MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

By Styborne Bathbone

(Copyright, 1912, by Street & Smith.)

CHAPTER XXIII Continued.

Her words are followed by a scene of emotion as Pauline bends over Juanita and, taking her in her arms, kisses her fondly, her tears falling like raindrops on the upturned olive face, so faultless in its rounded contour—the one so fair, the other so dark, and yet sisters.

"Now I understand why I could not hate you—my sister. The good Virgin put it into my heart to let love reign, instead of hatred. Do not grieve, it is a sweet pleasure to die for you both."

"It is misery—I feel as though I could never be happy again!" Pauline sobs.

The old senor has fallen back, and Dick with one glance sees that he has passed away.

"Can nothing be done to save her?" he says, feeling worse than ever before in his life.

"It is useless, I know that I have received my death; a little while and I shall pass away from you, Sister, let me die in your arms."

Pauline only weeps as she gathers the small but beautiful figure close to her heart; she has searched for Beulah in many lands over the sea, and at last finds her, but oh, the terrible pain of this meeting that is but the precursor of the sad parting.

"I have some knowledge of medicine, let me see what can be done," says Colonel Bob, gravely.

The girl looks at him gratefully but shakes her head.

"It would be useless; besides, when I remove my hand from the wound, life goes out. Give me a few more minutes to look into my sister's face; oh, how strange it all seems—how happy I am to know that there is some one who loves me, who will think of me."

Pauline weeps more violently than before—Dick winks very hard to keep back the tears, while his valiant Colonel Bob, to hide his emotion, turns and makes a rush toward the little naturalist who has ventured to show his head and shoulders from under the table, but who vanishes within his shell much after the manner of a tortoise drawing in head and feet in times of danger, when he sees that fierce terror of New Mexico descending upon him.

As Colonel Bob, having furtively drawn the sleeve of his coat across his eyes, turns again, he sees that all is over. Dick is leading the almost fainting Pauline from the room, followed by the hysterical Dora, while Antoinette Duval bends over the lovely motionless form of the girl who gave her own life to save that of the man she loved.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Mrs. Richard Danvers.

Where the tumult of battle raged such a short time before, a fearful silence reigns. Men go about with lanterns, searching for the wounded. These are carried into one of the mine houses to receive attention from the company's doctor, who most certainly earns his good salary on this night at least. The dead are removed at once and quietly buried, and they are not all on the side of the Mexicans, either. It has been a sad night for El Dorado, but the lesson has been so severe that it may be effectual.

Dick has been deeply affected by the sad scene he has just witnessed, but when Dora has led her sobbing mistress away to her room, he hurries outside to see about certain things that should be done, and is just in time to see a figure come sprawling from the window, landing in a mud-hole with a splash, while the voice of Colonel Bob calls:

"Hope that will teach you a lesson, you imp of London assurance—I reckon you'll fight shy of women folks in general and the charming Dora in particular after this."

"You've killed him, my dear fellow," says Dick, whereat the New Mexican sheriff laughs harshly.

"What! kill that audacious fellow who wants to make love to every pretty girl he sees? Impossible.—Why, he's one of the kind that have nine lives—there, look at him limp away. Ta, ta, my little cock-of-the-walk; your plumage is badly soiled. Hunt up some one you can bully!"

"Except Professor John," says Dick, and then begs his comrade to come out and lend a helping hand. A storm is rapidly approaching, and before it bursts upon the valley every wounded man to be found should be provided with shelter, while the fallen must be placed in their last resting places.

Thus the night passes away and morning comes at last. A new day has dawned for the great mine—peace, with honor, has been gained, and now that the scheming brain of the old senor is stilled forever it will double less last.

A mournful task awaits them—all that is earthly of poor Juanita must be consigned to mother earth. No tears are shed over Senor Lopez, but the scene is very sad when the plain coffin, made on purpose, and containing Pauline's long lost sister, found only to leave her forever, is lowered into the grave already prepared.

The sorrowful task is done at last, and then with a swoop the gale is upon them; rain falls heavily, the artillery of Heaven crashes with detonations that shake the foundations of the mountains, while the flashes of electric fire are terrifying.

It lasts nearly an hour, and a deluge falls that converts puny mountain brooks into raging torrents—then the tropical storm moves away over the high peaks that inclose the valley, and again silence broods over the scene of the late struggle.

