The GIRL from TIM'S PLACE

BY CHARLES CLARK MUNN

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

SYNOPSIS.

Chip McGuire, a 16-year-old girl living at Tim's place in the Maine woods is sold by her father to Pete Bolduc, a half-breed. She runs away and reaches the camp of Martin Frisbie, occupied by Martin, his wife, nephew, Raymond Stetson, and guides. She tells her story and is cared for by Mrs. Frisbie. Jason Frisbie's party into woods to visit father of Mrs. Frisbie, an old hermit who has resided in the wilderness for many years. When camp is broken Chip and Ray occupy same canoe.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

A more serious subject was under discussion in the other canoe, meantime, as to the future disposition of Chip herself.

"I feel it my duty to take care of her," Angie said, after relating her conversation with Chip and that morning's incident. "She is a homeless, outcast waif, needing education and everything else to Christianize her. We must bring her to the settlement, but to turn her adrift might mean leaving her to a life of vice, even if she escapes her brutal father and this worse half-breed. Then, again, I am not sure that her parentage will bear inspection. She has told me something about her earlier life, and about her mother, who evidently loved her. One course only seems plain to me,—to take care of and educate this unfortunate."

"We must take the girl back with us and begin her reformation at the camp. If she shows any aptitude and willingness to obey, we will take her to Greenvale. If not, you must arrange to get her into some institution."

"And suppose the half-breed finds where she is, what then?" inquired Martin.

"What do you say, Levi?" he added, turning to his guide, "you know this fellow; what will he be apt to do?"

"I'spose you know what a panther'll do, robbed of her cub," Levi answered, "an' how a bull moose acts in runnin' time, mebbe. Wal, this Pete is worse'n both on 'em biled into one, I calkate. If you're goin' ter take the gal back, you've got to keep her shady, or some day you'll find her missin'. Besides, Pete, as I told ye, don't know the meanin' o' law and is handy with a gun."

But Martin did not quite share Levi's fears, and so Angie's decision was agreed to. Levi's advice to "keep shady" was accepted, however, and all through that summer's romantic and thrilling experiences it was the rule of conduct.

When supper was over came the lounging beside the cheerful fire, and as the shadows thickened, forth came Ray's banjo once more, and with it the light of admiration in Chip's eyes.

All that day he had been her charming companion; his open, manly face, his bright brown eyes, had been ever before her. His well-bred ways, so unlike all the men at Tim's Place, had impressed her as those of a youth of 18 will a maid of 16; and now, with his voice appealing to the best in her, he seemed like Pan of old, once more wooing a nymph with his pipes.

No knowledge of this was hers, no consciousness of why she was happy came to her. She knew what spites were; but the god Pan and Apollo with his harp were unknown forms.

Neither did she realize that born in her soul that day, on the broad shining river, was a magic impulse woven out of her heart throbs, and destined to mete out to her more sorrow than all else in her life combined.

She had entered the wondrous vale of love whose paths are flower-strewn, whose sheres are rippled with laughter, and whose borders, alas! are ever hid in the midst of tears.

CHAPTER IV.

A week was spent by Martin and his party at the settlement, during which he acquired the title to township 44, range 10, which included the little lake near the hermit's hut, and made a four-square-mile tract about it.

Chip, thanks to Angie, secured a simple outfit of apparel and—surprising fact—evinced excellent taste in its selection, thereby proving that eight years of isolation and a gunny-sack and red-shirt garb had not obliterated the deepest instinct of woman.

To Levi, Martin's woodsman helper, was left the selection of fittings for the new camp. A couple of husky Canucks were engaged to bring them in in a bateau, and then the party started on its return.

Only one incident of importance occurred during the wait at this village known as Grindstone. Angie and Chip had just left the only store there, in front of which a group of log-drivers had congregated, when Angie, glancing back, saw that one of the group was following them. She quickened her pace, and so did he, until just as they turned into a side street, he passed them, halted, and turned about.

"Wal, I'm damned if tain't Chip, an' dressed like a leddy," he exclaimed, as they drew near.

"Hullo, Chip," he added, as they passed, "when did you strike luck?"

Chip made no response and he muttered again, "Wal, I'm damned, jest like a leddy!"

It was annoying, especially to Angie, and neither of the two realized how soon this blunt log-driver's discovery would reach Tim's Place.

And now, leaving the bateau to follow, the party started once more on their journey into the wilderness. No sight or sign of pursuit from the half-breed had been thus far observed. A few idle lumbermen in the village—the only visible connection between the vast forest and a busy world—were little thought of, as their canoes crept slowly up the narrowing river and gave no hint of interference from this low brute to anyone except Levi.

