THE SCIENCE OF LIVING.

Dr. George F. Butler Tells How to Eat and How to Assimilate.

Dr. George F. Butler, medical superintendent of the Alma Springs Sanitarium, Alma, Mich., in the October number of "How to Live," gives some interesting as well as sensible rules for acquiring and keeping health. He says: "Without we eat and drink, we die! The provocative to do both rests with the appetite, which, in process of time, becomes a very uncertain guide; for the palate will often induce a desire and relish for that which is most mischievous and indigestible. The old saying of 'eat what you like' is now shunned by everybody of 20 years' experience. Still, without appetite, it is a very difficult affair to assist—for the pleasure depends chiefly upon the relish. The relish may become, as has been stated, a vitiated one, but it is quite possible to guide the stomach, by a little forbearance and practice, as enamored of what is wholesome and nutritious, as of that which is hurtful and not concoctible."

Again he says: "The delicate should feed carefully, not abundantly. It is not quantity which nourishes, but only that which assimilates."

"Be careful of your digestion" is the keynote of the doctor's argument. He says: "Health in man, as in other animals, depends upon the proper performance of all functions. These functions may be shortly said to be three: (1) tissue change; (2) removal of waste; (3) supply of new material. For the activity of man, like the heat of the fire by which he cooks his food, is maintained by combustion; and just as the fire may be prevented from burning brightly by improper disposition of the fuel, or imperfect supply of air, and as it will certainly go out if fresh fuel is not supplied, and may be choked by its own ashes, so many activity may be lessened by imperfect tissue change and may be put an end to by an insufficient supply of new material and imperfect removal of waste products.

"We should see to it that free elimination is maintained, for the ashes must be kept out of the system in order to have good health. The skin, kidneys and bowels must do their eliminative work properly. If the bowels occasionally become torpid, try to regulate them with exercise and proper food, such as fruits, green vegetables, salads, cereals, corn, whole wheat or graham bread, fish, poultry, light soups, etc. Plenty of water is also valuable, and a glass full of cold or hot water the first thing upon rising in the morning will aid much in overcoming constipation. Regular habit, cold baths, and massage are very efficacious. In case the constipation does not yield to these hygienic measures, some simple, harmless laxative may be required, such as California Syrup of Figs—a non-irritating preparation of senna in figs syrup. Laxative mineral waters are beneficial in some cases, but not to be employed continually.

"Above all be an optimist, keep the heart young. Cultivate kindness, cheerfulness and love, and do not forget that 'we shall pass through this world but once.' Any good thing, therefore, that we do, or any kindness that we show to any human being, let us do it now. Let us not defer it or neglect it, for we shall not pass this way again."

Wants International Observatory.

Prof. Edward C. Pickering, of the Harvard observatory, proposes to establish an international observatory. His committee is to be composed of the eminent astronomers of the world, who are to raise a sum of money, have a gigantic telescope built and placed on the most suitable spot on earth, and all to go to work.

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

Even an electric button won't accomplish much unless it is pushed.

What is a Backache?

IT IS NATURE'S WARNING TO WOMEN

Diseases of Woman's Organism Cured and Consequent Pain Stopped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"It seems as though my back would break." Women utter these words over and over again, but continue to drag along and suffer with aches in the small of the back, pain low down in the side, "bearing-down" pains, nervousness and no ambition for any task.

Miss Maude Morris

They do not realize that the back is the mainspring of woman's organism, and quickly indicates by aching a diseased condition of the female organs or kidneys, and that the aches and pains will continue until the cause is removed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been for many years the one and only effective remedy in such cases. It speedily cures female and kidney disorders and restores the female organism to a healthy condition.

"I have suffered with female troubles for over two years, suffering intense pain each month, my back ached until it seemed as though it would break, and I felt so weak all over that I did not find strength to attend to my work but had to stay in bed a large part of the first two or three days every month. I would have horrible headaches and dreams and severe headaches. All this undermined my health.

