MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

By STODDARD DAYTHORNE

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CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

As the day wears on he concludes his business. Nothing has been left undone, and when they start on the succeeding day Miss Westerly will find occasion to congratulate her master of ceremonies upon the skill shown in getting matters into such smooth shape.

So the sun descends the western sky and makes ready to drop behind the mountains that shut in the beautiful valley of Los Remedios. They have seen nothing of the senor all day, and even the Barcelona and the professor manage to keep out of sight.

This is no sign that their movements have not been under surveillance—at various times during the day they have noticed some peon hanging near and acting as though he were a spy, but beyond lowering their voices, they have paid no attention to such facts.

If danger overshadows them, it is apt to appear during the night, though the senor may think it best to leave them alone until they are on their way to the mine. True, the law and order society of the city is a thing that exists only in imagination, and military rule keeps the disorderly element in control more than any force of police, but at the same time the senor may understand that an outrage such as he contemplates could

"It Is a Knockout."

hardly be carried to an end in the City of Mexico without being noticed by the foreign residents and ministers, who might undertake an investigation, and make it warm for those concerned.

On the other hand, should the affair occur in the country, among the wild fastnesses of the mountains, it would be set down as the work of brigands, with whom the region has always been overrun.

This is the way Dick and the colonel look at the matter, but even they do not give their enemy credit for the masterly ingenuity he is capable of showing upon occasion. They may soon find themselves caught in a net that is skillfully cast, and among the meshes of which they may flounder unless they meet a Roland with an Oliver.

The night closes in.

Miss Pauline has learned that a grand concert is to be given on the Alameda, or plaza, during this evening, which will of course be attended by the best people of the good old City of Mexico. She adores music, and has heard it in all climes, from the wandering dervish band in Egypt and Algiers that inflict torture on the educated musical tympanum, so the great Strauss band of Vienna, not to speak of side shows in India, among the Hottentots, the Indians of the West, and the natives of South American countries, for this New York girl has been a great traveler during the last few years of her life, believing that this is a strange world we live in, and that people who have the opportunity ought to see as much of it as possible during their short span of existence.

Whatever Dick may think of the move, he does not say nay. How could a newly accepted lover offer any objection to the desire of his heart's idol in less than twenty hours after she has admitted her love for him. Perhaps it may lead to trouble, but he does not. He believes that if they can ride over the present, and keep their own until the time comes to leave Mexico, that all will be well.

Fortunately Miss Westerly has a man in charge of the mine who will stand no foolishness, and up to this time the opposition has found no opportunity to do damage in that quarter. Mines have been flooded or blown up before now, in order to depreciate the stock.

When supper is over at the hotel, they make ready to issue forth and see what sort of a gathering this ancient City of Mexico can bring out on an occasion when the military band seeks to play patriotic and pleasing airs.

The love for music is almost universal, and well does the poet declare that

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

They can hear and see the people flocking past the hotel even before they issue forth.

"Get ready for a crush," remarks Dick, as Miss Pauline and Dora appear, shawls upon their arms.

"With such gallant protectors, surely we have no cause for fear," comes the quick reply.

The gentlemen have talked the matter over and decided upon their mode of action. One thing is certain, they must keep near each other, for if trouble comes, it will seem all the harder if they are separated. In union there is strength, and this rule holds particularly good when the place is a foreign land, and the crowd is composed of strange people.

Dora is in a tremble with delight and anticipation, for she is fond of music, and besides, it is a great pleasure for her to be in the company of the man she loves.

"I only hope we won't be troubled with that bad, wicked Professor John," she says.

Bob chuckles.

"I thought you were quite taken with that individual at one time," he remarks.

"Oh, that was before I found out what a wretch he is. If he dares to even look at me again, I'll tear his hair out!" and at this Bob roars again and again.

"Apparently you don't know that the professor wears a wig, my dear girl. But don't worry your poor little head about the matter. Your own Bob is able to manage that monster of science. I'm waiting for the chance to come when we can meet face to face. He will make himself scarce, if he's a wise man."

