Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROHM

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CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

"She is well, or, at least, no worse, I saw her yesterday afternoon."

Then rapidly he detailed what had happened since her absence. "Your mother is reassured as far as it lay in my power, but, of course, we must return as soon as possible."

"Oh, if we only can! Every moment is precious," Lavender urged, then reproachfully: "I couldn't make Owatoga take me back! He insisted upon waiting over to-day, at least. When I appealed to Col. Boone, he said I must be patient until sunrise to-morrow. If nobody came in search for me by that time he would himself take me home."

"So I am superfluous; shall I go back—alone?"

She shook her head in smiling dissent, and he went on: "But I am not altogether useless, since I have brought you this," and he produced the bundle which the slave had given him.

"America! The dear, thoughtful soul!"

Lavender's lip quivered between a smile and tear at sight of the package with its careful wrapping.

"And this." Winslow drew from his knapsack the small silk bag he had picked up on the beach.

"Thank you!" Then, as she took the bag, and came a step closer: "And thank you for coming for me," she said, sweetly. Then, drawing back with a petulant sigh: "But, indeed, it seems I shall never have done with thanking you."

"Is it, then, so hard to thank me?" His eyes demanded a reply.

It came with reluctant grace: "It is never comfortable to be placed under obligations."

"Pardon me," he asked, meekly; "but are those really your reasons in the abstract, or only in my own unfortunate case?"

She half-turned from him, idly poking the fire with a stick of sugar cane. "An obligation is a load—a fetter," she said.

"Sometimes," he admitted. "It is also a tie."

Then unconsciously his voice softened, and he stepped very near: "I can imagine that obligation might be happiness."

He was emboldened by her yielding manner, and, too, the words of her mother rang in his ears like the refrain of a harp: "You, whom she loves!"

He had refused to accept the words as sober, serious truth, and had said over and over again to himself that he had mistaken their import, but in spite of judgment, the memory of them gave him courage.

"The heaviest obligation in the world," he said, "brings the most happiness."

She looked up quickly, with a sidewise turn of the head. Then, irresistibly: "There, I had forgotten the meal, and Col. Boone wants hoecake for supper." Resuming her coquettish air, she applied herself to the grill.

She sat on the ground. The once-stiff folds of her muslin gown now dragging limply about her, were stained with berry juice and looped here and there with cockle burrs. She shivered a little in the night wind, and without a word Winslow put the cape of his coat around her.

Boone promptly returned; and tog the er he and Lavender set about preparations for supper. Winslow looked on in lazy, satisfied silence.

The meal was spread on the ground in the most primitive style.

"If you want to be useful while you sit there, Mr. Winslow, sir, suppose you sharpen these twigs for forks. That rabbit will be too hot for any fingers but mine."

Winslow assumed the work with a show of earnestness, but looked up often to watch Lavender. In the weird light that was neither sun, nor moon, nor fire, but a blending of all three, she flitted about like a wraith of sunbeams entombed in the forest shades.

It was one secret of her charm for him—this entire gratification of his artistic sense. It was not her beauty alone that pleased him; it was the element of the picturesque, the dramatic which that beauty never lacked.

He watched her now, as she waited upon Daniel Boone, whose wishes she seemed ever to anticipate. A gourd of water for the part of the fire that was too hot; more salt for the meat, or a deft turn of the hoe-cake when needed.

To this primitive cooking she brought an alert interest that vastly amused the old pioneer. She toasted bits of venison on the end of a bayonet held over the coals, and, shielding with the free hand her cheek from the firelight's glow, she hid, too, the blush that covered it at the old man's words of praise.

"She'll be a fine housekeeper some day; I envy the lucky fellow she'll cook for," and to this simple soul, praise of woman could no further go.

At last the game was done to a turn, the hoe-cake ready, and these, with jelly and rice pies from Amenoka's bundle, completed the feast. There was a moment's wait, while Boone said a short, quaint grace. To the closing words "for the preservation of our lives," he added an unctuous "Amen," exchanging glances with Winslow. The young man bowed lower, his thoughts thus solemnly recalled to the danger of the afternoon, safely passed.