"We consulted an old family physician, who advised that I try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I began taking it regularly and soon found that I could sleep and eat better than I had done for months. Within two months I became regular and I no longer suffer from backache or pain."—Miss Maude Morris, Sec. Ladies' Aid and Mission Society, 80 E. Hunter St., Atlanta, Ga.

Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROHM

(Copyright, 1905, by Olivia B. Strohm.)

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Winslow continued: "If, as I understand, this gentleman has lost, and the woman was the stake upon his side, then, according to the laws of gambling—for I believe, there are laws of gambling—the woman is yours." He indicated the winner by a polite bow. "Sir, may I inquire the amount staked against her?" he added.

A pause followed this abrupt question.

The planter, whose courage gradually rose with his springing hope, muttered: "One hundred dollars."

"One hundred dollars? A pitiful sum! You gave frightful odds. But, of course you felt sure of winning," Winslow added, with suave sarcasm. Then turning to the captain, he proceeded: "It appears, then, that the woman is yours, but she is evidently considerably lessen her value? Suppose we play again, she the stakes on your side—this mine."

He drew a small sack from his pocket, and laid it upon the table. No sound followed the clink of metal, but a woman's shuddering sigh.

Lavender gloomy brows her old master stared at the new. The latter stood for a moment in a frown of baffled rage distorting his sinister face.

"She was fairly caught, and fairly won," he declared. "The odds are not my business, and dead if I'm to be humbugged out of the profit of a fair game!"

"But what profit is there in an unwilling slave? You might sell her, to be sure, but that would not be sporting manlike, and—" Winslow stopped suddenly with insinuating clink of money. "Come, you are no Shylock to stick to the letter of the bond; come!" and he slowly counted out 1000 which he slid to the table. The sack he replaced in his pocket.

All eyes were upon the boatman as his hungry glance sought the glittering pile. All the lust of the cards was on him. Winslow had counted upon this, and upon the gambler's faith in success.

"Done!" cried the captain, and with the scraping of chairs and a shuffle of cards, the game was on.

In breathless silence the spectators huddled about the players—the one frowning, his close-cropped head held rigid in the thick, short neck, his eyes gleaming like small coals out of a red-veined face.

The other was paler than usual, but placid, self contained.

The Spaniard looked out with an ashen, cynical smile. That this eastern gallant, with the air of a chevalier of field and the air of a student, should breast a fiance with so hardy an opponent, aroused feelings of admiration and envy.

The woman crept nearer, her heart in her eyes.

Two or three bungalows stroke 1 in, and there was an interested ring about the players.

A few moments turned the cards and both men pushed back their chairs the game was over.

"She is yours; take her, and go to the devil!" roared the captain. Then,

"I HEAR YOU HAVE BEEN GAMBLING," SHE SAID, "BUT IN SUCH A CAUSE WE WON'T SCOLD."

hiding his rage and discomfiture under a grim laugh, he strode from the room.

There was some excited talk, and a stiffest scream from the octoroon. For the first time Winslow addressed her. "I believe they call you mine, since the cards have so decreed, but pardon me, if I decline the honor. It would save me responsibility if you would remain under the care of this gentleman," and he waved his hand toward the planter.

Without a word, but with a world of gratitude in her eyes, she went to an gilded to her old master's side. He murmured a half articulate "Thank you" to Winslow, and together they left the room.

"Well, you are a softie!"

"What are you skeered of?"

But Winslow was glad to escape the jeering congratulations, and quickly made his way out and up to the deck, followed only by the Spaniard.

"This is Mr. Winslow, I believe?" the latter said. "My name is Gonzaga."

After a few preliminary words, he said, admiringly: "You play well, sir, for an American," adding, with a smile, "I think my countryman must have had a glimpse of you revealed to him when he wrote his story of 'Don Quixote.'"

Winslow laughed. "You flatter me, and yet in the matter of ridicule, perhaps I do share his honors."

The Spaniard did not reply to this, and the two men smoked in silence.