They issue forth, and are soon merged into the crowd that is on the flood-tide now, to ebb later on, when the music is over. Already the open-air concert has begun. It is a night of nights, when Pedro Gomez, the leader of the band, has promised to outdo all previous efforts and give a program to please the most exacting

"I thought I saw Senor Lopez," remarks Pauline.

"Alone?"

"Juanita was with him, that strange girl, in whom the good and evil seem struggling for the mastery. I should fear her, perhaps, under the circumstances, but something seems to prevent me. Where I should hate, I am forced to love."

These strange words annoy Dick somewhat. He ponders over them again and again, as if he would endeavor to see what influences cause such an expression, but it baffles him. More than once he appears about to grasp the shadowy substance, but it seems to melt away in thin air, and he feels as though he had been chasing a will-o'-the-wisp across some deep vale or country churchyard.

Now they reach the Alameda, the plaza is filled with people. In the middle, upon the platform, Pedro Gomez, the most favored leader south of the Rio Grande, waves his baton, and his military band play in a manner that no capital need be ashamed of. Much of the music is local or Spanish—a bright fandango or a more sober polka—a national tune, or some air unknown to foreign ears, but which has a pleasant ring when executed by well-drilled Mexican musicians.

Dora is delighted; her feet keep time to the music, and she hums the airs as though they are quite familiar to her. Given the opportunity, she would dance in a minute.

Bob has had his eyes about him. He feels uneasy.

There is something in the strange, weird music, the crowds of dark-faced people, and the very atmosphere that seems to warn him that danger is afoot—enemies hovering near. He does not imagine the fact, but knows that evil eyes are upon them all the while.

So Colonel Bob, always ready, keeps his right arm free, and much of the time his hand is upon a weapon which he can draw in an instant, with more speed than the average man, for a sheriff in a Western state has to be a man who can shoot while the desperado across the room is drawing back the hammer.

And on this night, on the Alameda, is formed the compact against the two comrades—men meet Senor Lopez, and shake his hand, receiving money, in some cases, and always a sign that is to mark them as members of the clique, or league.

More than once desperate men, armed with the national knife, the cuchillo, haunt the footsteps of the two Americans, anxious to earn the rich reward offered; for the Mexican senor, having been baffled so many times in his efforts to make Pauline a prisoner, so that he may force her to sign away her rights with regard to the great El Dorado Mine, and always through the instrumentality of these men, has descended the scale, and sunk all respect for his honor. He realizes that he will never be allowed to do his will so long as the Americans are alive; hence they must bite the dust.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Bullfighter Accepts a Challenge.

Dick has a peculiar sensation of uneasiness, and yet at the same time he is bound to confess that he feels far happier than ever before in all his life. There is a charming sense of full ownership concerning the lovely girl who clings to his arm—she has confessed that she loves him, and although they are too sensible to act like a pair of spooney lovers, they experience the same delight, not to be described in cold words, that comes to all who feel the holy passion.

As in the case of Colonel Bob, this does not cause Dick to forget his resolution to remain continually on the qui vive, as danger hovers near. It is a peculiar situation, but at some future time, when these war clouds have sunk forever beneath the horizon they can afford to indulge in love's young dream without one thought of danger.

Now he sees the dark countenance of Barcelona, and the look which the bullfighter gives him is enough to warn even a more careless man than Dick that peril menaces him. He has already made up his mind that if an assault is made upon them openly on the Alameda, he will, with Bob's assistance, standing back to back, make the Mexicans recall the famous days of the Alamo, when Texans piled a rampart of the slain around them ere finally yielding up the ghost—men whose names and memories have been revered in Texan history as heroes and patriots.

He has also made up his mind that under such circumstances his first bullet will be for Tordas Barcelona, as he recognizes in this individual the man who would do him the most harm. If the wily senor is in sight he may come in for the second lead-en messenger, unless Bob has already put a quietus upon him.

The hours grows later.

