

LOST SCIENTIST FOUND.

Disappeared from His Home Ten Years Ago.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—Prof. Mark W. Harrington, chief of the United States Weather Bureau under President Harrison, and a well-known scientific man, who disappeared from his home in Mount Vernon, N. Y., nearly ten years ago, and from whom his wife and son have been seeking ever since, it was reported yesterday is an inmate in the New Jersey Asylum for the Insane, at Morris Plains. The man in the asylum, believed to be Prof. Harrington, was found wandering about the streets of Trenton over a year ago, and was unable to give his name or any details about himself, and as he carried no papers that would reveal his identity he was sent to Morris Plains. Had it not been for the chance reading of an article in a western paper by his son, Raymond Harrington, describing a patient in the asylum, the man's identity might never have been learned. The son's suspicions were aroused and he communicated with his mother, who now lives in this city. She visited Morris Plains and there it was said identified the inmate known as John Doe, No. 8, as her husband. He did not recognize her. Professor Harrington is a graduate of the University of Michigan.

HE SHOT HIS RIVAL

New Jersey Man's Revenge For Being Beaten

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—In view of hundreds of persons in the Pennsylvania depot in Jersey City, today Walter Ammon was shot three times in the head and body and died on the way to the hospital. Andrew McGrath, the man who did the shooting, was quickly caught. Mr. Ammon was one of the wealthiest business men in Jersey City. He was a manufacturer of butterine and butter products. It was his custom to come to New York daily to transact business, and he was returning from such a trip today when he was shot. The first shot struck him in the head, and after he fell witnesses say, McGrath fired two more bullets into his body as he lay in the street. McGrath made a short statement to the police in which he said that he had been in the oleomargarine business for many years and had had trouble with Ammon. Recently his business had been unprofitable. He declared that he was "satisfied to take his medicine."

RHEUMATIC LIVER
OVER STRAINED KIDNEYS

Caused sickness that puzzled the physicians. Was cured by Ferrozone.

A Real Miracle.

"My doctor told me I had gouty or rheumatic liver and kidneys," writes G. O. Forde, from Halifax. "I guess he was right for I was a mighty sick man and felt the game was pretty nearly up. So many remedies failed that the doctor was completely puzzled. As for symptoms—I had bushels of them in the morning a sort of nausea. Sometimes the bowels were constipated, at other times quite relaxed. I felt dull, and a sense of weight in the back and over the liver was very distressing."

LOST 15 POUNDS IN WEIGHT.

"My color resembled a yellowish pallor, and gradually I lost weight to the extent of fifteen pounds. I looked jaundiced and felt sure I would die." "Then I read of the wonders worked by Ferrozone and in desperation I bought six boxes. At once I began to mend. Ferrozone must have put a peg or two into the nervous system, for things at the end of the month began to look up. In three months I felt like new, but kept on taking Ferrozone. In six months I was cured."

FERROZONE SAVED HIS LIFE.

"Were it not for Ferrozone I wouldn't be alive today. I am sure it will cure any weakness, rheumatism, gout, debility, poor blood or nervousness. My condition embraced all these, and Ferrozone cured me." Reader get Ferrozone today, 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers.

A man who was offering gratuitous information at a country fair was disparaging the show of cattle. "Call these here prize cattle?" he scornfully asked. "Why, these ain't nothin' to what our folks raised. You may not think of it, but my father raised the biggest calf of any man around our parts."

"I can very well believe it," observed a bystander. And the boaster wondered why everybody laughed.—Tit-Bits.

LIBERAL PROTESTS.

TORONTO, Nov. 16.—The Liberals will protest nine Ontario seats as follows: Centre Toronto, West Hamilton, Lennox, North Lanark, East Huron, Nipissing, East Algoma, North Simcoe and North Grey.

A PAINLESS CORN CURE.

Easily applied—costs but a quarter—that's Putnam's Corn Extractor, fifty years in use. Insist on "Putnam's" only.

THE SLEEPING SICKNESS
WHICH MEANS DEATH

How many readers have heard of this terrible disease? It prevails in that far-away country—Africa—especially the Congo district. It is caused by the bite of the tsetse fly. When it bites a person, the sleeping symptoms begin and finally the sufferer sleeps until death occurs.