He, however, seldom speaking, but ever acting, kept watch and ward continually. At every bend of the stream his eyes were alert to catch the first sight of a down-coming canoe in time to conceal Chip, as he decided must be done. When night camps were made, a site at the head of the lagoon or up some tributary stream was selected, and while not even hinting his reason for this, he felt it wise. As they drew near to Tim's Place, it began to occur to Martin that Chip's presence had best be concealed until that point was passed. He also desired to learn the situation there. He had always halted at this clearing in all his up-river journeys, so far, usually to buy pork and potatoes, and he now intended to do so again. He also felt it imperative to conceal Chip in Ray's canoe, before they reached Tim's Place, and let Ray paddle slowly on while the halt was made. But Levi dissented.

"Taint best," he said, "to let Tim know there's two canoes of us and one not stoppin'. It'll make him s'picious o' suthin', an' what he 'spects, he'll find out. I callate we'd best pass thar in the night, leave the wimmen above, 'n' you 'n' I go back 'n' git what we want."

"But what about the Canucks following us with the bateau?" returned Martin. "They'll tell who is with us, won't they?"

"They didn't see us start," answered Levi, "'n' can't swear wimmen came. We'll say we're alone, 'n' bein' so'll make it plausible, 'n' you might say we're goin' to build a camp 'n' 'nother season fetch our wimmen in."

"But how about our men, on the return trip, after finding we have women at the camp?" rejoined Martin.

"They Are That," He Returned.

"We've got to keep the wimmen shady, an' fool 'em," answered Levi. And so his plan was adopted.

"They will be sure to tell all they know on the way back."

It was in the early hours of morning when the two canoes crept noiselessly past Tim's Place. The stars barely outlined the river's course, the frame dwelling, log cabin, and stump-dotted slope back of them. All the untidiness existent about this dwelling was hid in darkness, and only the faint sounds and odors betrayed these conditions. But every eye and ear in the two canoes was alert, paddles were dipped without sound, and Chip's heart was beating so loudly that it seemed to her Tim and all his family must be awakened. Her recent escape from this spot and all the reasons forcing it, the fear that both her father and the half-breed might even now be there, added dread; and not until a bend hid even the shadowy view of this plague spot did she breathe easier.

"I was nigh skeered to death," she whispered to Ray when safety seemed assured, "an' if ever Pete finds I'm up whar the folks is goin', I'm a goner."

"Oh, we'll take care of you," returned that boy, with the boundless confidence of youth; "my uncle can shoot as well as anyone, and then Old Cy is up at the camp, and he's a wonder with a rifle. Why, I've seen him hit a crow a half-mile off!"

Smoke was ascending from the chimney, and the rising sun was just visible when Martin and Levi returned to Tim's. Mike was in an enclosure, milking; Tim was back of the house, preparing the pigs' breakfast. The pigs were squealing, and a group of unwashed children were watching operations, when Martin appeared. A pleasant "Good morning" from him and a gruff one from Tim was the introduction, and then that stolid pioneer started for the sty. Not even the unusual event of a caller could hinder him from the one duty he most enjoyed,—the care of his beloved swine.

"You have some nice thrifty pigs," began Martin, when the pen was reached, desiring to placate Tim.

"They are that," he returned.

"My guide and I are on our way into the woods, to build a camp," continued Martin, anxious to have his errand over with, "and we halted to buy a few potatoes of you and some pork. I have a couple of men following with a bateau," he continued, after pausing for a reply which did not come; "they will be along in a day or two with most of our supplies; but I felt sure I could get some extra good pork of you and some choice potatoes."

"You kin that name," replied Tim, his demeanor obviously softening under this flattery, and so business relations were established.

Martin had intended asking some cautious question regarding Chip or her father; but Tim's surly face, his unresponsive manner, and a mistrust of its wisdom prevented. He was blunt of speech, almost to the verge of insolence, and the arrival of Martin with all his polite words evoked not a vestige of welcome; and yet back of those keen gray eyes of his a deal of cunning might lurk, thought Martin.

Two slovenly women peered out of back door and window while the interview was in progress. Mike came and looked on in silence; two of the oldest children were down by the canoe where Levi waited; the rest, open-eyed and astonished, seemed likely to be troddea on by some one each moment. When the stores were secured and paid for, and Martin had pushed off with Levi, he realized something of the life Chip must have led there.