Still the music continues; indeed Gomez and his band seem to have kept their best work until now. Miss Pauline and Dora do not think of retiring from the plaza, and the gentlemen would not hint at such a thing, because they are not in the habit of showing the white feather. In this case, of course, it might be justifiable, as they are considering others besides themselves, but all the same they make no proposal looking toward a return to the hotel.

Nor does the crowd thin out. It is a gala occasion among the good people of the city, and they take advantage of the occasion. With plenty of stirring music, a cigar and beauty at their side, the average Mexican citizen is happy enough not to envy a king.

Dick is fully awake when he feels something dig him in the ribs—of course it is the elbow of the man from New Mexico, who desires to attract his attention, and as he passes by he bends his head to mutter:

"The wolves are closing in, pard. When it comes to the point make lead count."

(To Be Continued.)

Anti-Semitism Marks Nation's Decline

By DR. EMIL G. HIRSCH.

One of the proofs that the ideals of liberty are on the wane in this country is the ominous note of anti-Semitism in much that is said and written about the Jew by persons who are loud in their professions of Americanism. Anti-Semitism and slavery always go hand in hand. Wherever in the course of history we find persecution of the Jew there we find abject slavery of the masses of the people. So this rising tide of anti-Semitism in this boasted free country is simply one of the unmistakable signs of the national decadence.

There are other signs—many of them. For instance, there is the worship of the golden calf, representing the people's devotion to money making. The sale of an overcoat or a pair of pantaloons with small profit is regarded by them as of infinitely more importance than going to the polls to cast a ballot for the preservation of the nation's liberty. The truth seems to be, as is charged of late in many quarters, that the so-called "best Americans" are tired of a democracy. There are indications that they would like to have an aristocracy here.

Persecution of the Jew would be certain to become intensified if American liberty should be overthrown. It has been shown through all history that the worst persecutors of the Jews were the slaves and serfs of feudal lords or industrial and political oppressors. It is not pleasant to have among us as one of the striking evidences of national degeneration this spectacle of incipient but well-defined national anti-Semitism. But the destiny of the Jew cannot be defeated. He has an intellectual if not a political or national mission. That mission is to humanize the world—to altruize it and bring about the reign of righteousness in a glorious millenial resurrective period of the true brotherhood of man.

SCHOOL GIRL'S CHUM

WAYS IN WHICH SELECTION IS MADE.

Schoolgirls Refuse to Have Their Chums Selected by Mothers or Teachers—Congenial Spirits Naturally Drawn Together — Close Friends Always Have the Same Standard of Honor—An Impressionable Maid Whose Friends Influenced Her Vocabulary—Enthuse Over Your Friends—Take Pride in Your Chum's Triumphs.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"Choosing partners" sounds as if we were going to play a game, and, in fact, that is just what we are doing every day of our lives. Whether we are in school or at home, busy or idle, happy or sorrowful, we are always playing the great game that begins when we are babies and goes on till we are grandmothers.

It is very funny, isn't it, to think of ever being a grandmother, when one is only 14 or 15, or may be younger? But I have been looking at the picture of a girl who is a grandmother, a picture taken when she was a schoolgirl, with dancing eyes and coal-black hair and merry dimples, when she was as gay and light-hearted as any of you. She wore a yellow silk frock, and a black silk apron with pockets and ruffles, a ruffled silk handkerchief over her shoulders, and she had a little bonnet tied under her chin. It was a droll way of dressing, but it was the fashion then, and it looked as pretty as your fashions do now.

It is always the face that matters most, and fashions have little to do with the looks of sweet girls. This girl has never lost her beauty, nor her trick of smiling with dimples that chase one another over her face, and she is a bewitching grandmother and fairy godmother to a bevy of young people.

Choosing partners was what I thought of when I looked at her, for she was one that everybody wanted to choose. She had her chums, and her comrades, and generally there was one a wee bit dearer than the others.

