

REWARDS FOR POOR INVENTORS

Three poor inventors, who say the world owes them millions of dollars, await in undiscovered hopefulness the verdict of what the world says is due them. One, W. S. Hughes, of Philadelphia, seems about to realize the fortune he has worked for since boyhood. His invention, a smoke-consuming device, has been declared by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jun., to be a perfect apparatus, and the millionaire will put the invention on the market. Hughes is past middle age, his eyesight is failing, and wealth will come to him only in the last few days of his life. The other, John Brislin, a blind inventor of Pittsburgh, also hopes to spend his remaining years in affluence. He is 75 years old now, and for seven years has been suing the great Carnegie steel corporation for damages for the alleged infringement of his patent of a mechanical table for handling big ingots in steel mills. He has won a verdict in the United States circuit court, and the case is pending in the United States court of appeal on an appeal by the steel company. Brislin expects to receive \$5,000,000 damages.

The third inventor is a boy, Charles Cawley, who sits chuckling in a cell in a Pittsburgh jail. He is charged with having murdered his mother and four brothers and sisters in an axe. He was arrested on Oct. 10. Expert mechanics say Cawley's invention of an automatic air brake should bring him a fortune of at least a million dollars.

"I'll be rich," cries Cawley. "They cannot take my patent away from me, and it is bound to be a necessity. I am not in time, and then I will enjoy the fruits of my work."

Thirty-five years ago W. S. Hughes began to work on his idea of a smoke-consuming device. He had served an apprenticeship as a mechanic, and was working in a big locomotive plant. Even then, when the work was at a lull, he had not caused anything like the complaint it now creates, there was a demand for some appliance that would minimize the amount of smoke from locomotives and other engines.

Hughes' device was not perfected until nearly two years ago, and then began his struggle to have his work recognized. All the time he was at work earning his daily bread. In his spare moments he had struggled to complete his invention, and when it was perfected he placed drawings of the device before the officers of the big railroad companies. He did not have the money to make extensive tests himself.

Finally, through Edward P. Pettes, one of Mr. Vanderbilt's consulting engineers, the blue prints of the device were placed before the millionaire. A test on a large scale was decided. A fire-box of one of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad locomotives was fitted with the appliance and the locomotive was run for a month, burning coal without smoke or sparks, and with a great saving of fuel.

One night Mr. Vanderbilt himself was at the throttle on a trip from One Hundred and Fourth street to the Battery and back to Forty-ninth street on the Ninth Avenue "L." The successful result of the test may make Hughes a rich man. Mr. Vanderbilt will receive royalties from the sales.

"It was a long pull to anything like the success I now seem to have reached," said Hughes. "I never had much hope for reward until Mr. Vanderbilt took hold of the invention, for I had no money to prove by elaborate experiments the worth of the device. I have quit work in the shops, because my physical condition no longer permits hard labor."

The device consists of two brick arches, one above the other, extending at an angle from the bottom upward in any firebox. The arches have a space between them, narrowing toward the top. The hollow arch thus formed extends over the fire, and the air in the arch becomes heated. There is an opening at the top of the arch, directly over the fire, and between the arches and the boiler, so that the flames, sparks and smoke from the fire must pass a blast of hot air from the arch top before reaching the boiler tubes. The smoke and sparks are effectively consumed by the blast of hot air, which is kept in a whirl by a draught arranged from a patented furnace door.

There is a port at the bottom of the arch, so that there is plenty of fresh air passing into it to be heated. It can be built into any firebox and boiler in three hours and is not expensive.

John Brislin's battle for wealth has lasted since 1886, when he and Antoine Vinnac, rollers at the Carnegie steel mills, near Pittsburgh, succeeded in patenting a feeding mechanism for rolling mills. This invention afterwards enabled the big steel manufacturing plants to save millions of dollars. Before it was used the rolling of heavy ingots from place to place in steel mills was done by hand and many men were employed for the purpose. The old process was slow and expensive. Brislin was a roller in the old days, and, like many other intelligent mechanics, he preferred work of the brain to that of the hand. Consulting his wife and observation, and securing the aid of Vinnac, he invented his wonderful labor-saving device.

