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Men are buying better and better lawn mowers, and reapers, and printing presses, and gasoline engines and pumps.

Why? Because they find it pays.

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Figures show that over 75% of men who have bought Chalmers cars this year previously owned a $500, $600 or $800 car.

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Particularly of this 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers, which is, in our opinion, the most able car that ever came to this town.

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His Undesirable Inheritance

A Clergyman's Efforts to Get Rid of It.

By BARBARA PHIPPS

The new rector, Mr. Chiverly, or, rather, his wife, had moved his effects into the rectory, made vacant by his predecessor, and he was in his study, the furniture still disarranged, struggling with his next Sunday's sermon. Mrs. Chiverly came up from the basement. She had been much worn by moving and had struck the usual number of snags in that irritating process. Judging from her expression, she had now come upon a new one of the most exasperating character.

"Well, my dear?" said the rector, looking up from his work inquiringly and anxiously.

"What do you suppose?"

"I give it up."

"The basement is full of empty bottles."

"What kind of bottles?"

"Whisky bottles, brandy bottles, gin bottles, wine bottles, siphons—all kinds of bottles that should never be in the house of a clergyman, especially one who has preached total abstinence."

"Send them away," replied the rector, turning again to his sermon.

"What! Send them away! How could that be done without publicity? And publicity you know very well would result in an awful catastrophe to us. The town would ring with your condemnation. Your parishioners would be obliged to condemn you, innocent or guilty. Your resignation would be demanded."

Mr. Cheverly was evidently moved by such unjustice.

"But, my dear, these bottles have not been brought here by us. They were left here by Dr. Parkinson, who has just vacated the rectory."

"Not by Dr. Parkinson alone, but by a number of his predecessors. Quite likely some incumbent needed a stimulant and started the pile. The next added to it. The next, being confronted by the problem now before us, took no action, and so the tide of bottles has been steadily rising. Quite likely it started in the cellar. It has climbed to the basement. We cannot let it remain where it is, for we need the room. Besides, if discovered it would prove our ruin."

The rector cast his eyes up to the ceiling for a solution of the momentous problem. He had been struggling successfully with the ancient theological problem of foreordination, but this one of empty bottles staggered him.

"I'll tell you what you do," he said, his expression lighting up—"get rid of a few of them at a time."

"How?"

"To a junkman."

"Have a junkman calling every few days and seen by the neighbors carrying out empty bottles? Oh, James, how impractical you are!"

"How would it do to box them up and ask our grocer to call for them? Mr. Wilkins is very kindly disposed toward me. I will explain the matter to him."

"And he will explain it to Mrs. Wilkins, and she will explain it to her dearest friend, and the dearest friend will spread it broadcast."

Mr. Chiverly heaved a sigh. His wife continued:

"There is but one way out of it. They must be sent to another town to some intimate friend or relative of ours who will dispose of them without risk to us. Your brother Edward would be a good person to receive them. Once in his hands, he can easily dispose of them. But we must pack them so that no one will suspect what the cases contain."

"We might put on them 'Glass; handle with care.'"

"Oh, James! How stupid you are!"

"It would give the impression that they were tumblers and such things."

"Do you suppose our neighbors, who are ever on the lookout, seeing these boxes marked glass, would not at once suspect?"

"I'll order the cases sent, and next Monday you can begin the packing."

Mr. Chiverly heaved a sigh that his weekly day of ease after a hard Sunday's work should be devoted to so unattractive and laborious a service, then resumed his work on his sermon, while his wife went out to continue the arranging of the disordered furniture. In due time the cases arrived. Mr. Chiverly did the packing and the marking, and they were ready to be shipped. A wagon came to the door, the goods were carried out, and Mr. and Mrs. Chiverly fell into each other's arms in transports of relief.

"Thank heaven!" said Mr. Chiverly. "They're gone."

"Oh, James, you've no idea what a load is lifted from my shoulders."