On the day that school opens there may be 60 girls in a class, and they may be total strangers one to another. But very soon they will drift into groups and into circles of threes and fours, and finally you will see them walking home together or strolling about the playground or the campus, two and two. Nothing is so unnatural in a schoolgirl as to have no friends. Our friendships mean a great deal to us when we are growing up, a great deal more than older people dream.

To share one's desk or one's room with a disagreeable girl, or with a girl who is not in sympathy with one, is a real misery. The next worst thing is to have a chum forced on one whom she will occasionally a teacher insists on putting together two girls who belong apart. The result is seldom blissful. Once in awhile a mother makes the mistake of harping on the grace and the admirability and the cleverness of Maude or Mabel to Mary and Jane, who very probably wish nothing to do with either of the paragons. There is no surer way of antagonizing a girl and setting her against somebody else than the way of continually praising the somebody and showing off her good qualities at the expense of the other.

I remember two girls who ought to have been the best of friends, but who were driven into a condition very much like enmity, because the one was forever held up to be the other as a bright and shining example.

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We have to choose our partners on the road. We do it in the schoolroom, we do it in the playground, we do it everywhere. Our partners and chums are the ones who best suit us. They do not misunderstand us. We do not have to talk with them all the time, or entertain them, or make any particular effort to be pleasing, when in their society. They and we may sit in silence for hours, and yet have a very good time.

Our friends are our best helpers. They may not always like the same studies and the same recreations, but there is one thing in which they do not differ from ourselves; they will have the same standards of honor. A truthful girl cannot make a friend of a boy who is not an honest girl associate on familiar terms with one who cheats. You will never find two girls united in strong friendship when one is coarse and vulgar and the other modest and refined.

In friendship like attracts like. There has to be similarity of principle and motive. You and your partner must both be sincere, both try to do the best for which you are capable, and both combine to help one another toward the best things. Unless this is so you may be acquaintances, but you cannot be partners.

Without our knowledge we gain or lose through our friendships. There is Janet who is very easily impressed. I can tell at a glance with what girls Janet has been associating when she comes to see me, after the absence of a week or a month. If she has been very much with Hildah she drops her final g's and says mornin' and evenin' instead of morning and evening. If Sarah has been her chief companion, she has adopted the broad a and uses it unsparingly. If Mildred has been her partner for the time, she has long o's and rolling r's in her vocabulary. Very few girls take the color of the last girl they have been with as Janet does. She will do this all through life, for Janet's soul is an instrument that responds as the keys on the piano do to every touch.

Her cousin is in contrast to this and belongs to an entirely different type. She is an up and down sort of girl, who stands on her own feet, and receives comparatively little from other people. The teachers say that Janet is a more receptive pupil than Marjorie and much more easily taught. Marjorie's own mother often wishes that she were more flexible and less self-centered. She needs a partner with a personality strong enough to outside influences, but it will not be easy for her to find an chose a mate.

Do not let anybody laugh at you because you are enthusiastic in friendship. Do not let anyone make a jest of the happiest and best thing that comes into your youthful lives. The friendships of the schoolgirl may last always, or may be forgotten a few years hence. What becomes of them hereafter is of no moment at this time, the important thing is that you shall have friends with whom you can talk and study, who will share your ambitions and guard your innocent secrets and help you play the game to advantage, where you are now. Do not let anyone come between you and your dearest friend. Avoid envy and jealousy, and if your friend is better than you and gains more prizes and reaches a higher mark in the class, take pride in what she does and be above anything mean or petty on your own account. Your partner's triumphs are your own.

I am glad to note that schoolgirls are democratic. They never choose a partner because her father is rich, or her uncle is famous, or decide against one because they never heard of her people. They care nothing whatever about her dress, but they do care about her manners and her ways. Personality counts for much with schoolgirls. They are careless about social distinctions, but they choose for friends those they love best.

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THE SUMMER GIRL

Variety of Crowns and Brims This Year, Many So Stiff They Need Soft Trimming.