The Carnegie company took great interest in the appliance, but was informed that the patent would not stand, as it was only a combination of many forms of mechanism in daily use. The company adopted the device, with some changes, building the machines on its own plans. That was in 1891. Brislin began suit to prove the infringement of his patent. Vinnac died and assigned his share in the patent to Brislin, who had to quit work in the steel mill on account of failing eyesight. Brislin secured a place as a writer in a Pittsburgh building, but finally became totally blind and had to cease work altogether. In order to get money to prosecute his case against the company, he

assigned many shares in the patent to other persons.

Not long ago the United States circuit court in Pittsburgh decided in favor of the blind inventor. The company appealed to the court of appeals, where argument has just begun. The claim of the amount of damages has not been filed, but it will probably be more than \$5,000,000. It will depend upon an examination of the Carnegie Steel Company's books. The patent expires next year and cannot be renewed. If, as Brislin's lawyers expect, the inventor wins his suit against the Carnegie company, actions will be begun against every steel manufacturing company in the country that uses Brislin's device. Claims for damages will be based on the probable decision that Brislin's patent rights were infringed.

Charles Cawley, inventor, and alleged slayer, in his mother and four brothers and sisters, is a handsome boy, 17 years old. He is supposed to have gone insane while working over his invention of an air-brake for street cars. His invention, which he patented just before the members of his family were murdered in their home in Homestead, is expected to bring him a fortune. Cawley is a native of Pennsylvania, and his father, an inventor of an air-brake, was a trolley car mechanic for a long time, and was a practical machinist, even at his age. Immediately after he received the letters patent, which might help to prevent accidents similar to the one in which he was hurt. His air-brake device was the result. He patented it. Only a few days after he received the letters patent, his mother and all the other members of the family save his brother James and himself were attacked one night, and he is innocent of the charge against him. The murderer used an axe. Charles denied his guilt. He showed no grief, talked only of his invention and expressed only his indignation and surprise that his family was murdered. He was informed experts said his invention would make him a millionaire.

"I know it," was all he said.

Then his brother James was arrested. James was accused of highway robbery and confessed. He is said to be a vicious boy, and now the police of Pittsburgh are not sure that Charles Cawley is not the murderer of his family.

New York Herald.

Some Good Stories.

At the Roosevelt Hospital the other morning a poor woman came to the clinic, says the New York Times. She was suffering greatly, so the doctor administered an emetic at once. Then he sent her home, with the warning that her stomach was in bad condition and that she should diet.

Later a little girl appeared at the next hour for reward on the subject of the emetic. "What color?" said the clerk.

"I don't know," answered the child. "But she said she must have some preference," said the observing salesman. She only shook her head in response.

"Yes, I guess so."

The clerk, determined to forget out the case of the emetic, asked:

"What are you going to use the dye for, little girl?"

She answered: "My mamma had a pain in her stomach, and the doctor at the big hospital said she should 'dye it.'"

It has been our good fortune to discover in a German-English dictionary, edited by a learned Englishman, an English word which clearly ought to be in the English language—"Conjurable." It needs no definition, and is worthy of Lewis Carroll. But a correspondent of the London Chronicle, who has been investigating the use of the word, writes that thousands of people are solemnly speaking English of this type:

"Conjurable you had a good dormancy?"

"No, I was too much disturbed by a dragon that went apitapat round my head."

"That is a pituitous thing, but perhaps you will not be too weary to drail yourself to the shop?"

"I will not get up."

"Then I will give you a shog."

"I shall scream if you do."

"But all the while, I will not be tractile, but froppish, and that will make you frenetic."

"I am sorry, I did not mean to make you culcated, but I think all the same you are rather a croll, all this greatling won't do you much better come out of this confinity into the sun; if not, you will be quite delubated."

"I will, my friend, and will feel gratulatory to you for lazeing me."

At the recent dinner of the Sphinx Club, W. H. McElroy, in speaking of striking advertisements, told the story of a gentleman living in Boston who found a seal advertisement in a daily newspaper.

"Fool, a seal skin glove which just fits my hand. The owner will confer a favor by leaving the other glove at the office of this newspaper."

A good story is told of the Russian poet, Pushkin. He was a great admirer of literature of an atheistic character, and fell into the hands of the peasants. A peasant in the Province of Minsk

went to a publisher's shop and asked for a Bible. The shopman gave him an algebra primer.

On opening the book when he reached home the peasant was surprised to find it full of mystic signs and hieroglyphics. The peasant showed it to a policeman, who felt convinced that the signs were of an "extremely free-thinking character," and so arrested the owner.