"Do you think any of the neighbors took notice?"

"No; I was looking between the slats of the window blinds and saw no one watching."

"Good. Edward will receive them and dispose of them. And now I must settle down to my legitimate work. Please see that I am not disturbed in my study."

A month passed. One morning at breakfast Mrs. Chiverly remarked to her husband that it was strange they had heard nothing from his brother about the cases sent him. Mr. Chiverly, who was about to raise a cup of coffee to his mouth, stopped short and seemed to be trying to recollect something.

"What is it, dear?" asked his wife, somewhat anxiously.

"N-n-nothing. I was trying to remember about writing Ed."

"Surely you wrote him?"

"Of course. That is, I wrote the letter. What I was trying to remember was posting it."

Mrs. Chiverly frigidly rose from the table, went to the study and after a few minutes' search came back with a letter addressed to Edward Chiverly, Esq., Cheltenham. The rector looked surprised and crushed.

"I wrote it the day I was packing the bottles," he said lugubriously. "I intended to take it out and post it the same evening, but I was so tired that I went to sleep on the sofa."

Mrs. Chiverly did not deign to reply. She sent their eldest boy out with the letter and, rising from the table, went upstairs without a word to her husband. She had scarcely done so when there was a ring at the doorbell. Mr. Chiverly answered the summons, and there stood a man with an express company's receipt book.

"Sign here, please. Seven dollars and fifty cents."

The rector cast a glance at a wagon standing by the curb and recognized the boxes he had packed a month before.

"W-w-what's this?" he stammered, paling.

"Goods returned, uncalled for."

Mr. Chiverly caught at the doorpost for support. As soon as he recovered his voice he asked the man to wait a minute and, staggering back into the hall, called his wife.

"What is it?" she asked, aghast.

"The bottles."

"What about them?"

"They're at the door."

"Oh, my goodness gracious! What's happened?"

"Edward, not receiving any explanation about them, probably refused to receive them or pay for them."

"Didn't you put on them who they were from?"

"No."

"Why didn't you?"

"I dare not. If they had fallen into the wrong hands it would have been a dead give away."

"Oh, James, what shall we do?"

"There's nothing to do but pay all charges—$7.50—and send them again."

"We can barely scrape enough money together to pay the $7.50."

"Well, then, pay it."

Mrs. Chiverly gathered all the money in the house, even borrowing from her son's savings bank, to make up the required amount. Mr. Chiverly had a dollar bill in his vest pocket besides. Taking it to the express driver he bribed him to take the boxes to his home, promising that they would be called for the same night.

"What are you going to do?" asked his wife on his return to her.

"I'm going tonight to take them and dump them in the river."

"You will do no such thing."

"Why not?"

"Suppose any one should see you doing it."

"I shall be dressed as a cartman."

"That won't help the matter. You will be traced the same as if you were seen trying to get rid of some one you had murdered."

"I'm going to risk it. We can't stand this business any longer. I'm going to get rid of the bottles if I have to swing for it."

Mr. Chiverly's blood was up. His wife's efforts to dissuade him were in vain. When night came he shaved off his whiskers, appropriated a suit of old clothes intended for a poor man he had befriended and started for the house of the expressman. On the way he tried to hire a wagon, but could find no one who would trust him with his team without going with him. So he changed his mind and decided to rely on the expressman.

"See here my man," he said on reaching the house. "I want you to go with me and get rid of these cases. Have you a box opener handy?"

The man brought the tools and opened one of the boxes.

"You see," said the clergyman, "what they contain. Will you go with me to the river to throw them in?"

"There's no need to do that," replied the man. "I'll get rid of them by selling them."

"Do so," cried Chiverly rapturously, "and pocket the proceeds."

"All right. You're sure there's no skulduddery about it?"

"None in the least. These bottles were accumulated by other persons than myself. I simply wish to get rid of them."

"All right. I'll send you anything there is over or above half the profits, less cartage."

