

NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

By E. J. EDWARDS

Vigil of Love Killed Savant

How Affection of Lord Kelvin, the Famous British Physicist, for His Wife Really Led to His Death.

Two years ago in December, the cable brought the news to this country, where he was widely known and loved, that Lord Kelvin, the great British physicist, had died after a brief illness. A day or so later the cabled accounts of his funeral told that the only flowers on his casket at the funeral was a wreath from Lady Kelvin. How Lord Kelvin's great love for his wife really led to his death is here told for the first time, and the story is vouched for by Mr. George Westinghouse of Pittsburg, who was one of Lord Kelvin's most intimate friends.

"When Lady Kelvin accompanied Lord Kelvin to America," said Mr. Westinghouse, "everybody who met the two were invariably impressed with their deep devotion to each other. It was easily apparent that Lady Kelvin was not only a sharer in her husband's interests in mechanics, physics, industrial development, and all science, in fact—of which he was in so great degree a master—but also that their domestic relations were ideal, she constantly looking to his comfort and ministering to him, and he responding with gentle caresses. "During Lord Kelvin's last visit to this country, his friends here learned that he was deeply solicitous regarding the state of Lady Kelvin's health. Some time after his return to England, word was received that Lady Kelvin had, in fact, become a hope-

less invalid. Then came the report that Lord Kelvin himself was seriously ill, and within a week or two the announcement of his death followed.

"It was his solicitude for the comfort of his invalid wife—his helpmeet of a life time—that really killed him. Though he was a man of advanced years, and had need to husband his strength, from the day that Lady Kelvin became an invalid he was in constant attendance upon her. He could scarcely be prevailed upon to leave her for a few minutes, even; he seemed to feel that that time was wasted which he could not devote to the care of his wife. He was convinced that her illness was mortal,

and to those who endeavored to persuade him to rest now and then, he replied that during the time left to him and to Lady Kelvin to be together, he felt that he ought to give her his constant attention. And so, hour after hour, he sat by his wife's bedside, holding her hand and talking with her.

At last there happened what Lord Kelvin's friends had feared all along—the strain of his constant vigil of love broke him down completely, and having no surplus vitality to rely upon for recuperation, he passed away. "To-day Lady Kelvin lingers on, a hopeless invalid—and I doubt not that all her thoughts in all her waking hours are of the man whose whole married life was dominated by the one thought of her comfort and happiness."

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How Fillmore Tricked State

His Crafty Methods, When, as Comptroller of New York, He Wished to Be Absent from His Office.

Probably no man now living knew Millard Fillmore so well as did Charles C. Clarke, who, prior to his retirement from active life some years ago, was long the treasurer of the New York Central railroad.

"Fillmore's was a romantic career," said Mr. Clarke to me one day. "Beginning as a wool carder in a town near Buffalo, he became president of the United States. He had many remarkable adventures, and the story of his life, if told in popular style, would furnish almost as fascinating

reading as does the early life of Abraham Lincoln.

"It was my good fortune to know Fillmore well. He became comptroller of the state of New York in 1847, and not until the following year was he nominated for vice president on the Whig ticket with Gen. Taylor. During that period I was deputy treasurer of the state, Mr. Fillmore frequently dropped into my office to chat with me, and in this manner I came to know him intimately.

"But of all the things he told me confidentially of the great politicians of the day, and of all the things he did to my own personal knowledge, nothing threw for me so interesting a light on the man's character as did his methods of tricking the state whenever he wanted to be absent from his office. It is a story that illustrates perfectly the crafty side of his nature. His other and nobler side was that which any great man and true patriot possesses.

"Soon after he became comptroller, Fillmore brought to the treasurer's office some blank warrants and asked me whether, if he signed them in blank, they could be utilized in case he were absent from his office, for he expected to go pretty often to Buffalo and other points in the state. I answered that this could not be done, but added that if he were out of the state at any time, then his deputy would have authority to sign warrants, which the treasurer would be obliged to honor.

"Well," said Mr. Fillmore, "if I should go to New York and take the Housatonic railroad, which runs through Connecticut, it would take me out of the state for a few hours, then my deputy would be authorized to sign, and it would not make any difference if I got to New York City that way?"

"If you notify us that you are going into Massachusetts and Connecticut," I replied, "then your deputy would be authorized to sign the warrants until you notified us of your return to the state."