At last Gonzaga spoke. "You have been a right-errant to fairer dames than this octoroon—is it not so?"

At this meaning tone Winslow frowned; it was plain whither the question tended. He had observed this stranger's eyes following Lavender in bold admiration. It was only a matter of time when, in the little privacy afforded by the crowded boat, he would have an opportunity to thrust his acquaintance upon them. This Winslow meant to defer as long as possible, from motives he could not have explained.

But this foreigner was not to be lightly turned from his purpose. "I envy you, sir," he persisted, quite envy you, sir," he persisted, "you are not dependent for society upon the rabble of the boat. Would it be too much to ask an introduction to your charmed circle?"

At that moment Lavender appeared on deck. Seeing Winslow engaged with a stranger, she would have turned back, but Gonzaga spoke loud in an affectation of civility: "Pray, do not let me disturb you," and in his manner was evident expectation of the introduction, which Charles grudgingly gave.

Lavender courtesied low, then, turned to Winslow with a teasing smile: "I hear you have been gambling," she said, "but in such a cause we won't scold you."

Gonzaga interposed: "Truly, the woman seemed well worth the effort." But the suspicion of evil in his tone was too carefully veiled for Lavender's understanding. "Should, she is," was her simple comment. "Such gratitude I have never seen. We are all grateful, for humanity's sake."

Charles waived further discussion of the subject, and as soon as possible found an excuse to take Lavender below.

The Spaniard stood alone, pensively watching the smoke from his cigar, as it idly curled above his head, or with a sudden flaw was blown away in whirling rings.

Shrugging his shoulders, he said, half aloud: "A rose blossoming in the wilderness!"

His teeth showed in a sardonic smile. "Nor is this rose without its guardian thorn. Well, so much the better worth plucking!" and he joined the others in the cabin.

CHAPTER IX.

Thenceforward the little party was augmented by the unfailing presence of the Spaniard, Gonzaga.

Yet the newcomer kept himself in such quiet, gentlemanly fashion, as to disarm objections. He was never obtrusive, and contrived to make his society so agreeable that to none was he unwelcome. Even Winslow, who secretly deplored his coming, could not but admire his tact, his graceful, flowery conversation, his knowledge of the world.

To Mrs. Creighton one day the stranger said: "I have no plans, madam, and when I hear you talk of your future home, and of all you mean to do there, I feel like a wanderer, a good-for-naught. And in truth, I am. A long sojourn in New Orleans became fatiguing; I heard a great deal of this wonderful new land which my own country was foolish enough to let slip from its crown. One day a boat started, thither bound. I embarked—I am here—your servant."

And that was all he ever vouchsafed in explanation or his presence.

There were, however, two of the party to whom this new acquaintance was most unwelcome. Though Apache Bill, and the Indian guide kept over in the background, they were alert and watchful; keen to observe the slightest change in the situation.

In spite of the antipathy of race and habit, there was a bond uniting these two—a bond stronger than creed or custom. Red skin and black covered hearts that beat in unison to the same refrain, love for those they served. They would sit apart from the others, native antagonism bridged by this common interest.

The stranger they eyed with disfavor, with that instinctive dislike which needs no warrant. With the Indian this was suspicion—a habit of blood. With America, a conservative fear of change.

"I ain't got no call to complain," she said to Owatoga, "an' dis yer Spain man may be all right. But we don' need 'im. We done come so far without his comp'ny, an' I reckon we kin go de res' on de way."

And Owatoga granted assent, for what of America's words failed to impress his untutored ear, her gestures and manner conveyed.

But there was another on board for whom the Indian felt a far deeper aversion, and that was the captain, Finch. It was plain to Owatoga that ever since the gambling episode, this man had cherished for Winslow a secret grudge. Over his every movement, therefore, he kept anxious watch.

