Munyon's Paw Paw Pills coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, gripe or weaken. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves; invigorate instead of weaken. They enrich the blood and enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. These pills contain no calomel; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. For sale by all druggists in 10c and 25c sizes. If you need medical advice, write Munyon's Doctors. They will advise to the best of their ability absolutely free of Charge. **MUNYON'S, 53d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.**

Munyon's Cold Remedy cures a cold in one day. Price 25c. Munyon's Rheumatism Remedy relieves in a few hours and cures in a few days. Price 25c.

Bad Breath

"For months I had great trouble with my stomach and used all kinds of medicines. My tongue has been actually as green as grass, my breath having a bad odor. Two weeks ago a friend recommended Cascarets and after using them I can willingly and cheerfully say that they have entirely cured me. I therefore let you know that I shall recommend them to any one suffering from such troubles."—Chas. H. Halpern, 114 E. 7th St., New York, N. Y.

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe. 10c., 25c. 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 923

Cabinet Families.

When people talk about old-fashioned families, it is rather a vague saying, as for instance, take the officialdom in Washington. President Roosevelt has the largest number of children in the executive set, six, and the Vice President is a close second with five. The Postmaster General and Mrs. Cortelyou have four children, two girls and two boys, and the Secretary of Agriculture has the same number, three boys and one girl. The Secretary of State and Mrs. Root have two boys, Elihu, Jr., and Edward, and one daughter, Miss Edith Root. Three is the favorite number of children in the cabinet families. The Shaws have two daughters and one son, the Tafts have two sons and one daughter. The Hitchcocks have three daughters. The Secretary of Commerce and Labor and Mrs. Metcalf have two sons, one of whom is in the army and the other a student at Annapolis.

TRAINED NURSE SPEAKS.

Has Found Doan's Kidney Pills Invaluable.

Mrs. Emeline Green, nurse, Osage, Iowa, says: "I have nursed many cases of terrible kidney disorders and have found Doan's Kidney Pills the best remedy for such troubles. In confinement when it is so necessary to have the kidneys in good condition, Doan's Kidney Pills are in a class alone. They are splendid also for backache, dizziness, bloating, retention and other kidney and bladder troubles."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A Warrior and His Book.

Real book lovers are likely to own a few books that they especially treasure. If these be bound worthily in handsome leather, it is not being too fussy to make a little chamois case or light box for each one to protect it from the chance knocks and scratches that mar the beauty of the leather. It is true that the best binding is one that, like the old white vellum, is durable, cleanable, attractive and serviceable; but not all bindings can be left unprotected, and if Alexander the Great believed nothing better worthy of a place in the jeweled casket of Darius than his copy of Homer's Iliad, even the most manly boy need not be ashamed to provide a safe-keeping wrapper for his dainty books.—St. Nicholas.

A practical joker of New York City tells this story upon himself and declares that the experience cured him of his bad habit:

On my arrival at San Francisco, as a joke I sent to a friend of mine at home, well known for his aversion to spending money, a telegram, with charges to collect, reading, "I am perfectly well."

The information evidently was gratifying to him, for about a week after sending the telegram an express package was delivered at my room, on which I paid $4 for charges. Upon opening the package I found a large New York street paving block, on which was pasted a card which read, "This is the weight your recent telegram lifted from my heart."

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

has been used successfully for years for deep-seated coughs, colds and bronchitis. Everybody should know about it. It is simple, safe and sure.

Way of the World.

Deacon Hardesty—I'm sorry to hear that you are dissatisfied with your preacher. He is a most excellent man.

Brother McGinnis (of another congregation)—Oh, yes, and he's a good preacher; but he doesn't draw well. We have a chance now to get a man who has just been tried for heresy.

Did the Best It Could.

The photographer was preparing to take a negative of the prize bulldog.

"Look pleasant," he said, mechanically.

The intelligent animal showed its fangs still more, but the effort could scarcely be called a success.