Then he changed the subject lightly. "I am glad I came, even though"—he added, reproachfully, "our lady here has broadly hinted that I am unnecessary — if not an unwelcome guest. She tells me that I did not need to come, for you were going to take her home to-morrow. What do you think of that for hospitality, sir?"

Lavender shook her head at this daring distortion of her words, but before she could speak, Boone interposed with gravity: "And did you tell her that but for you there would have been no Dan Boone to escort her—or anybody else—to-morrow?"

Lavender uttered a little scream of dismay, looking from one to the other fearfully.

Boone continued: "He could, had he chosen, come out best in that argument, child. If it hadn't been for his quick eye and hand, the woods would never again have echoed to this gun, and that red devil yonder would have had another scalp at his belt—another life on his soul."

Lavender was silent, awe-struck, and for a space nobody spoke.

To break the spell which threatened to mar the time, Boone said: "See the new moon! Let's made a wish."

And all three turned from the firelight to see the crescent moon that, like a silver cradle, rocked a star.

After a pause, Boone asked: "What did we all wish?"

"I can guess yours, colonel," Lavender said. "It was for good weather, or full traps, or perhaps that the Indians would let us alone."

"No, my girl, no. I am indifferent to weather; I am too old a hunter to set trap this time of year, and as for the Indians, well, Dan Boone has yet to worry about them. No, mine was the old, old story—a wish for my land, my title. For you must know," he added in explanation, "that I have long coveted more of Mother Earth than the bare six feet which all men claim."

This was followed by a hush, which the host broke again: "Yours was something sentimental, no doubt?"

Lavender shook her head. "No, I couldn't think of a trifling wish—something which did not matter—so I didn't wish at all. The real heart desires, things I want very much—no, I wouldn't trust them to a goddess so capricious."

Winslow smiled at her fancy—her manner, half serious, half jesting. "I see you have imbibed some of America's superstitions. Now, I, on the contrary, have trusted to the moon's fickle care a grave responsibility, the desire on which my whole life turns."

His moaning tone made Lavender tremble with an odd, confused joy.

The old man chuckled.

In the embarrassed calm which followed, Owatoga emerged from the hut where he had been caring for the wounded savage, and with a few strides joined the group. In his manner was a suggestion of repressed excitement. There was a glitter in the fathomless eyes.

"Owatoga has something to tell," remarked Winslow. "Let us hear it, friend."

But the guide beckoned him mysteriously apart, and they conferred together.

Winslow returned soon, and, with an apology to Lavender, spoke into the private ear of his host.

Boone's first involuntary start betrayed dismay.

"What is the matter? Tell me," demanded the girl.

The three men exchanged glances. "Tell her," said Owatoga. "The white maid is no papoose to fear the paint and feathers."

"He is right," Boone agreed. "She may as well know now. It may be only a false alarm. I must see this redskin, and find out the truth — if possible," he added, meaningly. "Indians have lied before." With a cynical smile that was half a frown, he went to the hut where back in the semi-darkness lay the wounded savage, like a wolf in his den, nothing seen but the fierce and glaring eyes.

Meanwhile Owatoga stood at the edge of the small clearing, his eye intent upon the thicket.

Winslow drew close to Lavender as he said: "Owatoga says that a party of Osage Indians have planned to attack Col. Boone's cabin to-night. They do not know of the presence of the rest of us, but are sure they have trapped the old man at last."

"And how did Owatoga learn this?" asked Lavender, and her voice was low and steady.

"Through this wounded man; he was to have been one of the attacking party."

"And why does he betray the design?"

"For two reasons; he has discovered in Owatoga one of his own tribe, and —well, he fancies himself in some sense indebted to me."

Then, seeing that she still looked puzzled: "I might have killed him this afternoon, you know."

Here Boone joined them. "We must lose no time. I am pretty sure he is speaking the truth. There seems no gain to him in warning us. We will leave him here. He says the redskins may come at any time, but it will most likely be after midnight. He will detain them as long as he can to give us a chance to get away."

Before they left, Winslow bent over the wounded Indian with a word of farewell, to which he had for answer: "Yes, Mezeka will live, and he will remember that one white breast had a heart in it."

Silently the party stole from the camp.

