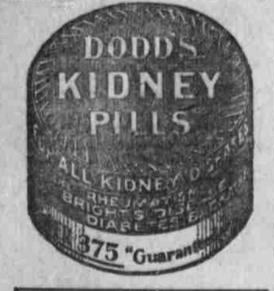


Tricked of the Time.  
A Philadelphia lawyer who spends most of his time at his country estate employs a sturdy Irish gardener whose one desire in life is to live until the banner of freedom is unfurled over Ireland.  
One evening the lawyer strolled through the grounds of his place and stopped to have a chat with the gardener.  
"Michael, do you know that while we are here enjoying the beautiful twilight it is dark midnight in Ireland?" he asked.  
"Faith, an' O'm not surprised," replied the gardener. "Ireland never got justice yet!"—Judge.



Something in a Name.  
Although New York has never had more opera than at present, and we are being constantly told that our public is opera mad, there are still some who are far from opera educated.  
When the new opera, "The Bartered Bride," was announced one of the first telephone conversations held by Max Ehrlich, of the Metropolitan Opera House, ran:  
"Hello, is this the Metropolitan?"  
"Well, want two seats reserved for 'The Bartered Bride'?"—New York Sun.

**\$100 Reward, \$100.**  
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one decided disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for the free literature.  
Address: F. J. CHENEY CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**Too Inquisitive.**  
"What is Boston coffee?" asked the customer at the lunch counter.  
"It's the kind you put the cream in first," answered the waiter girl.  
"But why is it called Boston coffee?"  
"Because the cream is put in first."  
"Yes, I know; but when a man orders Boston coffee why do you put the cream in first?"  
"Because he orders Boston coffee. Anything else you wish to know, sir?"—Chicago Tribune.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*  
A Natural Laxative.  
"Mrs. Elyaw, that giddy young nation, very much discontented with the way her daughter is shooting up into a tall girl."  
"Yes, it is what might be described as a growing dissatisfaction."—Baltimore American.  
"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc."—Bottle.  
"Made to Return the Frame."  
Nat C. Goodwin attended a story-telling party not long ago, when he was reminded of the following:  
"There was a young fellow in Chicago, the owner of a prosperous photographic business, who at Christmas presented a magnificent frame to a young woman whom he much admired.  
"When he next saw her, the young man inquired how she liked the work."  
"Oh," she exclaimed, "I'm afraid I shall have to send you back the frame; you know mother doesn't believe in a girl accepting valuable presents from young men!"

**All Who Would Enjoy**  
good health, with its blessings, must understand, quite clearly, that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best, each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to living aright. Then the use of medicines may be dispensed with to advantage, but under ordinary conditions in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time and the California Fig Syrup Co. holds that it is alike important to present the subject truthfully and to supply the one perfect laxative to those desiring it.  
Consequently, the Company's Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna gives general satisfaction. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