The Quest of Betty Lancey

By MAGDA F. WEST

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CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

But Betty now tried her wiles on Meta. English, her smattering of French and a base maceration of German were hurled at the black girl's ears. Meta pretended to understand nothing Betty said to her. Tyoga was absent, Le Malheureux apparently had disappeared into thin air, and Betty was like a caged lioness. She was permitted to wander through the castle, for such the edifice proved to be, but with Meta ever at her side. The architecture of the castle was of nondescript type, and it was rudely fashioned of granite, moss and vine grown and surrounded by parked gardens filled with tropical foliage and flowers. At the end of the gardens was a miasmatic river, thickly green and vile of odor, filled with rank reptiles and nauseous water plants. Beyond the river stretched the desert, yellow and hard. All this you could see from the upper windows of the castle, farther than a radius of fifty yards around the porticos Betty nor her handmaiden was not allowed to set foot. Within the castle was a small sandpacked court with an asthmatic fountain and heat-wrung plants. There Betty and Meta sat and Betty read the few books that were available, tried to teach Meta to dance and learned dances of her in return; tried, too, to learn Meta's gutural speech and failed sadly in teaching English to Meta. Which, along with certain other occurrences that happened as time went on, made Betty fairly certain that Meta already spoke English, or else understood it so perfectly that the girl was under instructions to betray no familiarity with the foreign tongue. A favorite game of these two girls became a variation of lawn tennis, a native game, which they played seated, hurling over a low net celluloid balls of light weight and gay colorings.

The evening of the third day Betty grew overwhelmed with such an uncontrollable loneliness that she could not help crying. Meta, who had just brought her supper of cocoanut, freshly cut, mixed with pineapples and guavas, a trussed pigeon, figs, dates, and fell sobbing, too, and tried inarticulately to find out what she wanted.

"Tyoga, Tyoga!" wailed Betty. Her nerves were at breaking point and the jackal who howled in the hills to the north was crazing her with his yowling, and she was sick, so sick, of it all, of the mystery, the silence, the loneliness.

Meta hesitated and then ran away like a deer. She came back troubled after an absence of a quarter of an hour or so, bearing in her hand a wax tablet on which was written in an old-fashioned slanting hand:

"Tyoga cannot come to you yet. Will you be patient but a little longer? She is very busy. She will try and come in a few mornings."

Betty took the tablet to bed with her, telling herself that she was getting positively foolish.

Meta went along, caressing her as much as she dared. Betty began to lose sight of the fact that Meta's skin was black. She had already done this with Tyoga. As Meta aided Betty to disrobe the slave's hand caught in the slender chain of the little gold locket that Betty wore always round her throat, and snapped its links asunder. The chain fell to the floor, and as it hit the tiling the locket flew open, disclosing Larry Morris' face. Meta picked it up, sighted the face, and girl-like, scented the trouble. She gazed intently at Larry's counterfeit presentment, studying it closely. Then she nodded her approval and shook an accusing finger at Betty, which moved Betty to tears again.

Meta laughed, and with much simpering began to finger around within the capacious flounces of her striped kilt. With much perspiration, and with what might have been blushes on a fairer skin she finally produced an odd little hand, painstakingly carved from ivory with inlaid nails and veins of gold. She held this high for Betty to gaze at, then pointed alternately to herself and Larry Morris' picture with such illuminating pantomimes that Betty immediately estimated that the ivory hand was the troth-sign of Meta and of a somewhere dusky-beloved!

Tyoga was three days in coming. Then she was much distraught and looked like a ragged edition of her once buxom self. First she called Meta aside and spoke with her long and earnestly—Betty would have vowed it was in French. Then Tyoga came to Betty.

"You are in danger of your life," she said, simply. "We all are. We are sorry for this, Miss Lancey, we had not expected it. We had thought all dangers were well guarded against, that all precautions had been taken. You and Meta must be left alone here in the castle for weeks. But be not afraid. Besides the secret entrance which none knows but Meta, there is no approach to the castle save from that river on the south and to cross that"—she shuddered—"to cross that is to swallow death. I have promised you a safe return to your people, and I go now to make that assurance doubly sure. Le Malheureux sends you his best wishes, and is sorry he cannot come in person, and now, farewell!"