Of course, our friends have little heart for scenes of pleasure, but after mature consultation it is thought best all around that Dick and Pauline be married by the padre who has officiated at the mine. They will not make the occasion one of merriment—Pauline's nerves have been too recently and cruelly wounded for that, but it is better that Dick may be recognized as the controlling spirit of the mine.

They sit together in a room of Alexander's house talking over the situation. Dick, it may be noticed, has something on his mind; several times he starts to speak and by accident is interrupted; it does not take much to interrupt him at present to all appearances.

Somehow the conversation takes a retrospective turn, and Pauline, in a reflective way, says:

"It has always appeared strange to me that the Prefect of Paris, with all the force at his command, was unable to supply me with any information concerning Beulah. He seemed confident that he knew where Antoinette Duval might be found, and gave me every assurance of success, but it wound up in a failure."

Bob pricks up his ears—he holds his breath like a man who has suddenly remembered something that quite astonishes him.

"I saw a man running after the train—he had just missed it—he waved aloft a small packet that looked like a letter. Perhaps that was a messenger from the prefect."

The sheriff of Secora county stands up.

"Miss Pauline, I throw myself upon your mercy—I am the one to blame—I, alone," he says.

"You?" gasps Dick.

"That message received during the night, I received it, paid for it—sixteen francs, eight centimes."

"Oh!"

"I thrust the little packet into my pocket, fully intending to hand it over to Miss Pauline in the morning and recover my advance."

"You forgot it," almost shrieks Dora.

"I changed my coat for a rough pea-jacket in the morning, and to-day is the first time I have had that same coat on, since the day we left Havre. They have always accused men of carrying letters they were sent to hait, and this time I've put my foot in it sure enough. Miss Pauline, I'm very sorry; and if I can redeem myself in any way, you can't treat me too roughly."

"We are all liable to errors of judgment, Bob; I shall not be too hard on you. One question—have you the message yet?"

"I feel something crackle in my pocket—yes, here it is," and after having lain all these weeks snugly reposing in a man's pocket, the message of the Prefect of Paris is drawn to the light of day. Bob holds it aloft triumphantly.

He breaks open the end of the blue envelope, and takes out the inclosure. It has contained, unfolds this latter and holds it up so that the daylight entering at a window may fall upon the page.

"Antoinette Duval is with Senor Lopez. His supposed daughter Juanita is the lost Beulah. We have also discovered—Richard Danvers. He is——"

"Great Heaven, and I never dreamed it," and Bob strikes his forehead with his hand.

"Proceed, my dear colonel—if we can find him, we may be able to make our position sure by some sort of partnership agreement," says the girl from New York, when to her amazement Bob Harlan gives a shout and slaps his hand down upon his knee as he exclaims:

"Good! good! 'A partnership agreement'—what d'ye think of that, Dick? Fine, clever idea, eh? My dear lady, you——" and here another fit of laughter almost chokes him.

BOB READS THE PREFECT'S MESSAGE.

Pauline looks toward Dick in despair.

"Can't you manage to control him?" she asks, when to her surprise Dick laughs loudly, too.

"Bob, behave yourself, sir. Finish reading the prefect's message, and then support me, sir, for I believe I will have to faint."

This admonition or warning gives Bob a little backbone, and he sobers up.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Pauline." Then, with a twitching at the corners of his mouth, he continues: "The proposition to draw this Danvers into a combination would seem very reasonable, only for the fact that I'm afraid he has already committed himself, and is bound hand and foot. Haven't you, Dick, you sly rascal?"

Dora giggles. Miss Pauline looks amazed.

"Is it possible?" she almost gasps.

Dick bows his head.

"You are Richard Danvers?" continues the fair inquisitor, almost reproachfully.

"I did not purposely deceive you. Years ago my name became Dick Denver among the cowboys, and I have fallen into the habit of using it, except when signing legal documents. I knew that both you and the senor here were hunting for me—after I met you I learned this, and my chum Bob—bless his dear innocent old soul!—told me that he had been hired by Lopez to find Richard Danvers, and he meant to do it, though he changed his mind afterward."

The colonel grasps the hand of his comrade, and while he squeezes it declares vehemently that it would have to be something ten times as grave as this that would make him feel that any wrong had been put upon him—that his words have only been chaff, and that after all the affair has terminated about as well as it could.

