MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

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THE STGEORGE PATHPLOTTER

AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN KIDD, JR." "THE ROAD TO THE NORTH" ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

Again they are in the saddle; two more hours' riding will take them to the mine. They can see smoke rising in the sunny atmosphere, telling of houses in that quarter, though a ridge of the same that contains the wonderful auriferous deposit that has made the name El Dorado known throughout the whole world—conceals them as yet from the gaze of the travelers.

At exactly a quarter to twelve the cavalcade draws up before the mouth of the mine, where they are greeted with cheers by the groups of miners who, having been warned an hour or more before, are awaiting to receive them.

A number of houses have grown up near the opening of the El Dorado—some of them dwelling places for the engineers in charge and their families. Miss Westerly has been rigidly severe in her management of the mine, and there are no liquor joints within a certain radius, in fact, as far as she controls. Besides, the men employed in various positions of trust have been carefully selected, and are especially fitted for their work—most of them are temperance men, and as a natural result those they employ are to be trusted, though of course hypocrites will creep in at times, wolves in sheep's clothing.

Our friends soon make themselves at home; Dora and her mistress are taken into the house of the chief engineer, while Dick and Bob determine to camp with the men for the present, particularly desire to see all that goes on. If the war that was inaugurated on Mexican soil on the Alameda is to be concluded at the El Dorado, they mean to keep posted.

The great mine employs scores of men, and turns out great quantities of the richest ore. Their profits must be close upon the two million mark per annum, the way the mills stamp it out at present. Little wonder under such circumstances that the greedy old Senor Lopez is exceedingly anxious to get control of the whole business; he hopes to turn both streams of gold into his capacious pockets, and thus make himself the wealthiest man in all Mexico.

When Dick and Bob see what is going on at the mine, they do not wonder at the pertinacity of the Mexican in following Pauline across the sea—surely the wealth of Croesus is here disclosed. Guards are everywhere, all heavily armed, and apparently ready to do battle in the interests of the cause they serve. A singular scene, truly, and one the like of which could not be found anywhere else in the world, the soldiers of a government hired out to serve a private interest.

Dick asks quiet questions; it is his desire to discover how much of a hold the Lopez family may have upon the mine, how deep the influence of the wily old strategist has gone. He is surprised at what he learns. Lopez has been at work and secretly controls many of the men. This he learns from the engineer in charge.

There is a surprise in store for Dick and one that makes him uneasy. He is walking among the houses just at sunset, having seen Pauline home after a fatiguing survey of the mine, and declining an invitation to supper from the chief engineer's wife, when he hears his name spoken in a low voice.

"Senor Dick!"

He starts and looks back. Not a living being does he see upon the rough street. Surely he must have dreamed it. He sweeps a hand across his brow and mutters something about his mind playing him a scurvy trick, when again it comes, like a zephyr:

"Senor Dick! at the window!"

Ah, now he comprehends. He looks up and finds himself face to face with the Mexican beauty, Juanita.

How comes the daughter of Lopez here? Dick feels a little shiver pass over his frame as it strikes him that her presence at the El Dorado has something to do with Pauline; he cannot forget, however, that the black-eyed hoyden really did what she could to save his life at the time of the fire in Paris, and that he is thus under obligations to her.

"This is indeed a surprise; I thought you were still in the City of Mexico," he says, after an awkward, embarrassing pause.

"It is nothing new for a Lopez to be here. Once we owned the whole of this great mine. I have seen it many times. I hear you had much trouble on the road, senor."

"Not we; it was the other parties who had the rough time, senorita," he laughs, his good nature coming to the rescue.

"Will you enter and tell me about it?"

He shakes his head; the fly is disposed to be cautious, and gives as an excuse that his comrade will be waiting supper for him; at the same time he rapidly sketches the desperate affair in the Valley los Muertas, and Juanita's head droops up in shame, at the conviction that all this arises from the insatiable desire of her unscrupulous father for more power.

Then, recovering herself, she asks question after question with such rapidity that Dick is kept busy answering, and notes not the lapse of time until he finds he can hardly distinguish the lovely Mexican's features although her face is close to his own.