The negress turned and left the two girls together, Betty terror-stricken, homesick, unnerved, Meta stolid, immobile as the castle itself.

For several weeks the weather was fine, almost supernatural in its beauty and glow. Betty trolled the castle over for hint or trace of any electrical apparatus, but none did she find. There were dozens of chambers similar to the one she occupied, what might be a throne room, a great dining hall, a mammoth kitchen, and one big room that possibly was an observatory, but which was most securely bolted, barred and cemented shut. Even American prowess dared not tamper with such solidity of masonry.

Meta and Betty had finally accomplished a species of pigeon dialect that like Crusoe and his man Friday permitted them to signify their wants and dislikes but prohibited the dangerous conversation of confidences and personal communications unto which women are so prone to fall! Betty had given up the idea of the note in a bottle, the sensational wireless message and such like methods of communication with the loved ones at home, and those of the newspaper fraternity in particular ever since she caught sight of the pigeons. She surreptitiously carved this message, "Betty Lancey, Africa," on the wing of many a poor suffering bird and vainly tried to shoo it briskly away in the direction that she thought housed civilized people. This carving was a work of perspiring labor but it diverted Betty more successfully than anything else might have done. This occupation amused and exhilarated because it revolved around the constantly diminishing germ of Hope that so was near to dying in Betty's bosom.

First of all, she had nothing to scratch with but a hairpin. And with tropical sun, and sea voyaging, hairpins had become scarce enough to be valuable. Second, Meta was always watching, and thirdly, you never could finish a bird at one sitting and it was terrible to try to catch any of the birds, and worse yet to get hold twice in succession of the same bird you had been working on last. Frequently there would be as many as three dozen birds, half bedecked with Betty's carving, hopping around at one time. Betty held the thought that if one of these birds should perchance be picked up it might send people within a continent of finding her.

There was something romantic about living in this desert and swamp-bound castle until the rains came on. Then it was more aggravating than anything Betty could ever have imagined.

"Worse than any city editor I know starting out to play wrecking crew with an entire office," she commented, grimly.

For an African rain in the central part of that shadowy continent is not a rainstorm as we know it. The lakes, the rivers, the sea itself seem to have risen and to be descending in flat layers and sheets of the wettest wet that ever mortal knew. Lightning in more varieties than Betty had dreamed might ever have been patented broke round the grim old castle, and the two lonely young girls loved the goat harder than ever.

Later they had an addition to their family. A decrepit old lion, a beast so mangy, worm eaten and toothless that one longed in pity to kill him then and there, crept in from the jungle one cold, rain-pelted night. He frightened the two girls half to death at first sight, then they both laughed heartily at sight of his infirmities and took him in and made him royally welcome. He expressed his gratification in croupy roars that caused Betty to long to feed him lard and sugar, the same as her mother had given her when she was a croupy, wheezy kiddie.

But as a burglar alarm those roars were the best of all inventions, as Betty expressed it in the journal she was pretending to keep.

"As a perfectly proper property lion. City Editor Burton is a peach."

Betty had named the lion "City Editor Burton" after the one being in the Inquirer office whose very voice was calculated to instantly remove the scalp of any cub reporter whoever sharpened a pencil in a newspaper office.

Between City Editor Burton and the pigeons Betty found less opportunity for worry than did Meta. Perhaps that was because Tyoga had not told Betty the same tale she had whispered that hot morning into the awe-struck ears of Meta. The black girl knew of the danger threatening, and feared in silence.

So strong had grown the attachment between Meta and Betty that the young Nubian, who, truth to tell, spoke English with rare perfection, had much ado to keep up their farce of pigeon English and to refrain from outpouring her soul to the white skinned, but now sadly-tanned Betty.

CHAPTER XIII.

Johnny Johnson and Larry Morris arrived in Algiers early in August. It was hot and the dust was equalled only by the flies. Larry spoke a little French, Johnny nothing but English. They were both seasick and both tired of the task they had set themselves upon. In Chicago darkest Africa had looked to them rather a small and unimportant province, a shrunken Rhode Island. In Algiers darkest Africa overlapped every continent on the globe. The apparent futility of the undertaking weighed them down.