He had intended not only to obtain potatoes, but some information of value. He obtained the goods, paying a thrifty price, also a good bit of cold shoulder, and that was all.

But Levi, shrewd woodsman that he was, fared better.

"I larned Chip's gone off with old McGuire," he asserted with a quiet smile when they were well away, "an' that Pete's swearin' murder agin him."

"And how?" responded Martin, in astonishment. "I felt that silence was golden with that surly chap, and didn't ask a question."

"I'm glad," rejoined Levi. "I wanted to tell you not to, and I've larned all we want. Children are easy, to pump, an' I did it 'thout wakin' a hint o' 'spicion. Tim's folks all believe Chip's gone with her dad. Pete thinks so, an' is watchin' for him with a gun, I 'spect, an' if so, the sooner they meet, the better."

It was gratifying news to Martin, and when the other canoe was reached, the two again pushed on, with Martin, at least, feeling that the ways of Fate might prove acceptable.

Three days more were consumed in reaching the lake now owned by him, for the river was low, carries had to be made around two rapids, and when at last the sequestered, forest-bordered sheet of water was being crossed, Martin wished some titanic hand might raise an impassable barrier about his possessions.

Old Cy's joy at their return was almost hilarious. To a man long past the spasmodic exuberance of youth, loving nature and the wild as few do, the six months here with the misanthrope old hermit, then a month of more cheerful companionship, followed by the departure of Martin and Angie, made the forest home-coming doubly welcome.

But Chip's appearance, and the somewhat thrilling episode of her escape from Tim's Place and her rescue, astonished him. Like all old men who are childless, a young girl and her troubles touched a responsive chord in his heart, and on the instant Chip's unfortunate condition found sympathy. Her bluntly told story, with all its details, held him spellbound. He laughed over her description of spites, and when she seemed hurt at this seeming levity, he assured her that spites were a reality in the woods—he had seen hundreds of them. It was not long ere he had won her confidence and good-will, as he had Ray's, and then he took Martin aside.

"That gal's chaser's bin here 'bout a week ago," he said, "an' the worst-lookin' cuss I ever seen. I know from his description 'twas him. He kept quizzin' me es to how long we'd been here, if I knew McGuire, or had seen him lately, until I got sorter riled 'n' began to string him. I told him finally that I'd been 'round all 'long; that McGuire was a friend o' mine; that he'd been here a day or two afore, borrowed some money 'n' lit out for Canada, knowin' there was a bad man arter him. Then this one-eyed gazoo got mad, real mad, 'n' said things, an' then he cleared out."

When Martin explained the situation, as he now did, Old Cy chuckled.

"Tain't often one shoots in the dark 'n' makes a bull's-eye," he said.

"I think you and I had better keep mum about this half-breed's call," Martin added quietly, "and if Angie mentions it, you needn't say that you know who he was. It will only make my wife and the girl nervous."

The two tents were now pitched at the head of a cove, some rods away from the hermit's hut, and well out of sight from the landing, and to these both Angie and Chip were assured they must flee as soon as the expected bateau entered the lake, and remain secluded until it had departed.

In a way, it was a ticklish situation. All knowledge that this waif was with Martin's party must be kept from Tim's Place and this half-breed, or she wouldn't be safe an hour; and until the Canucks had come and gone, she must be kept hidden. Another and quite a serious annoyance to Martin was the fact that he had counted on these two men as helpers in cutting and hauling logs for this new camp. Only man-power was available, and to move logs a foot in diameter and 20 feet long, in midsummer, was no easy task; but Levi was more experienced in camp-building, made light of it.

"We'll cut the logs we need, clus to the lake," he said, "float 'em 'round, 'n' roll 'em up on skids. It's easy 'nough, 'n' we don't need them Canuckers round a mintt."

It was four days of keen suspense to Chip before they appeared. Neither she nor Angie left the closed tent while they remained over night, or until they had been gone many hours, and then every one felt easier.

The ringing sound of axes now began to echo over the rippled lake, logs were towed across with canoes, a cellar under the new cabin site was excavated, and home-building in the wilderness went merrily on.

While the men worked, Angie and Chip were not idle. Not only did they have meals to prepare over a rude out-door fireplace, but they gathered grass and moss for beds, wove a hammock and rustic chair seats out of sedge grass, and countless other useful aids.

Chip was especially helpful and more grateful than a dog for any and all consideration. Indeed, so much that she could take or a bit of work that she could do was left to Angie; her interest and do-all-she-could desire never flagged, and from early morn until the supper dishes were washed and wiped, Chip was busy.