"To the north," was Boone's whispered command, and soon the forest hid them in friendly gloom.

From Menoka they had learned that the attack would be from the river. Retreat that way, then, was cut off; they would have to make the journey overland.

After some time the noise of rifles echoed faintly in the hollow glen. The corn, the hoe-cake ready, and these, with jelly and rice pies from Amenoka's bundle, completed the feast. There was a moment's wait, while Boone said a short, quaint grace. To the closing words "for the preservation of our lives," he added an unctuous "Amen," exchanging glances with Winslow. The young man bowed lower, his thoughts thus solemnly recalled to the danger of the afternoon, safely passed.

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From Menoka they had learned that the attack would be from the river. Retreat that way, then, was cut off; they would have to make the journey overland.

After some time the noise of rifles echoed faintly in the hollow glen. The attack! It was true, then, what Menoka had said.

Lavender controlled the impulse to cry out, but her nerves, strained and tense as a lute string, snapped, and she was for a moment overcome with a deathly faintness.

Then fright lent her strength, and gave to her feet the speed of wings.

Faster for a space than the men could follow, she dashed blindly on.

Boone overtook her, and laying one hand on her arm, said, kindly, yet with sternness: "What? Will you lose heart and nerve at first sound? You could not continue this pace, and—what then?"

Winslow had come up, and to reassure her further, said: "Owatoga says that with our good start we need not fail. The Osage promised to detain the party, or give them a false trail."

Boone put in grimly: "All the same, we will lose no time."

Lavender gave way to no more paroxysms of fear, but trudged along in patient silence.

To Boone and Owatoga the trail was familiar, and they took the lead.

Winslow ever kept beside her, his hand helping her over the rough places. The underbrush grew so close, it seemed they were piercing blindly what must lead nowhere. But always Owatoga forced a passage, and they would reach an open prairie—its wild-flowers scattered about in the darkness, like drops from the milky way.

The old pioneer kept a rugged silence. No longer host, entertainer, he was now the guide, the woodsman, in a race with the "forest devils." Every trained sense was alert with the extra effort which his years required.

Finally he suggested a halt on the bank of a little creek.

Here, in an abandonment of fatigue, Lavender threw herself on the ground, her head resting on the earth-clogged roots of an old tree.

They dared not light a fire, and the two, whom experience warned sat, grave, taciturn, anxious, in spite of the solitude, the seeming security. For Daniel Boone and the Indian knew that each tree-trunk might shelter a velvet-footed enemy. And, sobered by the danger, they sat tense and wary, watching.

But to Winslow and Lavender, secure through inexperience, the rest brought only a blessed sense of physical relief. The danger, seeming past, served but as a link to bring them closer together.

Winslow threw himself down upon the snarled roots against which the girlish head rested, looking down upon her.

The ungainly poke-bonnet had been left behind, "spoil for the Indians," and, less in the way, America's kerchief bound the wayward locks. Her dress was torn at the neck, and an ugly scratch below the chin made whiter the white throat. In the dim light he noticed, too, the tired droop of the eyelids, and the pale lips held half open. Every curve of the delicate figure showed listless fatigue.

It was easy to love her thus—easy to tell her so.

He bent closer. "You are tired; try to sleep a little."

"No, I am comfortable now. I don't want to lose this delicious feeling in the oblivion of sleep," she said, and there was drowsy content in her voice.

"I, too, am comfortable and happy, but that is because I am with you," he said, and bent lower. His gaze was full of an ardent tenderness, but from his voice he kept all passionate ring lest he alarm her.

To his surprise, she showed no embarrassment; she seemed to feel neither anger nor offense.

They were in the heart of Nature, where all things were in love, and said

"YOU ARE HAPPY WITH ME, WHY?" SHE ASKED.

so in ceaseless, amorous jargon. Truth could not but prevail in her heart as well as Nature's—now. And she was tired in mind and body—her whole moral strength weakened by the stress of flight and danger.

So she only turned, half resting upon an arm, and looking into his face over her shoulder.

In the dim light she could see him indistinctly.

"You are happy with me, why?" she asked.

There was a pause, then Winslow said, with apparent irrelevance: "Listen to the river! It is laughing at you."