"That was all the assurance that Mr. Fillmore wanted, and after that, for several months, whenever he went to New York City, he took the Housatonic railroad instead of going by steamboat down the Hudson, as almost everybody else did. But first he always notified us that he was leaving the state and took equal care not to notify us of his return to it until he was back in Albany.

"But I think that without question, the strangest of all his subterfuges to trick the state of his time, and so give himself more time, he employed at the time the suspension bridge over the Niagara river was under construction.

"There was to be some sort of ceremony at Niagara in which he wanted to take part, and it was to occur at a time when some important warrants would have to be signed by the comptroller. Nevertheless, he went on to Buffalo, had himself taken across the river in a basket in which the bridge workmen were conveyed across the chasm, and then sent us word that he was in Canada, so that we would be compelled to recognize this deputy's signature on those important warrants and all others until such time as he notified us that he had returned to the state.

"Think of it—the man who was to be vice president in two years, and president in three years and a half later, being the party to a subterfuge like that. For he was actually out of the state less than an hour, though officially he did not return to it for some days.

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Not Up-to-Date.

Uncle Silo—That's one thing I can't understand, Mandy. Aunt Mandy—What's that, Silas? Uncle Silo—Why, how kin these tony city fellers keep their swell parlors up-to-date when they cover the walls with paintin's by the old masters.

Prehistoric Pugilism.

"In the olden days they had encounters between two-headed giants." "I suppose such combats called for a double amount of preliminary talk."

Caruso of the Last Century

Pitiful Talk of the Once Great Singer Not Long Before His Death in Poverty at New York.

Brignoli—what a wealth of musical memories the name awakens in those life-long lovers of operatic music whose heads are now gray. For Brignoli, coming to this country in 1855, for a quarter of a century thereafter was probably this country's most popular operatic tenor—a veritable Caruso of yesterday. He sang with Patti at her debut, with Nilsson, La Grange, Parepa-Rosa, Tietjens—all the great singers of his time. He had the country at his feet.

Many are the memories that come to me of poor Brignoli, whom I met several times, at last to know quite well. But most vivid of all my recollections of him is that of our last meeting, which occurred but a few months before he died in poverty—he who for years received what were then unprecedented sums for singing, excepting, possibly, those paid to Patti and Nilsson.

Returning to my hotel about midnight of the second day of the Republican national convention which was held in Chicago in 1884, I heard some one call my name as I passed the entrance of another hotel. Turning about, I discovered that it was Brignoli, whom I had not seen for about a year, and then in Washington.

We shook hands. "If you please," he said, with the grace and politeness and courtesy that were inbred in him, "I would walk with you back to your hotel." Then he added, by way of explanation as we started off, "I have walked much by myself this evening, and it seems happy to me to meet some man that I used to know, to talk a little with him."

"Are you singing here, Brignoli?" I asked.

"Ah, no, not much," he said wearily. "I came here to sing a little, but Brignoli's voice—what is it? Puff—" and here he snapped his fingers with a disdainful gesture, "it is gone. It is no longer Brignoli's voice."

"What is the trouble?" I asked. "Have you been ill?"

He touched his breast. "Sick here."

For a moment he was silent. Then his heart spoke.

"What is Brignoli now? Nothing. He might as well be dead. It would be better, perhaps. Ah, it would surely have been better, perhaps. Ah, it would surely have been better for Brignoli if he had never had a voice. Then he would have stayed in Naples. He would have had a good trade. He would have lived and worked and loved and laughed like others of his family. He would have had something for his old age. He would not now be walking the streets in the night, thinking this: 'Not any longer are you Brignoli.' Because he learns this—when you have a voice and sing so that they clap and shout, then you are an idol. They point the finger at you on the street and say, 'That's Brignoli.' But when the voice is gone, then you are nothing. They forget you. They don't remember that they ever knew you. They have forgotten Brignoli, and he once had the world at his feet. Ah, it was all bad,

a very bad mistake, I would be happy now in Italy, if only I had been just Brignoli, without a voice."

What could I say? In silence we reached the door of my hotel. Across the way beckoned a well-lighted bar. I saw Brignoli's eyes wander in its direction. "Ah, if I could only buy a drink of brandy!" he appealed. He—the Brignoli who had been great—who had received the worship of the great—was stranded in a great city without a cent of money in his pocket!

A few minutes later he passed out into the night, and the next I heard of him was that he had died in poverty in New York City.

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Wines for Royalty.