Night fell. Then followed stars and a subdued rumble of the city life for a brief and restful interlude. Later the mirth and ribaldry of the cafes—Algiers at her worst.

This was Africa. Bad enough on the coast. But to ship for the inland! It was an impossibility. They sought forgetfulness in the cafes. Before one in particular the crowds were swarming like flies over molasses. Within, a woman, she looked to be an American at that, blonde and full-figured, singing an atrocious French song with an even more atrocious Maine accent. Between verses she mingled the cakewalk.

"Let's get out of this," said Larry. "Jean, look at the negro over there. Did you ever see such a Colossus in your life?"

More than the two newspaper men were watching the negro in question. He was nearly seven feet high, magnificent in his proportions, and dressed in immaculate white duck. His features were typically African, but he had the bearing of ancient kings and high intelligence lurked in his eyes, and was planted at the corners of his mouth and in the lines along his nostrils.

Standing in the corner close to the stage, he was regarding the pitiful thing that gamboled there with the same impassive pity that a man watches a butcher kill a little squealing pig. The pig is not worth much in the asthetic scale as life goes, but through him life may be sustained. One pig more or less to feed the masses benefits the masses, and is very good for the pig. It lets him out of being a pig, and provides for his transmogrification into another shape.

As the two Americans turned to look at the negro he was leaving the cafe. All eyes turned from the dancer to his coal-black pulchritude. The dancer, noting this waver of allegiance, lurched forward and kicked into the air with deft aim. One gaudy red satin slipper flew directly through the crowd and grazed the giant on the back, falling within a foot or two of the two Americans.

"That was a good shot!" ejaculated Johnny. Larry Morris was watching the muscles working in the African's face as he stooped to pick up the slipper.

"Because I'm black," he heard the man mutter, in pure English. "Because I'm black."

Straight through the crowd strode the black man, and up to the stage, overturning half of the tables in his way as he went. At the footlights he leaned over, held out the shoe and beckoned for the dancer to place her foot within it. But the women, with the whimsicality of her sex, turned her head away and smote the African twice across the cheek.

The black man straightened himself up like a steel bar, uncurved in a white hot furnace. He took the shoe and flung it at the dancer, lightly but accurately. It struck her across her painted mouth, and the steel plate on the heel tore the gentle skin of her full lip. The blood streamed down in a tiny thread over her chin and dropper on her white shoulders.

The habitues of the cafe could not endure this treatment of their favorite. Pandemonium was loosed. Bottles, lamps, glasses, even chairs, they hurled at the retreating figure of the African. He was cut and bruised in a dozen places and almost overcome, for the strength of a Hercules could not have resisted such onslaughts. Johnson and Morris had gone out of the door when the riot began, and were turning down the street when the black burst out, winded, panting, and closely pursued.

By the curb stood an automobile—a great red touring car; it belonged to Suiveler, the Associated Press man at Algiers. A weak, dissipated little fellow, Suiveler was at that moment the foremost in consoling the dancer.

Larry Morris thought quickly. He knew Suiveler well; they had worked together in the States, and the negro interested him.

"Crank her, Johnny," he cried, pointing to the automobile, and while Johnny cranked the machine Morris hustled the black within the car, threw from his perch the dazed chauffeur and in three minutes the black, Larry Morris and Johnson, in Suiveler's car, were headed for the desert with the mob howling hyena-like behind them.

"All right, old fellow; we'll help you," Larry had whispered in the black's ear as he hurried him towards the motor. Larry had had to do it, for downed as he was, the black instantly made a motion of resistance towards anything that smacked of captivity.

(To be continued.)

STUNTS OF THE COWBOY.

Australian Whip Cracking and Lasso Throwing in America.

The stock whip in the skillful hands of the Australian is not only an article of the greatest utility, but also a formidable weapon. Owing to its great length—the lash varies from twelve to thirty feet—and the shortness of the butt, which measures only eighteen inches, it is an extremely difficult and awkward thing to wield, and the beginner is apt to hurt himself if he does not exercise care when practicing.

