MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE
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CHAPTER X.—Continued.

A temptation to enter assails Dick, but he laughs at the idea—what excuse could he have for seeking assistance? Because a man, or several men, walked by and looked up at the windows of the house in which he boards, he must, forsooth, imagine they mean him harm, and seek their arrest, when, truth to tell they may have been flirting with one of the maids domiciled on the top floor.

He walks on.

He has lost track of the two men whom he followed so far and turns to retrace his steps. For the first time he notes the fact that he is in the slums of Paris. Around him tenements arise, from whose windows, in years gone by, has sounded the slogan of the Revolution, the war cry of the Commune. Here red-capped men and Amazons with streaming hair came forth from their lairs to form the mobs that swept the streets of Paris and reddened the Seine with the blood of aristocrats.

Interesting as this portion of the faubourg might be in the day time, one hardly cares to find himself alone there at midnight. Shadowy figures flit hither and yon—they act, as though afraid of being seen by human eyes. Terrible secrets the dens of lower Paris hide.

"Come, Dick, my boy, it's high time you were getting out of this," he says.

His hand reaches for a cigar, as he thinks the odor of one might be a thousand times more agreeable than that which permeates the atmosphere in this vile place.

"Just one left—lucky dog that I am. Now for a match, and then—bliss."

This, too, is forthcoming. He halts

SENDS OUT A SLEDGE-HAMMER BLOW

to strike a light, and ignites his weed. In doing so, his face is briefly illumined. It is not the first time a man has been betrayed by such an act.

Dick Denvers hears an exclamation close beside him that makes his heart throb faster than its wont—he hears his name pronounced in conjunction with a Mexican oath. Nevertheless he continues to finish the operation of lighting his cigar—it is only something of an extraordinary nature that can upset this man's nerve.

When he has the weed well in hand he wheels and faces the speaker. It is, indeed, Barcelona who has come upon him at this moment of all times; nor is the bull fighter alone, since his companion, the same whom Dick tracked with such care, stands at his side.

"Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you," he asks, as pleasantly as he knows how.

The companion of the Mexican seems amazed.

"Mon Dieu! how came he here. I could swear I saw him enter that house. He is Satan himself!" he ejaculates in astonishment.

"But you didn't see him come out; it is my opinion he has followed us here," growls Barcelona.

"Think, monsieur, it will be for nothing; we have taken all the risk for nothing. If I had known—"

"Silence, fool! Accept what the gods have given you. Here is our man; what is to hinder you from earning those napoleons right now?"

Dick hears, and, what is more to the point, understands all that is said, even if it is in French. He knows there will probably be a little scene presently—a comedy, surely, perhaps a tragedy, when these men attempt to do him an injury, for he is not the one to allow any liberties with his person. No one would ever believe Dick Denver understood his life to be in peril, judging from the cool manner in which he stands there looking at these men.

Truth to tell, one of his first acts has been to let his right hand drop back to the pocket where he generally keeps a revolver, only to find it empty. It flashes upon him that he took the weapon out and laid it on the mantel in the room after returning home.

This leaves him without weapons, it is true, but not absolutely defenseless, for he has a pair of muscular arms that can send a blow straight from the shoulder with power enough to fell an ox—as Tordas Barcelona has had occasion to learn in times gone by.

"Gentlemen, be kind enough to step aside. I am going down the street, and the man who dares to lay a finger on my shoulder will have to accept the consequences. Move on, I say."

While uttering these words Dick steps forward a pace or two. This brings him on a direct line with the men, who separate, causing him to pass between. He likes not this idea: it is almost impossible to watch both, but he has gone too far to back out now, and with a sudden movement strives to get beyond the danger line.

A hand shoots out, it clutches his arm, and the face of the owner, Barcelona's companion, is close to his own. With set teeth and determined mien the fellow is endeavoring to earn the fat reward held out as a tempting bait if he overcomes the American.

Of course he counts without his host. Dick has not his fist doubled up for nothing; he sees his opportunity has come and makes the most of it.

As the electric fluid leaps from the clouds in a thunder storm, so that good right arm of his sends out a sledge-hammer blow. It smites the astonished ruffian of the Paris faubourg on the side of the head and seems actually to lift him off his feet.