# The Pirate of Alastair

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND  
Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.  
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CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)  
"Don't you think that a girl who's engaged to one man ought to tell other men so?"  
She drew back sharply and faced me with averted eyes.  
"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Selden?"  
"I was in for it, so I plunged ahead. That day you came to the ship, I had no idea," I blundered on. "I did not know you were such a friend of Miss Selden's."  
"Well," she said, "and now that you know?"  
"I think you should have told me. I ought to have known before that afternoon."  
She was haughtiness itself. "Why, what affair was it of yours?"  
I shrugged my shoulders. "I was entitled to know."  
"I cannot understand why. What makes you think that Mr. Selden and I—?" she hesitated a second—"are such old friends?"  
"Of a sudden we were in a very nasty temper, fusing each other."  
"I happened to see his picture in your pocket. It was lying open, face upward."  
"She did not even tap her foot; she simply sat still and looked her indignation at me."  
"Really, Mr. Selden, I cannot see how that affects you. What reason could there be for telling you my personal affairs?"  
I stuck doggedly at it. "I think I should have been told," I repeated. "I should have been told." She looked over. "I am going back to the Penguin Club," she said.  
I rose also. "Very good. I will see you there."  
"No," she turned to me sharply. "I prefer to go back alone."  
She was imperious; I could be equally so.  
"And I prefer to go with you. The pines are lonely, and it is growing late. I owe at least that duty to your aunt."  
Then she tapped her foot impatiently, angrily. "You are very tiresome, Mr. Selden. I am my own mistress, and I do not want your company."  
"And I will not let you go back alone."  
"You are very rude," she looked over at the bench as if for some possible help. "Is there no one else?" she asked aloud. There came a voice from the cabin steps behind me. "If you will permit me, mademoiselle, I should esteem it a great honor."  
"Who are you?" I asked, as we were shot, and faced about. A tall, somewhat angular man stood before us, but in hand, bowing low to Miss Graham.  
"I heard your question," he said, "and I took it on myself to answer it. Permit me," he stepped forward and placed himself at the girl's side.  
"Who are you?" I asked, all amazement, for I was surprised out of my wits.  
"My name is Pierre Duponceau," the stranger said, ignoring me and addressing Miss Graham, "and I count myself fortunate in coming on a lady in distress."  
We both stood still, taking in the queer figure. Never had I seen a man just like him. He was dressed all in black, but his clothes were singularly rich and of strange pattern. From his shoulders hung a black cloak held under his chin by two heavily wrought gold chains. Across his open waistcoat, which was black satin flowered in white, were three gold chains, and there were rings on his fingers. Moreover, his manner was strange, exotic, polished to a degree, and his voice had a peculiar, fascinating foreign softness that I had never heard in any other man. His height was over six feet. I recognized the figure that I had seen in the column.  
He was smiling easily, the least perturbed of the three. "Permit me, mademoiselle," he repeated, and offered Miss Graham his arm.  
She shot one glance at me, and then, half smiling, placed her hand on his arm. So he led her across the deck to the ladder.  
I was still dumb with surprise. I saw the man in black leap to the path, help Miss Graham down the ladder, cross the canopy, and disappear with her behind the cliff. Then I sat down on a chair. Was I awake or dreaming? A man had come out of the ship at a crucial moment, and a man who, my instinct told me, was not of our age or people. I no longer recognized Alastair; I was beginning even to doubt my sober self.

CHAPTER IX.  
Darkness fell, and still the man in the cloak did not return, and I went back to the cottage with my curiosity unquenched. I did not know what to make of the sudden appearance, nor of the summary fashion in which he had interposed between Miss Graham and myself. He, a total stranger, escorting her home through the woods! And yet this phase of the matter did not so much surprise me, for I felt intuitively that we were dealing with a woman. As far as my recollection of sea-voyagers went, I recalled that pirates had always been scrupulously polite in their relations with the gentler sex.  
There was no gaining that this sudden apparition had interposed himself between Miss Graham and me, yet I did not resent this so much as I might have, because things had been coming to a very bad pass, and might speedily have resulted in even more serious trouble than had occurred.  
I questioned Charles closely as to whether he had detected any suspicious characters prowling about the beach, but he knew what to make of the matter. "Shouldn't notice anything unusual," I told him, "be sure to report it immediately to me." It was clear to me that something was happening of more substantial texture than a dream.  
Late in the evening I lighted my pipe and walked in the direction of the ship. As I came to the path I saw the man in the cloak sitting on deck, and hailed him.  
"May I come on board, Monsieur Duponceau?"  
He rose and peered at me through the dusk. "Is it the gentleman who dined here this afternoon?" he asked, somewhat suspiciously.  
"The same."  
"You are welcome," he answered, and I could not help smiling at his assumption of ownership.  
He shook hands with me as I came on board, and poured me water in one of my own glasses.  
"I must apologize that I have no wine