There does not seem to be any hard and fast rule as regards the size and shape of crowns and brims. There are the round medium sized crowns, with narrow straight brims; the rather high crown, with wide curved brim; the soft low crown, with wide turned up brim, and so it goes through the long category of different shapes and effects, while in the different weaves of straw there is an endless variety to choose from. One serious trouble to be guarded against in the spring millinery is to be found in its too hard and severe effects, for there are no end of stiff, hard looking hats, that, while they are certainly smart, are not by any means invariably becom-

THE COQUETTISH TIP.

ing. These are always to be seen among the first spring models, and while, they are eminently suitable to wear with the tailor gowns, they are so severe in outline that they should be most carefully purchased. The only time favorite known as the English walking hat appears among this style, but somehow the straw seems more unyielding and stiffer than it did in other days, and the hat needs soft trimming of feathers or plaiting of ribbon or tulle to be in the least becoming.

The turban and the toque are also old favorites and reappear anew every season with only some slight change to make them up to date. In soft straws or crin these are charming this year, and the trimming, whether of flowers or of ostrich tips, softens the outlines and makes them universally becoming and attractive. In pale colors, such as gray, light tan—this last a trying color, be it always remembered—red, pink, blue or green, there are exquisite shades, while the trimmings make the hat look delightfully springlike without being at all heavy—a fault often encountered when there is so much trimming on a hat.

TOO MUCH FUNNY BUSINESS

Kentucky Bridegroom Who Didn't Believe in Kissing in Public.

A well-known Kentuckian tells of a marriage ceremony that a justice of the peace in the Blue Grass state was hurriedly called upon one day to perform.

It appears, relates Success Magazine, that the bridegroom, a big mountaineer very roughly dressed, had brought his prospective bride with him to the office of the clerk of the court, thinking to secure his license and have the ceremony performed at one visit. When his license had been duly granted the mountaineer asked if there was a justice of the peace then in the court house who could tie the knot. Upon being advised by the clerk that he himself was a justice of the peace and that he was willing to join the two lovers, the bridegroom said:

"Waal, then, we're ready; go ahead!"

"But you'll have to secure two witnesses," smilingly observed the clerk and justice, "before I can proceed."

At this the mountaineer demurred, saying that he did not care for witnesses. Nevertheless, he was convinced in a moment that this formality was an indispensable one, and accordingly the necessary witnesses were procured and the ceremony began. When the couple had promised to love, obey, etc., together with the rest of the service, the justice of the peace, quite innocently observed that the bridegroom should "kiss the bride."

Thereupon the mountaineer exhibited fresh impatience at the exactions of the official. "Look here!" he exclaimed, angrily, "it seems to me that you're draggin' in a lot of funny business in this weddin'. Why, I kissed her before we came in!"

Sacks Under the Eyes.

Worry, loss of sleep and constitutional trouble will cause these sacks under the eyes. Find the cause and

TO THE AMATEUR NURSE.

Some Excellent Bits of Advice That Well Might Be Followed by Professionals as Well.

Never trouble a patient with questions about food; the effort of making a decision is a strain upon an invalid. The aim should be to provide some small surprise at meal times, if possible, to stimulate the appetite.

It is always unwise to allow a patient to get into the habit of inquiring what the clinical thermometer registers each time it is used. A rise in temperature may make a nervous person very uneasy and thereby increase the fever considerably.

If possible, choose a room facing south or southwest for a sick person, provided it is quiet and away from street noises. A northern aspect should be avoided. Do not allow the bed to face the light, as this is tiring to both brain and eyes.

The bed should not be too broad. Three feet six inches is wide enough, as it is then an easy matter to lift and turn the patient from either side.

The floor of the sick room should be wiped over every day with a cloth wrung out in water and some good disinfectant.

A nurse should take special pains to be scrupulously clean and neat in her dress. Trifling details which may pass unnoticed in ordinary life loom large on the patient's limited horizon.

Remember, too, that unending tact and patience must be exercised with a sick person, for weariness and irritability are the accompaniments of illness, especially in the early stages of convalescence.

