MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

Author of "Gentlemen Adventurers," "My Friend the Chauffeur," etc.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

The poor fellow looks piteously at Miss Pauline, then goes to the window, and looks out, with his head resting disconsolately on his hands, and his shoulders on the sill. Meanwhile Miss Pauline in low tones describes the recent daring exploits that have made Colonel Bob a hero and a lion in Paris, while the girl listens with open-eyed wonder. Presently she makes the amende honorable—Bob feels a warm breath near his cheek, then his name is whispered in the softest of tones:

"Bob! oh, Bob!"

He answers not, nor turns his head—then a rounded arm slips around his neck, and the voice of the charmer is heard again:

"Bob, dear Bob, forgive your little Dora!"

With exceeding delicacy Dick and Miss Pauline have turned their backs upon the couple at the window, though both smile broadly in the midst of their conversation when a very positive smack is heard, immediately followed by a low cry of, "You naughty Bob."

"It's made up, thank goodness," says Pauline.

"They're happy again," sighs Dick, with such a look upon his face that the girl from New York laughs outright.

"If the divine passion brings such ups and downs in its train, what folly for people to seek its favor," she remarks, with a twinkle in her eyes that Dick catches.

"Still it is a universal failing—has been from the time of Eve, and will be to the end. We cannot change our natures any more than the leopard can his spots," he says, stoutly, and something in his look causes her to turn rosy.

"These desperate men, how they must hate you. The Mexican does not hesitate to stoop low in order to win his point. What will they attempt next?"

"Well, they won't have much more of an opportunity to get at us in France, as we shake the dust of Paris from our feet in twenty hours and by the next morning sail from Havre."

"You have decided to go with us?" and another blush follows the attempt to appear calm.

"The beautiful senorita!" says Miss Pauline.

"And that charming bull-fighter the great and only Barcelona—I always doted on bull-fighters!" remarks the provoking Dora, which remark causes Colonel Bob to grin.

"That isn't all—I have also a bloodhound on my trail, seeking my life—he shadow that has sworn to follow me to perdition, or Mexico, or any other hot place, in order to get even—the hornet that stings so painfully is after me!" he cries.

"What! not that miserable bug-hunter?" says Dick.

"The darling little Professor John aboard this train! It is too delightful!" murmurs Dora.

"That same wretched specimen of British assurance and arrogance is on board, also bound for Mexico, I reckon. If we run across each other again, I suppose I'll have to do him up and next time—I will, so me Moses!" and as Bob thus makes use of the professor's favorite phrase Dora almost goes into convulsions.

Now the cry is heard, "All aboard!" Of course there is something of a rush, for even in a well regulated French railway station there is always the man who comes late, and the woman who at the last moment discovers that she has forgotten to look after her luggage, the friends who come to see others off, and call out endearing phrases—all the sights, in fact, so familiar to any one who spends much time about railway depots.

"Here we go," says Dick, as with the cling of a signal-bell the train starts.

Miss Pauline takes one sweeping survey of the lighted station—scurrying figures are all around her, but she seems to look in vain for the one she seeks. Finally she sinks back, and the others can hear her one despairing word:

"Peeleez!"

Dick chances to be at a window, and looks back into the lighted station they are now leaving, just in time to see a man running after the train. It has gained too much headway for him to catch—Dick recognizes the messenger who was to bring Miss Pauline an answer. He says nothing about it, since it is none of his business. If the matter is worth attention, it can of course be sent on by telegraph to the steamer at Havre.

(To be continued.)

"HAY! GO, PAULINE!"

"Certainly. Now that this man seems to have decided upon harsh measures against you—pardon me, Miss Pauline, but you need a protector," and his glance grows ardent.

"I have always been able to protect myself very well up to this time," she replies, rather coldly.

"Nevertheless, unless you order me away, I am going with you to Mexico. I mean to see the last of Senor López, and checkmate him at his game. May I go, Pauline?"

She laughs merrily.

"You decide first, and then ask permission. Yes, you may go. There now it is late. Good-night, gentlemen."

CHAPTER XII.