Quarters on the boat were so crowded that in sheer necessity of rest and change, Mrs. Creighton and Lavender must much time on deck. Here games were indulged in, principally matches for rifle practice, with the captain for leading performer. His aim was unerring, and he was reckless in its display. Many a humble pig on shore owed the loss of his tail to his master's prowess. Once when Lavender ventured a pitying remonstrance, he retorted: "Don't you worry about them tails, miss! They kin be thankful I'm such a good shot and leave on the rest of their carcasses."

The octoroon, too, had observed the malevolent glances with which the captain's eyes traveled from her to Winslow. There was no mistaking their baleful glitter, and Winslow was her savior from worse than death, the object of her reverent gratitude. Over him, she, too, kept unmarked vigilance.

One afternoon she noticed the two in conversation, and hovered near in time to hear the last of the boaster's words: "Try it jest to show that ye the trick."

"But I'm afraid I don't understand," she heard Winslow say, and the man explained. "The idee is to knock a cup off'n a man's head at 20 paces, and never make a hole in it."

Winslow shrugged his shoulders. "But how about the man?"

"Never tetch 'im! It may take some nerve to stand up again a loaded rifle, but lots o' men hev done it, and I ain't never spilled my man yit. Ye see, it's on the principle of barkin' a squirrel; ye aim at a spot above the critter's head, and the concussion does the business. That's the way with the cup—the shock knocks it off, and there ye are. It's easier 'n fallin' off a log."

He was determined to prove his words, and the test found not witnesses only, but assistants.

"You try first, Pete."

In response to the suggestion, a shock-headed youth came forward, frowning—not with anger, but with embarrassment at finding himself the cynosure of all eyes.

The cup was placed upon his head.

"Stand right against the post," Pat commanded. "I'll shoot at the knot over your head, and the cup'll drop off; see if it don't. Now, stand still!"

The silence which followed was broken only by the click of the captain's rifle. Then a sharp bang, a woman's scream, and the clatter of the cup to the floor.

"Bully for you, Pat," roared one enthusiastic auditor. This the marksman received with a surly: "Wha' did I tell yer?"

The shock-headed youth, a trifle pale, but otherwise none the worse for his experiment, stumbled to a seat. His place was filled by another, anxious to prove his mettle—with the same result. Another and another—the boatsman's aim was ever steady, his eye ever true.

The Spaniard left his place by Lavender's side. "Let me try," he called to Finch.

The girl detained him by a gesture. "It is foolhardy, dangerous."

But he gently shook off her restraining arm. "I am fond of experiments in general, and this one in particular will enhance my experience." For this man will know that by his worldly knowledge, wide range and varied exploits, he had won the attention of his fellow simple girl, to whose romantic side it was his plan to appeal.

"You never seem afraid of anything," she said with direct and honest compliment.

The Spaniard gave a glance full of tender import and took his position at the post.

Winslow had seen the little by play, and all surmounting anger, destroyed him of his usual sober judgment. In vain he argued within him self that Lavender's anxiety was purely womanish, born of no personal preference. In vain he reflected that her manner was always unduly earnest, with an inclination to the dramatic.

He resented the attitude; he would test her upon the first opportunity.

From the position at the post, all unharmed, Gonzaga descended with a smile of triumph, and walked directly up to Lavender ready for his meed of praise.

"You are brave," she said, extending her hand.

At that moment the marksman beckoned to Winslow. "Well, are you ready for a hand at the game?"

There was a taunting ring in the captain's voice—a thinly veiled contempt as in expectation of a refusal. But Winslow was in no mind to refuse. He knew it to be a risk; a foolhardy exhibition of misplaced heroism. Nevertheless, he went steadily to place.

"Mr. Winslow Charles, no, no," Lavender implored, but he shook his head grimly and smiled. A chorus of jeers cheers drowned her remonstrance.

A voice in her ear whispered: "Never mind, miss, I'm afraid for your friend!" The speaker was a rough miner in the Spanish manner which the girl regarded with.

Mr. Winslow is as equal to the shock and test, but as liable to hurt, as those of less sense. The whole business is ghastly; the game surely not worth the candle. I wish he had let him take the chances."