Sherry is a wine that has almost disappeared from the table of Edward VII. The king some years ago sold a large quantity of sherry that had been laid down in the royal cellars many years before his accession, and since the sale of sherry has quite fallen out from the list of fashionable wines in England. His majesty knew what he was about. He had reached the age when light wines are advisable, for health's sake, and he neither wished to oblige himself nor his guests to partake of even the smoothest, mellowest sherry. Among some facts concerning the wines served at his sovereign's table, recently related by the head butler in charge of the department at Buckingham palace, he says visitors often go over the cellars, and on one occasion after he had told the history of a certain almost priceless claret to a foreign royalty who was inspecting the wines, the latter exclaimed with a laugh: "Why, wine like that ought to be in a museum."

Old Dutch Cradles.

Baby's bath is now mounted on trestles so as to save stooping on the part of the nurse, while the cot and basket are almost always of the folding variety, draped with hemstitched and embroidered lawn threaded with satin ribbons or with embroidered net. Occasionally a reproduction of an old Dutch cradle will be used, and this will be lined with quilted satin. The newest quilts are stuffed with a vegetable fiber or wood wool which comes from Sweden. These are beautifully light and porous and are recommended for hygienic reasons.

When baby takes his daily constitutional it is in a perambulator with silver fittings, a crest or monogram on its white enameled surface. Sometimes the carriage is even upholstered in white, and the cover may be of fine linen trimmed with real Irish crochet, while in winter it will be of opossum or Tibet goat.

The Poet of the Attic.

It is reported that a modern versemaker has been sued for a \$27 grocery bill.

This seems to advance him a little nearer the real poet class.

In the earlier day, however, the real poet never got within hailing distance of \$27 worth of credit.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

True Thrift.

Stella—Is she economical? Bella—Very; she will save ten cents any time to spend a dollar.

Dorothy's Way

By EDITH S. SPEED

(Copyright, 1909 by Associated Literary Press.)

James drew up the window shades and, laying some letters on a little table by the bedside, remarked:

"A fine day, sir."

The sleeper opened his eyes. "Don't tell me it is time to get up?"

"It is eight o'clock, sir."

While James was drawing the bath for his master Rev. John Ashe stretched out his hand and took up the bundle of letters. On top was a little blue envelope addressed in a feminine hand, familiar and full of character.

The man tore open the envelope and began eagerly to read the contents.

"Overlook, L. L. April 1. "My Dear John—I am writing to announce not only my engagement but the date of my wedding, May 1, just a month hence.

"You no doubt will be surprised at my decision to marry so soon after the announcement of my engagement, but as you know, I always did do eccentric things, and now that I know my own mind I wish to be married as soon as possible.

"Perhaps you know the man I am to marry. At present I shall not tell you his name, but leave you to guess. He is one of our own old circle of friends.

"Will you marry us, John? This I wish most earnestly. The wedding will be solemnized at noon on the first, only a quiet little home wedding with a very few friends present. Try to catch the nine o'clock train from Long Island City. Do not refuse this one request and please your sincere friend.

"DOROTHY MILLS."

It was not meant to be a cruel letter; but it hit hard. Rev. John Ashe had known Dorothy since his junior year at college, where he had met her at a football game. She was a very attractive girl and he had fallen in love with her. After graduating from the seminary he had proposed; but she had refused him. A year later, when he received a flattering call to a parish church in Evanston, he repeated his proposal to Dorothy to become his wife, but her answer was no. She admitted she cared about him, but not enough to marry him, and promised that, should she find, in years to come, that she really could love him she would write; but he must not propose to her again. To this he had reluctantly consented. Now, he had been in the west for two years and had received friendly letters from Dorothy, but she never had said the words he so longed to hear.

And, after all this time, she was about to marry another man and she begged him to officiate. That seemed more than he could do. It was hard enough to know that she was to marry some one else—but to perform the ceremony. No, he never could do that. Why was Dorothy so cruel? She knew that the one great hope he had cherished for the last three years was to make her his wife. He would send her word at once regretting his inability to be at Overlook on the first.

Again the strong desire to please her—the desire that had mastered him since their first meeting, prompted him to send a telegram of acceptance. He would do for Dorothy the one thing against which his soul and heart rebelled. He would attend her wedding.

The tub filled, James returned to arrange his master's wearing apparel. Instead of having to call him a second time, as was the custom, his man found the minister sitting up in bed staring into vacancy. His brown eyes, no longer full of sleep, were unusually bright and his mouth had become very stern.