"Laughing at me?"

"Yes," and her lover child the darkness that hid the curve of the pouting lips. "Yes, laughing at you for asking such a question. Merely the woman's old, old way of evading the old, old story."

She made no reply, and he heard her sigh faintly.

"But you are right," he said; "silence is best, beloved. We need no words; there is none to hear except the stars, and I could tell nothing that they, as well as you, do not know," and he traced towards her as she sat his fingers the round elbow which showed through a rent in her sleeve.

Boone sat some paces away in shadow; Owatoga had gone down the river to reconnoiter; it almost seemed, as he had said, there was none beside these in the whole wide world.

Winslow felt a hot tear on his hand which yet lay, unrebuked, on her arm. "You are crying? I am too bold; my tale of love must wait still longer—forgive me," and he sat upright, away from her.

"No," she said, "if there is anything to forgive, it is I who must ask it, and yet—yet I am puzzled, distracted," and her head moved to and fro as though she would shake her brain clear of the maze into which her heart was leading it.

"Then you have doubted me, Lavender?"

"Yes."

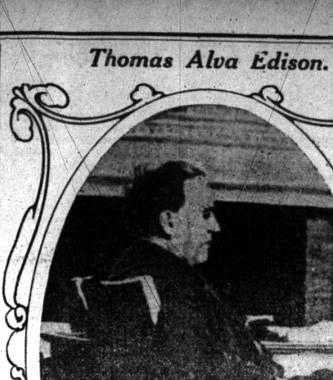
"But you do not doubt now? You will never doubt me again?"

Slowly she rose to her knees, facing him, with only the worn old tree between. "I do not know," she said, and her eyes, black in this light, met his with absolute trust; "I do not now; I never will doubt you again."

Kneeling so on the bare earth, hands clasped on the ruined tree, she seemed a Druid priestess at some sacred rite. He dared not touch her as she sat there, though a wave of love and longing filled his soul.

[To Be Continued.]

Thomas Alva Edison.



Latest Picture of the Famous Inventor and Scientist.

THE BEST FOOD FOR HENS.

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT TO MAKE EXPERIMENTS.

Will Try to Learn if Mash Should Be Moist or Dry—Hope to Increase Production of Eggs.

Washington—The department of agriculture has started a new experiment station at the federal animal quarantine station on Hart's Point, near Baltimore. The experiments are to be conducted under the supervision of Robert R. Slocum, an expert who was recently added to the staff of the bureau of animal industry for a particular line of investigation. For several years it has been a strongly contested question among poultrymen whether mash fed to hens should be dry or moist. Within the last year or two another problem has arisen with the introduction of the hopper feeding system on a commercial scale.

In conducting these chicken-laying experiments a hen house will be constructed, divided into three pens, each accommodating 25 hens, with suitable yards. This house, together with incubators, brooders, etc., sufficient to raise enough pullets to replace those used in the experiments, will comprise the immediate equipment. The different lots of fowls are to be housed exactly alike and all conditions made equal, except the methods of feeding. The fowls in pen No. 1 will receive, morning and night, a mixture of whole or cracked grains scattered in the litter, and at noon a moistened mash. Those in pen No. 2 will receive morning and night the same grain mixture fed in the litter exactly as with pen No. 1 and the same mash at noon, except that this mash will be fed dry. This will test the question of the dry and the moist mash.

The fowls in pen No. 3 will be fed on precisely the same plan as those in the other pens, but will be fed from two self-feeding hoppers, one containing the grain and the other dry mash. The hopper containing the grain will be opened about four p. m. in winter and five p. m. in summer, and will be left open until the next noon. It will then be closed, and the hopper containing the mash will be opened and left so until the first hopper is again opened, late in the afternoon. By this way the hens will have food before them all the time, and can eat as much or as little as they please. A comparison can then be made with pen No. 2, the only difference between the two pens being that pen No. 2 receives its food at stated intervals and in amounts indicated by the appetites of the fowls, while the hens in the other pen can help themselves at all times.

White Plymouth Rock fowls will be used, not because of any special preference for this variety, but for reasons of convenience. Pullets will be raised from the various pens and the test repeated twice to confirm results, and note the effects of the different systems of vitality.

