

THE NAPLES NEWS.

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The World's Wheat.

It seems a curious thought that the supremacy of western civilization—the ascendancy of the wheat-eaters over the rice-eaters—may ultimately depend upon the discovery of some cheap process of producing nitrates; but so eminent an authority as Sir William Ramsey is sponsor for the statement. More than five years ago, says Youth's Companion, Sir William Crookes declared the population of the world to be increasing so rapidly that in a short time the supply of wheat would be insufficient. Since then progress has been made in several experiments directed toward increasing the world's harvest of wheat. Nevertheless, many scientific men feel that a wheat famine within a few generations is among the possibilities. Efforts toward averting or postponing this condition are directed: First, toward increasing the acreage—a process which is self-limited; secondly, toward increasing the yield per acre by improving the seed and selecting that which is best suited to the locality where it is to be planted; thirdly, toward increasing the crop by feeding the plants more generously with nitrogen through alternation with nodule-producing leguminous plants—a process developed in the United States department of agriculture; and, fourthly, by the manufacture of nitrates. For years the supply of nitrates has come from Chili, but that source is nearing exhaustion. The sewage of cities would supply enormous quantities if there could be found some method of saving and applying it which would not endanger public health. It is estimated that \$50,000,000 worth of fertilizer goes annually to waste in this way in England alone. The artificial manufacture, or rather the fixation, of nitrogen looks to the air as the great source of supply. But the processes now in use are complicated and expensive. Many patents have been issued. One of the latest plants is that at Sveafoss, Norway, in which a waterfall of 30,000 horse-power has been utilized to generate electricity, by which nitrogen is taken from the air and absorbed by lime. The resulting calcium nitrate is a powerful fertilizer. In this problem the young chemists and the young electricians of today have a work which will tax the ablest and ought to satisfy the most ambitious.

Typewriting Records.

The old question whether there is any absolute limit of human performance in any particular line is particularly appropriate to the question of typewriting records. A young woman of Springfield has recently made a record of writing 2,344 memorized words from Henry Ward Beecher's Liverpool speech in 30 minutes, thus beating a record of 2,099 words in a half hour made by a man no longer ago than last November. This jump from 69 to 77 words a minute, says the New York Post, is a feat proportionately as remarkable to use the nearest sporting equivalent—as clipping off a full second from the record in the hundred-yard dash. It is bringing the fastest typewriting pretty close to the average requirements of shorthand. Psychologists tell us of the astonishingly stimulating effect on persons doing work involving rapidity or dexterity of the knowledge of what others have accomplished in the same lines. Once a certain feat is done or a certain record is made, dozens are able to do the same thing. Will the typist ever become expert enough to do verbatim reporting without the use of shorthand notes?

Drain Upon Forests.

The work of the forest service in gathering statistics of forest products for the last year has furnished the basis for a provisional statement of the wood consumed in the manufacture of paper pulp. Returns from 159 firms, controlling 232 pulp mills, give over 3,900,000 cords as the total amount of wood used. The wood used was divided among the various processes as follows: Sulphite, 1,533,000 cords; soda, 416,000 cords; ground wood, 1,968,000 cords. The total pulp production by all processes by the firms reporting was 1,993,000 tons. According to the census of 1900, the consumption of pulpwood was then 1,986,310 cords, so that there has been an increase of more than 50 per cent. in the last six years. This demonstrates, in a striking manner, the drain upon the forests caused by the pulp industry.

A Philadelphia mother sent a heart-piercing appeal to the Atlantic City police, entreating their aid in finding her missing son. "My boy has never been away from home before," wrote the mother, "and I fear he has gotten into trouble. Please find him and send him home." Supposing the "boy" was a youth about out of knee breeches, the police began their search. Their surprise can be imagined when the "missing boy" turned out to be five feet eight inches in height, 175 pounds in weight and 24 years old.

RICH AND ELDERLY BUSINESS MEN THE HEROES OF ROMANCE

Outdo in Age Deeds Which Usually Are Associated with Passionate Youth.

CHICAGO MAN TRANSFERS WIFE TO SON.

Stepmother Had Won Love of Youth, and Father Resigns His Bride—Marital Mixups of Two Eastern Millionaires.