The Message Miss Pauline Did Not Receive.

There is nothing for it but to obey, and the two gentlemen depart for their rooms, which is not a great way off, the colonel in a transport of delight, while Dick is feeling rather jaded himself.

The last night in Paris has turned out to be quite an adventurous one. Only a few more hours remain before day must come. Dick sleeps uneasily—he has before his mind the imposing figure of the New York girl, who came alone at the most dismal hour of the night to warn him of sudden danger. What though it was too late—her intentions were all the same.

No wonder he cannot sleep as of yore—his days and nights of bachelor freedom and ease are numbered with the past—henceforth he must experience the ups and downs that mark the life of one who loves a woman—one hour raised to the pinnacle of delight because she coos, the next dropped into the pit of despair because she frowns.

Good-by, Dick Denver, happy-go-lucky, good-natured, free-and-easy bachelor; enter the sighing, daring and determined lover, eager to win a smile from the being he adores, ignoring most things that formerly went to make up his existence, in the race for a wife.

The balance of the night passes quietly, and with the rising of the sun the gentlemen are astir.

Colonel Bob examines himself in the glass, and sees that a barber may remedy the work of the flames, so he hastens to find one.

Dick meanwhile seeks the scene of the previous night's conflagration, and in the house across the way finds his portmanteau, together with that of his comrade.

Thanks to the foresight of the colonel in locking them, no damage has been done.

Securing a vehicle, Dick has the leather trunks carried to the Grand Continental. Bob turns up presently, looking something like himself. The flames mercifully spared him—for which he cannot be too thankful, for Bob Harlan would feel lost without his hair.

"Pardon," says an attendant, touching Dick's arm, "Mamselle is waiting for ze gentlemen in ze private sitting-room. Zis way, please."

They obey with alacrity, as both of them feel the pangs of hunger. The room is a cozy breakfast parlor, and both Miss Pauline and Dora are there. Dora is more of a companion than a lady's maid, after all, and Miss Westerly treats her as she would a warm friend, which fact, it may be set down for certain, pleases a certain individual known as the Sheriff of Secora County.

Miss Pauline has been reading aloud from the columns of a Paris morning paper, the Figaro, and ravishing Dora's ears with the praise given to the brave American who performed such prodigies of valor in rescuing so many lives.

"So, the conquering hero comes," exclaims the New York girl, as she rises to shake hands with the blushing colonel, who keeps his regards fixed upon Dora most assiduously.

They sit down, and breakfast is served in the way that the Grand Continental is famous for, savory dishes, delicate meats, and food fit for even rich Americans. Over the table they are merry—why not?—all of them are young, and life looks rosy indeed from their standpoint.

They shape their plans for the day, which is to be their last in the French capital, and decide upon the hour of starting for Havre, referring to the time table of the railway, and finding that the evening mail for the coast leaves at 7:40.

If, as they have reason to believe, the castardly outrage, the burning of the lodging house, has been the work of Senor López and those tools who stand ready to aid him, they can imagine the rage of the Mexican when he reads the morning papers, and finds his plotting has been in vain—that where he would have made annihilation sure, he has simply created an opportunity for the American eagle to scream again.

They see and hear nothing of him during the day, but have a conscious feeling that his spies have them under continual surveillance.

During an hour in the afternoon that they have to themselves, Dick and his comrade replenish their stock of firearms. They are go at now to a country where it will be more necessary rather ever to depend upon themselves for protection, and both men know full well the value of good weapons at such a time.

Thus the day wears away.

They all have an early dinner, spread by the hotel management, and paid for by Yankee gold.

Miss Pauline seems a little anxious, as though expecting something that has not come.

At a quarter after six she calls a messenger and delivers a letter.

"If we have left the hotel for the railway station, the one the Havre trains starts from, follow us. A napoleon if you catch us. Should you fail, have the message sent by wire to Havre at my expense."

The messenger bows and hurries away. Dick happens to hear what has been said, and wonders what business of importance Miss Pauline has neglected until the last hour; but he wisely remains silent. It is none of his affairs, he reflects, and yet, later on, upon considering the matter, he comes to the conclusion that perhaps, after all, he did have a little interest in that business.