"I must bid you good night, senorita," he says, hastily, lifting his hat.

"Good night," she murmurs, and as he strides down the rough street she looks after him with a sigh that comes from the heart, looks after him with clasped hands and tears upon the long, drooping eyelashes. It is a picture of misery, of despair, which she presents, and tells only too plainly the story of her woe.

"They would sacrifice him, my hero, my king. They hate—I love. Let them plan, I can defeat." Hate would murder, destroy; but love sacrifices all to save. Yes, I love him so that, Heaven help me, it would save his life for her," and the strange child of passion lets her head drop upon her arms and sobs as though her heart were breaking. She has subdued the worst passions of her nature, and is now seized by a sublime heroism, beside which that of Joan of Arc would pale; she gave her life for those she loved; while this girl-woman stands ready to yield up hers to save for her rival the man she loves.

CHAPTER XXI.

Waiting for an Eruption of the Volcano.

The elements are present for a great drama. As soon as darkness covers the earth, men come dropping into camp. Although there are guards posted, those of course are Mexicans, who secretly sympathize with Senor Lopez, and as it is that individual and his men who come in, no objection is made. Indeed they have no orders to the contrary, and the senor is known to have great interests in the El Dorado.

Once these elements have mingled with the miners, the seed is sown for a revolt. Dick and Bob are spending the evening at the house of the chief engineer, to enjoy the society of those to whom they are so deeply interested, when the order comes in. Upon his face is a look of annoyance—even his wife glances nervously at him, as though she anticipates new trouble.

In the past they have known rough times, these two, for the bad element was in control when John Alexander assumed charge, and he had to war upon it continually in order to climb hate it from the company's works.

So his good wife has learned to know what that frown upon his face means. Dick, too, is soon looking for something of this kind, and at once foresees trouble ahead. He makes an opportunity to see Alexander near the window, while the ladies, assisted by the embittered colonel, always wild over music, search to see in favor of the songs amid the pile the hostess has, which Miss Pauline will soon ravish their ears in warbling.

The head engineer plucks him by the sleeve.

"Trouble coming, he says, in a low, thrilling whisper."

Dick smiles, this real fight for the possession of the mine interests him about as much as it can any one on earth, since he intends to marry the girl who holds the lion's share of the stock, and yet he smiles as though it is a mere nothing.

"Just as I warned you, Mr. Alexander, sir, now that there is a man at the helm, I believe we will have no more trouble."

"You don't believe in a woman's ways, then?"

"Yes, decidedly, in her sphere; but Miss Westerly doesn't understand men and it is hard to tell her everything. She is kind, she is good, and has developed the mine in a wonderful way, but I believe the right man in charge will soon arrange matters so that these uprisings will never occur again," significantly.

"I comprehend; you mean a man would string up a few of these rascals as a warning that the owners of the El Dorado will not put up with such business. We have the man along with us who can do these things in style; Colonel Bob, as sheriff, is just the man for an affair of that kind."

"As I said, sir, once this matter is settled, we shall have no more trouble."

"Let us arrange a plan of action. If, as I believe, they mean to force our hand at once, this night shall see great times at the El Dorado, and I trust the morning sun will look upon us as victors in a just cause. The lesson must be severe; radical. I only hope that that infernal rascal of a Lopez gets in the way of a bullet; it will certainly expedite matters."

"And it wouldn't be a bad thing if that bull-fighter was also laid low; he is the only man I have ever feared."

"Dora Barcelona here! He's after revenge," and Dick quickly relates how he and the Mexican have several times met, the last occasion in the presence of the multitude on the Alameda, and how Torcias, up to date, has had the worst of it.

"He came in just after dark, accompanied by the queerest little man you ever saw."

"That's Professor John—he's after bugs, but I reckon wouldn't be averse to accepting some stock in the El Dorado from the senor for services rendered. Dora! perhaps he now has an eye on Juanita, and hopes to inherit the whole of the Lopez claim," with a laugh at the grotesque Briton making love first to Dora, then to Miss Pauline, and finally to the Mexican beauty, for of all men the scientist is about the least favored with good looks and the qualities that go to make up a hero in the eyes of woman.