"Do you recall any engagement for May 1, James?"

The Rev. John Ashe had always to depend upon his servant to keep him in mind of engagements.

"We leave New York for Old Point Comfort, sir, at 3:30."

"Bless me, I had forgotten. But that doesn't interfere with a 12 o'clock wedding."

His servant stared a minute, then remarked: "Your bath is ready, sir." The minister was sure he would never have performed his duties correctly during the month that followed if it had not been for James. The faithful man instantly reminded him of things to be done, and when the thirtieth came secured berths, packed the luggage and, at the last minute, bundled his master on the train for New York and the wedding.

The train rolled along all night and the minister slept with a semi-consciousness that provoked endless dreams. One was very persistent, in which he proposed to Dorothy and she accepted him. Finally he awoke with a happy sigh which memory turned into unhappiness. Thus disconsolate, he arose, for the train was nearing New York, and he began the difficult performance of dressing in a sleeping car.

By 8:30 he was crossing the ferry from New York to Long Island City to catch his train. He met no one he knew; the wedding guests were to go out later in the day.

In an hour he reached Overlook, a pretty little Long Island village in a hilly country, with a few stores and cottages nestling in the valley and beautiful homes of the wealthy crowning the wooded knolls.

An automobile met him at the station and he was soon at the Mills home, a very spacious house of colonial style, overlooking the sound.

Mrs. Mills, an elderly widow, received him. "I am glad to see you, John, and so pleased that you caught

this train. I do not know what I should have done with Dorothy if you had not come early. She has been very nervous all morning fearing that something might happen to prevent your coming. She was so relieved when she saw the automobile. She is waiting for you in our sitting room upstairs. You know where it is."

Slowly the minister climbed the stairs, noting every familiar object. The gaiety of the smiles and roses everywhere struck a jarring note upon the depression of his own feelings. How different from the home coming he had planned! He stopped to pat Bob, the collie, who stood at the head of the stairs wagging his tail in welcome.

As he was about to knock upon the door of the sitting room it opened and Dorothy stood in the square of the doorway, a lovely vision in white. The sunlight streaming through the windows behind her shone upon her fair hair, making it sparkle like gold. She had always been pretty, but to-day she was beautiful.

Taking both his hands in hers she drew him into the room.

"Oh, John, it is so good to see you again. I knew you would come, although each time the bell has rung I could not help being nervous, for you cannot imagine how hopeless the wedding would be without you."

"It is good of you, Dorothy, to say that; but had I not come you could have secured the services of another minister."

"I couldn't do that very well, John. Your coming has made me so happy."

In such moments there is but one refuge—the commonplace—and John Ashe fled to it to hide his emotion.

"I must not forget the little present I have for you." He drew from his pocket a tiny box. It held a small crescent of diamonds.

"Oh, how beautiful!" she exclaimed. "I shall wear it to-day. It will be the only piece of jewelry to adorn my wedding dress."

"That will not please your husband, Dorothy. Tell me whom you are to marry? I have not guessed."

She looked at him a few seconds, then a faint smile hovered round her lips, and she said:

"Haven't you? I am to marry the Rev. John Ashe. And he has promised to marry me."

WAGES PAID OUT FOR FOOD

Figures Show That Bulk of Earnings Go for Absolutely Necessary Expenses.

The standard of living among workmen in this city has been investigated and reported on by the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. The report shows that among 1,000 men, who had been compelled to ask for aid, the average yearly wage, when employed at full time, varied from \$525 to \$575. The men whose statements were used in this computation were practically all able-bodied, with families and anxious to work. The percentage of skilled and unskilled laborers in the 1,000 was about equal. The average wage fell more than \$200 short of the \$800 necessary for a decent standard of living under prevailing economic conditions in this city. This standard was fixed by a recent study made under the Sage Foundation, which showed it was impossible for a family of five or six, the average size, to maintain a normal standard of living on an income under \$800 a year. The federal bureau of labor reports an investigation it made, showing the average income among 1,415 workmen in the North Atlantic states, among whom the percentage of skilled labor was high, was \$834.83. Against this was an average yearly expenditure of \$778.04, of which but 43 per cent. was spent for food. A report based on returns received from about 1,000 families in Berlin and Hamburg, in Germany, showed an average yearly income for skilled workmen there of \$458.83, and the average expenditure \$457.71, of which \$515 per cent. was spent for food alone. These figures were obtained by the imperial statistical department of Berlin, and commented on in London newspapers.