He lands with a crash against the side of a building and from that minute conceives the greatest respect for the muscular American, who has tripped him up as neatly as ever a swiftly careering ball did a ten-pin in the alley.

Barcelona has seen it all—he has tried conclusions with this man before, when Dick Denver came out of the encounter first best. Hence Barcelona has been well content to let his tool have the first show at their intended victim. Had there been a dozen men with him foolish enough to long for an encounter with the Yankee of the strong arm, Tordas would be just as willing to let them experiment while he held himself in reserve, ready to jump in when the enemy had become somewhat wearied.

His turn has come now, and he leaps forward to the battle. As Dick turns from sending that right hand of his against the second fellow's head he finds himself suddenly clasped in the arms of the bull fighter—it is just such a hold as Barcelona has long wished to get upon his old-time enemy, and as his hands meet behind Dick's body he gives vent to a shout of fierce delight, which, however, ends in a shriek, as fate gives him a cruel blow—fate, aided and abetted by Dick Denver.

When Barcelona makes that fierce onslaught he manages to take Dick so much by surprise that the latter cannot get in his work; his arms are powerless to beat the enemy off, and weapon he has none save such as nature gave him.

Barcelona has just begun to set his tremendous muscles, with which he intends to hug his enemy until the latter turns black in the face, when the cool American checkmates his foe in one move. He raises his hand to his mouth, takes out his cigar, which from constant puffing is fiery red at the end, and with great deliberation jams it into the eye of the athlete who encircles him with hands like steel. Hence that shriek, that unclasping of the arms, the mad leap backward.

Barcelona is amazed, tortured, bewildered, where he was certain of immediate victory he meets a terrible defeat.

The pain of his eye rattles him, he loses his presence of mind and forgets the resolve once taken never to invite an attack from the fists of the American ex-horse-tamer again. With a roar of rage and pain combined he rushes at his hated foe, rushes as though he were a hurricane from the West, and meant to annihilate all that dares to stand in his way.

In another instant he strikes a snag. Many a noble craft has been wrecked from the same cause, and history will ever repeat itself! Barcelona is a terrible man in the bull ring, and an all-round wrestler and athlete his equal has never been known in Old Mexico, but when it comes to a boxing match, Barcelona is hardly in it.

Of course the snag he runs against is a hard-knuckled Yankee fist, driven forward to meet him on the way, and with all the power Dick's muscles are capable of producing. The collision is a fearful one. Barcelona goes over, strong man that he has always proven to be, as though in the present instance he were a babe.

Dick knows the folly of remaining in such a section unarmed; a score of ruffians may rally to the assistance of the Mexican desperado, and then the case will, indeed, be a hard one. He scorns to run, but at the same time leaves the spot and walks quickly down the street, casting a glance over his shoulder now and then to make sure he is not being pursued. If such should prove to be the case it might be policy on his part to run, but whether Dick would do this in any event is an open question.

Fortunately his two enemies have enough to do just at present in looking after themselves. The first man still crawls and rolls away from what he believes must be a dangerous neighborhood, while Barcelona has drawn out a huge red silk handkerchief, with which he seeks to stanch the flow of blood from his nose.

In all his life he has never experienced such a sudden reverse. The pain is maddening, and if he could only see where to run he would be after his enemy in hot haste, weapon in hand, eager to do murder, so that he avenged his wrongs; but the afflicted eye, into which the hot end of the cigar went, is full of scalding tears; it affects the remaining orb, so that he cannot see two yards away, and can only dance and roar in impotent rage.

Dick soon places considerable distance between the enemy and himself. He chuckles inwardly as though amused at the outcome of the little adventure, and believes he is lucky to get off as easily as has been the case.

Sauntering does not suit him now, he walks with a quick, firm step, and as he goes, wonders what Colonel Bob will say when he hears what a pretty mess he fell into—Colonel Bob, who declared he must be on hand when the meeting took place between these two inveterate foes.

Now it strikes Dick that there is an unusual excitement around him; people rush forward, shouts ring out. It is "fire!" they cry. He feels his pulse quicken—a fire engine dashes by. Dick is on the run now since he has discovered that the blaze is in the quarter where is located the house at which they put up.

Heavens! the glare seems just around the corner. Dick pushes a way through the gathering crowd, and then utters a cry of dismay, for flames are darting from the windows of the very house in which he left his comrade asleep.