New York.—Three men whose recent romantic stories have made their names household words are Thomas W. Kiley of Brooklyn, Capt. Nathan Appleton of Boston, and Watson H. Twitchell of Chicago.

Elderly, rich, and known as keen, practical business men, they have gone to greater lengths for the women of their hearts than ever a stripling did. They have done for love what few youngsters would do. Between them they make up a veritable trio of romance.

They are men of affairs, each in his own city. Not for a moment would anyone believe them anything but hard-headed business men. Yet what they have dared is remarkable—these three men whom everybody believed beyond the age when Cupid calls his loudest.

Thomas W. Kiley married the daughter of his benefactor because she loved him, and he thought his first wife dying. Appleton met his affinity and is now preparing to divorce his first wife. But most remarkable of all is Twitchell. He gave up his bride—his second wife—to his son, because he loved them both, and wanted to see them happy.

And first, then, this remarkable romance of the Twitchells.

Bertha May was a pretty, little country girl who lived in a quiet little Michigan town, when Watson H. Twitchell, widower, with a son 21 years old, came there on a business visit. He met charming Miss Bertha and fell head over heels in love with her—this gray-haired business man of 56.

She Wanted to See the World. He told the ambitious little girl from Michigan of the pleasures of life in Chicago. When he asked her to marry him she thought that her desire to see the world—that is, what of it that can be seen in Chicago—was really love. So the old man with the grown-up son and the unsophisticated little girl from Michigan were married. The proud bridegroom brought his dainty bride back home to Chicago, and there

The elder Twitchell sued, and Judge McEwen decided in his favor. He frankly admitted that he wanted his wife to be happy, and for that reason he was going to give her to his son.

"I am no hero," he said, with a kindly smile, "and I don't want too much said about this, but you see I am 56 years old and my wife is only 24. It is only natural that she should transfer her affections to my son Edward. I am glad that they are happy, and I shall be happy to know that they love each other. I love my boy and I believe that the divorce is the right thing, inasmuch as my wife and I seemed incompatible."

Freedom Her One Thought. So eager was the pretty girl from Michigan to marry her husband's son that she made no contest, though she had a lawyer to represent her. All she wanted was her freedom—and her Edward! She blushed as she owned up to her love—the frank, honest blush of a pretty girl who has at last found out her real romance.

"We were married last December," she said with just a little wistful smile, "and came to Chicago to live. There I met Edward, my husband's son. After the first week I was not happy, I realized that I didn't really love my husband. Our ideals were not the same. One evening after dinner I fainted. Edward rushed to catch me in his arms. Then I really knew which one I loved."

"Well," remarked the court, "to come to the point, you didn't care whether your husband left you or not?"

The little country girl hesitated. For a moment her lips trembled and two little tears coursed down her cheeks. "Well," she faltered, "I guess I don't care much! No, I am not sorry that he wants to give me up. I have been entirely indifferent to my husband, and I found it too hard to pretend to love him when I didn't really care for him."

"Do you think you are on the right track now?"

"Yes, that's it," sighed the little wife.

planation was offered to their many friends, and after a time the trouble was all but forgotten.

But then Miss Edith R. Willis came on the scene. She was young, vivacious, talented, beautiful. From that moment the gallant captain believed that he had met his fate. He frankly told Miss Willis that he believed her to be his affinity, and he asked her to marry him.

"Yes," she said, but it takes more than a whispered assent to make a marriage. There had to be a divorce first.

So Capt. Appleton has begun suit after all these years. Mrs. Appleton lives in New York with her confidant since her separation from her husband, Miss Katherine Parsons, of Virginia, daughter of Col. Henry Clay Parsons. At first Mrs. Appleton said she wouldn't contest the suit provided the captain made her a suitable allowance out of his wealth, but evidently the two could not come to terms, for the issue has been joined and the case will come to trial. Miss Parsons will take the stand in behalf of Mrs. Appleton.

thing to my first wife, and she understands everything. I have maintained them both since then."