When talking to a patient a nurse should always stand or sit where the former has not to strain the eyes in order to see clearly, few things being more irritating than to have to lie in a twisted position with the head at an uncomfortable angle, so as to follow what is said.

In cases of long illness, the nurse should spare herself as much as possible, husbanding her strength not only for the time when her powers of endurance may be tried to the utmost, but for the period of convalescence, when, perhaps, her untiring service is most in demand by the invalid.

Rest is very important to the amateur nurse, and four hours unbroken sleep are worth much more to her than a whole night of disturbed anxious slumber. It is much better to divide the night into watches if there is more than one member of the family available, than to try to be more or less on the qui vive the whole night through.

Nothing is more annoying to a sick person than to be discussed in her presence by one or more of her amateur nurses, and questions as to when the medicine was given, how much stimulant was last administered, and so on, should be settled out of earshot of the invalid.—Brooklyn Eagle.

SOCIAL POWER OF WOMEN.

In Every Community There Are Lonely People Who Need the Help of Social Intercourse.

I wonder whether women are making the most of social opportunities. The elevating of social life is one of the greatest problems in our land today and this ennobling work is pre-eminently that of the average woman in every community who leaves her fellowmen and women enough to try to serve them in humble service in that little corner of the great world into which her lot has been cast.

Could women not do something in the time that they now take for whist-playing, which with many women has become a debauch, crowding out all noble inspirations and belittling life, usurping public spirit and civic duty, might they not more widely spend that time in providing entertainment for the people of moderate means who live in your community?

Could they not arrange to get the people together in some unused church or perhaps in their own parlors and by friendly intercourse, led on by some invited speaker, develop a better citizenship in their community?

Social life is in the hands of women and the higher the social position and the larger the wealth the greater the need that something should be done to freshen, culture and bring sunshine to the lives of those who have so little to amuse them.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

MUSHROOM PROVENCALE.

A Very Delicate Way of Serving This Delicious and Nutritious Vegetable.

Take about two pounds of large fresh mushrooms, pare the stalks and wash them in acidulated water, so as to keep them as white as possible, drain on a cloth, cut the heads in several pieces, and drop the stalks, beat a gill of sweet oil in a frying pan, add the sliced heads, fry a light brown, then add a tablespoonful and a half of chopped shallots, two bruised cloves or garlic (if liked) and the chopped stalks; cook again until the moisture has evaporated, drain almost all of the oil off, moisten with two large spoonfuls of tomato sauce and a little melted beef extract; season with salt, white pepper and a dash of cayenne; boil two minutes; mix well by tossing the mushrooms, finish with lemon juice and chopped parsley.

Pour into a vegetable dish, surround with heart-shaped croutons fried in oil and serve hot.—Elizabeth Pyewell.

Pique Coats.

I think the pique coats with wide shoulder capes are the most attractive for a little child. The capes are scalloped and worked in the buttonhole stitch, and the small turnover collars are finished in the same manner. Large polka dots, embroidered above the scallops in the solid satin stitch, have a charming effect. The prettiest hat to wear with this coat is one of pique, scalloped around brim and crown, and having the crown buttoned to the brim. You can work a little wreath in the solid or eyelet embroidery on the brim, or put a row of polka dots to match the coat.

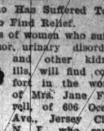
Buttons Fashionable.

Buttons are fashionable and are used in all sizes and shapes. Some of the new ones are of pearl, with a gilt edge, and others are of gilt with a pearl center.

TWICE-TOLD TESTIMONY.

A Woman Who Has Suffered Tells How to Find Relief.

The thousands of women who suffer backache, languor, urinary disorders and other kidney ills, will find comfort in the words of Mrs. Jane Farrell, of 606 Ocean Ave., Jersey City, N. J., who says: "I reiterate all I have said before in praise of Doan's Kidney Pills. I had been having heavy backache and my general health was affected when I began using them. My feet were swollen, my eyes puffed, and dizzy spells were frequent. Kidney action was irregular and the secretions highly colored. To-day, however, I am a well woman, and I am confident that Doan's Kidney Pills have made me so, and are keeping me well."