Contrast this with the peaceful balmy sleep of health. Is there anything more wearing than to lie awake at night, tossing about, nervous, with cold feet, hot head and heavy eyes? What else? Short of letting the tsetse fly bite us we would do almost anything for relief. How can we prevent it? Mr. George Hayes, of Union City, Pa., writes: "I had lost my appetite, was all run-down, could not sleep nights. I had tried everything without relief. Vinol was recommended, and to my surprise, it helped me at once; gave me a splendid appetite, and now I sleep soundly."

What Vinol did for Mr. Hayes, it will do for every run-down, nervous and overworked person who cannot sleep.

Vinol is sold by George Y. Diblee, Druggist, Fredericton, N. B.

The Standard
Syndicate.

By Annie Hinrichsen.

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"Mr. Harrington wears a broad brimmed felt hat and a white lawn tie and dresses almost as well as if he had a good tailor. He wears his hair a la Samson before he met Delilah. Without it he couldn't make a speech. In solemn pauses he sweeps it off his noble brow. In frenzied moments he clutches it wildly, and fiery eloquence results. The distinguished young southern congressman has struck a happy medium between a sophomore and a Fourth of July orator. He has the profundity, the all-wise, know-it-all of the college student and the cheap wit, stale stories, I-work-to-please-the-public manner of the Independence day speaker."

Mr. Harrington read the article several times. He was accustomed to reading about himself, but in this sketch was a personal ridicule which at once amused and stung him. It had been cut from a provincial paper by a clipping bureau. It was not signed, but under the heading "News From Washington" were the words "Copyright by the Standard Syndicate."

That night Mr. Harrington visited a barber and was properly shorn. A facetious young man intimated that Samson had met Delilah, and a battle followed. The facetious young man was badly beaten and the hot tempered congressman somewhat disfigured.

The bureau sent another clipping from the Standard syndicate's news, Washington. "Mr. Harrington refuses to discuss his black eye, but a story is being told concerning the cause of it. There are several aspirants for Mr. Harrington's seat in congress, and he is making strenuous efforts to strengthen himself with the leaders of his party in his district, many of whom are old Confederate soldiers. At the Army and Navy club a few days ago Mr. Harrington confided to an ex-Confederate colonel his intention of introducing a bill pensioning the soldiers who fought under Jefferson Davis. The ex-Confederate colonel resented Mr. Harrington's proposed legislation as an insult to the south and proceeded to avenge the honor of his lost cause. Mr. Harrington's friends regret that in his eagerness to make a grand stand play he has shown so little political shrewdness."

The congressman swore picturesquely and called his secretary. "Smith," he thundered, "wire the editor of that paper for the address of the Standard Syndicate and the name of the person who writes the 'News From Washington!'"

The editor's reply came: "Standard Syndicate, Washington, D. C., H. W. Carleton, president. Don't know who writes 'News From Washington!'"

The city directory did not contain the name of the Standard syndicate nor of H. W. Carleton, and at the postoffice the clerks did not know the address. The mail for the syndicate was placed in a lock box. The clerks did not know who called for it.

One morning the congressman read in the "News From Washington" "Mr. Harrington is a most chivalrous gentleman. It is said that he has promised his fair constituents to introduce and secure the passage of a bill providing for the free distribution of hairpins and violet perfume. Will such a measure tend to curtail our supply of free government seeds? If so, we should give the matter serious consideration. A new issue may confront us and result in the formation of two new parties—the hairpin-perfume party and the seed party. We call the attention of statesmen and thinkers to this proposed bill of Mr. Harrington's."

As the wrathful congressman finished the article his secretary entered the room.

"I've found the Standard syndicate," he announced triumphantly. "Tracked them down at last."

Mr. Harrington picked up a riding whip.

"Where are they?"

"Who are they?"

"I don't know. A girl—a stunner—came out of the postoffice as I was passing and walked up the street ahead of me. She had a handful of letters, and one of them dropped, address up, on the sidewalk. I picked it up, and the address was 'The Standard Syndicate.'"

"I followed her, and she went to the Cairo. The elevator boy told me her name was Carleton and gave me the number of her suit. She's probably the daughter or sister of H. W. Carleton. The elevator boy didn't know anything about him."