CHAPTER XI.

Through the Whirlwind of Fire.

Dick's first feeling is one of horror. He has seen several fires in his day, where the inmates of the house were placed in extreme peril, some of them being burned to a crisp, and the recollection haunts him still.

What if his friend, who is generally a sound sleeper should fail to be awakened until it is too late? To Dick's credit as a man be it said he has not a thought nor a worry for his portmanteau, and what it contains—all these things can be replaced, but not so human life, which is precious.

When Dick gains a point close to the house he finds himself gazing upon a scene that is horrifying, to say the least. The flames have entire control of the flimsy structure—they have already wrapped it in a winding sheet of fire, and their grasp is death.

Here and there at different windows human beings can be seen; they shriek and wave their hands in abject despair. Brave men are endeavoring to rescue them; some will be saved, but others must meet their fate which comes hurrying on wings of fire.

While Dick stands there, earnestly looking for his comrade, he hears an exclamation close beside him, while a hand clutches his arm.

"Oh, Mr. Denver! thank Heaven you are safe!"

It is Pauline.

(To be continued.)

Hatless Man Here to Stay.

"The hatless man is here to stay," said a hatter, "and his coming did not meet with the opposition that the shirt waist man incurred.

"All but the bald heads were hatless men last summer. At the seashore, among the mountains, automobiling, horseback, canoing, rowing, driving, walking, the young men were invariably hatless. Their faces were tanned and the sun had given a bright, coppery hue and a crisp quality to their hair.

"I know a half dozen undergraduates of Princeton who took a cross-country walk of 200 miles in August without hats.

"This new fashion has hurt the hat business undeniably. On account of it my summer sales have been smaller than ever before. Still, I don't grieve. I like the idea of going hatless. The fact is, I went hatless myself during my vacation.

"When the shirt waist man appeared everybody derided him. A hoot went up from one end of the country to the other. But the hatless man was received in silence, an approving silence."

No Use for Bargain Hunters.

Ered Sterry of the Palm Beach Power Boat association was talking about the high prices that motor boats and automobiles bring.

"For my part," he said, "I don't object to these high prices. The workman is worthy of his hire. Fine things, rare things, would not be fine and rare if they were cheap.

"I think the laborer is worthy of his hire and I incline to sympathize with a grocer's clerk whom I once knew in the west.

"This young man had a very unbusinesslike scorn for hagglers and bargainers. One day a woman entered the grocery and said:

"'What is the price of your cheapest butter?'

"'Eighteen cents a pound, ma'am,' said the young man.

"'Oh, that's certainly too dear,' said the woman. 'Haven't you anything cheaper?'

"'Well,' said the young man, 'we have some soft soap at 6 cents a pound.'"

Business Secret Divulged.

The character of the late William R. Harper, president of the University of Chicago, was being discussed in a New York club.

"President Harper," said a millionaire, "was a happy and illuminating talker. He never lacked a story wherewith to bring out a point.

"He was describing once to me the aged butler of a merchant. The butler, he said, was naive and quaint. For a certain dinner party he was loaned to a neighbor and he said to this gentleman in a discussion about the serving of the dinner:

"'Shall I press the champagne, sir? At home I have orders never to press it.'"

Unhappy.

The chronic kicker was complaining. Yes, he had a good job; the best he ever had. Hours were short, the taskmaster was humane and the wages were big.

"Then, what are you grumbling about?" demanded his friend.

"'Bout the wages."

"Aren't they all right?"

"Oh! I 'spose they're all right, but I can't afford to take a day off."

"Can't afford to take a day off."

"Nope; the wages are so blamed big I'd be losin' too much."

POULTRY

Raising Small Chicks.

My experience is that chicks two weeks old are half raised, as far as mortality goes; of course, rats, minks and skunks, also some of the family cats, do not care whether the chicks are two weeks or four weeks old. Right here I will mention that cats sometimes are very cunning and get away with lots of little chicks before they are suspected. Yet, cats kill rats, but for poultrymen one good rat dog and a spade is worth a whole dozen cats. This is my experience and that's what I am writing about.

We should not undertake to raise chicks among rats; kill the rats and as a precaution have the brooder house or coops some distance from barns, cribs and other rat harbors, and, still more, the brooders and coops should be rat proof and the dog encouraged to make war on all varmints. I am confident that not over 50 per cent of the chicks hatched out ever reach marketable age. In some instances perhaps 10 per cent escape and live, and in other instances where care and watchfulness is the rule 80 to 90 per cent are raised.