"All aboard for Mexico!" calls Colonel Bob, as a man announces their carriage waiting.

They rise from the table in some little excitement, and proceed to look after the small things. Travelers of such long experience know just where to find everything, and in a short time their trunks having been sent ahead, they enter the carriage that has come to take them to the railway station.

The gentlemen are very attentive, and look after everything that is necessary—tickets and compartments are secured, the baggage registered, and it is seven o'clock.

Colonel Bob enters the car; he has been walking up and down, enjoying the comforts of a cigar, at the same time casting curious glances upon the people to be seen at a Parisian railway station.

"Well, they're on board," he says, smiling.

"Who is that?" demands Dick, suspiciously.

"Our friends, the enemy."

"It's nothing more nor less than I expected—I suppose they come bag and baggage. The haughty senor——"

"Hay! go, Pauline!"

"And that charming bull-fighter the great and only Barcelona—I always doted on bull-fighters!" remarks the provoking Dora, which remark causes Colonel Bob to grin.

"That isn't all—I have also a bloodhound on my trail, seeking my life—the shadow that has sworn to follow me to perdition, or Mexico, or any other hot place, in order to get even—the hornet that stings so painfully is after me!" he cries.

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(To be continued.)

WOULDN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES.

Darky Determined Dog Should Not Even Gum Him.

This is told as a true story by M. M. Kent, a Boston business man, who formerly lived in the South, where servants were generally negroes:

One day he sent a bundle in care of a negro to be delivered in the suburbs of Washington. Upon approaching the house the negro noticed a dog in the yard, and called as loudly as possible: "Don't let de dawg bite!" After repeated calls a woman came to the door and told him to come to the house.

"No'm, lady; I'se skeered cr dawgs."

"But she dog won't bite you," she answered him.

"I don' know dat, lady; an' I'se jes naturally skeered cr dawgs," he returned.

"But he can't bit you. Why, the poor dog is so old he hasn't a tooth in his head."

"Dat's all right, lady, but I don' want him to even gum me."

Getting the Business Done.

A few years ago, before the Australian ballot system was in use in election primaries, Attorney General William H. Moody, who was then a lawyer at Haverhill, created no end of amusement by a remark that was immediately turned into a joke and which has clung to the cabinet member ever since.

In those days the "slate" was usually made out before the caucus by the party leaders, and in this particular case "Bill" Jeffers had been selected to present the "slate" to the assembled voters. It was new business for Jeffers, and he became a trifle nervous when he secured the floor. He had the list of names of the delegates in his hand, which he held in his hands as he stood up to address the chairman. But, in his nervous plight he seemed unable to read the names and stillness reigned for a few moments, while he endeavored to gain control of his vocal organs.

Mr. Moody was standing in the rear of the room, and after some time had been wasted by Jeffers in trying to gain his power of speech, Mr. Moody addressed the chair, saying: "Mr. Chairman, I move that the list of names in Bill Jeffers' hat be nominated," and it was, amid suppressed laughter.—Boston Herald.

Plummer's Odd Passenger.

Some years ago, when the late Albert Plummer of Stillwater, Me., was postmaster, and also stage driver from Stillwater to Orono, he was doing his stable work one morning when in came a young fellow called Henry, who was well known for being simple, to engage a passage down on the stage in the morning of the next day for himself and a young lady he was going to take to the circus at Bangor.

He hardly knew how to tell Mr. Plummer about the young lady. After waiting a while he said: "Mr. Plummer, I want to go down with you in the morning." "All right," said Mr. P., "I will call for you." Henry hung around the stable awhile, and finally he said: "Well, Mr. Plummer, there is another young lady wants to go, too."

Where the Money Went.

Candidates for the British parliament who have won or lost in the general elections are now engaged in sending in the returns of their election expenses, as provided by the corrupt practices act, for publication in a parliamentary Blue Book. British law insists upon explicitness in these returns, and candidates cannot follow the example of the member in the 70s who, in being asked by the managers of the party organization by which he was backed for particulars of a sum of money intrusted for him, sent the following reply:

"Received £500

"To one quire of note paper, 6d.