Mr. Harrington went to the Cairo. From the elevator he walked rapidly down the corridor to the door of the Carleton suit. He pressed the electric button and took a tighter grip on his riding whip.

The door opened, and a girl in street dress stood before him.

"Miss Carleton?"

"Yes."

"Is Mr. Carleton in?"

She looked puzzled.

"Mr. Carleton?" she asked.

"Mr. H. W. Carleton, president of the Standard syndicate."

"No; he's not in."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know."

"Is he out of the city?"

"Yes."

"Who manages the Standard syndicate in his absence?"

She shook her head.

"Can you tell me anything about the company?"

"There is nothing to tell."

"Who is their Washington correspondent?"

She looked at the whip in his hand and laughed.

"If you will come when Mr. Carleton is in," she said, "he will tell you all you wish to know."

The friendliness in her voice dispelled his irritation.

"When will he be here?" he asked.

She hesitated a moment. "His habits are irregular. He may be here any time. He is never gone long."

"I wish very much indeed to see him."

He was thinking he had never seen a more charming face. "I shall call again in a few days."

A week later Mr. Harrington called—without his whip—to see Mr. Carleton. The president was not in. Miss Carleton did not know when he would be, and Mr. Harrington, although his call was a long one, made few inquiries about the syndicate.

When next he called Mr. Carleton had left the city the day before. The next time he was expected home in a day or two. Then Mr. Harrington forgot to ask for him.

One afternoon Mr. Harrington rang several times at Miss Carleton's suit. There was no answer, and he opened the door and went in. He sat down

and waited a few minutes. Then he walked restlessly about the room, looking at pictures and bric-a-brac.

In his wanderings he came to a table. On it were several long, bulky envelopes and a mimeograph. Each envelope bore in Miss Carleton's writing the address of a newspaper.

Beside the mimeograph lay the article from which the copies had been made. He read the heading: "News From Washington. Copyright by the Standard Syndicate."

There was a soft rustle behind him, but he did not turn.

"Mr. Harrington!" She walked around the table and stood opposite him. "Mr. Harrington!" Her voice trembled.

"You wrote this?" he asked coldly.

She nodded.

"You are the Washington correspondent of the Standard syndicate?"

"Yes."

"Are you H. W. Carleton?"

"Yes, and—and I'm worse than that I'm the whole Standard syndicate."

The congressman stared at her.

"The whole Standard syndicate?" he repeated.

"The whole thing," she said miserably. "I'm the Washington correspondent, the president—I'm—I'm even the printers."

A little of the hardness left his face.

"Why did you not tell me?" he asked.

"Oh, I couldn't. At first it was great fun to deceive you and to keep you hunting H. W. Carleton. And when I knew you better I couldn't tell you I was the person who had written those contemptible things about you."

"How have you done this—a girl like you?"

"I came here as correspondent for a western paper, but the pay was small. I wrote to a number of provincial papers and asked them if they could use a series of weekly letters from Washington. I signed myself 'The Standard Syndicate, H. W. Carleton, President.' Several papers subscribed for the letters. Every week I wrote the 'News From Washington,' made the copies on the mimeograph and sent them to my papers. All the correspondents were puffing you, and I thought you were becoming a little spectacular and very conceited. After I knew you I was sorry and bitterly ashamed. I wanted to ask your forgiveness, but I was afraid you wouldn't."

"Do you think I care for what you wrote about me?" he asked indignantly. "Is my vanity as great as that?"

"But I care—dreadfully. I have not written any more nasty things about you. I've praised you as much as the others have. But I couldn't tell you."

Her voice broke, and her eyes were full of tears. "Don't be angry with me. Can't you forgive me?"

"I can—on conditions."

"What are they?"

"The Standard syndicate goes out of business and H. W. Carleton devotes her time to criticising me—but not on paper."

"Miss Carleton gathered up her envelopes and dropped them into the open fire and laid the mimeograph on them. Then she turned to Harrington and held out her hands.

"The Standard syndicate has gone out of business," she said.

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Since the earliest times there have been some sort of places which were designed for hospital work, although at first they were little more than shelters

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