"Perhaps you are right, sir, but I can't conceive for the life of me how Miss Lopez, or any other girl for that matter, could see anything in that long-haired little Englishman, who, as you say, hunts bugs for a living. Still, there's no accounting for tastes, they say, and the right woman might come along, and take him under her protecting wing, the party of Miss Pauline will have no more trouble at the mine; on the other hand, should he lose, the

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lady I know Lopez would not give up while he held life."

"He is here."

"No more than I expected; he means to make us further trouble. This time we shall surely end the matter, and Senor Lopez, too."

"Yes, as a sure thing. If a mad wolf were struggling to get at your wife, would you not shoot the animal down on the spot? That's the way I feel about this scheming Mexican; he is planning Pauline injury, and by all the gods of the ancient Aztecs, I will show him no further mercy, were he a dozen times the father of Juanita!"

The engineer looks at him, and feels that he would not like to make an enemy of this man.

"I am ready to take orders, sir," he says, for Miss Pauline has told him that Dick is her betrothed, and anything he says goes; that he will in one way assume charge of the mine.

"You have already done what I asked you? the men you can depend upon have been warned, and are on their guard?" asks Dick.

"They are ready for battle; quiet, well armed, and determined to once more clear out this element that creeps in among them."

"Good! How about the government forces?"

"There are just twenty soldiers here, the rest having gone as an escort with the last load of metal. They are game fellows, but I imagine will not fight against their countrymen. They are here for a certain purpose, and will not take sides in a family quarrel. At least, that is the impression I have gained from a talk with Captain Laguerre, who is in charge."

"Then we'll count them out. How many men do you depend upon?"

"Twenty-three, counting myself."

"That means twenty-five in all. We can do wonders, Mr. Alexander, if we fight in company. I am surprised though, that with three we brought, the force is so small."

"No more than myself. I did not dream how many parasitic men had drifted into the mine again until I went to count noses, and then I realized that a steady influence had been at work all the while, with a certain object in view. We will do what we can to remedy matters; and, pardon me, sir, but there is a man at the helm, I believe we will have no more trouble."

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Lopez side will gain the complete ascendency.

He shuts his teeth in the way that marks his wonderful determination, and says in a manner that impresses Mr. Alexander decidedly:

"We must win!"

Then the two men get to talking of the ways and means that may be employed in order to accomplish their purpose, and here it is that Dick gets the advantage of the chief engineer's remarkable powers of observation and organization.

Between them they manage to arrange matters so that they must work well, and the Lopez party will no doubt be surprised to find their movements at least suspected if not quite forestalled.

Then the ladies call upon them, and they are compelled to advance to the piano to join in the music; but as John Alexander does not sing, he takes a large share of the warmth and slips unnoticed from the room.

Presently Miss Westerly corners her lover; Bob and Dora are engaged in a delightful examination, with the assistance of their hostess, of a book of views of the country around, the in terior of the mine by flash-light, and scores of points of interest. These Alexander himself has taken, he being a first class amateur photographer.

When Dick Denver looks into the calm orbs of Miss Pauline, he reads there a wonderful story. She knows there is something on the tapis, for although Dick imagines his conversation with Alexander has been unnoticed, and that his manner is as calm and unruffled as possible, he cannot hide his serious thoughts from the New York girl.

She asks plain questions; he is bound to answer, and thus Pauline learns all. She looks grave, troubled.

"I shall, after this, hand over the control of the mine to you, and let it be known that I have charge no longer. Perhaps they will cease to plot and scheme when it is publicly known that a man is in charge," she says.

"I have a better plan," he whispers, with a furtive glance in the direction of the trio, who, however, have ceased to pay any sort of attention to the couple near the window.

(To Be Continued.)

CONCERNING DRESS

LOOK OUT WELL FOR HEALTH —ABOUT DAINTINESS.