to offer you," he said in such a manner that my likings instantly went out to him. "I should not even have had the pleasure of offering you this but for the fact that you yourself provided it."  
"Will you smoke?" I handed him a cigar, which he accepted, and lighted with a match I furnished. For the first time I noticed a pair of heavy pistols on the table.  
"You travel well guarded," said I, looking to know.  
"I have need," he answered, "grave need." I looked closely at him. He was in perfect command, his pale face gleaming with serious, his deep eyes set beneath black brows. He pushed his somewhat long hair back from a fine, broad forehead. "I do not know you, are you, sir, but I take you for a friend—no I assure you of a class now sadly small."  
"I live near the beach," I explained, "and my name is Selden. I imagine that you are a stranger to this shore?"  
"An absolute stranger. I come from the other side of the ocean. This is the first time I have ever been to America."  
I waited, but he would vouchsafe nothing further. So we sat and smoked silently, while I felt his keen eyes studying me.  
"May I ask your age, Mr. Selden?" he said at length.  
"Certainly. Twenty-eight."  
"Ah! You are very much younger than I. I am somewhere between 40 and 50, one who has seen much, and so almost an old man."  
I could not imagine what was coming. "It is in reference to this afternoon," he said, as though in answer to my thoughts. "When I hear a woman in distress I am water, I cannot but interpose. Still, as I returned here this evening I thought that possibly you might feel aggrieved. Believe me, Mr. Selden, at the time I had eyes only for the lady."  
He paused, then went on: "If you will pardon a much older man, I would give you a bit of counsel. Never contend with a woman; let her have her way. Above all, never contend with a woman who cares for you."  
"I have the least reason in the world to think that this one does?" I answered.  
He made no reply, but smoked thoughtfully. I suddenly found his further silence unendurable.  
"What are your plans, sir?" I asked abruptly. "For I do not suppose that you dropped down here entirely by chance, and intend to stay until chance again moves you away."  
"No, I did not arrive solely by chance," he answered, although that had much to do with it. "But I expect to stay until fortune, be it good or bad, summons me. That is, always supposing, Mr. Selden, that you do not drive me away from your beach."  
"I?" I said, much surprised. "How can your stay here hurt me?"  
My new acquaintance let his eyes rest upon my face a moment, then smiled as though at a passing joke of his own.  
"You have a saying that 'where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise'; I will not explain, therefore, and only hope that you may never know; but—and his eyes shifted for a moment from mine to the pistols on the table—"if you do know, it will not be a very pretty piece of information."  
I clenched my pipe between my teeth; the night wind was stirring; the flares of strange adventure hung over the ship as strongly as the salt breeze from the sea. I felt myself indescribably fascinated. Duponceau drew his cloak somewhat closed around him, and muffled it about his chin, so that all of his face I could clearly see was his long, wonderful black eyes. Indeed, they were wonderful—those eyes of his. The more I looked into them, the more they held me, and yet the less I knew about the man himself.  
I was just wondering if this Duponceau was not something of a hypnotist when I found that he was speaking in a soft, low, almost ruminative voice.  
"Like you, Mr. Selden, I like you extremely, and so I would not bring you into any harm; and yet if you are my friend I shall most likely do so, for that curse was laid upon me in the past. I say I have many friends, and even more enemies, and some of the friends have turned enemies, but none of the enemies friends. I tell you this so that you may be the better judge, because you must be one or the other. Nobody has ever been indifferent." He did not detect arrogance; simply the statement of facts.  
"I would rather be your friend," I answered.  
He was silent again, gazing at and through me with his dreamy, speculative vision. I had the feeling that I was in a measure spellbound—that I could not start a conversation for myself, could not act without his volition.  
"There are reasons," he continued in time, "while I cannot tell you much. If I am not one of the world's great men by birth, I am by achievement. There was a Corsican born in the last century whom all the powers of Europe sought for years to bind and silence; there were many men there who would do the same for me. Wherever Napoleon went he brought strife; wherever I go strife follows." He ceased looking through me, and gazed at me.  
"You have your quiet beach, your snug home, your summer with the fair lady of the afternoon; do you still wish me to stay?"  
"The ship is any one's property," I said, "and the shore is free. If you want more, you have only to ask for it at my cottage."  
"What would the lady say?" he continued.  
"The lady has nothing whatever to say in the matter," I returned, annoyed at his continual reference to Miss Graham.  
"I am free to choose for myself," Duponceau smiled. "Mr. Selden, you are a young man of spirit, but you are ignorant, very ignorant. It all depends on the lady. You would not weigh me in the balance for a moment if she willed otherwise. No one is free; there is always some other power. Even the Corsican could not withstand his star."  
The smile faded, vanished; Duponceau's eyes were stern and fixed.  
"I have been called a pirate, a robber, a modern Juggernaut, but it was only because I had my vision, and could see farther than others could."  
He was lunging away, his thoughts