"You know what I did with the rest."

On Field of Princeton

Skirmish That Played Important Part in the Struggle for American Independence

(Special Correspondence.)

Few realize that an insignificant skirmish Jan. 3, 1777, gave the battlefield of Princeton more significance than any other revolutionary field, save Saratoga and Yorktown. Long Island, Fort Washington, Charles Lee's treachery and the retreat through the Jerseys had left to the American leader the merest wreck of a beaten and dissolving army; and when the confident Cornwallis arrived at Trenton with his 8,000 disciplined troops congress and the country expected hourly the tidings that Washington's little band had been captured or annihilated and the war ended.

The disaffection of the troops and the languor of both soldiers and citizens were such as to prompt the remark of an English historian that no great page of history is so little stamped with heroism as the American revolution. Recruiting was impossible; enlistments were expiring and the country people hastened to safeguard themselves and their property by taking the oath of allegiance to the crown. Nothing but military success could, even momentarily stimulate the dying cause of American independence.

About half a mile farther east, in a ravine south of Mercer street, occurred a second engagement. Here fragments of the 40th and 50th regiments, having escaped from the rout at Stony Brook, rallied and opposed the American advance under Gen. Sullivan. The scene of this action was just a little southwest of the present seminary grounds. The stand made by the English was only momentary. In a few moments Sullivan scattered them, the major portion fleeing over the line to the New Brunswick road, while about 200 of the 40th took refuge in the college Old North. A few shots were fired into the building and the English surrendered. The Americans proceeded eastward along Nassau street, and their car was passing Queenstown when the head of Cornwallis' main column reached Mercer battleground, two miles to the west. When they reached Princeton, a field-piece, mounted in a small intrenchment opposite the present site of the inn, was fired by some straggler, and Cornwallis halted for an hour or so to reconnoiter, thus making possible Washington's escape. Resisting the temptation to risk his dwindling force by a march on New Brunswick, where Cornwallis' stores and military chest offered a tempting bait, the American commander turned and thence proceeded with his men to the hills around Morristown.

Pillaged by British.

The battle of Princeton does not comprise the entire revolutionary history of the town. Morven, on Stockton street, next the inn, was pillaged by the English early in December, 1776, and was at one time Gen. Howe's headquarters. The house was built very early in the sixteenth century by John Stockton, and has remained in the family ever since. In 1776 it was the residence of Richard Stockton, one of the signers of the declaration of independence. The residence of another "signer" is in Witherspoon street, about a mile north of where President John Witherspoon built a residence in 1773. Tusculum, as it was called, was also used as British headquarters in 1776-7, and in 1789 Washington spent a night in the house en route to New York to take the oath as president.

"The Barracks," an old stone house on Edgehill street, is the oldest building in Princeton. It is supposed to be the original Stockton mansion. It was used for soldiers' quarters both in the French war and in the revolution, hence its name.

Lockey says: "It seemed at this time almost certain that the American revolution would prove collapsed." A march of ten miles, a skirmish of an hour or less and the opportunity was gone; the Jerseys were cleared of British troops, and England's empire over the thirteen colonies had slipped away. Never again did the American cause appear so hopeless. Princeton, skirmish though it was, was the turning point, the Gettysburg, of the revolution. Of the abandonment of the Jerseys, the same historian says: "A fatal damp was thrown on the cause of the loyalists from which it never wholly recovered."

It is, however, with the field of Princeton, as it now exists, and with the historic relics and memories still to be found in the old town, that we have to do. The battlefield lies roughly in and around what used to be called the "Big Triangle"—that is, the section inclosed by Stockton and Mercer streets, from their junction near the Princeton inn westward, and southwestward to the Quaker road—along—that is, the section inclosed by Stockton streets from part of the old turnpike between New Brunswick and Trenton, the scene of so many marches and countermarches in Washington's Jersey campaigns. About a mile to the west this road makes a curve to the south, and again turning west passes over Stony Brook by a quaint old stone bridge, near Bruere's grist mill, which was built in 1771, and which has been run continuously since.