Dick turns to the fair girl.

"And you, Pauline—do you forgive the little deception?" he gently asks.

Miss Westerly has been surprised; she can hardly comprehend it as yet; her name will be Danvers then, instead of Denver; but what difference does it make when the man she is about to marry will be the same Dick? "Freely and fully, in fact, there is nothing to forgive, Dick. You have had your little fun, and on my part I make sure of the mine between us. The worry lest Mr. Danvers might change his mind, and desert to the enemy, giving Senor Lopez control, has kept me awake on more than one occasion, I can assure you," Pauline says.

"For that I beg your pardon, and assure you it will not happen again."

"He means to be an exemplary husband," declares Bob.

"Well, don't you?"—demands Dora, quickly.

"I reckon you can trust me. There comes the good padre up the street. Ladies, summon your best nerves to the surface for the occasion."

A chorus of exclamations break forth. Mrs. Alexander having joined them with her husband.

"I know I shall be stupid and forget to make the proper responses," declares Dora.

"You!" exclaims Miss Pauline.

Dora is confused with blushes, while the colonel roars with laughter.

"You see," he says, "we made up our minds this morning, at least I did, and Dora was convinced by my reasoning, that there was no need of making two separate jobs out of the business—we couldn't do better than follow such a good example so we decided that Dora shall become Mrs. Bob Harlan this A. M."

The surprise over Pauline congratulates the girl who has been so much like a companion and sister to her, always as faithful as the needle to the pole. Then the padre is announced; and here we must drop the curtain on the quiet little scene, for the magician in clerical robes, and armed with authority, has by a few words created Mrs. Richard Danvers, and relegated to the past Miss Pauline of New York.

(The end.)

DELIA'S TWENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

By Gertie De S. Wentworth-James

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June 1, 11 a. m.—It is five years today since I even opened my Birthday Diary.

At first—after it was all over—I couldn't bear to see or to touch the little book; then when that feeling had dulled, I forgot all about it.

But this morning, I came across the volume which holds the flamboyant fancies from 17 to 20; and a mood has seized me that, after five years I will again turn to my paper confidant.

Poor little book! you are faded and yellow on the margins; like your writer—the worse for wear! From 17 to 25 is a long, long while!

Who could help growing the worse for wear?

I don't suppose that many jilted women of 25 can smile with perpetual sweetness.

Jilted!

It is a marvelously ugly word to write; but as a Birthday Diary demands the truth, I may not scratch it out.

Yes, at 20 I loved madly, riotously, and wonderfully—oh, God! how full of real romance I was!—and at 21 I had to teach myself to leave off loving!

I didn't think I should ever learn the lesson; but I suppose I have—now.

I almost wish now that I had entered in the Birthday Diary how my lover gave me up. There was something particularly original about the proceeding or the way it was done, but for all that it was worth remembering.

It was after dinner. I was sitting in my boudoir waiting for him instead of going to the theater with the others, because he had wired that he wanted to see me alone.

That wire had made me so happy.

"It is because he just wants to sit with his arms around me; he and I quite by ourselves," I thought with glad conceit as I got into his favorite gown.

With curious punctuality (he was usually late on every occasion) George arrived. His mouth looked straight and set as he entered the room, but when it was pressed against my own in the most passionate greeting he had ever given me, I forgot its almost cruel lines.

"When I had drawn back after that swift, spontaneous kiss, George did not make any effort to come near me at——

"I have come to tell you," he began, looking more Napoleonic than I had ever seen him—"I have come to say, Delia, that my people want—me—to—marry—a woman—with—a great—deal—more—money—than—you—will—ever—have. I had better confess it all, at——

"Oh it's no good writing down the ugly history of debt and difficulty, the mean, narrow effects of a snobbish family full of generals, admirals, unpaid bills and self-importance, and the painful, cowardly weakness of a man with a Grant jaw and Napoleonic profile!

"Delia, it is nothing; it's only results this matter, and the results are in my hands and on my heart.

"This morning, when I woke I looked in the glass, just as I looked on the day I began your Birthday Diary—eight years ago!

"At first there didn't seem to be much difference; but then gradually I understood how my years-friends are clever, stylish women, and how my married women, and my only admirers, livery companions or pensioned people who would be likely to study insurance prospectuses.