But Martin, and especially Levi, had other causes for worry than those which camp-building entailed. The fact that this "Pernicious Pete," as Angie had once called him, would soon learn of their presence here, and hating all law-abiding people, as such forest brigands always do, would naturally seek to injure them, was one cause. Then, there were so many ways by which he could do harm. A fire started at one corner of the hut at midnight, the same Indian-like malice applied to their tents, the stealing of their canoes or the gashing of them with a hunting-knife, and countless other methods of venting spite, presented themselves. In a way, they were helpless against such a night-prowling enemy. Over one hundred miles away, with no means of identification and all assistance an impassable wilderness lay between. The stream and their canoes were the only means of egress. These valuable craft were left out of sight and sound each night, on the lake shore, and so their vulnerability on all sides was manifest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Horrors of Dark Ages.

Visions Conjured Up in Torture Room of Ancient Tyrant.

The horror of horrors in all Italy is found at Padua, known as the torture rooms of that demoniacal monster of cruelty, Ecelino, a thirteenth century ruler of Verona, Padua, Vicenza and Brescia. His cruelties finally became so intolerable that the church proclaimed a crusade against him. The peasantry rose and a farmer killed the brute with a scythe. I was shown as an upright box in which was the skeleton of a victim. Two apertures enabled the condemned to see a table, just out of reach, crowded with food and drink. To-day, it is stage food and the wine is colored water, but the realism is intense. The climax of shudders was reached when I came to a block in the center of a small square room. Nailed to the chopping block, severed midway between the wrist and elbow, lay the dainty hand of a woman, just as it had been chopped from the living arm! The instant my eyes saw this sight the cell seemed to resound with the shrieks of the terrified woman. And although the hand I gazed upon was of wax, the mental shock produced was dreadful beyond conception. —Brooklyn Eagle.

A Substitute.

Being very close-fisted Mason had never allowed himself the costly habit of smoking. He would, however, indulge himself a loser when anyone treated to cigars. But on one occasion, when the party he was with entered a stationery and cigar store, he made up his mind to have his share of the treat. "Won't you smoke this time?" asked the leader. "No, thank you," replied Mason, "but if you don't mind, I believe I'll take a pencil."—Harper's Weekly.

VANITY FAIR

FINE STAGE GOWNS

MARVELOUS CREATIONS WORN BY LILLIAN RUSSELL.

Actress Will Always Hold Hearts of Admirers While Her Costumes Remain Something at Which Women Wonder.

Lillian Russell never need look forward to the time she will stop reigning in the hearts of women—she could hold them forever with only her perfect clothes. Where could be better entertainment than to analyze a $1,000 gown? And it is wonderful just to see a real Greuze coiffure, such as is worn in Paris, with ribbon interwoven through the puffs—puffs that encircle the back of the head, if you please—and the ribbon is lost sight of, only to come out again on one side of the front in a dainty upstanding blue bow.

There are three new Parisian gowns worn in "Wildfire," and, like most of this actress' gowns, they are on simple architectural lines and in simple color effects, in spite of elaboration of detail. The white tailored lace gown worn in the first act, and which is illustrated, is of baby Irish lace, heavily encrusted with heavy Irish guipure motifs that form a deep border, and skirt, sleeves and bodice are finished off with a tailored linen edge set on with endless pearl buttons.

It is tailored in more than name, for it is a lace gown with a line like that of cloth, and the princess panel of linen up the front runs off into a clever line at the bust and into almost a sailor collar effect at the top of the blouse in the back. The tight-fitting chemisette and collar and undersleeves are of delicate, wobilike point de Venise.

With this gown goes a white Panama hat lined with pale blue silk trimmed with purple and dahlia colored peonies, the light blue coiffure ribbon merging into it cleverly, as if it might be a part of the bandeau. A snowy white satin automobile coat, also lined with pale blue, makes its entrance with the dress and is worn for a minute, just long enough to show that it has a vivid edging of scarlet at the throat and cuffs, set within the projecting blue lining. Ties of black satin ribbon reaching to the feet and a veil of white with gold spots complete the sporting part of the costume.

The yellow chiffon gown of the third act might be from the jeweler's rather than the dressmaker's. It is embroidered in gold and green paillettes, and coppery shades are introduced by a glorious stole made of reddish gold and silver lace, and all intermixed at the yoke with creamy point de Venise lace. The blending of the colors is what of old jewelry and the elaboration is all put on in a design in which beautiful lines predominate, and the sweeping lengths of yellow chiffon are like a gold background for the lovely metal work. This pretty frock, in addition to its original cost, netted the custom house over $500 for its entrance from Paris.

