the work in hand would be proceeded with directly, and he expressed the hope that the case may be brought to trial in the Ingham circuit court before the beginning of another year. Otto Kirchner, of Detroit, and Thomas E. Barkworth, of Jackson, are counsel for the state in this case. Another case in which the state and the Michigan Central are parties will come to attention in October. In the suit of the company against the state for \$6,000,000 damages for the repeal of its special charter, the state demurred to the company's bill, alleging that it set forth no cause of action. The demurrer was overruled, the state has appealed, and the hearing in the supreme court will take place in October.

Peach Crop is Short.

Notwithstanding the outlook early in the season that Michigan's peach yield this year would be a "bumper crop," reports recently compiled by the Michigan State Horticultural society indicate that the crop will be only about 40 per cent of the average. Mostly to blame for the reduction is the "little peach" disease. A few years ago it was the "yellow" that made trouble for the peach grower. Prompt and radical measures by growers practically eradicated this disease, but now the "little peach" trouble is general throughout the state, and is constantly growing worse. The northern counties of the lake shore fruit belt—Newaygo, Mason, Leelanau and Benzie—show the greatest growth as peach growers, the more southerly counties only about holding their own in the matter of acreage. Apples are estimated at 75 per cent of an average crop, and grapes considerably higher.

Look for Many Visitors.

"Excursion week" at the agricultural college comes the week beginning with August 20. All of the roads leading into Lansing will run trains and the Michigan Central has been induced to run more sections than in former years. Last year the number of visitors on these special trains was about 9,000. This year 10,000 are expected during the week. The attractions for visitors are increasing every season, among them this year being the new Wells hall, the engineering building in course of construction, the heating and lighting plant now completed and in full operation, the tunnel system, the new dairy and horse barns and the experimental herds purchased this year. The campus is in splendid condition and will show up well to visitors.

Primary Election Necessary.

A primary election must be held in Macomb county September 4 for the sole purpose of permitting the Prohibitionists of the county to vote on the nomination of a candidate for congress in the Seventh district. This is one of the queerest results of the operation of the new local option-primary law. Petitions were not filed in Macomb for the nomination of any officers on any other ticket under the primary law, but it so happened that the Prohibitionists of the Seventh district had complied with the direct nominating law, and an election must be held in every precinct in the county to permit the cold water party men to vote.

Seeks Damages for Submerged Land. E. W. Sparrow has commenced suit against the Michigan Power company, of this city, for \$15,000 damages for overflowing his lands along Grand river in the eastern part of Lansing by the erection of a big cement dam. An injunction was granted by the court restraining the company from enlarging its dam, pending a settlement of the claim for damages.

New Michigan Corporations.

The following corporations filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state: Holland Furnace company, Holland, \$50,000; Detroit Realty Trust company, Huron, S. D., and Detroit, \$100,000; Simpson Scale and Manufacturing company, Milan, \$10,000; Leather Label Overall company, Detroit, \$10,000. The Grand Rapids Upholstering company increased its capital stock from \$10,000 to \$20,000, and the Beulah Gold Mining company, of East Tawas, from \$100,000 to \$160,000.

Emancipation Day Celebration.

The directors of the Lansing Business Men's association have an eye out for the future, and next year will assist in holding one of the greatest Emancipation-day celebrations in the city ever held in the state. This news was spread about the state at the various celebrations, and it met with approval from all quarters. It is proposed to start early on the program and speakers of a national reputation will be secured. Lansing has not yet had an Emancipation day for several years.

The New Naturalization Laws. Attorney General Bird has received a copy of the new naturalization law recently signed by President Roosevelt. It places many new restrictions and safeguards about the process of transforming foreigners into American citizens. The clerks of all courts having jurisdiction in naturalization cases are required to make certification to the department at Washington that they are duly qualified clerks of such courts. Blanks will be forwarded to these clerks and they must carefully account for each one and return any that may be mutilated or not used. No certificate of naturalization may be issued within 30 days prior to a general election: applicants are required to speak the English language to testify to belief in constituted government and swear that they are not polygamists in practice or belief.

Valuations to Be Increased.

The auditor general's department and the state tax commission are preparing comparative figures of the valuations of the various counties to place before the state board of equalization, which meets here August 20. The state was equalized at \$1,578,000,000 in 1901, and it is likely that the state tax commission will insist that it be raised to \$1,900,000,000 or \$2,000,000,000. The increase will fall largely upon the counties wherein large cities are situated, upon upper peninsula mineral producing counties and upon northern counties of the lower peninsula.

Authority of State Tax Commission.