"And I?" Brag about my chances!" But Lavender failed to detect that blonde laughing in his question, nor did she catch his ardent glance, for her eyes were following the scene on the forward deck.

The man at the rifle waited with his back toward her, directly in front of the post where Winslow stood. And near him—so close that warning shouts urged her back, stood the octoroon.

"Look alive, there!"

"All out of the way!" But the woman paid no heed. If she moved at all, it was but to steal nearer the mark.

The cup was placed upon Winslow's head, and Pat Finch raised the rifle. The dark woman, crouching almost in its range, stood fascinated at the gleaming barrel. Then her glance ran like lightning to the cruel eyes behind it. There was a flash, a report, and the thud of a falling body. Both Winslow and the slave he had professed lay prostrate at the foot of the post.

Instantly there was an uproar, and the rush of excited men to the rescue. With a scream of terror, Lavender darted forward, but before she could reach the spot, and to the general amazement, both rose and faced the crowd.

In the silence Win low stared at the woman beside him. Her olive skin was darker with horror, and she staggered to the post as if for support.

"What's the matter?" demanded Finch, striding forward.

"Matter? No explanation," Winslow returned coldly, "except that the young woman," he indicated the octoroon, "was overcome and fell against me. Not expecting the weight, I toppled ignominiously," he concluded, with an apologetic smile.

"You are the captain's uraging, he replaced the cup on his head. But the dark woman snatched it away, and threw it out far over the water. "No, no, not again, no, never!" she poured out the words in a torrent of feeling. "The rifle was not aimed true! I saw it, but it was too late. I saw the flash, and then—then I pushed you—out of range. I—I could think of no other way," she concluded, with a burst of sobs.

A hush fell upon the company, covered by the sudden flapping of the wings of Death.

A voice from the crowd at length broke the spell: "Well, Pat, I reckon ye're glad the wench saved ye from bein' a murderer; but how in h—l come ye to make sech a mistake?"

(To Be Continued.)

Taking No Chances.

Mrs. Nordy—So you're not going away and leave your husband this summer? Traid he'll be lonesome, eh?

Mrs. Butts—No; on the contrary, I'm afraid he won't be.—The Sun.

900 DROPS

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

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AT THE WAY.

Even a stingy person is always willing to give advice.

No one is so prosperous that he can afford to malign other people.

A desire to get even has often been the keynote of a man's success.

Value of property is entirely a matter of whether somebody wants it.

There are smaller dividends in the practice of hate than in any other occupation.

It is hard to persuade a community that you are any better than your neighbors.

A man does not really get old until he begins to feel secret pride in his infirmities.

Every person imagines that his is a special case among the ills that afflict mankind in general.—Uncle Dick in Madison Journal.

UTTERLY WORN OUT.

Vitality Sapped by Years of Suffering with Kidney Trouble.

Capt. J. W. Hogun, former postmaster of Indianola, now living at Busiln, Texas, writes: "I was afflicted for years with pains across the loins and in the hips and shoulders. I had headache also and neuralgia. My right eye, from pain, was of little use to me for years. The constant flow or urine kept my system depleted, causing nervous chills and night sweats. After trying seven different climates and using all kinds of medicines, I had the good fortune to hear of Doan's Kidney Pills. This remedy has cured me. I am as well today as I was twenty years ago, and my eyesight is perfect."

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

BADGER PHILOSOPHY.

A man can't be unusually polite without being looked upon with suspicion.

When the real nature of a man's business is in doubt it is often hinted that he is a gambler.

A woman is never satisfied with herself until she has outdone her neighbor in some respect.

It's hard to understand why actors with such fabulous salaries always stop at such modest hotels.

Lots of people think they have been educated unless they get more than their money's worth.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Married life is a constant struggle," says the Manayunk Philosopher. "The wife struggles to keep up appearances and the husband struggles to keep down expenses."

Some women wouldn't be satisfied in Heaven without burglar-proof vaults in which to lock up their halos.

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CURES RHEUMATISM BACKACHE BRIGHT'S DISEASE
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