Among the unskilled laborers in industrial and commercial occupations, the report showed an average yearly income of \$409.78, and an average yearly expenditure of \$411.70, of which 54 per cent. went for food alone.

Future of Spinal Anæsthesia.

The position which spinal anæsthesia is destined to hold in the field of surgery in the future is not yet clearly to be discerned. Its true claims, indeed, at the present day are not very easy to state with precision, for it is a comparatively new venture and its methods are not yet certain, nor are the opinions as to its value among those who are practicing it by any means unanimous.

Spinal anæsthesia does not appear to be welcomed so warmly in Great Britain as in some of the continental countries, and we believe that the main reason is that there is less cause to be dissatisfied with the use of general anæsthetics here than there is abroad.—Lancet (London).

HER WEIGHT INCREASED FROM 100 TO 140 POUNDS.

Wonderful Praise Accorded Peruna the Household Remedy

Mrs. Maria Goertz, Orienta, Oklahoma, writes:

"My husband, children and myself have used your medicines, and we always keep them in the house in case of necessity. I was restored to health by this medicine, and Dr. Hartman's invaluable advice and books. People ask about me from different places, and are surprised that I can do all of my housework alone, and that I was cured by the doctor of chronic catarrh. My husband was cured of asthma, my daughter of earache and catarrh of the stomach, and my son of catarrh of the throat. When I was sick I weighed 100 pounds; now I weigh 140.

"I have regained my health again, and I cannot thank you enough for your advice. May God give you a long life and bless your work."

A PROPOSAL



Housewife—You always seem to enjoy eating my food, but my husband is never suited with it!

Beggar—Say, get a divorce and marry me!

Why does Great Britain buy its oatmeal of us?

Certainly it seems like carrying coals to Newcastle to speak of exporting oatmeal to Scotland and yet, every year the Quaker Oats Company sends hundreds of thousands of cases of Quaker Oats to Great Britain and Europe.

The reason is simple; while the English and Scotch have for centuries eaten oatmeal in quantities and with a regularity that has made them the most rugged physically, and active mentally of all people, the American has been eating oatmeal and trying all the time to improve the methods of manufacture so that he might get that desirable foreign trade.

How well he has succeeded would be seen at a glance at the export reports of Quaker Oats. This brand is recognized as without a rival in cleanliness and delicious flavor. 51

President Taft on Discontent. President Taft, in one of his addresses to the farmers of Florence, N. C., told a story about discontent.

"No man," he said, "can really understand chronic discontent after having eaten one of those famous pine stewts of North Carolina. Chronic discontent does, however, exist. Now and then we find a case or two among farmers when the weather goes wrong. "Ah, yes, Joseph, you have cause to complain," a lawyer said to a farmer. "The harvest has been very bad, no doubt of that. But you should remember that Providence cares for all, and even the birds of the air are provided for."

"Yes," said the discontented farmer, so they are—off my potatoes."—Washington Post.

Childish Inference.

Little Julia was taking her afternoon walk with her mother. Her attention was attracted for the first time to a large church edifice on one of the street corners.

"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, "whose nice big house is that?"

"That, Julia, is God's house," explained the mother.

"Some time later it happened that the child was again taken by the church, this time on Sunday evening when services were in progress. Julia, noticing the brilliantly lighted windows, drew her own conclusions.

"Oh, look, mother," she called out, "God must be having a party."

INSOMNIA Leads to Madness, if not Remedied in Time.

"Experiments satisfied me, some 5 years ago," writes a Topeka woman, "that coffee was the direct cause of the insomnia from which I suffered terribly, as well as the extreme nervousness and acute dyspepsia which made life a most painful thing for me.

"I had been a coffee drinker since childhood, and did not like to think that the beverage was doing me all this harm. But it was, and the time came when I had to face the fact, and protect myself. I therefore gave up coffee abruptly and absolutely, and adopted Postum as my hot drink at meals.

"I began to note improvement in my condition very soon after I took on Postum. The change proceeded gradually, but surely, and it was a matter of only a few weeks before I found myself entirely relieved—the nervousness passed away, my digestive apparatus was restored to normal efficiency, and I began to sleep, restfully and peacefully.

"These happy conditions have continued during all of the 5 years, and I am safe in saying that I owe them entirely to Postum, for when I began to drink it I ceased to use medicine." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.