A well-trained stockman, however, can hit a cent every time at ten paces' distance, and with the dreaded lash in his hand, cracking like pistol shots, can keep a mob of wild cattle in check. If used with full force it will cut through skin and flesh like a knife, says Wide World, but unless a beast shows distinct vice the stockman uses it more for the purpose of instilling fear than of causing pain.

It can also be used as a bolas—a Patagonian form of the lasso—and an adept can catch and hold a beast by causing the lash to curl around its legs.

The skill of the Australian with the stock whip is more than equaled by American cowboys with the lasso. One of the guild by the name of Welch has a pretty trick called the crinoline, in which the rope is kept whirling around the body in concentric rings like a huge and very animated hoopskirt. The trick looks ridiculously easy, but the beginner will find that, like many simple-looking feats, it cannot be learned in a day; he will also probably discover that a manila rope is painfully hard when it comes in contact with the head.

Mr. Welch will undertake to throw this lasso around any portion of a horse or its rider as he passes at a gallop, and the skillful manner in which he gets his rope about a horse's legs as the animal lifts them from the ground for an instant, in the act of cantering, is nothing short of marvelous. He can also completely tie a man up from a distance of thirty feet by throwing a succession of half-hitches over him with astonishing accuracy.

Millet and "The Angelus."

It was only after long years of struggle and dire poverty, through which Millet was consoled and supported by his wife, that the peasant painter was able to take the three-roomed cottage at Barbizon and "try to do something really good." It was then that he began to paint that most beautiful "poem of poverty," "The Angelus," which is to-day one of the most valuable pictures in the world. Again and again he threw aside the picture in despair of ever finishing it to his satisfaction, and as often his wife replaced it on the easel and induced him to continue.

On one occasion he was so incensed at not being able to produce a certain effect that he seized a knife and would have destroyed the canvas and ended the matter once for all had not his wife fortunately seized his hand and induced him to give the picture another trial. Thus it was that at last "The Angelus" found a place on the walls of the Louvre. The success it won encouraged Millet to paint many more pictures and thus place himself among the immortals in art.

He loves his country best who strives to make it best.—Ingersoll.

APPENDICITIS AND GOUT IN VOGUE 6000 YEARS AGO

If the world was created 6,000 years ago and the story of the expulsion from Eden is not a myth, confirmatory evidence of that fact will be found by old-line Bible people in some of the things recently unearthed in Nubia. From very recent research it has been established that disease entered the world in the form of gout and tuberculosis not less than 6,000 years ago—either entered it at that time or had been there for an indeterminable time previously.

Nearly sixty centuries have rolled away since the Nubians lived in the Valley of the Nile and were victims of the intestinal concretions which seem to be the cause of appendicitis. Fortunately for archaeological science, the diggers took with them an anatomist or two, who knew a thing or so about their business, and turned over to their inspection the bodies that were unearthed from this ancient civilization which has been lying buried under the wash and sands of the Nile from a time which merges into the vanishing point of history. In these excavations were found evidences of a civilization from a date preceding the earliest known dynasties of Egyptian kings down to the Byzantine age. These people seem to have lived undisturbed in the possession of their fertile fields and their well-built towns, probably under the protection of the kings of Egypt. In fact, a careful examination of their heads and faces showed that they were in reality Egyptians themselves. They did not belong to the aristocracy, but were rather the humble tillers of the soil—the farmers of that prehistoric time. They had a knowledge of copper, but they had not yet progressed sufficiently far in the metallic arts—in the period previous to say 1800 B. C.—to use that metal for instruments. The only utility they could find for copper was its use as ornaments for the person. For this purpose it was manufactured and sold extensively. For tools the Nubians of that date used stone, and very good and sharp-cutting tools they made of it, too. Flint lance-heads and flint knives were found in abundance, but no trace of a copper tool was in evidence for some centuries.