It is hoped that by a careful study of this chicken dietary question the amount of eggs produced in this country may be materially increased, perhaps as much as five per cent., which would mean a billion more a year for the national consumption.

SAWED CELL BARS WITH YARN.

Federal Prisoner Invents Odd Instrument to Effect Escape.

Leavenworth, Kan.—Out of pieces of woolen yarn, unraveled from a sock and twisted together, a prisoner in the new federal prison at Leavenworth, Kan., constructed an instrument which he used to saw through the top and bottom of a three-inch steel bar.

That a common piece of yarn could be made to cut the strongest steel bars, tested with acids and resisting steel saws, is a discovery that not only surprise police and keepers of jails and penitentiaries, but scientists as well. It is the first case of the kind on record, and as can be learned, and the prisoner who used it in the Leavenworth penitentiary is the originator.

The prisoner was confined in one of the isolation cells. A guard standing on a platform above noticed him working his hands back and forth around the bars and notified the guards on the lower floor. They investigated and found that the top had been sawed through. The bottom was about half through. The prisoner readily confessed and showed the warden how he had accomplished the feat.

AMERICA LEADS IN MOTORS.

French Manufacturers Outstripped in the Race Already.

Paris—"Just as American agricultural machines do practically all the work in the fields throughout Europe, so will certainly be in a couple of years with American automobiles on all the roads in Europe. France pointed out the automobile way. America will reap all the profit by walking in it."

So laments the trade journal of the French motor car makers. It asserts that careful scrutiny of the machines touring the great auto routes in Europe this summer proves that the United States is rapidly making for supremacy in the construction of automobiles; a supremacy which France occupied only a year or two ago and from which it seemed she never was to be dethroned.

Foreign travelers now bring over their own machines and these are often American, even while their owners are not. The writer says, almost tearfully, that most of the safest, strongest and most nearly silent motor cars he met in various countries were American made.

Germany and Italy make most of the scorchers and racers.

An Old Hotel.

Traveler (trying to write his name on a hotel register)—This is a historic hostelry, I believe?

Host (proudly)—Yes, sir; one of the oldest hotels in this section, sir.

"So I supposed—from the pens."

Babe Wears Famous Dress.

Infant Has Frock Once Worn by William Henry Harrison.

Emporia, Kan.—Marjanna, the 16-months-old daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Horace Whittlesey of Emporia, is the owner of a dress worn by William Henry Harrison, once president of the United States, when he was a baby in old Virginia. William Henry Harrison was born in 1773. Miss Sally Windsor, who was "Tippecanoe" Harrison's nurse, was given the dress by the mother of the ex-president. She, in turn, gave it to her friend, Mrs. Chapin, for her baby to wear.

Years afterward Mrs. Chapin passed it on to her friend, Mr. J. C. Whittlesey, and Horace Whittlesey was the next baby to wear the little garment. Mrs. Horace Whittlesey dressed little Marjanna in the famous frock the other day, but she didn't allow her to make mud pies while she had it on—in fact, she wore it only half an hour, and the dress was then put carefully away.

The pretty little garment is made with low neck and short sleeves, and is one piece from neck to hem. It is shirred at the top, the hem finished in genuine Mount Mellick embroidery, and French knots are scattered over the dress. The material is the finest linen.

Good Ad.

A well-known citizen of Randolph, living on Main street, desires the following notice inserted in his town paper: "Wanted: Every business man in town to throw his envelopes and letters into my yard on his way from the post office. I suggest, also that all letters and envelopes so disposed of be torn into the minutest pieces that in gathering the same from my lawn I may receive a goodly amount of exercise, thus killing two birds with one stone."—Randolph Register.

BIG IOWA CORN RANCH

ONE FIELD EXPECTED TO YIELD 525,000 BUSHELS.

Is Largest in the World—Farmhouses on It Make a Small Town—Owner Passes His Winters in Chicago.

Odebolt, Ia.—When it is considered that there are such corn fields in Iowa as Adams' 15,000-acre ranch at this place, producing 525,000 bushels every season, and employing regularly 105 men, it is little wonder that the state of Iowa has a 400,000,000-bushel corn crop for 1905. Before long 200 men will start on the 15,000 acres of corn, which will all be husked from the shock. Then the stocks will be shredded for the fat cattle before spring.