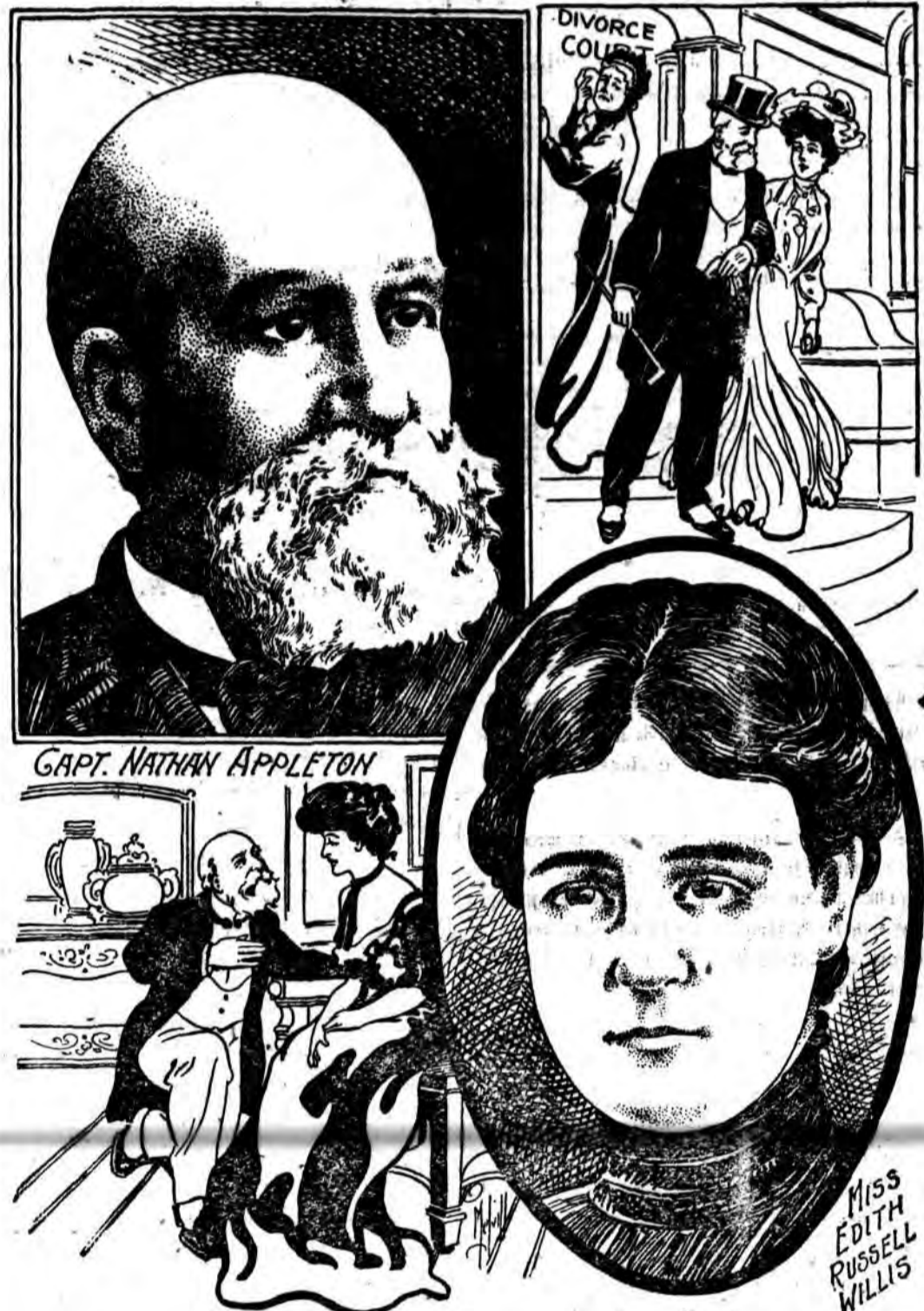
To-day both women feel the weight of the shadow upon their lives. Kiley has told all. And that is where the case stands now—the case of the three elderly persons—the man well over 60, each woman over 50—whose loves and lives have been so sadly tangled.

And now, who shall say that romance is only for the young?

MAN LEADS DOUBLE LIFE.

New Yorker Who Posed as a Wealthy Society Man Is Held for Larceny.