A Schoolgirl's Thin Waist That Invited Pneumonia—If You Would Have Soft, Beautiful Hair, Go Without Hats in the Hot Months—Change Your Out-of-Door Shoes for Others as Soon as You Are Indoors — Dainty Underclothing Characterizes the Refined Schoolgirl.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

In order to be healthful, the dress we wear must be suited to the season, the weather and the business we have in hand. We are now in the midst of spring with soft airs, sudden showers, bright sunshine, and every other delightful thing that belongs to the most charming part of the year. But last December, although we had what is called an open winter, there were piercing winds and sullen skies, and much of the time the temperature was somewhere in the neighborhood of the freezing point.

A friend of mine had occasion to take a train one December afternoon from New York to Albany. Midway on the journey the train stopped and among the passengers who stepped aboard was a pretty girl with a jacket over her arm, no hat on her head, and protected from the weather only by a thin shirt-waist, with short sleeves. The shirt-waist was dainty and pretty and trimmed with lace and embroidery, but nevertheless, on that day and in that atmosphere, the girl's dress was an invitation to grippe or pneumonia.

All last winter, any one who chose to look might see beautiful New York girls walking on Fifth avenue, in the afternoon, with furs around their necks while their feet were shod with low shoes and their short skirts left visible the most elaborate open-work stockings. This was certainly not a healthful style of dress. I trust not a single school-girl left her mother's home garbed in so stupid a fashion.

Now that warm weather is here, the problem has less difficulty and the element of protection from cold is eliminated. You are rather better off without hats than with them in summer, unless the sun is blazing and you need to be screened from its direct rays.

If you would like to have thick, soft and beautiful hair, you will run about without a hat whenever you can. Mornings and evenings a jacket may be necessary and a golf cape in the mountains or at the shore is a very comfortable addition to a girl's wardrobe. When sitting out of doors on a summer evening, it is always well to have a wrap and either a golf cape, a railway rug or one of those sensible looking silk hoods and pockets made so neatly by our shaker friends, will fill the need to perfection.

A schoolgirl's dress should be well fitting and its weight hanging from the shoulder, should never be allowed to become an impediment. An elderly lady whose girlhood was passed 50 years ago, in a southern state, tells me that she remembers, when every girl's mother did her best to squeeze her daughter's waist into very small compass, and that a girl sometimes wore tied around that same slender waist eight or nine very stiffly starched petticoats at the same time. It was small wonder that the girls of those days too often went into a decline and early faded out of existence. Those who survived were delicate and fainted away at any slight shock, had very precarious appetites, and would have been amazed at the rude health of the girls of our time.

Whatever you do, girls, be sure that you have ample room to breathe. Any form of dress that contracts your powers of breathing is unhealthful and far from beautiful. For all-round wear, few fashions exceed in common sense the loose costume insisted upon in the gymnasium; with a little more length in the skirt, and it is permissible when one is playing basket-ball, running or jumping, this dress is ideal for the schoolroom. For walking, and every school-girl should take a long walk every day as a matter of course, the only healthful dress is one that easily and thoroughly clears the ground.

* * * *

You girls who read this possess a great advantage over girls who lived a century ago. I suppose it is hard for you to realize that women who were they still on the earth, would be more than a century old, were once girls like yourselves. They had pretty hard times under the regime then in vogue, for they often had to spend hours lying flat on their backs, strapped fast to a board in order that they might be perfectly straight and, when they did not recline in this tortured fashion, they were usually compelled to be uncomfortable, for they had to sit or walk with a stiff board fastened to their shoulders. In the end, most of them gained what is a great beauty for any girl—a flat back and a graceful carriage of the head—but they did not usually have such health as you are born to possess.

They wore wretchedly thin shoes with soles like paper, pointed toes and no heels. The roads in those days were muddy and the girls were afraid to go out when it rained. Their dresses were of muslin, close and clinging, with baby waists that ended under the arm-pits, and in the house and for most of the year the girls wore either turbans or caps of muslin and lace trimmed with flowers, velvet and ribbon.

Your fashions are less picturesque, but are really freer and better adapted to your tramping out of doors in rain and sun, and to your varied occupations when in the house.