"Please don't," urged the rector imploringly.

The man consented. Mr. Chiverly then wrung his hand gratefully and hastened home. Once there he doffed his old clothes, put on his nightgown and went to bed.

For weeks, indeed months, never was there a ring at the rectory doorbell but Mr. and Mrs. Chiverly started as though they were expecting an arrest for murder. And whenever a cart was was heard stopping before the door the lady would peep through the blinds to assure herself that the bottles were not back again before answering the summons.

However, in time the dread wore away and the pair finally found comfort. They remained in peaceful possession of the rectory till Mr. Chiverly was made a bishop.

"What an awful difference, dear," said his wife, "it would have made had the secret of the empty liquor bottles got out."

A SHARK INFESTED LOCALITY.

—Philadelphia Record.

HIS ORIGINAL RULINGS.

Henry Watterson's Debut as a Parliamentary Lawmaker.

In Henry Watterson's "History of the Manhattan Club" the author tells of his experience as temporary chairman of the Democratic national convention of 1876:

"The night before the assembling Mr. Tilden's two or three leading friends on the committee came to me and said, 'We can elect you chairman over Cox, but no one else.' I demurred at once. 'I don't know one rule of parliamentary law from another,' I said. 'We will have the best parliamentarian on the continent right by you all the time,' they said. 'I can't see to recognize a man on the floor of the convention,' I said. 'We'll have a dozen men to see for you,' they replied. So it was arranged, and thus at the last moment I was chosen.

"I had barely time to write the required 'keynote' speech, but not to commit it to memory, nor sight to read it even had I been willing to adopt that mode of delivery. It would never do in such a matter to trust to extemporization. A friend, Colonel Stoddard Johnston, who was familiar with my rough penmanship, came to the rescue. Concealing my manuscript behind his hat, he lined the words out to me between the cheering, I having mastered a few opening sentences.

"Luck was with me. It went with a bang—not wholly without detection, however. The Indianians, devoted to Hendricks, were very wroth. 'See that fat man behind the hat telling him what to say,' said one to his neighbor, who answered, 'Yes, and wrote it for him, too, I'll be bound.'

"One might as well attempt to drive six horses by proxy as preside over a national convention by hearsay. I lost my parliamentarian at once. I just made my parliamentary law as we went along. Never before nor since did any deliberate body proceed under manual so startling and original. But I delivered each ruling with a resonance—it were better called an impudence—which had an air of authority.

"There was a good deal of quiet laughing on the floor among the knowing ones—though I knew the mass were as ignorant as I was myself—and, realizing that I meant to be just and was expediting business, the convention soon warmed to me, and, feeling this, I began to be perfectly at home. I never had a better day's sport in all my life."

ANCIENT POSTAL SERVICE.

The Old Persian and Roman System of Couriers on Horseback.

While the Roman postal service of ancient days was, of course, a crude system, yet the mails were forwarded with considerable speed. The system of couriers on horseback was borrowed from the Persians, who, according to Xenophon, had established it under Cyrus. The Roman adaptation of this was the best system of transmitting letters among the ancients.

All along the great Roman roads stations were erected at distances of five or six miles from one another. At each of these stations forty horses were constantly maintained, and by the help of relays it was easy to travel 100 miles in a day.

These services were intended for the state only, it being imperative to secure the rapid interchange of official communications. In the time of Julius Caesar the system was so well organized that of two letters the great soldier wrote from Britain to Cicero at Rome the one reached its destination in twenty-six and the other in twenty-eight days.

Private citizens were obliged to resort to the services of slaves, and it was not until the end of the third century that there was an establishment of a postal system for private persons by the Emperor Diocletian, but how long this system endured history does not inform us.

The supply of horses and their maintenance was compulsory, and only the emperor could grant exemption from it.—Washington Star.

Long Time Between Showers.

In 1912 rain fell in the nitrate territory of Chile for the first time in nearly half a century, and for the first time in man's memory the coast towns were free from dust.