This corn field is the largest in the world. The full 15,000 acres was planted with tractor seed and is expected to yield an average of more than 35 bushels to the acre. This is considered a small average for Iowa corn this season.

Thirty-seven double sulk cutters will be used to bind the corn in the field this fall. Mules are employed almost everywhere to do the heavy draft work on the farm, and there are over 200 of these animals kept there constantly. Mr. and Mrs. Adams and family are at present at their winter home in Chicago, and the farm is in the hands of the manager.

With the exception of a large number of feeders which are purchased every fall, no cattle are raised on the big farm except enough milk cows to keep the help supplied with milk. Last winter Mr. Adams had 6,000 sheep brought from his North Dakota ranch for feeding, and it is announced that he will do it again this winter as soon as the present yard full of cattle has been marketed.

The affairs of the farm are conducted with as much system as in any large business office in this city. There is a main office and headquarters where the manager of the farm has his desk. It is here that Mr. Adams himself passes a large part of his time in summer. The farm is divided into sections, and each part is under the direction of a subforeman and worked by his force of men.

All the houses of the employes are located in one place near the center of the farm, making a small town. A schoolhouse is also located here for the children of the employes. The farm and its methods are a revelation to the visitor. Adams is an enthusiast for good roads and all through the place he has built handsome drive ways.

There is another farm in Sac county, Iowa, which contains 6,000 acres. The land there is not all tilled as on the Adams ranch, and hence it is not of so general interest to the public. It is, though, among the record-breakers in this state for acreage owned by one man in one contiguous piece.

KINDNESS BROUGHT A FORTUNE.

Good Samaritan Receives One-Fifth of Rich Man's Estate.

Denver, Colo.—Because he befriended Dr. Albert H. Cummings, of Pittsburg, Pa., many years ago, W. P. Harris, of Denver, has received $13,500.

In 1889 Harris was employed in a hotel at Cresson, Pa., where Dr. Cummings, a guest of the hotel, was taken ill one night, and Harris, an absolute stranger, attended him until he recovered. They met but once afterward, at a dinner table.

Harris recently received a letter from the lawyer of Dr. Cummings, stating that the physician had died and in his will bequeathed young Harris his entire estate, valued at between $50,000 and $75,000. Later relatives contested the will, and a short time ago a compromise was effected by which Harris accepted $13,500.

Harris is at present salesman for a biscuit company.

Anarchist Entertains a King.

Milan.—Papers here relate that some days ago the proprietor of a cinematograph asked permission to give an exhibition to the royal family. The king consented and the exhibition was held. The police have since discovered that the proprietor of the cinematograph was really a well-known anarchist, named Dutto. The king had paid him handsomely and shook hands with him. Dutto is being prosecuted for having impersonated a royal personage.

Graphophones as Soul Savers.

Cleveland, O.—Graphophones will be used by the local Salvation Army for the purpose of saving souls. The plan will be put in practice during the coming harvest festival. Big graphophones will be installed at the doors of the headquarters, and the attention of passers-by attracted by sermons and sacred songs turned out on the machines. Each graphophone will have a guard and a contribution box.

Farewell to White Sugar.

New York.—Unless the United States pure food commission changes its mind, the people of the United States hereafter will have to use granulated and other sugars that have a distinctly yellowish tinge. The commission has decreed that no mineral bleaching substance be used in bleaching sugar. Sugar chemists say they use four pounds of a mineral blueing substance to every one million pounds of sugar, for the bleaching purposes. This, the sugar chemists say, is not adulteration, but is merely purification by a thoroughly healthful process. The pure food commission can not see it in that light, and insists that the whitening process be abandoned.

A Revision.

"After all," said the dyspeptic philosopher, "what a man is depends largely on what a man eats and how he digests it. The cook is the most responsible factor in our civilization."

"Quite true," answered Miss Cayenne. "The old song should be changed from 'Ode to the Chief,' to 'Ode to the Chef.'"