A little more about rats: They often do their greatest damage in daylight, pick the chicks up in the weeds or wherever they can get them; keeping the weeds mowed down is a precaution and especially so around the barns and cribs, eternal vigilance is the price of success in the little chick business. The same method for minks and skunks as recommended for rats will do. A few steel traps, the trusty dog and a shot gun will discourage the hawks and crows. Now about feed. The kind of feed is most always blamed for little chick ailments I think the greatest number of experienced poultry raisers will coincide with me in saying that bowel trouble and other small chick ailments are more often due to other causes than the kind of feed; over-heating, over chilling, wet and cold, etc., etc., are the vital obstructions to success Mites and lice are blood suckers, and I will repeat it again that coops and brooder houses for small chicks should be some distance from the old vermin breeding hen houses and other buildings.

A good feed for small chicks can be made as follows: Take 2 quarts coarse cornmeal, ½ pint coarse sand (or fine broiler teeth grit), ½ pint fine cut beef scraps; mix and bake as a corncake, only bake it about twice as long or just as dry as you can, then crumble it up fine and feed it once each day. For the other breeds provide nicknacks in the way of cut wheat, steel cut oats, common fan or mill tailings, some millet seed and some curd cheese, light bread soaked in milk and squeezed dry is good for them, and, regardless of the cautions we sometimes see, dampened cornmeal in light doses is good. The writer can remember back 40 years ago when cornmeal was a popular diet for small chicks and the mortality was not so great as now. However, the nature of the situation suggests that the small chicks' natural needs are a variety and lots of exercise in procuring it.—M. M. Johnson.

Exercise is Good.

There is no doubt that exercise is very beneficial to fowls. Among humans the lack of exercise combined with high feeding causes most troublesome diseases, such as dropsy. The same laws govern the animal world. There are several things that exercise does. One of these is, it prevents the birds becoming too fat, which in turn destroys their usefulness. No matter how much a bird eats, if it exercises it will keep the fat from accumulating, as the muscular exertion causes the lungs to work excessively, and in doing this they burn up a large amount of carbon, which comes from the food. Being burned up in this way, it does not accumulate on the body and around the intestines in the form of fat.

In the poultry house, whole grain should be fed in cut straw or chaff spread thickly. If it is fed in hay or whole straw the task of uncovering it is too light. The finer the straw the more perfectly will it cover the grain that is sown in it, and the more difficult will be the task of getting it out, which the hens must do kernel by kernel. If poultry keepers would follow this plan their fowls would lay more eggs, for the reason that they would not be over-fat and would be in generally good health. The mere fact of exercise does not cause the production of eggs.

How to Hold Poultry Trade.

I have good results shipping my birds all over the United States and Canada, and have reports from Texas and the state of Washington that the birds were received in excellent condition. I have not been able to get such good reports from shipping eggs to great distances, either in the condition they were received or the results obtained from them. As I said before, my trade comes from all over the country and, as the bulk of my advertising is done through the medium of papers in the central West, I have been successful in getting trade all over the country. I find that I can hold my customers, as a usual thing, be they far or near. The main thing is to get their trade and then give them the right goods, and, by so doing, I have no trouble in receiving another order when they are in need.—W. R. Graves, Hampden Co., Mass.

Keep one or two good brood mares and it won't cost much to keep up your supply of horses. Too many farmers want to buy everything they need. Just a little foresight and one may have a fine young horse coming on every year.

Americans in Mexico.

Ten years ago there were 556 Americans in the City of Mexico. The directory printed last December shows 6,745. Prohibition has in some measure struck the town. A law was recently passed closing saloons at 6 o'clock and "pulque joints" at 6 in the evening.

SHOULD A HORSE BE CLIPPED?

CLIPPING IN THE EARLY SPRING RECOMMENDED BY LEADING VETERINARIANS.

All Thinking Men Readily Recognize Its Advantages.

"A horse is a valuable asset, and should receive the best care possible. He should be well fed, comfortably stabled, carefully groomed and clipped in the early spring. If he receives these attentions he will work well and improve in value. A horse lives under artificial conditions. In his wild state he required none of these attentions, for he was able to look out for himself. The domesticated animal, being worked under conditions that are in themselves artificial, must be kept in condition for such work.