Enough Said.

"Thrifty, is she?"

"Thrifty! I won't go into a long dis course. I merely tell you that she banks money in December."

BIRDS HIGH IN THE AIR.

Out of Human Sight They Can Hear Calls From the Earth.

On Sept. 30, 1894, an astronomer at Shere, England, was studying the sun through a telescope. Every few seconds during the ten minutes he watched a bird was seen to pass slowly through his field, flying in a southerly direction, but with the naked eye not a bird could be seen.

Our ears really tell us more than our unaided eyes about the day fliers which are traveling far up in the sky. With nothing to turn them from their course sound waves carry surprising distances either up from the earth or down to it.

Balloonists tell us how clearly they can hear voices of people who are scarcely visible to them. So we may hear the notes of passing birds which are traveling at too great a height to be seen. The mellow whistles of certain snipe and plover tell us that they are passing along the birds' air line when it is impossible for us to see them. But if we answer we may in time see a black speck in the sky which responds to our call and finally circles close overhead.

On one occasion in Central park, New York city, I heard the flutelike call of a yellow leg snipe which was migrating high over the city. Perhaps he was calling to some companion in the sky. Certainly there was nothing on the earth to attract him. But, putting my fingers to my lips, I whistled a loud imitation of his notes. Quickly he answered. I whistled again and soon could see a black dot circling high above me. Larger and larger it grew, louder and more frequent became his cry, and within a minute, much to the surprise of passersby, the bird was flying anxiously back and forth just over my head. But, unable to find the bird which had called to him, he soon mounted high in the air and continued his journey.—Frank M. Chapman in St. Nicholas.

THE PASS TO THE NORTH.

El Paso Was Given Its Name In 1598 by Juan de Onate.

As you near El Paso you catch a glimpse at Ysleta of the venerable church, now hopelessly "restored," that was built away back in 1682 after the Pueblo uprising. Does this sound like a remote date in American history? One is constantly surprised down here by the antiquity of the settlements.

El Paso is certainly no exception to the rule, for it was given its name in 1598 by Juan de Onate, one of the earliest explorers of New Mexico, who, having forded the Rio Grande at this point, called it El Paso del Norte—the pass to the north. Fifty years later the old church and mission at Juarez were built. But from that time until the Mexican war period the site of El Paso itself remained a ranch belonging to the Ponce de Leon family. After the American occupation it became a terminal point on the old overland trail from St. Louis to San Francisco and the rumbling stagecoaches brought life and glitter to the saloons and gambling joints of the Calle El Paso.

The last half century has again vastly changed all this, and the border town has been completely submerged in the steady march of modern improvement.

Pioneer Plaza remains the center of the city's activities, to be sure, but upon it, instead of humble adobe homes and tawdry shops front two great hotels, several large department stores which display the very latest fashions and the "largest all concrete building in the world."—Ernest Peixotto in Scribner's Magazine.

Smiling at Breakfast.

One should always wear a smile at breakfast. If you are in a good humor at breakfast you will be merry and bright all day. The breakfast face is the most important face to cultivate. The other faces take care of themselves, for if the face is pleasant and easy to look upon in the morning it will improve as the day goes on. But if the breakfast face is hard, scowling and forbidding it becomes set in its disagreeable form, and it takes hours for it to smooth out into a smile, and that smile is of the sickly, half-hearted nature that only expands the heart slightly. It is worth trying.

Dikes and Ditches.

The word "dike" used in connection with flood damage along the Zuyder Zee is etymologically akin to "ditch," the meaning of which is familiar, and for which it is commonly an interchangeable term. But in the sense now employed it of course means an embankment. Holland is the classic land of such dikes, which date from Roman occupation before the Christian era. In the fen neighborhood both ditches and embankments are found. Miles of the latter near the outlet of the Cambridgeshire Ouse protect many acres of land reclaimed from the.—London Mail.