At the trial the peasant was discharged, and the policeman, instead of being rewarded for his religious zeal, was reprimanded.

Here is a story from the London Globe: Good stories come from Scotland as well as porridge and bagpipes. The last is quite admirable in its way. A traveler, observing an ancient custom of arguing and gestulating in the road, in order to avert bloodshed, asked the cause of the dispute.

"We're bairn o' the same mind," he said, "a half-crown in my pocket, an' she thinks she's gae to get it—an' I think the same."

Among the stories told to the Christian Endeavorers while they were in Boston was one concerning a peripatetic of the

A few months ago the "foremost American citizens," the plumed and primitive gentlemen beyond the Mississippi River, were notified that hereafter they would be limited to one wife apiece, and there was to be no polygamy in the land.

The order not only restricted future matrimonial ventures; it compelled the owners to select one wife whom they would not ungallantly drive the others forth.

I doubt not a great story lies in that circumstance, for there have been splendid love tragedies in the forest. But, to the surprise of everyone who knew the white man and his customs, the Indians, without one exception, chose their old wives, the best and ugliest ones who had served them all the years, and sent the young, bright-eyed and merry-hearted squaws away.

The matter seemed worthy the frame of an epic, and the kinship of the able chief at the reservation in Anadarko, Oklahoma, concerning it.

"Did you keep your oldest wife and send the others away from you?" I questioned.

"Ugh," he responded, soulfully.

"Did you like the pretty young woman best?"

"Ugh."

His expression convinced me of the brotherhood of man.

"Well," I said, "I am glad you kept the old one. It was a beautiful sentiment. You must have been very fond of her, because she was the one you loved her—long ago?"

He made no reply and I feared he did not quite understand me. "Didn't you?" I insisted gently.

"No," he grunted. "Me like t'be! Ole squaw keep pipe full."

Not long ago a woman wrote me that her husband was the best of men. That he was true and upright and generous and tolerant; but she wanted me to tell her something that would make her believe what she described as the "soul-destroying habit of using tobacco." She admitted that he smoked outdoors when the weather was fine, and in the kitchen when it was cold, and that she was afraid the smoke would creep through the cracks and doors and lurk in her curtains.

She had known women like her before, and I want to help her, for she reminds me of a child carrying in its careless little fingers a pearl of inestimable value. Any moment it may

slip from her foolish clasp and be gone forever. And I say to her, and to all like her: "Go down on your knees and thank God for that husband with but one fault, and drag all your curses and regrets in a bundle to the best room with his pipe, and then, while its blue wreaths rise to the ceiling and choke and blind you, shake out your hair, and let the meshes mail 'em, and hold them even as it held the fragrance of your wedding garland!"

That handsome young cavalier who has vowed to his queen to walk upon had ever the good and comfort of women at heart, and he never did a kinder thing for them than when he introduced to them the marvelous lords of the nerve-soothing and temper-tranquilizing weed from the plantations of Virginia. It has made soft the way for the feet of women everywhere, and it has made the kingdom of the men can bear hunger, cold and stinging bullets. Even the venerable queen who had small store of sympathy for such requirement on the part of her soldiers came at last to understand that the kingdom of the men depended on the tobacco pouch as well as on the sword.

The London Lancet and all medical authorities point out the virtues of the weed, and the Indian has proved that the calumet and the lodge fire smoke best together.

Poor Charles Lamb tried to give up smoking because some one thought he should do so, and as he sat in the first hours of his divorcee from his wife, he looked at the pipe with longing eyes, and said mournfully:

"Your sake, tobacco, I would do anything but die."

Nobody knows how long he might have kept up the effort (I fancy not forever) had not a friend come to him and begged him to remain a poet.

"Man," he said, "fill up your pipe. You write like a tobaccoless female."

Had I four walls roofed with velvet and called by the name of a woman, the choicest room to Lady Nicotine, and her kept it heaped with armfuls of the weed, I would have lived in the plant, but I am convinced it is more potent than treaties to preserve domestic peace, and some say it will one day be the "happiest flower."

Grace Baylan.

BEST OF CONSORTS TRUST OF FRIENDS

MARK TWAIN'S TRIBUTE TO HIS WIFE.

THE best of consorts, the truest of friends, the kindest of critics," that is the beautiful tribute to his wife publicly paid by Mark Twain at the birthday dinner given in his honor at the Metropolitan Club, New York, recently.