A girl who would like to be splendidly well must always wear shoes that are neither too loose nor too tight. A shoe that wobbles about and does not nicely fit the foot, is as little to be desired as one that distorts it by cramping and pinching and crushing the toes together, or otherwise deforming one of the prettiest features of the body.

A chiropodist told me one day that in his opinion nearly all dealers in shoes hired lunatics for salesmen.

I said: "Isn't that an extreme statement?"

"Not at all," he said, "if you could only see the feet that I do, the young girls who have bunions and corns and hobble about in shoes never intended by Nature for their wearing, the older women whose feet were ruined before they were 16, you would understand what I mean. Of course," he added, "if everybody had sense enough to adopt hygienic shoes, with broad soles and low heels, I should have to choose another profession, for my vocation would be gone."

Never neglect to change your outdoor shoes for indoor ones when you come in, expecting to spend the evening at home. The shoes last longer and the feet feel better if this precaution is regarded.

I have not said anything about underclothing, because most girls wear what is most agreeable to the skin, and are influenced in their choice by the judgment of their mothers. Whatever you adopt, notice that it should frequently be changed and be careful to have it good of its kind. Dainty underclothing is one of the characteristics in dress of refined and fastidious girls.

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Empire Lamp Shades.

The Empire Craze Has Affected Lamp Shades, But There Must Not Be Too Much Trimming.

Plain green shades for libraries, etc., are also not permitted to escape the Empire craze, although in truth many periods of French decorative art are

A NEW SHADE.

intermingled with the Empire. The green shades are made of plaited satin, silk or paper with a dark tone and finished with heavy gold fringe. For decoration they have two or three tiny gold eagles, set midway between the top and bottom of the shade and the same modest offering of tiny gold Empire wreaths.

Handsome drawing room shades are of shaded flowered silk, heavy in quality and many colored. These shades are trimmed at the top and around the bottom with gold lace in bands, on which are tiny garlands of ribbon work flowers which carry out the design and color of the silk. Another innovation is the trimming of the panelled shades with shirred white gauze ribbon. This is used to outline all the panels and around the top and bottom. One flowered shade made over a pink lining had this ribbon outlining the panels and used to make of braid and fringe in white silk.

Many of these shades, whether of silk, lace, cretonne or paper, have two scant flounces of liberty silk which has been pinched out along the edge hanging down beneath the fringe to its very end. These are used to make the light softer than it would be falling through the fringe alone. The chiffon and very elaborate lace or silk shades are also made with as many fluffy underskirts as a ballet dancer; but it is always a question whether an overelaboration of chiffon is really beautiful on a lamp. After all, it is as a piece of furniture that a lamp must more or less be considered. It needs a certain rigidity of line.

STRAWBERRIES AND INSANE

Eastern Expert Makes Some Interesting Observations on the Subject.

Denver—Do more persons go insane during the strawberry season than at any other period of the year? If so, why?

According to Dr. E. P. Bloomer, a Buffalo physician and alienist of reputation in the east, the statistics regarding the insane of the country in general show that each year there is a marked increase in the number of persons who become insane by the time the strawberry season is well under way. When the fruit disappears from the daily table, he asserts, records of different asylums show the number of cases decreases.

Dr. Bloomer advanced his views on the subject to C. S. Hagar, secretary of the state board of charities and corrections, during a visit to the state house. He is on his way to the Pacific coast to get definite statistics from insane hospitals in California and other western states, and will visit the Colorado asylum on his return journey.

Dr. Bloomer said he was unable to explain why insanity cases should be more numerous during the time when shortcake and berries and cream are in general use, but added that he was firmly convinced there was some peculiar influence exerted on persons of a certain nervous temperament by strawberries. Their effect on some persons physically, he said, was shown to all physicians. Many are unable to eat one dish of strawberries without suffering from a rash which covers the entire body. Dr. Bloomer believes that in the case of some persons the mind is affected instead of the body.

Secretary Haber had never heard the theory before, but declared that the next time he visited the state hospital he would go over the records carefully in search of corroboration of the views of Dr. Bloomer.