fighting. I watched him until his mind came back.  
"Now," he said, "we will fight it out. I take you at your word—the ship is mine, the shore any one's property."  
Suddenly he rose and stood peering up the beach. "Some one is coming," he said, and I saw that his hands felt for the pistols on the table.  
I looked, and saw Charles swinging a lantern. "It is only my servant," I answered.  
"Can he be trusted?"  
"Implicitly."  
"Tell him who I am."  
"We waited until Charles came on board. He showed no surprise at seeing the two of us.  
"I came for the dinner things, Mr. Felix," he stated, looking at me and ignoring Duponceau.  
"Charles," I said, "this is Monsieur Duponceau, who has lately come to stay in this ship. You are not to mention his presence here to any one, but will do whatever he asks. You need not take the things away; they may be of use to him in the cabin. Monsieur Duponceau, you may rely on Charles as on yourself."  
Charles bowed to the man in black, a fine figure, gazing steadily at my man, I could not help noting the picture that he made, his hand still on the pistols, his soft black hat low upon his forehead, his cloak hung across his shoulder.  
Charles turned to go. "Has there been any message for me?" I asked as an afterthought.  
"No, Mr. Felix," Charles hesitated; "but I found a man prowling about the back road after supper, and though I'd never seen him before, I couldn't learn his business. He looked like a sly one, sir."  
I turned to Duponceau; he was smiling.  
"You see, Mr. Selden, how quickly my words find proof. Where I come striff follows."  
(To be continued.)

**EVEN CHINESE WOMEN M. D.'S.**  
Canton Medical College Has Its Graduation Exercises.  
Details have just been received by the foreign missions board of the Presbyterian church of the seventh graduation exercises of the E. A. Hackett Medical College for Women, at Canton, China, on January 8th. The board operates there a large women's hospital and a training school for nurses, in addition to the medical college. There are fifty students in the college, of whom seven were graduated. Exercises were held in the Theodore Cuyler Native church, and the feature of the graduation of the seven young Chinese women from the college was an address by the board, an official of Canton corresponding to our mayor, says the New York Evening Post. It is felt by the board that great progress has been made when a high Chinese official appears in public on such an occasion. The total address, translated, was as follows:  
"The sixteenth of the twelfth moon of the Mo Shan year, being the day on which your esteemed college celebrates the occasion of your students' completing their terms of study, I, the total, by order and on behalf of the viceroy of the Two Kwans attend this meeting to-day and deliver the following address:  
In western countries medical colleges for men and women are equally held in high esteem. Formerly the Americans established a hospital for women in Canton called the Yan Tsai, and subsequently established the present college, and had gathered virtuous ladies and taught them the method of delivering the people of this world, which was a very good idea. All the ladies have used their utmost endeavor to learn, and have now succeeded in their study. From this time forward they would make good use of their profession and be brilliant lights among the females, so as to comply with the excellent idea of a nation with whom we maintain a cordial relation, and at the same time realize the pleasure and hope of our viceroy. May you female students all pluck up your courage. I also congratulate your esteemed college on its future career.  
The total represented the viceroy on behalf of the newly established bureau of commerce and industry, and thus gave to the work of educating Chinese women the stamp of official approval. The viceroy also sent other high officers to show his approval of the work being done for Chinese women.  
The young physicians thus started on their career were also addressed by Dr. Amos P. Wilder, the American vice-consul general at Canton.  
The programs, samples of which were sent to the board with the accounts of the graduation exercises, present the Chinese idea of what was proper for such an occasion. That for the medical college is printed on paper of the shade made familiar here by laundry tickets, while that for the nurses' school is on white paper; each measures 7 1/2 by 9 1/2 inches and gives the order of exercises in Chinese as well as in English.  
In Distress.  
"Where he you going in such a hurry, pa?" asked the tall woman in the red sunbonnet as her husband dashed by with a powerful pair of farm horses.  
"Going to pull an automobile party out of the mud, sis," laughed the old farmer. "They've got the 'C. D. Q.' signal flying from their machine."  
Tactical Skill.  
He (thoughtlessly)—This bread isn't like the kind—  
She (angrily)—Well, your mother made it, all the same.  
He (deprecatingly)—I was going to say, my dear, like the kind we had the last time you made it.—Baltimore American.