With unmistakable depth of feeling the great humorist added:

"Her heart, my heart, our single heart, you will find full of love and memory for all my birthday, and then, tomorrow, and hers, God bless her, was Thursday."

In proportion to the fame of her husband, Mrs. Clemens has become a household name. She has been heard less of than the wife of a prominent American of today.

Not only has she individuality and a very great personal charm, but she has been intimately identified with every later phase of the humorist's development and life. He himself has said that she has been his constant inspiration.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Clemens was very near death. She was stricken with nervous prostration while at her summer home at York Harbor, Me., last summer. There had been little or no improvement in her condition until lately, and the doctor had said that she might not pull through the illness.

With infinite tenderness the humorist watched her, and inspired her with a new zeal. He neglected all outside engagements, and set aside most of his work for her sake. Mrs. Clemens rallied and is now on the road to recovery.

HAPPILY MATED.

Mrs. Clemens was Miss Olivia Langdon, daughter of David Langdon, a stroller through a department store in the shopping district was astonished to come upon a gorgeous hood ornament standing on the counter.

"Mercy me!" she ejaculated; "selling coal right here in the middle of this store!"

Looking further she saw a sign, "300 a ton; good to eat, not to burn," and discovered that it was candy.

A good story is told of the Russian poet, Pushkin. He was a great admirer of literature of an atheistic character, and fell into the hands of the peasants. A peasant in the Province of Minsk

went to a publisher's shop and asked for a Bible. The shopman gave him an algebra primer.

On opening the book when he reached home the peasant was surprised to find it full of mystic signs and hieroglyphics. The peasant showed it to a policeman, who felt convinced that the signs were of an "extremely free-thinking character," and so arrested the owner.

At the trial the peasant was discharged, and the policeman, instead of being rewarded for his religious zeal, was reprimanded.

Here is a story from the London Globe: Good stories come from Scotland as well as porridge and bagpipes. The last is quite admirable in its way. A traveler, observing an ancient custom of arguing and gestulating in the road, in order to avert bloodshed, asked the cause of the dispute.

"We're bairn o' the same mind," he said, "a half-crown in my pocket, an' she thinks she's gae to get it—an' I think the same."

Among the stories told to the Christian Endeavorers while they were in Boston was one concerning a peripatetic of the

A few months ago the "foremost American citizens," the plumed and primitive gentlemen beyond the Mississippi River, were notified that hereafter they would be limited to one wife apiece, and there was to be no polygamy in the land.

The order not only restricted future matrimonial ventures; it compelled the owners to select one wife whom they would not ungallantly drive the others forth.

I doubt not a great story lies in that circumstance, for there have been splendid love tragedies in the forest. But, to the surprise of everyone who knew the white man and his customs, the Indians, without one exception, chose their old wives, the best and ugliest ones who had served them all the years, and sent the young, bright-eyed and merry-hearted squaws away.

The matter seemed worthy the frame of an epic, and the kinship of the able chief at the reservation in Anadarko, Oklahoma, concerning it.

"Did you keep your oldest wife and send the others away from you?" I questioned.

"Ugh," he responded, soulfully.

"Did you like the pretty young woman best?"

"Ugh."

His expression convinced me of the brotherhood of man.

"Well," I said, "I am glad you kept the old one. It was a beautiful sentiment. You must have been very fond of her, because she was the one you loved her—long ago?"

He made no reply and I feared he did not quite understand me. "Didn't you?" I insisted gently.

"No," he grunted. "Me like t'be! Ole squaw keep pipe full."

Not long ago a woman wrote me that her husband was the best of men. That he was true and upright and generous and tolerant; but she wanted me to tell her something that would make her believe what she described as the "soul-destroying habit of using tobacco." She admitted that he smoked outdoors when the weather was fine, and in the kitchen when it was cold, and that she was afraid the smoke would creep through the cracks and doors and lurk in her curtains.

She had known women like her before, and I want to help her, for she reminds me of a child carrying in its careless little fingers a pearl of inestimable value. Any moment it may

slip from her foolish clasp and be gone forever. And I say to her, and to all like her: "Go down on your knees and thank God for that husband with but one fault, and drag all your curses and regrets in a bundle to the best room with his pipe, and then, while its blue wreaths rise to the ceiling and choke and blind you, shake out your hair, and let the meshes mail 'em, and hold them even as it held the fragrance of your wedding garland!"