HATS FOR LITTLE ONES.

Picturesque Headgear Adorns the Small Maiden.

Children of all ages have been most picturesquely provided for by the fashion designers of this autumn's bravery. The very little children are always the most fascinating to consider from the standpoint of costuming.

Bonnets and hats for the tiny girls to wear with fine and fragile frocks are quaintly picturesque. Some of the newest seen at exclusive shops are made of velvet in white, pale pink or pale blue. Both plain and fancy velvets are used for this purpose, the fine corded velvet, plush, Liberty velvet, etc., being noticed. Only one colored velvets are used, however, and although these may be in the fancy finished velvets, the designs selected are of the daintiest and most modest.

Poke bonnets, Quaker bonnets, tiny mushrooms and rather eccentric shapes are all seen. The most attractive and stylish of the bonnets are very moderate in size and seem almost small when compared with the large pokes and picture bonnets of former seasons. The bonnets are trimmed with flowers to match and also with jaunty bows of silk or satin choux. Satin ribbon flowers are also used as garniture.

One most charming bonnet was of pale pink velvet. It was rather in the mushroom shape, with a stiff brim all around, wider at the sides than in front or back. The crown was quite high and full, the brim not very wide and covered with the velvet shirred. The bonnet was faced with shirred pink satin. Around the crown was laid a charming wreath, in which there were three large pink roses made of satin ribbon and branches of green leaves. Where the strings of the bonnet were attached at the sides there were also pink satin rosettes.

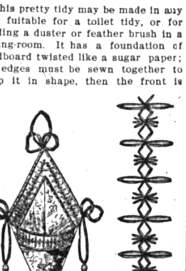
An equally fascinating white velvet bonnet was made with a shirred velvet crown and brim. The brim was not wide and set closely to the face. The velvet was doubled and shirred at the edge of the brim to make a full soft white border around the face. The trimming was a bunch of white grapes and green leaves.

Pongee Morning Gowns.

Smart and simple morning gowns of shantung pongee are styled in any and every shade and made with simple skirts with a tuck at the foot and tucked or plaited bodices, with neat dainty collars and cuffs of embroidered linen. Some of those pongees are made with checks and stripes, and others are plain and trimmed with dotted silk.

MAKES A PRETTY TIDY.

Useful for Holding Either Duster or Feather Brush.



This pretty tidy may be made in any size suitable for a toilet tidy, or for holding a duster or feather brush in a sitting-room. It has a foundation of cardboard twisted like a sugar paper; the edges must be sewn together to keep it in shape, then the front is sloped down a little; the card is then covered with velvet, silk or broche, and is edged with a band of silk embroidered in long stitches with the design shown, which is worked with embroidery silk or gold tinsel thread. The silk is stretched firmly over the card and fixed by a few stitches. The edge all round is finished by fine silk cord arranged in loops; tassels are attached to those at the sides and to the point.

Revival of the Redingote.

The redingote has been revived as the garment par excellence for all dressy occasions, and wonderfully stylish and attractive models are shown. This style is one which shows to advantage when developed and exquisite combinations of materials and trimmings are being shown. Embroidered Japanese stuffs, exquisite in coloring and design, are frequently combined with satin, cloths and velvets; and braiding and beautiful buttons are employed with pleasing results. For elaborate developments panne, heavy silk, velvet and fine cloth will make up handsomely, especially in coloring and embroidery for decoration. Simpler and more practicable garments may be made in serge, cheviot, broadcloth, meltonette, velveteen or novelty weaves, with passementerie, braid, gimp, fancy buttons or contrasting material for trimming.—Designer.

NOSE AND GOGGLE PARTY.

"Well, that is the latest," I exclaimed, when I read a polite little note asking me to come on a certain night disguised in false nose and goggles. I could borrow the goggles of an automobile friend, all right, and the nasal appendage would be supplied by the costumer. So on the night in question I sallied forth, and of all the rare and funny times this certainly was "it." Give one yourself and find out. Intimate friends were soon recognized by the voice, but not until after, there had been all kinds of sport.

On arriving each guest was presented with a card bearing a number, which was suspended around the neck much after the fashion of "Pity the Blind" placards. Then each one had a programme also numbered, and when you thought you knew a person you wrote down his or her supposed name opposite the number. It is needless to say that only congenial and intimate friends are to be bidden to this kind of a party.