**Government Tells How to Dodge House Fly and Mosquito.**  
The season is approaching when the blue-tailed fly will resume his task of making life uncomfortable for the bald heads and the mosquito will sing loudly as he sips nectar from the veins of the unwary. It is well that the public should know that this paternal government has not been slack in the duty of enlightening the people as to the manners and habits of these summer visitors, in order that the wicked may cease from troubling and the weary be at rest. There is hope for all if the people will only drink from the fountain of knowledge.  
After the government had become convinced that blue-tailed flies actually pestered bald heads, and that mosquitoes were active in season, steps were taken to investigate the fly habits and eccentricities of the fly and the mosquito. The object was to take advantage of some intellectual infirmity of these animals, if possible, and thus neutralize their power for evil. The inquiries were directed by scientific men, not only in this country, but in Europe, Asia and Africa, assisted by American consuls in foreign parts. The result of the inquiries and experiments has been published in a bulletin.  
Stripped of technicalities, the bulletin's story tells of experiments made with two pieces of cloth, each a yard square. One was white and the other black. They were so placed as to be free of access to all flies and mosquitoes which cared to assist science in the experiment. After witnessing the evolutions of several thousands of flies and a few myriads of mosquitoes, a careful count was made by the government experts, and it was discovered that of every 1,000 flies 619 alighted on the square of black cloth and only 381 on the white. Of every 1,000 mosquitoes 747 showed a preference for the black cloth, while only 253 dallied with the white. After these figures had been summed up, compared, correlated, co-ordinated, tabulated, etc., they were published, with this deduction: If you wish to dodge flies and mosquitoes, wear white clothes.  
Another branch of science has declared that black clothing concentrates, co-ordinates and condenses the sun's rays, being, therefore, less desirable than white clothing in summer. This adds force to the government's contention. But the question here is the evasion of the flies and mosquitoes, not that of comfort in dress. The government, in the bulletin referred to, told everybody just what to do, and it is their own fault if they don't do it. The most paternal of governments cannot force people to profit by its advice. It goes out and gets the information, regardless of expense, but it is asking too much to require it to take every bald-headed man by the nose of the neck and force him to throw away his black skull cap. The government cannot do everything. The people must do some things for themselves.—Washington Post.

**As to the Future of Man.**  
The old theologians were gloomy in the contemplation of the future of mankind. They could not see much

## AT MERCY OF A RHINOCEROS

A few years ago a terrible accident befell an English sportsman in pursuit of the rhinoceros. It is given in a book entitled "On Safari," by Abel Chapman, to whom the story was related by the unfortunate man. The sportsman was in pursuit of a rhinoceros, and had passed a "rhino," which he resolved to go back and endeavor to secure. He tells the story as follows:  
"The rhino was 120 yards away, with its back toward me. I sat down in grass eighteen inches high and waited. After ten minutes the rhino turned round and walked slowly toward me, grazing.  
"The man I had with me became frightened, and after creeping for some distance through the grass, jumped to his feet and ran. This aroused the beast, for it lifted its head and looked after the man, giving me the chance I wanted.  
"I put a solid bullet in the center of its chest, and it went down heavily. There seemed to be not the slightest breath of life left in it, so I walked toward it.  
"When I was less than twenty yards away the huge beast gave a roll and got on to its feet. My rifle was up at once, and I put a bullet into the shoulder; but before I could get in a second shot the brute was charging straight.  
"I commenced to run, but the first step I took I tripped and fell, and before I could regain my feet it was on top of me.  
"It hit me first with its nose, dropped with both knees on me, then, drawing back for the blow, threw me clean over its back. The horn entered the back of my left thigh, and I saw the animal well underneath me as I was flying through the air.  
"It threw me a second time, but I cannot recollect that throw clearly; and then came a third time. I was lying on my right side when the great black snout was pushed against me. Then I found myself on my feet, how I do not know, and staggered off.  
"After going about forty yards, expecting every moment to be charged again, I felt that I might as well lie down and let the beast finish its work; so I lay down."  
The spot where the catastrophe occurred was fifteen miles from camp. The nearest doctor was distant one hundred and thirty-six miles. There on the desert veld, a shattered wreck, with right arm smashed, ribs broken, and many minor injuries, lay the hunter, exposed to the fierce equatorial sun. It was hours before his men found him, and midnight ere they could carry him into camp. It was not until eight days after the accident that the doctor arrived, and the necessary operations could be performed.  
The man lost his right arm, but otherwise bears no trace of his terrible experience.