"A woman of five-and-twenty!

"I remember how I used to rave in the term 'woman' while I was young enough for it to be absurd when applied to myself; but now, oh! I'd give anything if people would only spontaneously call me a 'girl!'

"It seems ages since I was called a 'girl' by anyone except mamma (she forgets we're alone—the one when I'm 90?) I am always a 'nice little woman,' a 'clever woman like yourself,' 'you who are such a charming woman,' etc.

"I don't want to be a woman—not 'nice,' 'clever,' nor 'charm ng!'

"I give all my reputation for saying sweet things, being accomplished and well-read, and for dressing well, if I could just be a silly, vain, shy, arrogant 'girl' again.

"But no—'youth's sweet-scented manuscript' has closed for me.

"I am 25—I am 'clever'—I am lonely—I am admired—I am unloved!

"And even Dolf (the boy-lover who has faithfully remembered my birthdays all these years) forgets me now.

"To-day is the first time since we said good-by on my seventeenth birthday that no gift has arrived from the blazing east.

"I expect I shall hear by the next mail that he has taken unto himself a wife—some young fresh-skinned thing sent straight over from home in order to beat the Anglo-Indian marriage market before she runs the gamut of expensive London seasons.

"Poor Dolf! He was full of all a boy's passionate fidelity.

"I shall never, never forget you or leave off loving you all my life!"

Sometimes I can hear those words as he said them that wonderful June 1, just eight years ago, when I was full of child-girlhood's arrogance.

Perhaps then—oh! here comes some one to break my solitude! Cannot they leave me alone with my birthday thoughts?

6 p. m.—Although I never believed that this birthday entry would divide itself into two halves, like some of the others, nevertheless, it has done so.

I began my diary on the river—I conclude it in the bedroom (such a tiny bungalow bedroom, where my dinner frock is laid out ready).

The "some one" who came through the trees to break the solitude of my birthday thoughts was—Dolf!

The boy-lover, bronzed and grown into a strong, almost stern-looking, man.

"I thought I would bring your present myself this year, Delia," were his first words, as he stepped into the punt and dropped a packet into my lap.

In a strange, inexplicable way I wasn't surprised to see him; it almost seemed as though the water and the wind and the birds had prepared me for his coming.

"I—I—thought you had f-f-forgotten me this year," I stammered, tearing the string and paper off the packet.

"I told you some eight years ago that I should never, never forget you," he answered quietly, as I raised the lid of a small cardboard box, and—

There was my birthday gift!

Another gold heart—just like the one he had given me when I was 17!

"I have come home to give you my heart over again. Will you take it this time, Delia?"

Then I realized that there are some men who "never forget"—and thank God for them!

But, Dolf, I have changed so much—let me move into the sunlight here, so that you can really see my face; and remember, I powder—now! . . . No, no, you must hear me! I have loved some one very much, and—and he gave me up. (Dilted me, Dolf!) You will be only taking the leavings of another man; you can't want me—Dolf, you can't want me!"

With a tender smile on his face, Dolf took both my hands in his.

"Yes, dear, I can want you, and I do want you," he answered; "I have wanted you all these years—lonely, blazing years, Delia; and in my own way I've been praying all the time that some day we might be together."

A sudden feeling of resentment rushed over me (perhaps his prayers had been responsible for my being loved—and left!); but then as I saw the great honesty of his eyes, nothing but thankfulness and humility remained in my heart.

"If you really mean it, Dolf, I—I am ready; but it is a risk for a man to pick up broken threads after eight years," I said.

"It is no risk, because, with me, the threads have never been dropped."

Then he bent down and kissed my hand. . . .

Now the second gold heart (I lost the first eight years ago!) is hanging very elegantly, for he disappeared in the direction of the woodpile. In about five minutes he reappeared. "I'm ready now for that breakfast," he announced.

"Have you sawed the wood in such a short time?" asked Mrs. Alden, coming again into the kitchen.

"Yes, madam," he answered. Then, between huge mouthfuls: "Excuse me, madam, for correcting you, but you should say, 'Have you seen the wood?'"

Girl Horsebreaker.