RUN DOWN FROM GRIP

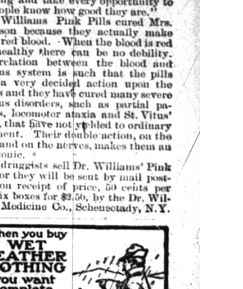
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Have Cured This Form of Debility in Hundreds of Cases.

"Four years ago," says Mrs. F. Morrison, of No. 1923 Carson street, South Side, Pittsburg, Pa., "I took a cold which turned into the grip. This trouble left me all run down. I was thin, had backache much of the time, had no appetite, my stomach was out of order and I felt nervous and unstrung.

"While I had the grip I had a doctor, but I really suffered more from the condition in which the influenza left me than I did from the disease itself. I felt generally wrecked and miserable and the least exposure to cold would make me worse. I couldn't seem to get any better until I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I very quickly noticed benefit after I began taking them and they restored me to good health and strength. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a wonderfully good medicine. Thanks to them I am now in fine health and have had no return of my former trouble. I recommend the pills to everyone who is ailing and take every opportunity to let people know how good they are."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mrs. Morrison because they actually make good, red blood. When the blood is red and healthy there can be no debility. The relation between the blood and nervous system is such that the pills have a very decided action upon the nerves and they have cured many severe nervous disorders, such as sexual paralysis, locomotor ataxia and St. Vitus' dance, that have not yielded to ordinary treatment. Their double action, on the blood and on the nerves, makes them an ideal tonic.

All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or they will be sent by mail postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for $2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y.



W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 42, 1906.

DAY OF TRIUMPH POSTPONED.

Dudekins Has Yet to Get Even with Witty Charmer.

Sho had been [illegible] Dudekins for a long time, and he was wishful to get even with her. His idea took the form of a brilliant conundrum, whose answer Dudekins thought was locked in his manly chest.

"I have a conundrum for you, Miss Frances," he said, when he next met her.

"Ah!" she responded. "What is it? Who gave it to you?"

"I made it up myself!" he asserted, bridling somewhat.

"Indeed! What is it?"

"Why are my clothes like the moon?"

She hesitated a moment, and Dudekins began to look triumphant.

"You may think," she said, slowly—and Dudekins somehow felt the sand slipping from under him—"it is because they have a man in them, and you have a perfect right to think as you please. But, Mr. Dudekins, opinions differ!"

Animals Do with Little Water.

There are some animals which rarely drink; for instance, the llamas, of Patagonia, and certain gazelles of the far east. A number of snakes, lizards and other reptiles live in places devoid of water. A bat of western America inhabits waterless plains. In parts of Lozere, France, there are herds of cows and goats which hardly ever drink and which produce the milk for Roquefort cheese.

Wild Animals on the Ocean.

A scientist has made some interesting observations as to the love of different wild animals for the sea. The polar bear, he says, is the only one that takes naturally to the sea, and is quite jolly when aboard ship. All others violently resent a trip on water. The tiger suffers most of all. Horses are very bad sailors, and often perish on a voyage. Elephants do not like the sea.

NO DAWDLING.

A Man of 70 After Finding Coffee Hurt Him, Stopped Short.

When a man has lived to be 70 years old with a 40-year-old habit grown to him like a knot on a tree, chances are he'll stick to the habit till he dies.

But occasionally the spirit of youth and determination remains in some men to the last day of their lives. When such men do find any habit of life has been doing them harm, they surprise the Osterites by a degree of will power that is supposed to belong to men under 40 only.

"I had been a user of coffee until three years ago—a period of 40 years—and am now 70," writes a N. Dak. man. "I was extremely nervous and debilitated, and saw plainly that I must make a change.

"I am thankful to say, I had the nerve to quit coffee at once and take Postum without any dawdling, and experienced no ill effects. On the contrary, I commenced to gain, losing my nervousness within two months, also gaining strength and health otherwise.

"For a man of my age, I am very well, and sturdy. I sometimes meet persons who have not made their Postum right and don't like it. But I tell them to boil it long enough, and call their attention to my looks now, and before I used it, that seems convincing.

"Now, when I have writing to do, or long columns of figures to cast up, I feel equal to it and can get through my work without the fagged out feeling of old." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. There's a reason.