New York.—Through the arrest of John Wilmer Martine, head salesman in a Fifth avenue haberdashery, one of the most remarkable dual personalities in the police records of this city has come to light. Martine worked each week from eight a. m. to six p. m. for \$2 a week. After business hours he was a welcome guest to the homes of some of the best known fam-



"This doesn't worry me," said Capt. Appleton. "I don't think it will affect my suit in the slightest. I don't care whether she joins Mrs. Appleton against me or not, for I can win out against both of them. I hear plenty of rumors, but they don't interest. The suit will take care of itself when the time comes."

There is much that is mysterious in this shattered romance of the elderly clubman. Some of it, it is expected, will be cleared up at the trial.

But, asks Boston, if Capt. Appleton wants a divorce, why did he wait for 18 years before asking for it? Perhaps Miss Willis can give the answer.

The Man with Two Wives. Thomas W. Kiley, president of the North Shore bank, of Brooklyn, and millionaire head of Thomas W. Kiley & Co., hardware merchants, is well along toward life's winter. He is to-day 64 years old. It has just transpired that for three years he has maintained two homes, and in each a woman who thought herself his wife. He married the second one three years ago when he believed his first wife dying.

She lived, instead. Here was a strange quantity for the man. He had two wives, each apparently married to him by every right of law. But let him tell the story himself; just as he told it when it was discovered that he had one wife living at No. 201 Jefferson avenue, Brooklyn, and another at No. 216 Brooklyn avenue.

"I was called to the bankers' convention in San Francisco in October, 1903, and I asked Mrs. Flora H. Colt to go with me, whom I had loved when we were young. When we left Brooklyn my wife was extremely ill at home, and not expected to live. On the way out west I talked the matter over at great length with Mrs. Colt. Her father had been my employer, my benefactor. I had been a bachelor until I was 53 and then I married my brother's widow when Flora Colt's husband was still alive.

"Mrs. Colt knew how my heart stood in the matter, and I told her that I wanted to marry her. We both believed that my first wife would be dead before we got back to Brooklyn. My only excuse was that I was nervous and overwrought.

Married at Hammond, Ind. "When we arrived at Hammond, Ind., we were married under our true names. In a month we returned to Brooklyn. I bought my second wife the house on Brooklyn avenue, and made it over to Mrs. Colt in her own legal name. I made the agreement with her that we would live publicly as man and wife just as soon as my first wife died. We had not expected to come east until her death.

"But my first wife grew stronger, and soon recovered her health. There was nothing for us to do but to keep the matter secret. I confessed every-

illies in the city. He numbered among his friends several well-known society women.

Skillful and continuous larceny, it is alleged, enabled him to live at the rate of \$15,000 a year. For two years or more, it is charged, he has stolen systematically and without coming under suspicion. A trip to Europe proved his undoing.

Martine added to his income by work as "parlor entertainer." He got \$25 a night for this, and so pleasing was his personality that he seldom failed to convert his patrons into admiring friends. He has appeared in the houses of John D. Rockefeller and Grant H. Schley. He stage managed the entertainments at the West side Y. M. C. A., where he was highly esteemed.

Martine, whose right name is said to be Martin, came to this city from Baltimore ten years ago. He is 23 years old, and is known as one of the "smartest dressers" in town.

In the West Side police court Martine was brought to answer a charge of grand larceny preferred by his employer, W. A. Laughlin. Edward H. Hobbs, counsel for the haberdasher, said the stealings of Mr. Martine in the five years he has worked for the concern are not known, but he was charged with the theft of \$500.

Meets Kin After 29 Years.

Knoxville, Tenn.—John S. Kreider, of Lebanon, Pa., and Uriah Kreider, of this city, brothers, have met in this city for the first time in 29 years. Uriah Kreider left his Pennsylvania home 29 years ago. John S. Kreider was in the civil war. Recently he passed through the city with Gov. Pennypacker's party. He met his brother at the train, and recognition was mutual. Both shed tears. Other veterans gathered about to hear their story.

Wakes After Long Sleep.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Miss Florence Parker, whose mysterious sleep for seven weeks excited the interest of the medical fraternity, has left the Sisters' hospital. Miss Parker is the daughter of a wealthy Arizona mining man. She began her strange sleep at Tucson, Ariz. For weeks she lay in a trance, and until about two weeks ago there was little hope of her recovery. She began to recover consciousness, however, and has gradually come to a normal condition.

\$80 in Rats' Nest.