That handsome young cavalier who has vowed to his queen to walk upon had ever the good and comfort of women at heart, and he never did a kinder thing for them than when he introduced to them the marvelous lords of the nerve-soothing and temper-tranquilizing weed from the plantations of Virginia. It has made soft the way for the feet of women everywhere, and it has made the kingdom of the men can bear hunger, cold and stinging bullets. Even the venerable queen who had small store of sympathy for such requirement on the part of her soldiers came at last to understand that the kingdom of the men depended on the tobacco pouch as well as on the sword.

The London Lancet and all medical authorities point out the virtues of the weed, and the Indian has proved that the calumet and the lodge fire smoke best together.

Poor Charles Lamb tried to give up smoking because some one thought he should do so, and as he sat in the first hours of his divorcee from his wife, he looked at the pipe with longing eyes, and said mournfully:

"Your sake, tobacco, I would do anything but die."

Nobody knows how long he might have kept up the effort (I fancy not forever) had not a friend come to him and begged him to remain a poet.

"Man," he said, "fill up your pipe. You write like a tobaccoless female."

Had I four walls roofed with velvet and called by the name of a woman, the choicest room to Lady Nicotine, and her kept it heaped with armfuls of the weed, I would have lived in the plant, but I am convinced it is more potent than treaties to preserve domestic peace, and some say it will one day be the "happiest flower."

Grace Baylan.

HAPPILY MATED.

Mrs. Clemens was Miss Olivia Langdon, daughter of David Langdon, a stroller through a department store in the shopping district was astonished to come upon a gorgeous hood ornament standing on the counter.

"Mercy me!" she ejaculated; "selling coal right here in the middle of this store!"

Looking further she saw a sign, "300 a ton; good to eat, not to burn," and discovered that it was candy.

A good story is told of the Russian poet, Pushkin. He was a great admirer of literature of an atheistic character, and fell into the hands of the peasants. A peasant in the Province of Minsk

went to a publisher's shop and asked for a Bible. The shopman gave him an algebra primer.

On opening the book when he reached home the peasant was surprised to find it full of mystic signs and hieroglyphics. The peasant showed it to a policeman, who felt convinced that the signs were of an "extremely free-thinking character," and so arrested the owner.

At the trial the peasant was discharged, and the policeman, instead of being rewarded for his religious zeal, was reprimanded.

SOME OF TOBIA'S HAPPY NEW YEARS

Once there was a Financial Heavy-Weight, the Mile-Stones of whose busy life were strung back across the Valley of Tribulation into the Green Fields of Childhood.

Like most of our Aristocrats, he got his Start out among the Corn Rows. His Youth was spent very happily, but he did not get onto the Fact until Years later. He used to work fourteen hours per for his Lord and Clothes, and his only Dissipation was to take in the Swiss Bell-Ringers once every Season.

At the Close of every Year he was permitted to attend a Watch-Meeting at the Mount Zion Church. The Watch Meetings is a form of Galety invented a long time ago by someone who was not feeling well at the Time.

The Bunch was supposed to sit for three or four hours on the hard Benches, meditating on all the low-down, ornery Things they had done during the Old Year. Some of this had to hurry in order to crowd this Line of Meditation into a brief four hours.

Now and then a local High-Guy with Throat Whiskers would arise and talk a short time on the Subject of Death, and wonder how many of those present would be taken in by the Grim Reaper during the New Year.

Just at Midnight the Sexton would Toll the Bell so as to cheer everyone up. Then each of the Merry-makers would go home and eat a Piece of Mince Pie and a Belle Floor feeling a little Ashamed for having stayed up so Late.

Later on, after Tobias moved into Town and began to wear Store Clothes and Stand-Up Collars and put Oil on his Hair, he encountered another kind of New Year's Day.

The Era was that of the Open House. All the Women received and the Men went over the entire Circuit and traded job-printed Cards for something to Eat and Drink.

This made it fine for those who were not ordinarily invited into the Best Homes.

The Men roamed about in Flocks and usually they had a Hard Finish, for it was customary in those good old Days of Democratic Simplicity for every True Gentleman to take a Drink when it was proffered by the Hand of a Lovely Woman.

And Lovely Woman seemed to regard it as her Assignment to put all of the Nice Young Fellows to the Bad. It was customary to mix Tea, Coffee, Sherbet, Lemonade, Egg-Nogs, Artillery Punch, Fizzieries and Straight Goods until the Happy New Year looked like a scrambled Tailor-bow and the last Caller was Sozzled.