House in Which Gen. Mercer Died.

Put the English to Flight.

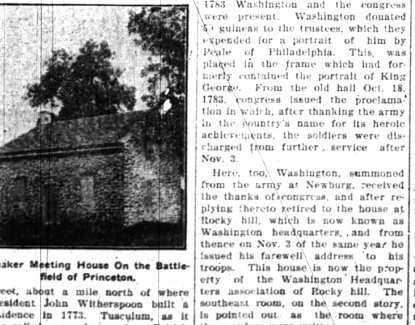
From the crest of the hill to the west the English turned back to meet the American advance, under Mercer, who was espied coming up the Quaker road and along Stony brook. The latter had passed the Quaker church, half a mile away, and, noting the English returning on the double-quick toward the bridge, he succeeded in reaching the top of the swell, to the right, in time to form line of battle. It was near William Clark's house, since demolished, that the first collision occurred. The Americans were driven by a bayonet charge southward to the field, where a pyramid of shells now marks the spot on which Mercer fell. Here Washington came to the relief of his advance, and, assuming command, drove the English in wild flight, the greater part crossing the broad, quiet heading for Trenton; but a portion turned toward Princeton and were accounted for later. Mercer was carried to the house of Thomas Clark, where he died ten days later after intense suffering. What are said to be his bloodstains on the floor of the room where he was first laid are still shown to visitors.

The fight in which Gen. Mercer fell occurred with the lines of the opposing detachments drawn diagonally across the present line of the new turnpike—Mercer street—which did not then exist. The route of the main body of the Americans was northeastward along a farm road, which, roughly speaking, followed the direction which Mercer street now takes. Some of the wounded were carried to the house of Thomas Olden, on the old turnpike. This house is now the gallery of Dunnthwacket, the residence of M. Taylor Pyne. While men were recently making some repairs to the grounds a cannon ball and several grapeshot were dug up and these are now in the possession of Mr. Pyne.

Washington at Princeton.

At the Princeton commencement in 1783 Washington and the congress were present. Washington donated $1,000 to the trustees, which they expended for a portrait of him by Peale of Philadelphia. This was placed in the frame which had formerly contained the portrait of King George. From the old hall Oct. 18, 1783, congress issued the proclamation in which, after thanking the army in the country's name for its heroic achievements, the soldiers were discharged from further service after Nov. 3.

Here, too, Washington, summoned from the army at Newburg, received the thanks of congress, and after replying thereto retired to the house at Rocky hill, which is now known as Washington headquarters, and from thence on Nov. 3 of the same year he issued his farewell address to his troops. This house is now the property of the Washington Headquarters association of Rocky hill. The southeast room, on the second story, is pointed out as the room where these orders were written.



Quaker Meeting House On the Battlefield of Princeton.

Something to Be Thankful For.

"Had a good day?" said one stock broker to another.

The other shrugged his shoulders with a gesture of depression.

"Everything I sold went up, everything I bought went down," he answered in a tone of deepest gloom.

Then the bright side of the situation occurred to him. "Thank goodness, they can't go sideways," he added, with heartfelt thankfulness.—Stray Stories.

CATS PREFERRED TO HUSBANDS.

Chicago School Teacher Gives Reasons for Her Theories.

We forget who it was that coined the phrase, "all big things come from Chicago," but we would like to add that occasionally some big thoughts are also born in that metropolis of the West.

A Chicago teacher, who we may add is at yet heart and husband free, evolved the interesting theory that as a life companion a cat is far more preferable than a man.

After enumerating the faults of an average husband, she proceeded to tell of the high qualities of a cat, and when she came to that part in her curtain when comparisons became necessary, poor husbands had not a leg to stand on.

The three strongest points that she made were that cats trim their own whiskers, never complain and, if they happen to come home late in the wee small hours, they do not invent excuses, and though guilty of misbehavior, they never walk diagonally across the room, chewing a secondrate cigar and vainly endeavoring to make themselves understood.