Allentown, Pa.—Eighty dollars in bills, which Sarah Zinger missed from her bureau drawer several months ago, at her home, near Rittenhouse Gap, have been found at last in a rat's nest back of the bureau, all in shape to be redeemed, though mutilated by the rats' gnawing. An honest servant had been discharged, on suspicion, long before the finding of the rats' nest.



"PE-RU-NA WORKED SIMPLY MARVELOUS."

Suffered Severely With Headaches—Unable to Work.

Miss Lucy V. McGivney, 453 3rd Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

"For many months I suffered severely from headaches and pains in the side and back, sometimes being unable to attend to my daily work."

"I am better, now, thanks to Peruna, and am as active as ever and have no more headaches."

"The way Peruna worked in my case was simply marvelous."

We have in our files many grateful letters from women who have suffered with the symptoms named above. Lack of space prevents our giving more than one testimonial here.

It is impossible to even approximate the great amount of suffering which Peruna has relieved, or the number of women who have been restored to health and strength by its faithful use.

CURES SICK-HEADACHE

Tablets and powders advertised as cures for sick-headache are generally harmful and they do not cure but only deaden the pain by putting the nerves to sleep for a short time through the use of morphine or cocaine.

Lane's Family Medicine

the tonic-laxative, cures sick-headache, not merely stops it for an hour or two. It removes the cause of headache and keeps it away. Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

IN ALABAMA

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE AND PLENTY—OWN A FARM AND BE INDEPENDENT.

We Have a Tract of the Finest Land in Southern Alabama to Be Sold in 40 to 160 Acre Tracts—Cash or Easy Payments—Located in Washington County—Most Healthful Spot in the South.

No cold weather, no coal to buy, less clothing, and, in fact, living is one-half the cost as in the north. A man with very little capital can own a forty-acre tract and become independent in a few short years by raising vegetables and fruits for the northern and eastern markets. We have the best shipping facilities, both by water and rail, making our lands the best garden spot in the country. This section offers more advantages for the wage earner, or the man with a small capital than any spot on this green earth. This land will yield larger profits than you can realize out of northern land worth \$150 per acre. The land is a rich sandy loam, with a clay subsoil, and grows peaches, pears, grapes, figs and all kinds of small fruits and vegetables in great abundance. Also corn, oats, sweet and Irish potatoes and cotton. This location is famous for its salubrious climate and curative powers. Plenty of creeks and pure spring drinking water. We are erecting a hotel, church, schoolhouse and store building in our new town, FIGDALE, ALABAMA.

The Company's excursion will leave Chicago on May 1st. Very low rates for the round trip, furnishing a delightful excursion to the South. No expense to the purchaser.

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A Certain Cure for Feverishness, Constipation, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Diarrhoea. Sold by all Druggists, 25 Cents. Home, Sample mailed FREE. Address, New York City: J. A. & O. L. MESTER, Le Roy, N. Y.



they met young Edward Twitchell, the handsome, stalwart son of the old-time benefactor.

In a week the pretty little Michigan girl found that life in Chicago with a man old enough to be her father was not the same thing as real love. She found that the young fellow who was her stepson had far more attractions for her than her staid and very conservative husband. In fact, before the month was out, she was head over heels in love with the son of her elderly husband. And, as if to add to this strange mix-up, the son himself was just as madly in love with his own stepmother—the wife of his father.

Of course, such things couldn't go on forever. Mr. Twitchell, Sr., soon learned that he stood in the way of Mr. Twitchell, Jr. He taxed his wife with loving his son. Proud of her love, she owned up.

"I am on the right track now, Judge." "All right," announced the court. "I think it would be wise to grant the divorce. You are sure you like the son, Edward?"

"Yes, quite sure," sighed little Mrs. Twitchell. "I think I love him very much."

And such is the romance of the Twitchells, father and son.

Captain Appleton's Romance. Everybody in Boston who knows anybody, knows Capt. Nathan Appleton, one of the famous Appletons. He is a millionaire, a soldier, a clubman, a diplomat, a traveler and an author. He is a member of the famous Myopia Hunt, and lives at the very smart Somers-est club, Boston, the most exclusive organization of the kind in all New England. He married in 1887.

One year later his wife left him. There was no scandal—it was just that they had agreed to disagree. No ex-