The clipping of a horse in the early spring is now conceded, by all the leading veterinarians to be as essential to a horse's well being as shoeing him or giving him a comfortable bed to lie on. Farmers in England and France have been clipping their horses for many years, and American farmers are not slow to realize its advantages. A clipped horse dries out rapidly after a hard day's work, and will rest comfortably and be refreshed for the work the following day. An unclipped horse is liable to catch the heaves, pneumonia and all sorts of colds, rheumatism, etc. More especially is this so in the early spring, when his hair is long and he is "soft." If worked hard he will perspire freely and the moisture will be held by his long hair, and the food that should go to nourish him will be used to replenish the heat that is being constantly taken from his body by the mass of cold wet hair. If clipped, the perspiration will evaporate almost as soon as secreted, and when put in the stable he rests comfortably and his food does him good.

Some years ago a Buffalo street car company tested the value of clipping in the following manner: They owned 500 horses, and 250 of these were clipped early in the spring and 250 were not clipped. A careful record was kept of results, and it was found that of the 250 unclipped horses 153 were afflicted with coughs and pneumonia, while of the 250 clipped not one case of sickness was reported.

A man would not expect to enjoy very good health if he did hard manual work clothed with heavy underwear, a heavy suit and a fur overcoat, and after perspiring freely, as he naturally would, go to sleep without removing same. It is just as ridiculous to expect a horse to be in perfect health if worked under the same conditions.

If you would get the best returns from your investment in your horse, treat him right, and be sure and clip him in the early spring. A first-class horse-clipping machine can be bought at almost any hardware store for less than $7.00.—Horse Review, Dec. 5th, 1905.

Accident Restores Hearing.

William Wilkinson, an old man who, because of his deafness, could not hear a horse and cart approaching, was knocked down in a Leeds, England, street, and severly injured about the head. On picking him up it was found that his hearing had been restored.

Write for a Sample Package

of Garfield Tea, the mild laxative which cures constipation, sick headache and derangements of liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. Garfield Tea is made wholly of herbs. Address Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y. Send name of your ruggist.

One of Barrymore's Last.

A friend of Maurice Barrymore relates an incident of his last meeting with the brilliant actor, only a short time before the latter's faculties began to fail. As they were parting the friend asked: "Where are you to be found nowadays—at the Players?" "No," replied Barrymore, "I'm posted at the Players, but you can always find me at the Lambs. As a matter of fact," he added, whimsically, "I'm posted at the Lambs, too, but they temper the wind there."

Locality of the Wishbone.

There is an old-fashioned little girl in the city, aged seven, whose quaint and unexpected sayings greatly amuse those who know her and may cause a smile when told to strangers. One day when the family were enjoying roast chicken she asked her father for the wishbone. "Where shall I look for it?" he said. "Why in the tail, of course. That's what makes it wag the feathers when it wants to, isn't it?" she asked.—Chicago American.

Uncalled-For Night of Agony.

A story is told of a man who, crossing a disused coal field late at night, fell into an apparently bottomless pit and saved himself only by grasping a projecting beam. There he clung with great difficulty all night, only to find when day dawned that his feet were only four inches from the bottom.

THE EDITOR.

Explains How to Keep Up Mental and Physical Vigor.

A New Jersey editor writes:

"A long indulgence in improper food brought on a condition of nervous dyspepsia, nearly three years ago, so severe that I had to quit work entirely. I put myself on a strict regimen of Grape-Nuts food, with plenty of outdoor exercise and in a few months found my stomach so far restored that the process of digestion gave me pleasure instead of distress.

"It also built up my strength so that I was able to resume my business, which is onerous, as I not only edit my paper but also do a great deal of 'outside' writing.

"I find that the Grape-Nuts diet enables me to write with greater vigor than ever before, and without the feeling of brain fag with which I used to be troubled. As to bodily vigor—I can and do walk miles every day without fatigue—a few squares used to weary me before I began to live on Grape-Nuts!" Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

WORKING THE OATMEAL DODGE.

Shrewd Scheme by Which Thieves Victimized Grocer.

"It reminds me of the oatmeal dodge," said John M. Collins, Chicago's chief of police.