Well, it seems as if the cats had the better of it, and so far no defender of poor downtrodden man has appeared on the scene.—Exchange.

DISFIGURED WITH ECZEMA.

Brushed Scales From Face Like Powder—Under Physicians Grew Worse—Cuticura Works Wonders.

"I suffered with eczema six months. I had tried three doctors, but did not get any better. It was on my body and on my feet so thick that I could hardly put a pin on me without touching eczema. My face was covered, my eyebrows came out, and then it got in my eye. I then went to another doctor. He asked me what I was taking for it, and I told him Cuticura. He said that was a very good thing, but that he thought that my face would be marked for life. But Cuticura did its work, and my face is now just as clear as it ever was. I told all my friends about my remarkable cure. I feel so thankful I want everybody far and wide to know what Cuticura can do. It is a sure cure for eczema. Mrs. Emma White, 641 Cherrier Place, Camden, N. J., April 25, 1905."

Fashions Slow to Change.

Four generations ago it was customary for professional men to wear muffs, so that it was almost a proverb that "a muff is more than half in the making of a doctor." The umbrella is an invention of a comparatively recent date. A satirical writer in a women's paper in 1756 remarked that Jonas Hanway, who had been seen abroad under the shade of a cotton umbrella, would be well advised, in order to keep himself dry from head to foot, to wear the maid's pattens. Until the nineteenth century had almost dawned the umbrella was practically unknown. In 1797 there was only one umbrella in all Cambridge, and that was kept at a shop and let out like a sedan chair by the hour. In London women carried umbrellas before men had taken to them; but the first umbrellas were heavy, awkward machines, made of oilskin or taffeta.

Beautiful Tasmanian Girls.

For many years Tasmania has been known as the "Circassia of the colonies"—a tribute to the exceptional loveliness of its young women. There have been Tasmanian peeresses, but the pretty Tasmanian girls are mostly in demand as barmaids for Sydney and Melbourne. Some years ago it was elicited in evidence at an official inquiry in Melbourne that Tasmanian barmaids command double the ordinary wages for this kind of work.

Look for Pleasant Things.

There are women, and men, too, for that matter, who are constantly on the lookout for unpleasant things and who after a while form a habit of always looking at the wrong side. Such a trait should be nipped in the bud as soon as it threatens to gain a headway, for it not only leads to endless unhappiness on the part of the perpetrator, but makes life miserable for those in their immediate vicinity.

Some Good Advice.

Fear small temptations rather than great ones. These come only now and then; those every day. Beware of being witty at the expense of reverence; sarcastic at the expense of charity; entertaining at the expense of truth; coarse at the expense of purity.

FOOD HELPS.

In Management of a R. R.

Speaking of food, a railroad man says:

"My work puts me out in all kinds of weather, subject to irregular hours for meals and compelled to eat all kinds of food.

"For 7 years I was constantly troubled with indigestion, caused by eating heavy, fatty, starchy, greasy, poorly cooked food, such as are the most accessible to men in my business. Generally each meal or lunch was followed by distressing pains and burning sensations in my stomach, which destroyed my sleep and almost unfitted me for work. My brain was so muddy and foggy that it was hard for me to discharge my duties properly.

"This lasted till about a year ago, when my attention was called to Grape-Nuts food by a newspaper ad. and I concluded to try it. Since then I have used Grape-Nuts daily for every meal, and sometimes between meals. We railroad men have little chance to prepare our food in our caboose and I find Grape-Nuts mighty handy, for it is ready cooked.

"To make a long story short, Grape-Nuts has made a new man of me. I have no more burning distress in my stomach, nor any other symptom of indigestion. I can digest anything so long as I eat Grape-Nuts, and my brain works as clearly and accurately as a engineer's watch, and my old nervous troubles have disappeared entirely." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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

GREAT SCOTT.

The Biggest Man of Addison County, Vt., Tells an Interesting Story.