**White Clothes in Summer.**  
Government Tells How to Dodge House Fly and Mosquito.  
The season is approaching when the blue-tailed fly will resume his task of making life uncomfortable for the bald heads and the mosquito will sing loudly as he sips nectar from the veins of the unwary. It is well that the public should know that this paternal government has not been slack in the duty of enlightening the people as to the manners and habits of these summer visitors, in order that the wicked may cease from troubling and the weary be at rest. There is hope for all if the people will only drink from the fountain of knowledge.  
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**Wit of the Youngsters**  
"Elmer," said his penurious uncle, "what would you do if I gave you a nickel?"  
"I don't know for sure," replied Elmer, "but I'd probably drop dead."  
Small Tommy (after the slipper sequence)—Mamma, I'm glad I'm not a girl. Mamma—Why, Tommy? Small Tommy—Cause I'd be ashamed to grow up and become a child bearer.  
"Johnny," said the boy's mother, "I hope you have been a nice, quiet boy at school this afternoon." "That's what I was," answered Johnny. "I went to sleep right after dinner, and the teacher said she'd whip any boy in the room who waked me up."  
His Day of Reckoning.  
As the stout man whose appetite had excited the envy of the other boarders turned to leave the parlor he looked down at his waistcoat. "I declare, I've lost two buttons off 'my vest," he said ruefully.  
He was a new boarder, but his landlady saw no reason for further delay in showing her banner, "Watchfulness and economy for all." She gave him the benefit of the call gave so familiar to her older boarders.  
"I think without doubt you will find them both in the dining room," she announced clearly.—Youth's Companion.

**ORIGIN OF GOLD DEPOSITS.**  
Why Beds of Streams Rich in Mineral Show No Trace of Quartz.  
The current theory of the formation of gold-bearing alluvial deposits assumes that the gold existed originally in the central nucleus of the earth in the forms of sulphide and telluride, which subsequently became dissolved in the water of hot springs and were deposited together with gelatinous silica. Thus were formed veins of auriferous quartz which, in consequence of erosion, gave rise to alluvial strata containing particles of metallic gold.  
M. Fleux, however, asserts that the erosion of outcropping auriferous veins of quartz does not account for all deposits of metallic gold. He claims that some gold-bearing strata show no trace of quartz, but consist wholly of clay with fragments of diorite or diabase, and moreover are so situated as to preclude the existence of quartz veins. He has seen beds of streams become richer in gold after every rain, though they showed no trace of quartz. Finally, in certain auriferous strata which contain much quartz, not a particle of gold is found in the quartz, though some gold occurs in the diabase which accompanies it.  
Hence Fleux concludes that the erosion of quartz veins can not be the sole source of auriferous alluvial strata, and furthermore, that the almost constant presence in these strata of heavy basic rocks containing diorite, amphibole schist and diabase, indicates that native gold is one of the subsidiary ingredients of these rocks.  
According to this new theory, therefore, certain of the heavy eruptive rocks have carried with them in their eruption some of the gold existing in the metallic state in the central nucleus of the earth. After reaching the surface these rocks were oxidized by water, which washed away the lighter materials and left the heavier, including the gold.—Scientific American.

**Do You Desist?**  
A minister's wife had quite a tussle with coffee and her experience is interesting. She says:  
"During the two years of my training as a nurse, while on night duty, I became addicted to coffee drinking. Between midnight and four in the morning, when the patients were asleep, there was little to do except make the rounds, and it was quite natural that I should want a good, hot cup of coffee about that time. It stimulated me and I could keep awake better.  
"After three or four years of coffee drinking I became a nervous wreck and thought that I simply could not live without my coffee. All this time I was subject to frequent bilious attacks, sometimes so severe as to keep me in bed for several days.  
"After being married, Husband begged me to leave off coffee, for he feared that it had already hurt me almost beyond repair, so I resolved to make an effort to release myself from the habitual habit.  
"I began taking Postum and for a few days felt the languid, tired feeling from the lack of the stimulant, but I liked the taste of Postum, and that answered for the breakfast beverage all right.  
"Finally I began to feel clearer headed and had sterner nerves. After a year's use of Postum I now feel like a new woman—have not had any bilious attacks since I left off coffee."  
"There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs.  
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**Fashionable Dog Doctors.**  
New York now possesses its fashionable dog doctors, who get \$10 a visit and sleep with a telephone at their bedside for night calls. A lady recently summoned a specialist from New York to Newport, and kept him for a week, at \$100 a day, because her poodle was ailing. Their mistresses buy their treasures collars, set with precious stones, at several hundred dollars each, and one lady has had a house built for her dog, the exact model of a Queen Anne cottage. Every morning, before being taken out for a walk, he is bathed, curled and perfumed.  
NOTHING IN SIGHT.  
Life Had Lost All Interest.  
Mrs. J. P. Pemberton, 854 S. Lafayette St., Marshall, Mo., says:  
"Doctors told me I had Bright's disease, and I believed it. I was getting weaker and weaker until I finally took to bed. The kidney secretions were scanty and seemed filled with dead tissue. I got thin and emaciated and then began to bloat all over.  
I pressed my heart and I was in such a condition that I did not take an interest in anything. As a last effort I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills. The kidneys responded quickly, began carrying off the poisons, and when I had used twelve boxes the trouble was all gone. I now enjoy better health than ever before."  
Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**The Real Diapire.**  
"But, honorable sir," insisted the educated Japanese, "you class us wrongly. We are not Mongolians."  
"In that case," said the California statesman, shrugging his shoulders, "I will have to settle your differences with Noah Webster—not with me. He says you are."  
In a Pinch. Use Allen's Foot-Paste. A powder to shake into your shoes. It cures the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen Feet, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Itchy, Burning, Blisters. "Foot-Paste" makes new or tight shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Gonsky, Le Roy, N. Y.