He was speaking of an ingenious swindle that had been worked successfully on a dentist.

"The oatmeal dodge," he continued, "was worked on a grocer in the suburbs.

"A man entered the shop and engaged the grocer in conversation. While they talked another man came in.

"'Do you sell oatmeal?' the newcomer asked.

"'Yes, sir,' said the grocer, rubbing his hands. 'The very best. How much —'

"But the man interrupted.

"'I just wanted to know,' he said. 'Good-day.' And he walked out.

"The grocer, looking a little disappointed, resumed his conversation with the stranger. In a few minutes a second man appeared.

"'Do you sell oatmeal?' he asked.

"'Yes,' the grocer answered.

"'Thank you. Good-day.'

"And this man also disappeared.

"'Well, what the deuce?' exclaimed the grocer. 'But, as we were saying, he resumed, and the interrupted conversation went briskly on.

"Soon a third man entered the shop He said:

"'Do you sell oatmeal?'

"'Yes,' the grocer snapped.

"'Thank you. Good-day.'

'And this man departed—on a run. For the grocer, thoroughly enraged at last, had seized a club and rushed upon him. He had, however, a clear pair of heels. The grocer was unable to overtake him. So, after a chase of 100 yards or so, he returned breathless.

"He found the first man gone. The shop was empty. So was the till.

"Once more the oatmeal dodge had succeeded."

HORROR AT CHURCH SOCIABLE.

Youth Filled Blanks with Words Improper to Occasion.

It was a church sociable and for the entertainment and instruction of the guests the committee had prepared some slips of paper on which were printed a word puzzle—that is, a little story was told, with certain words indicated by blanks. The guests were expected to fill in the blanks with the proper words and the one succeeding in guessing nearest the total number of words correctly should have the prize. After the slips had been filled they were read by their holders. In its puzzle shape the slip bore something like this:

"Near the waters of the Mediterranean a —— old man wearing —— ragged coat was walking along the —— way. He was approached by a ——man who asked him, 'What is your nationality?' To which the —— —— old man replied, 'Go to —— and you will find out.' Whereat the —— man," etc., etc.

Most of the contestants had succeeded in filling the blanks so that the anecdote read pleasingly—some of them were even funny; but the shocking surprise of the evening came when the young son of the local livery man arose and read his effort. He was stopped after the second sentence, it being evident that he had not thoroughly grasped the proposition. He had replaced the blanks with swear words.—Judge.

Disgruntled One Neatly Answered.

George Harvey, the editor, was talking about literary prize competitions:

"These competitions no doubt do good," he said, "but they excite a great deal of rage and bitterness. If, for instance, there are 500 competitors for a prize it is likely that 499 of them will be dissatisfied with the award."

Mr. Harvey smiled.

"Lucky is the judge," he said, "who can answer the disgruntled competitor as a friend of mine once did.

"My friend was the judge in a sonnet contest. Over 1,000 sonnets were submitted. My friend read them all, awarded the prize of $25 to a young gentleman of Boston and in a few days received from another competitor a letter saying:

"Have you not made a mistake and given the prize to the worst instead of to the best sonnet?"

"My friend wrote back: 'No, for if I had the prize would undoubtedly have fallen to you.'"

Where He Lacked Proficiency.

The young men were playing "socker." Their naked knees were red and chapped in the cold wind. Now and then, when one fell on the frozen field, he rose and caressed a bare leg from which oozed gouts of red blood.

"Dribble the ball Dribble the ball!" howled a coach.

Walter Camp laughed.

"I once saw this game played on a winter day in Glasgow," he said. "How gray and cold it was. Now and then a handful of snow fell through the still air.

"Near me sat an old man with a pocket pistol. Every little while he would shiver and uncork the pistol and take a comfortable drink.

"A younger man regarded him enviously. The ninth or tenth time the old man put the pistol to his lips the other said:

"'Man, ye're a grand dribbler, but ye're a poor hand at the passin'.'"

Wolf Killed by Children.

Emmett Caylem, aged 10 years, and his sister Lottie, two years his junior, children living not far from Georgetown, Colo., a few days ago ran down and killed a large gray wolf without assistance. The youngsters had set traps for the pests. One was caught, but snapped the chain and started off with the trap on one foot. The children followed and killed the wolf with a twenty-two-caliber rifle.