Attorney General Bird advises the state tax commission that they cannot assume authority to review all assessments of an assessing district unless complaints are made that a few specified pieces of property are not assessed in compliance with law. He gives the opinion, however, that complaints may be made broad enough to authorize such a review. Complaints of persons not taxpayers and residents of the district in which a review of the assessments are sought should not be entertained by the commission, Mr. Bird also says.

Police Round Up Hobos.

In view of the burglary at the college where the police officers rounded up the hobos at their retreat near the Grand Trunk bridge. Eleven were gathered in and sent to Mason until after the date of an approaching circus. One was recognized as a man

who had been arrested for larceny not long ago. As the train started for Mason he jumped from the car and made his escape, the officer in charge of the bunch having his hands full with the other ten men.

Governor's Father Very Ill.

Because of the illness of his father, P. Dean Warner, of Farmington, Gov. Warner has postponed his trip to South Manitou Island, where he was to have boarded the naval training ship Yantic, manned by the Michigan naval reserve. It is doubtful whether he will be able to get at all. The elder Mr. Warner is nearly 84 years old. His illness is evidently considered serious, as Gov. Warner has canceled all his dates.

Two Hurt in Runaway.

William E. Robinson, of Lansing and Mrs. B. M. Miller, of Meridian, were taken to the city hospital suffering from injuries sustained in a runaway accident at the Pere Marquette station during the unloading of a circus. Robinson is badly injured, and may have suffered internally. Mrs. Miller was found to have been only bruised.

Farm Laborers in Demand.

Farm laborers are wanted in every part of the state of Michigan and in eastern Canada, and the demand is insistent and pressing, says the Detroit Free Press. Farmers are having the greatest difficulty in getting enough help in all parts of the state and are offering wages much higher than usual in order to attract men.

Move to Secure Pure Milk.

State inspectors are starting on a campaign against milk dealers who are thought to put formaldehyde in milk. Several samples are being examined, and attention will be called to the dealers who use the preservative.

Slot Machines Returned.

The slot machines confiscated by the Lansing police department several months ago were returned to their owners, with instructions not to allow them to be used.

Typhoid Fever Prevalent.

The unusual prevalence of typhoid fever has been noted by Secretary Shurway, of the state board of health, who says that the dry weather and consequent lowering of the water in wells is probably responsible for the outbreaks. He advises the boiling of water for drinking purposes.

Reunion Set for September 27.

The twenty-seventh annual reunion of the Second Michigan infantry association will be held at Battle Creek September 27.

Bank Increases Capital.

The Calumet State bank has filed amended articles of incorporation with the secretary of state increasing its capital stock from \$50,000 to \$100,000.

For Labor Day Celebration.

The Lansing Trades and Labor council has accepted the invitation of the Jackson council to celebrate Labor day in that city. A special train will be provided and a rate of 75 cents for the round trip has been fixed. And here I am, an old fool I suppose you will say, still trying the same

BEAUTY IN SPANISH DANCING.

Easily the Finest in the World, According to Writer.

In dancing the Spanish woman is queen of her sex. To see the real thing you must get hold of a gypsy band or visit some humble dancing place in Seville or in the south. There is no dancing in the world so poetic, passionate, suggestive or graceful.

Spain is the true home of the dance. There are the Jota, or Aragon, with its fine abandon but stately time, the tango, resembling the danse du ventre of Moorish Spain—the dance of gesture and suggestion; the graceful cachucha, with its chironomic play of head and arms; the Jaleo de Jerez, which gypsies dance in whirling measure; the quince dances of the Basque provinces, and scores of minor local dances more or less alike peculiar to different localities.

But the great dances are the bolero, the seguidilla, the chacon and the fandango of the south. These dances are the soul and epitome of Spain. In all of them prose gesture—the mystery of true dancing—plays an important part; in all of them the poetry of love and motion is exhibited with extraordinary subtlety and expression.

—Nineteenth Century.

WILL WED TAMMANY'S GREAT ORATOR.



The marriage of W. Bourke Cockran, of New York, and Miss Annie L. Ide, daughter of the governor general of the Philippines, will take place in Washington in October or November. The engagement was announced by cable from Manila a few days ago, resulted from the Philippine trip of the Taft party, of which Mr. Cockran was a member. The engagement dates from last January and had been known to Miss Ide's friends since then.

THEIR CRY IS FOR EDUCATION.

Indians of Alaska Want Blessing for Their Children.

The craving of the Alaskan Indians for education is almost pitiable. Ask them what they need and the answer is the same."

"Schools for the children so that they may become smart like the white man."

They are very affectionate people to their children; every benefit is for the child. The older people fully realize the fact that they represent the past. They have always been producers, and their faith in themselves is half of the struggle that lies before them. To this end they should be provided with day schools in all of the villages of 100 or more adults.