LIFE ON THE SHEEP RANGE.

Existence of the Herder Is Sadly Lacking in Diversion, But He Is Well Paid.

The journey of the last two days has been in the solemn stillness of the forest. Hardly has the soft twittering of a bird broken the unending silence. But now the voice or the distant flocks is the undertone that fills the air—it rises and falls in cadences, but is never still, says the Pacific Monthly. There, under the shadow of the pines, is pitched the herder's tent. Company is scarce and therefore valuable, and hardly have his dogs given warning of a stranger than the one solitary figure is strolling towards us. It is quite impossible to forecast the nationality, age, upbringing or condition of this man. Sheep herding is as often a refuge as an occupation. Wages are good, work there is none, food is found, responsibility sits very lightly; through six months of the year this outdoor life involves no hardship. If from one to two weeks' end to the next no living man is in sight to speak to—well, there is the less chance of quarreling, and the dogs are ever at hand, and good company for many hours out of the 24.

But, then, life ever-present sheep. To rise with the sun, get breakfast and then follow the big flock as they slowly feed away from camp. To hear their everlasting "baa," smell the ever-present woolliness, to live, move and have your being in an atmosphere of sheep—to walk when they walk, to stop when they feel disposed to rest, to so put in the slowly passing hours, to accompany them back to the neighborhood of camp, and, not until the flock has gone to bed for good to feel a moment's freedom from their society. No wonder that, as one sheep-herding friend told me, he was ready to bless a wolf or two that broke in on the monotony of the day by raging to steal a sheep before his very eyes. The sheep herder is well armed as well as well fed. And very often on the summer ranges he can so manage the day's march of his flock as to bring in the blessed trout at camp where the fish are rising at the summer flies. One man I know learned Spanish in the summer's herding. Another found a haven in higher mathematics. Several others used their pocket knives to carve ornaments and knicknacks. Books, magazines and letters are always brought out with the supply of beans and bacon, coffee and flour, sugar and tobacco.

YELLOW JACKET OF CHINA.

Not an Article of Dress, But an Honor, Like the Garter in England.

Much amusement was caused in England some years ago by the news that Li Hung Chang had been deprived of his yellow riding jacket for presuming to wander in the empress of China's private garden. But in reality, says the author of "Round About My Peking Garden," a yellow riding jacket is not an article of dress but an honor, like the garter in England, and all the insignia of rank, like the peacock's feather, the button, the necklace and the breastplate, are removable at the sovereign's pleasure. Indeed, the whole of a Chinese official's salary is so real or imaginary, that to save trouble many officials never draw their salary till the year is ended, when they get what is left.

All through China dress is changed as by order. There are six changes of attire which every self-respecting man must make according to the season—heavy furs in the depth of winter, then light furs, then wadded garments, then lined clothes, unlined and finally what they call summer clothes, made out of China grass. It is made in white and blue and its one drawback for the English market is that it never wears out.

There are caps made of plaited bamboo, lightly covered with silk outside. In the height of the summer none but officials wear caps, and there are fur-trimmed hats and fur caps.

On the same day all through the vast empire, stretching over nearly as many degrees of latitude as Europe, there change from one cap to another, from one style of clothes to another. Before the day for changing all the tailors may be seen hard at work cutting out and pasting the edges of the new suits.

The Chinese cut for jackets may be considered perfect, so far as convenience goes, and many persons think that they are also peculiarly elegant.

Able to Report Progress.

Mrs. Naybur—How are you getting along with your housecleaning?

Mrs. Crossway—Well, I have made a good start. I've got rid of that lazy, good for nothing cousin of my husband's that has been living with us for the last three months.

Advice.

"A woman should always depend on her husband for advice," said the devoted wife.

"Yes," answered the visitor, "but it does grow monotonous not to get any advice except to economize."—Washington Star.

SPORT ETHICS.

Jabley—I don't believe in hitting a man when he is down.

Skipit—No; it's much better to sit on him.

CHILD'S AWFUL SKIN HUMOR

Screamed with Pain—Suffering Nearly Broke Parents' Heart—Speedily Cured by Cuticura.