Revenge.

Mrs. A—"And is she such a terrible cook?"

Mrs. Z—"Terrible is no name for it. Why, she burns up everything, breaks all the dishes and chases the children out of the kitchen with a broom."

Mrs. A—"Gracious! Why don't you discharge her?"

Mrs. Z—"Sh! I am waiting to give her a good recommendation to some one I dislike."

Have You a Father or Mother

Whose advanced years have caused a general weakened condition of their bodily functions, causing indigestion, constipation, sluggish or torpid liver or impoverished blood? There is no remedy in the wide world that will tone up the wornout system like Marvin's Cascara Chocolate Tablets. By their tonic effect upon the tiny cells that constitute the muscular coat of the the bowels the loss of tone is repaired, the normal secretions are stimulated, the circulation of good, healthy blood in the intestinal walls is re-established, and instead of a sluggish, unhealthy state of the whole digestive apparatus, the patient is restored to his old-time vigor.

These tablets are purely vegetable and can be taken without any nauseating effect into the most delicate stomach.

We want every afflicted person to try these tablets at our expense. Send us your name and address and we will gladly mail you a free sample.

MARVIN REMEDY CO., Detroit, Mich.

Put up in metal boxes only. 25 doses, 25 cents. For sale at druggists.

Britons Live More Sensibly.

British people smoke one-third more tobacco than they did thirty years ago, eat half as much again of sugar and drink forty per cent more tea, while the consumption of intoxicants has tended to decline.

5 Tons Grass Hay Free.

Everybody loves lots and lots of fodder for hogs, cows, sheep and swine.

The enormous crops of our Northern Grown Pedigree Seeds on our seed farms the past year compel us to issue a special catalogue called

SALZER'S BARGAIN SEED BOOK.

This is brim full of bargain seeds at bargain prices.

SEND THIS NOTICE TO-DAY.

and receive free sufficient seed to grow 5 tons of grass on your lot or farm this summer and our great Bargain Seed Book with its wonderful surprises and great bargains in seeds at bargain prices.

Remit 4c and we add a package of Cosmos, the most fashionable, serviceable, beautiful annual flower.

John A. Salzer Seed Co., Lock Drawer W., La Crosse, Wis.

There is no advertisement for a business house like having its men go around bragging because they are working for it.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Poverty and failure are self-invited. Fear of failure is one of the most potent causes of failure.

DON'T FORGET

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Kingfisher and Goldfish.

A kingfisher came to my pond in December, and stayed a fortnight. The goldfish held indignation meetings—in deep water—but he caught a good many and they suited him well. To study his methods was exceedingly instructive. He sat on arundo donax at first, but it was not quite convenient, and so I arranged a stick for him hanging over the pond. From this point he enjoyed excellent sport. Suddenly, like a gem falling, he would drop with a splash and then return ashore—a young goldfish in his beak.—Eden Phillpotts in Country Life.

RESTORE STRENGTH

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make New Blood and Good Health Follows.

The evil effects that follow many diseases — particularly the grip and the wasting fevers, such as typhoid and malaria, are caused by the bad condition in which these diseases leave the blood. As a result, the flesh continues to fall away, the sufferer grows nervous and irritable, and even slight exertion causes shortness of breath. These are dangerous symptoms and indicate that the system is in a state that invites pneumonia, bronchitis or even consumption. What is needed is a new supply of rich, red blood to carry health and strength to every part of the body.

"I was all run down from the effects of the grip," says Mrs. Amelia Hall, of No. 5 High street, Norwich Conn., "and could not seem to get strength to walk; could not eat a full meal, my stomach was so weak, and I was so nervous that I could not sleep. I could only stay in bed a few minutes at a time, either night or day. The least little thing would startle me. I had difficulty in breathing and had frequent fainting spells.

"My general health was completely wrecked and I had neuralgic and rheumatic pains, dyspepsia, constipation, and female weakness. My physician attended me for the grip and again for the condition that it left me in, but I got no strength from the tonics he prescribed. In fact, nothing helped me until I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they cured me.

"I grew stronger and gained flesh from the time I began taking them. I am satisfied that the pills are all that is claimed for them and I shall do all I can to make their good qualities known."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure nervous disorders of every kind, check wasting diseases and build up strength. For booklet, address the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y.

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