**RIPE OLIVES.**  
A Trick Which Lives in California Play on Newcomers.  
"I have just returned from California," said the traveler, "and for your information, in case you ever wander thither, let me post you on one of the riper little jests which the inhabitants love to tell in on the innocent tenderfoot.  
"About the first thing they'll run you up against the California ripe olives. Ever eat them? You can hardly get them here because they won't stand shipment. And there's mighty good. Most real olive eaters prefer them to the ordinary green pickled olive. The ripe olives are pickled also, you understand, and come out of the brine jet black.  
"After you have eaten and approved, they will lead you, on by remarking: 'Well, if you like them that way you'll like them better fresh. Just stroll out to the orchard with me and we'll have one.'  
"Then they lead you out to one of their long lanes of trees. I pause to remark that you don't know what olive green and olive brown mean until you've seen those colors in that slim, graceful little tree.  
"There are fresh olives all right, hanging among the gray leaves and looking mighty tempting. You pick one, and bite into it.  
"Whew! Bitter? I can taste it yet. It's all the quinine and rhubarb and wormwood in the world, combined in a nasty, haunting bitterness that hangs to you until you have eaten two meals. It is an oily bitterness that gets into the corners and crannies of your mouth and won't be washed out.  
"When you recover a little they explain that the brine takes out the bitterness, and that's why olives are pickled."—New York Sun.

**LIGHT BOOZE.**  
Do You Desist?  
A minister's wife had quite a tussle with coffee and her experience is interesting. She says:  
"During the two years of my training as a nurse, while on night duty, I became addicted to coffee drinking. Between midnight and four in the morning, when the patients were asleep, there was little to do except make the rounds, and it was quite natural that I should want a good, hot cup of coffee about that time. It stimulated me and I could keep awake better.  
"After three or four years of coffee drinking I became a nervous wreck and thought that I simply could not live without my coffee. All this time I was subject to frequent bilious attacks, sometimes so severe as to keep me in bed for several days.  
"After being married, Husband begged me to leave off coffee, for he feared that it had already hurt me almost beyond repair, so I resolved to make an effort to release myself from the habitual habit.  
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**Wit of the Youngsters**  
"Elmer," said his penurious uncle, "what would you do if I gave you a nickel?"  
"I don't know for sure," replied Elmer, "but I'd probably drop dead."  
Small Tommy (after the slipper sequence)—Mamma, I'm glad I'm not a girl. Mamma—Why, Tommy? Small Tommy—Cause I'd be ashamed to grow up and become a child bearer.  
"Johnny," said the boy's mother, "I hope you have been a nice, quiet boy at school this afternoon." "That's what I was," answered Johnny. "I went to sleep right after dinner, and the teacher said she'd whip any boy in the room who waked me up."  
His Day of Reckoning.  
As the stout man whose appetite had excited the envy of the other boarders turned to leave the parlor he looked down at his waistcoat. "I declare, I've lost two buttons off 'my vest," he said ruefully.  
He was a new boarder, but his landlady saw no reason for further delay in showing her banner, "Watchfulness and economy for all." She gave him the benefit of the call gave so familiar to her older boarders.  
"I think without doubt you will find them both in the dining room," she announced clearly.—Youth's Companion.

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