"I wish to inform you that the Cuticura Remedies have put a stop to twelve years of misery I passed with my son, as an infant I noticed on his body a red spot, which I treated same with different remedies for about five years, but when the spot began to get larger I put him under the care of doctors. Under their treatment the disease spread to four different parts of his body. The longer the doctors treated him the worse it grew. During the day it would get rough and form like scales. At night it would be cracked, inflamed and badly swollen, with terrible burning and itching. When I think of his suffering it nearly breaks my heart. His screams could be heard down stairs. The suffering of my son made me full of misery. I had no ambition to work, to eat, nor could I sleep. One doctor told me that my son's eczema was incurable, and gave it up for a bad job. One evening I saw an article in the paper about the wonderful Cuticura and decided to give it a trial. I felt sure that Cuticura Ointment is worth its weight in gold, and when I had used the first box of Ointment there was a great improvement, and by the time I had used the second set of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent, my child was cured. He is now twelve years old, and his skin is as fine and smooth as silk. Michael Steinman, 7 Sumner Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., April 16, 1905."

ORACULAR OBSERVATIONS.

Many a good resolution quickly runs down at the heel.

A pretty girl can teach a man most anything but good common sense.

It pays to look a mule in the face when you have anything to say to him.

About half of the things bought on credit would not be bought if cash were demanded.

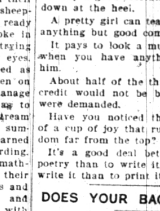
Have you noticed that the bottom of a cup of joy that runs over is seldom far from the top?

It's a good deal better to think poetry than to write it, and better to write it than to print it.

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

Cure the Kidneys and the Pain Will Never Return.

Only one way to cure an aching back. Cure the cause, the kidneys.



Thousands tell of cures made by Doan's Kidney Pills. John C. Coleman, a prominent merchant of Swainsboro, Ga., says: "For several years my kidneys were affected, and my back ached day and night. I was languid, nervous and lame in the morning. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me right away, and the great relief that followed has been permanent."

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

Hard to Shut Up.

"Putting a parrot in a strong cage," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "doesn't shut the bird up altogether."—Yonkers Statesman.

"De reason," said Uncle Eben, "why de elephant on de mule figures so much in politics is dat nobody alive wants to be on parade an' de other is allus ready to kick."—Washington Star.

A financier is a man who earns his money by the sweat of other men's brows.

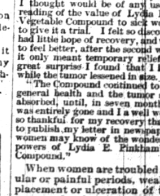
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup,
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Idleness is the incubator of a lot of industrious iniquity.—Chicago Tribune.

INTERESTING LETTER

WRITTEN BY A NOTABLE WOMAN

Mrs. Sarah Kellogg of Denver, Color Bearer of Ladies' Relief Corps, Sends Thanks to Mrs. Pinkham.



Mrs. Sarah Kellogg

The following letter was written by Mrs. Kellogg, of 1628 Lincoln Ave., Denver, Col., to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

"For five years I was troubled with a tumor, which kept growing, causing me great agony and great mental depression. I was unable to attend to my house work, and life became a burden to me. I was confined for days to my bed, lost my appetite, my courage and all hope.

"I could not bear the idea of an operation, and in my distress I tried every remedy which I thought would be of any use to me, and reading of the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to sick women, decided to give it a trial. I felt so discouraged that I had little hope of receiving any benefit, began to feel better, after the second week, thought it only meant temporary relief; but to my great surprise I found that I kept gaining, while the tumor lessened in size.

"The Compound continued to build up my general health and the tumor seemed to be absorbed, until, in seven months, the tumor was entirely gone, and I a well woman. I am so thankful for my recovery that I ask you to publish my letter in newspapers, so other women may know of the wonderful curative powers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

When women are troubled with irregular or painful periods, weakness, displacement or ulceration of the female organs, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation, backache, flatulence, general debility, indigestion or nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles.

No other medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female ills.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She is daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years under her direction and since her decease has been advising sick women free of charge. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Remember that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing women, and don't allow any druggist to sell you anything else in its place.