After an hour of hilarious fun, noses and goggles were removed and scores marked up. Everyone had taken particular pains to wear garments never seen by the others, and, in some instances, clothes had been exchanged, and some wore dominoes. A husband and wife were not recognized by each other, nor a young man and his fiancee, though he had vowed he would know her in Africa. Well, he might there, but a false nose and goggles rendered her completely incognito in this country.

Prizes were awarded and the men assisted in serving the refreshments, which were planned like an automobile picnic luncheon.

The whole affair was delightfully informal and proved a genuine recreation to many of the grave and rever end seniors who were present.

MADAME MERRI.

Length of Skirts.

The American woman has sworn allegiance to the short skirt for walking and hackabout coast costumes, and prefers the round length or the skirt just escaping the floor for semiformal afternoon occasions when the demi-tailored coat and skirt may be worn.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually, Dispels Colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.

Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.

To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

by whom it is manufactured, printed on the front of every package.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.

one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

GEORGE KEPT HIM BUSY.

Matrimonial Engagements Seemed Always in Order.

A well-known Virginia clergyman, onetime president of William and Mary college, was married three times and on one occasion the ceremony was performed by his bishop, an even more renowned bishop. When the first marriage took place, the bishop had to refuse a tempting invitation from an old friend because—so the letter ran—"I am going up to Williamsburg on that date to marry my brother George."

The same friend happened to be on the train with him, years afterward, when he was traveling to the second ceremony. "I am going to marry my brother George," the bishop explained, benignly, after the business of greeting was over. Again many years passed, and the same journey was taken once more for the same purpose. By a strange co-incidence, the identical friend ran into the bishop as they hurried through the depot to their respective trains. "Where going bishop?" the former sang out as they grasped hands and dashed by each other.

"I am going where I am always going," the answer came back, ponderously, "to marry my brother George!" —Harper's Weekly.

Model for Rest of the Force.

While Oil City cannot, perhaps, boast of being a strictly cold-water town, she can, we believe, lay claim to having her residents boast the champion temperance man of the state, if not of the entire country. Not only has he never drank any kind of spiritous or malt liquors, but he has never allowed any tea, coffee, soup or any kind of milk to pass his lips since he was a child. He is a colored man, was born in slavery, and because his father frequently drank more whisky than was good for him, he resolved when a boy to never drink anything but water. And he has religiously kept the resolution. He is a member of the Oil City police force, and his name is Major Franklin.—Oil City (Pa.) Blizzard.

Time Sometimes Flies So.

"Mabel," asked the dear girl's mother, "what time did that young man leave last night?"

"Why," replied Mabel, "I believe it was nearly 11 o'clock."

"What? I am sure it was later than that," said the mother.

"How strange!" remarked Mabel, dreamily. "We both thought it couldn't possibly be that late."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Finance.

"Sammy," said a Germantown mother recently to her youngest-born, "When you divided those seven pieces of candy with your brother did you give him four?"

"No, ma'am," replied Sammy, "I knew they wouldn't come out even, so I ate one before I began to divide."—Harper's Weekly.

Strong Indications.

"Do you think the intentions of young Gotrox are serious?" asked the anxious mother.

"I'm sure they are, mamma," replied the pretty daughter. "Why, only last night he laughed heartily at one of papa's alleged jokes."

HER "BEST FRIEND."

A Woman Thus Speaks of Postum.

We usually consider our best friends those who treat us best.

Some persons think coffee a real friend, but watch it carefully awhile and observe that it is one of the meanest of all enemies for it stabs one while professing friendship.

Coffee contains a poisonous drug—caffeine—which injures the delicate nervous system and frequently sets up disease in one or more organs of the body, if its use is persisted in.

"I had heart palpitation and nervousness for four years and the doctor told me the trouble was caused by coffee. He advised me to leave it off, but I thought I could not," writes a Wis. lady.

"On the advice of a friend I tried Postum Food Coffee and it so satisfied me that I did not care for coffee after a few days' trial of Postum.

"As weeks went by and I continued to use Postum my weight increased from 98 to 118 pounds, and the heart trouble left me. I have used it a year now, and am stronger than I ever was. I can hustle up stairs without any heart palpitation, and I am cured of nervousness.

"My children are very fond of Postum and it agrees with them. My sister liked it when she drank it at my house, but not when she made it at her own home. Now she has learned to make it right, boil it according to directions, and has become very fond of it. You may use my name if you wish, as I am not ashamed of praising my best friend—Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."