E. C. Scott, meat dealer, Vergennes, Vt., Past Commander of Ethan Allen Post, G. A. R., says: "A severe attack of typhoid left me with weak kidneys. Every night I had to get up frequently to pass the urine, which was rosy, dark and very painful to void. I had no appetite, but drank water continually without being able to quench my thirst. Terrible headaches and dizzy spells oppressed me and my back was lame, sore and stiff. A month's treatment with Doan's Kidney Pills rid me of this trouble, and now I am strong and healthy and weigh 230 pounds. I give the credit to Doan's Kidney Pills."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Clock Strikes Thirteen.

The clock at the entrance to Lord Ellesmere's estate at Worsley strikes thirteen at 1 o'clock. This peculiarity is due to the Duke of Bridgewater. Noticing many of his workmen loitering around after the noon hour one day, he made inquiries, and was told they had not heard the clock strike one. So he had it fixed so that it would strike thirteen.

Seeing America.

The Passenger Department of the Chicago & North-Western Railway announces that, as a means of increasing the efficiency of the "Seeing America First" movement, round trip tickets will be sold over that line to all Pacific Coast points, good on their fast limited trains, at the rate of $75.00 from Chicago, daily June 1st to Sept. 15th.

Every facility is being provided for in the way of stopovers and other conveniences, and the tourist movement to the Pacific coast, for the coming season promises to show an increase of many thousand people over that of any season ever known.

Jefferson's Cheerful Philosophy.

We spoke of happiness, writes Francis Wilson, in Scribner. "Joy," I said, "was the God of our house hold. No one was permitted to hang crepe on the door of our feelings." "That's the proper way," he made answer. "Happiness is the religion of our family. To begin with, we take all the comic papers. No one is permitted to read aloud, and he is begged not to read, even to himself, about the mangled corpse of the father and the roasted bodies of the babies—subjects with which the daily papers disgustingly teem."

GET RID OF THE GAS

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Strengthen the Stomach and Enable It to Do Its Work.

When the stomach is feeble the food lies in it undigested, decays and throws off poisonous gases that distend the walls of the stomach and cause interference with other organs, especially with the action of the heart and lungs. These gases have other ill effects. The nerves and the brain are disturbed and discomforts such as dizziness, hot flashes, sleeplessness, irritableness and despondency originate from this source.

Experience shows that these troubles vanish just as soon as the stomach is made strong enough to digest the food. In other words, it needs a tonic that will rouse it to do the work of changing the food into nourishment.

Miss Minerva C. Ladd, of Ipswich, Mass., says: "I had a weak stomach from the time I was a little child. Whenever I took hearty food it would cause terrible faintness, and I would finally vomit what I had eaten. At times these would be the most intense pains through the upper part of my body. For days in succession, I would have to lie down most of the time. The distress was often so great that I could hardly bear it, and the frequent and violent belching spells were very disagreeable, too.

"My doctor's medicines gave me little relief and it was not until I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I found a cure. Within three weeks a decided improvement was noticeable. The belching spells were less frequent, the pains through my body were not so intense, my food was retained and after taking the pills for a few weeks longer I found that I was altogether free from the miseries I had so long suffered."

Every dyspeptic should read "What to Eat and How to Eat." Write to Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., for a free copy.

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Relief that comes from the use of pills or other cathartics is better than suffering from the results of constipation, but relief and cure combined may be had at the same price and more promptly, for

Lane's Family Medicine

is a cure for constipation, and the headache, backache, sidache and general debility that come from constipation stop when the bowels do their proper work.

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Was Cured of Rheumatism by the John Discovery. He

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This man says: "For twelve years I suffered terribly with Rheumatism. My back was so affected that I was nearly doubled together, my head and shoulders being lower than my hips. Thanks to the John Discovery, I now walk erect, and though years have elapsed, I have never felt a return of Rheumatism."

If suffering from rheumatism, no matter how long standing, or how many specialists have failed on your case write us a plain, honest letter telling your symptoms, and we will prepare a trial treatment and send it to you by mail, postpaid. Free of all cost. An honest, generous offer to the afflicted. Write today. The John Bonsey Co., Ltd., 307 Main St., Battle Creek, Mich.