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

CLOTHES AND CONDUCT.

Addison could not write his best unless he was well dressed.

Every man and every woman feels the influence of clothes and appearance upon conduct.

Indeed, in a millennium of free clothes of the latest fashion we shall all be archangels.

You have heard of the lonely man in the Australian bush who always put on evening dress for dinner, so that he might remember he was a gentleman.

Put a naughty girl into her best Sunday clothes, and she will behave quite nicely. Put a blackguard into khaki and he will be a hero. Put an omnibus conductor into a uniform and he will live up to his clothes.

LIMB RAW AS PIECE OF BEEF.

Suffered for Three Years with Itching Humor—Cruiser Newark U. S. N. Man Cured by Cuticura.

"I suffered with humor for about three years off and on. I finally saw a doctor and he gave me remedies that did me no good, so I tried Cuticura when my limb below the knee to the ankle was as raw as a piece of beef. All I used was the Cuticura Soap and the Ointment. I bathed with Cuticura Soap every day, and used about six or seven boxes of Cuticura Ointment. I was thoroughly cured of the humor in three weeks, and haven't been affected with it since. I use no other Soap than Cuticura now. H. J. Myers, U. S. N., U. S. S. Newark, New York, July 8, 1905."

Locating the Blame.

"My dear," said the trusting wife, "I don't think your rules of economy are any good."

"You don't?" asked the fond husband.

"No," she replied, bending anew over the column of figures in her beautifully bound expense book. "You told me the way to save money was not to buy things—that thus we would save the amount the goods would have cost us. So I have been careful to set down the exact price of everything I have wanted to buy but felt I could not afford. I find, in adding it up, it amounts to $536, but I only have $4.37 in cash on hand. There must be something wrong with your theory.—Stray Stories.

Deduction by Analogy.

"Mamma, I've got a stomach ache," said Nelly Bly, six years old.

"That's because you've been without lunch. It's because your stomach is empty. You would feel better if you had something in it."

That afternoon the pastor called, and in the course of conversation, remarked that he had been suffering all day with a very severe headache.

"That's because it is empty," said Nellie. "You'd feel much better if you had something in it."—American Spectator.

Retort Courteous.

"This bread," remarked young Wedderly at the breakfast table, "is nothing like that bread my mother made."

"And you," quickly replied Mrs. Wedderly, "are nothing like the man my father was."—Chicago Daily News.

BREAD DYSPEPSIA.

The Digesting Element Left Out.

Bread dyspepsia is common. It affects the bowels because white bread is nearly all starch, and starch is digested in the intestines, not in the stomach proper.

Up under the shell of the wheat berry nature has provided a curious deposit which is turned into diastase when it is subjected to the saliva and to the pancreatic juices in the human intestines.

This diastase is absolutely necessary to digest starch and turn it into grape-sugar, which is the next form, but that part of the wheat berry makes dark flour, and the modern miller cannot readily sell dark flour, so nature's valuable digester is thrown out and the human system must handle the starch as best it can, without the help that nature intended.

Small wonder that appendicitis, peritonitis, constipation and all sorts of trouble exist when we go so contrary to nature's law. The food experts that perfected Grape-Nuts food knowing these facts, made use in their experiments of the entire wheat and barley, including all the parts, and subjected them to moisture and long continued warmth, which allows time and the proper conditions for developing the diastase, contained in the bran coats.

In this way the starchy part is transformed into grape-sugar in a perfectly natural manner, without the use of chemicals or any outside ingredients. The little sparkling crystals of grape-sugar can be seen on the pieces of Grape-Nuts. This food therefore is naturally pre-digested and its use in place of bread will quickly correct the troubles that have been brought about by the too free use of starch in the food, and that is very common in the human race to-day.

The effect of eating Grape-Nuts ten days or two weeks and the discontinuance of ordinary white bread is very marked. The user will gain rapidly in strength and physical and mental