In some sections where the families are distributed over a large area of country and in the case of the children of parents unable to provide for their support, and again where orphans may be enslaved by distant relatives, boarding schools or homes are equally necessary.—Southern Workman.

Thoroughly Feminine.

"What! A woman doesn't know the value of an oath, eh?" she exclaimed, angrily. "Gracious! do you mean to say a woman's word isn't as good as a man's?"

"It may be better, morally," he replied, "but it isn't as satisfying. Any man as angry as you are now would choose a stronger word than 'Gracious!'"

SAID TO ASPIRE TO POWER IN MEXICO.



Gen. Bernardo Reyes, who is alleged to be the leader in a revolutionary movement now in progress in Mexico, is at present governor of the State of Nuevo and a general of division in the army. Up to two years ago he was minister of war, but fell into disfavor with President Diaz and was relegated to his present position. Reyes is very popular with the army, and is a man of iron courage and determination. He may take the present opportunity to try conclusions with Diaz in an effort to wrest from him the reins of power. It is conceded that he brought the army up to its present state of efficiency, and it is known of all men that he entertains desire to be ruler of the republic. He is in the prime of life and ruggedly healthy.

His Boyhood Memory.

"It's a funny thing," the merchant observed as he dried the address on an envelope, "but every time I use a new blotter it makes me think of a weird detective story I read when I was a boy. The plot of the story, as I remember it, rested on the sleuthing of a new blotter that had been used to dry the ink on a letter that was the clue to all the mystery. He could read the address he wanted to."

The New Spouse.

"There has been a change for the better in May Fickell's husband," said the first Chicago woman.

"Why, I didn't know he was ill," replied the other.

"Stupid! I mean the new one is

ONE OF WEBSTER'S BON MOTS.

Containing a Meaning More or Less Effectually Concealed.

During middle life Daniel Webster was fond of revisiting the trout brooks he had fished as a boy, and was often accompanied by his "hired man," who was a native of the same village, and had been a companion and schoolmate.

On one of these excursions the statesman related the story of a very large trout he had captured when a boy from the brook in which they were then fishing. The "hired man" responded with a story of a trout he had caught in that same brook, and which, of course, was many ounces heavier than that of the "great ex-pounder."

Mr. Webster eyed his companion in silence for a moment, and then exclaimed, with emphasis: "Jerry, you are an amphibious animal; you lie in the water and you lie out of it."

TOO MANY COOKS ON THE JOB.

Which Is One Reason Why Food Was Flavored with Soapsuds.

That "too many cooks spoil the broth" was proved to a family recently, when the mother went away leav-

EASY TO TELL FROM WHAT CITY THEY CAME.

Bacon—It is said that William Dean Howells, the author, has made such a careful study of the dialect and expressions of the various sections of the country that he can tell by their speech what city a person comes from.

Egbert—That's easy. If I hear a man say, "I can't masticate any but my art beans" I know he's from Boston. If I hear a man say, "Art thou sleepy, too?" I put him down as a Philadelphia man; and if I overhear the remark, "I'm so tired, I stood up all the way home!" it's a safe wager the speaker is a New Yorker.—Yonkers Statesman.

Easy.

The reformed train robber was relating his adventures to a breathless audience.

"And what," queried one, "did you do when the passengers refused to hold up their hands?"

He looked pityingly at the ignorant person.

"I passed 'em up," he said "and waited for the next train."—Cleveland Leader.

On the Trail.

"Tommy, what ancient king was it who played on the fiddle while Rome was burning?"

"Hector, ma'am."

"No, no—not Hector."

"Then it wuz Dook."

"Duke? What do you mean, Tommy?"

"Well, then it must a' been Nero. I knowed it wuz somebody with a dog's name."—Cleveland Leader.

All in His Line.

"That well-dressed chap on the corner," remarked the great detective, "doesn't look much like a crook, does he?"

"No, indeed," replied the private policeman. "Do you mean to say that he is?"

"That's what," answered the g. d. with a growsome grin, "he's one of the best con-tortionists in the business."—Chicago Daily News.

Wise Woman.

"But why," the star pleaded, "won't you marry me? You have confessed that you love me more than any other man on earth. Be mine!"

"No," replied the leading lady, "I prefer to just be your sweetheart."

"I don't just want to go out with some other company next season,"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Jay.

"I hear your wife's gone away for the summer."

"Tea."

"You don't seem to look very unhappy."

"Well, I don't expect to be informed once during the next three months that it would do me as much good to work in the garden as it does to play golf,"—Chicago Sun.

Excitement Plan.

"The rich find that time passes very slowly."

"I don't doubt it. I s'pose they never buy anything at the rate of a dollar down and a dollar per month."

—Chicago Sun.

Not Encouraging.

"When do you think the senate will get through with that question?"

"Not at all," answered Senator Sorgum.