Miss Winnonah Von Ohl, a New Jersey girl 20 years old, is making quite a reputation as a horsebreaker. Five years ago, a slender slip of a girl, she went to South Dakota with her mother, who had been sent thither for a change of climate. Miss Winnonah learned to ride broncbos out there and on returning east she took to training and breaking horses, in which work she has been remarkably successful. She has never sustained any injury while thus engaged.

"The Romans had small regard for human life in their amusements." "Yes," answered the man of violent prejudices. "It's a matter of great surprise to me that they failed to discover football."—Washington Star.

BLOATED WITH DROPSY.

The Heart Was Badly Affected When the Patient Began Using Doan's.

Mrs. Elizabeth Maxwell, of 415 West Fourth St., Olympia, Wash., says: "For over three years I suffered with a dropsical condition without being aware that it was due to kidney trouble. The early stages were principally backache and bearing down pain, but I went along without worrying much until dropsy set in. My feet and ankles swelled up, my hands puffed, and became so tense I could hardly close them. I had great difficulty in breathing, and my heart would flutter with the least exertion. I could not walk far without stopping again and again to rest. Since using four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills the bloating has gone down and the feelings of distress have disappeared."

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

ALL FOND OF PEANUTS.

Delicacy Relished by All Animals—Even the Hippopotamus Devours Them with Pleasure.

"The peanut is a delicacy relished by all creatures," said a New York animal lover. "I have come to this conclusion after having offered it to every animal in the Central Park zoo, and having it refused by none.

"Oh, I know it isn't allowed; but I'm not one of those individuals who offer animals indiscriminate numbers of hard-boiled eggs, frankfurters, cheese sandwiches and cigar stumps. It's for that sort of nuisance the rule about feeding is made. A single peanut can't ruin the digestion of a camel—or of any other creature, for that matter, and I never visit the zoo without a bag or two of those legumes to distribute.

"Yes, the camel is fond of them—very; and so are the peacocks. The hippopotamus obligingly opens his mouth to let me toss one in, but the mouth is so large and the peanut so small that I doubt if he can quite decide whether he likes it or not.

"The kangaroo pokes his funny, horse-like head out to me, munches the peanut with relish, and then begs for more. The elephant, deer, ostrich, and even the lion, are all lovers of the peanut."

The Lady and the Tramp.

Mrs. Alden was a clubwoman. Her particular fad was the moral elevation of the lower classes. She was engaged in writing a paper on the subject when the cook came to tell her that a rough-looking man at the back door wanted some breakfast.

"Give him a soup ticket," said Mrs. Alden. Then, with a sudden thought—"No, wait. I'll see him myself."

She went into the kitchen. "My good man," she said, "will you saw some wood, if I give you a good breakfast?"

"Certainly, madam," said the tramp, very elegantly. So he disappeared in the direction of the woodpile. In about five minutes he reappeared. "I'm ready now for that breakfast," he announced.

"Yes, madam," he answered. Then, between huge mouthfuls: "Excuse me, madam, for correcting you, but you should say, 'Have you seen the wood?'"

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THE FIRST COMPASS.

Was Known to Sailors Before the Twelfth Century—Indispensable Adjunct to Navigation.

Some Asian people, perhaps the Chinese, discovered, many centuries ago, that a kind of iron possessed a very peculiar quality. We call this ore magnetic ore, in more common language, lodestone, and it is very widely distributed, especially in the older crystalline rocks. It was found that if a bit of lodestone were placed in water upon a piece of cork or straw braid it would turn till the axis of the stone assumed a north and south position. A phenomenon of magnetism had been discovered by means of an ore that is peculiarly susceptible to magnetic influence.

It is an open question whether the Chinese utilized the directive power of the lodestone, but it is certain that the first rude compass was not used on European vessels before the twelfth century of our era. By that time the true magnetic compass had been evolved through the discovery that if an iron or steel needle were stroked on a lodestone it would receive the attractive and directive power of this ore. With this wonderful appliance placed at the service of navigation, the vessels that had hugged the coasts soon dared to venture even out of sight of land. A new impetus was gradually given to cartography, for now the true directions of the coast lines might be charted with some approach to accuracy. It was the happy fortune of Italian sailors to make the surprisingly excellent surveys of the directions and lengths of the Black sea and Mediterranean coasts and along the Atlantic to British waters that have come down to us in the so-called Portulan maps.—Cyrus C. Adams, in Harper's.

His Experience.