The used to go out every New Year's Day to meet the Good-Lookers and fuss around with them, for those were his Salad Days. He made it a Combination Salad and phandered with about Seven before he took the Big Risk and bought a Home with a Mortgage Attachment and settled down.

Then the Happy New Year began to have an entirely new Meaning. He drew a Red Mark around Jan. 1, for that was the Day when he had to make the Balance and take some kind of Note that was hanging over him like a Storm Cloud.

His usual Plan for celebrating the Happy New Year was to sit in his Office figuring on how to trim the Pay-Roll and sneak up Selling Prices and keep out of the Sheriff's Hands for another Twelve Months.

But the Time came when Tobias could take out a Pencil on Dec. 31 and Compute a Net Profit big enough to fill a Furniture Van.

To all Intents and Purposes he had

of money in cash, almost as much in fact, as all the rest of the liabilities combined. The usual rule for the company was to pay 50 per cent of the liabilities remaining, and then the two partners, together with that wonderful lecture tour around the world, in order that every cent should be accounted for.

Through that long and arduous journey Mrs. Clemens supported her husband with a steady hand, and which he then over 50 years ago, so much needed. The result was the complete liquidation of the firm of Webster & Co., although Mark Twain was liable for only two-thirds of the firm's liabilities.

Mark Twain's sister, the wife of Orin Clemens, once related an incident which pictures the humorist's love for his wife.

"I thought always come to me when I am in bed," he said.

"Why do you say that?"

"I was told that by a friend of mine. It was all thoughts—and more besides."

A TALE OF WOE

"City people whose neighbors use their telephones think they know all about trouble," said a ruddy-faced amateur farmer, "but I'll compare notes with them any day. If you are not obliging to your neighbors in the country you had better move back to town; so this is what we go around with in order to be obliging. We have the only telephone in our vicinity, and my wife and I ought to draw salaries as rural messengers."

"The other day I call came to our telephone from someone in town who wished to talk with Mrs. Jinks, our tenant's wife. So my wife had to leave her sewing, don her sunbonnet and plod across the rough fields a third of a mile to tell Mrs. Jinks to come to the phone. When Mrs. Jinks got ready she lumbered up to our house with a fat baby under each arm, and found out that that was a friend of hers in town, wanted her to come and bring her out to spend the day."

"Now," bawled back Mrs. Jinks, "ain't got no horse."

"In't got no horse?" said another friend of the Jinks family telephoned out to say that she and three children would spend the day with the Jinks, and Mrs. Jinks must come in with the wagon to bring them out. My wife could not answer that the Jinkses had no horse, as they had just got one; so she promised to deliver the message that she would deliver the message to Mrs. Jinks to come to the phone."

"I intended to attend to it, and forgot it. The folks in town got ready and waited all day Sunday, but no Mrs. Jinks appeared. About Tuesday there was a great disturbance on the farm, involving all the Jinkses, my brother and myself and both of our wives. The message had been carried, and everybody was to blame. This was only a sample. We have other neighbors near and far; but our house is the telephone office of the district. People in town get mad at us, and people in the country get mad at us; our lot is hard.—Detroit Free Press.

The indiscriminate use of headache powders, all of which contain more or less acetanilid, has in a number of instances caused marked evidences of anilin poisoning, and more than one death has been reported as a result of these preparations.

of money in cash, almost as much in fact, as all the rest of the liabilities combined. The usual rule for the company was to pay 50 per cent of the liabilities remaining, and then the two partners, together with that wonderful lecture tour around the world, in order that every cent should be accounted for.

Through that long and arduous journey Mrs. Clemens supported her husband with a steady hand, and which he then over 50 years ago, so much needed. The result was the complete liquidation of the firm of Webster & Co., although Mark Twain was liable for only two-thirds of the firm's liabilities.

Mark Twain's sister, the wife of Orin Clemens, once related an incident which pictures the humorist's love for his wife.

"I thought always come to me when I am in bed," he said.

"Why do you say that?"

"I was told that by a friend of mine. It was all thoughts—and more besides."

"I thought always come to me when I am in bed," he said.

"Why do you say that?"

"I was told that by a friend of mine. It was all thoughts—and more besides."

"I thought always come to me when I am in bed," he said.

"Why do you say that?"

"I was told that by a friend of mine. It was all thoughts—and more besides."