"Pa," said Willie, thoughtfully, "I think I know how what the minister meant when he said 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' "Yes? What was it?" "Castor oil."

OPERATION AVOIDED

EXPERIENCE OF MISS MERKLEY

She Was Told That an Operation Was Inevitable How She Escaped It.

When a physician tells a woman suffering with serious feminine trouble that an operation is necessary, the very thought of the knife and the operating table strikes terror to her heart, and our hospitals are full of women coming for just such operations.

Miss Margret Merkley

There are cases where an operation is the only resource; but when one considers the great number of cases of menacing female troubles cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after physicians have advised operations, no woman should submit to one without first trying the Vegetable Compound and writing Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice, which is free.

Miss Margret Merkley, of 275 Third Street, Milwaukee, Wis., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

"Loss of strength, extreme nervousness, shooting pains through the pelvic organs, bearing down pains and cramps compelled me to seek medical advice. The doctor, after making an examination, said I had a female trouble and ulceration and advised an operation. To this I strongly objected and decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The ulceration quickly healed, all the bad symptoms disappeared and I am once more strong and healthy.

Female troubles are steadily on the increase among women. If the monthly periods are very painful, or too frequent and excessive—if you have pain or swelling low down in the left side, bearing-down pains, don't neglect yourself; try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

TROUBLES OF A PHYSICIAN.

A physician was talking about his patient's symptoms.

"Young, strong people don't give me enough symptoms when they are ill," he said, "but the middle-aged and the aged give me too many. Thinking about their health all the time, studying their condition all the time, the aged and the middle-aged discover a symptom in every muscle, in every organ, in every limb. Thus they confuse me.

"The average sufferer of 50 or so will enter into my head a deluge of symptoms like this:

"'Well, doctor, I'm miserable all over. Feverish one minute, freezing the next. I've a gnawing pain in my hip and side and back, and an allgone sensation in the stomach, with a shooting, neuralgic headache over the left eye. I have a queer taste in my mouth, a dizziness when I stoop over, and a dull ache up and down the right side, along with a kind of numbness. I cough a lot, my throat's sore, and I've the earache. Appetite's fair, but not what it should be. I have a feeling of lassitude, and I'm very weak. These are only a few of my main symptoms. To proceed—' etc."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Development Outside of College.

The slow boy in school often gives an excellent account of himself in the fierce competitions of after life, says the Philadelphia Ledger. Some youths develop very slowly and do not immediately find their vocation. The honor men at the university must possess adaptability for the mastery of all or nearly all the studies in the curriculum. Deficiency in mathematics may reduce the rank of the student who is an adept in the languages. Greek may be a suitable block to the youth who may be a mathematical genius. Outside the college walls the graduate can develop along chosen lines and find his sphere.

Not If They Know It.

Barker—I wonder why most married women are afraid of their husbands?

Parker—I guess it's because men never propose to the other kind.—Chicago Daily News.

FABULOUS INDIAN LEGEND.

Grandfather of All Mosquitoes Appeased His Appetite with a Redman or Two.

There are pretty big mosquitoes in the world, but if report be true they have greatly degenerated in size and strength since the days when this legend was believed by many tribes of Indians.

The grandfather of all mosquitoes lived in the neighborhood of Onondaga, N. Y. When he grew hungry he would sally forth and eat an Indian or two and pick his teeth with their ribs. The Indians had no arms that would prevail against this monster, so they called upon the Holder of Heavens to come down. Finding that he had met his match in this person the mosquito flew eastward, sought help from the witches that inhabited the Green lake, and had reached Lake Onongaga when his pursuer came up and killed him.

As his blood poured forth on the sand each drop became a smaller mosquito. They gathered about the Holder of the Heavens and stung him so cruelly that he half repented the service he had rendered to the Indians.

The Tuscaroras say that two of the mosquitoes stood on opposite sides of the Seneca river and slew all who passed. Hiawatha killed them. A reservation stone marks the place where the Holder rested during his chase, and tracks were until lately seen south of Syracuse alternated with the footprints of the mosquito. These footprints were shaped like those of a bird, and were 29 inches long. These marks were revered by the Indians for many years.

Last year there were 39,211,000 of matches sold in France, bringing into the nation's treasury $5,216,950, this being state monopoly.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 DOSES—35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.