The next period ranges from 2800 B. C. to 1800 B. C., during which copper was discovered to be highly useful as a cutting metal and was manufactured accordingly. This was also the period of greatest change in the bodily characters of these people. The anatomists who made the examinations declared that a new type of man had been imported among the people of the lower Nile and had mixed his blood with that of the people he found there before him. The secret of the perfect preservation of bodies for sixty centuries lies in the fact that the people, probably not able to afford the methods of embalming that were practiced by the "swell" Egyptians, just took their dead and thoroughly salted the bodies.

One disease which seemed to have been prevalent to an extraordinary degree was rheumatic gout. Thousands of these people had suffered from gout and from rheumatism. Graves were found containing fifteen or twenty bodies, all members of the same family, and several generations of the same family. The anatomists were thereby enabled to trace peculiar anatomical resemblances from father to son, as well as evidences of transmitted disease.

That this marvelous method of preserving the dead is not practicable generally to day is due to the fact that one of the essentials of the success of the method is the peculiarly dry atmosphere of Egypt and the unlimited quantities of perfectly dry sand in which to bury the bodies after they have been treated with the salt or the solution of salt which the ancient Nubians used.

REVIVAL OF CHINA PAINTING.

A FASCINATING OCCUPATION FOR GIRLS.

There is a distinct revival in china painting among young girls in the east, and in addition to becoming expert in the art it is considered quite an essential part of the training to make a study of the best examples of old china to be found in museums and elsewhere, and from them gather inspiration for the decoration of modern pieces.

In every department of art or industrial training nowadays the "home" idea is made prominent. Girls are learning domestic economy and domestic science, and everywhere the predominant thought is the fitting of girls for the domestic side of life, and it may be because of this wave of fireside sentiment that the decoration of table ware is so deservedly popular.

To quote one of the leading instructors, "There is, to my mind," said she, "nothing more closely allied to domestic life than the hand decorating of china. It gives a girl a love for beautiful things for the home table and opens her eyes to the nicety of table appointments, and we all know that a well appointed table is usually the index to a successfully managed household.

"To make collections of any sort is an admirable thing, but the collecting of rare china for girls is particularly so, for it not only gives the collector a special interest in life, but she can never afterward pass by a bit of fine china, porcelain or pottery but she will glean enjoyment from it.

"The entire outfit, colors, brushes, oils and palette knives can be purchased for between $3.00 and $4.00, perhaps more, perhaps less. A course of ten lessons should make the average girl quite independent of a teacher, except, of course, when it came to some new and vexing problem; then she would doubtless require the advice of an instructor. In this art, as others, there is a great difference in girls, for some are quick with their hands while others are clumsy."

SQUEEZED ORGANS THE MOST FREQUENT CAUSE OF DISEASE.

The vital organs—heart, lungs, stomach, intestines—all do their work by means of vigorous motion, writes a physician. The heart expands and contracts about seventy-five times a minute. The lungs go through the same operation from twelve to sixteen times a minute. The churning motion of the stomach and the worm-like action of the intestines are very vigorous and continue for five or six hours after each meal. Napoleon, Phillips Brooks, Roosevelt, Jim Jeffries, Gladstone—all men of power—whatever their line of activity—have expanded bodies. If you would be a wholesome and significant figure in life lift up and expand your body so that your vital organs shall have room to do their work.

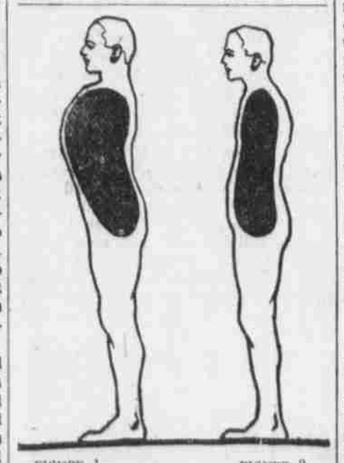

FIGURE 1. FIGURE 2.

Forbidden by Uncle Sam.

Fiercest of all the wild orgies of the aborigines of North America is the fiesta which culminates in the fire dance of the Saboba Indians, a small tribe living close to the Sierra Madre range of mountains, which walls off the seacoast of California from the desert.

Up to last year, when the Indian bureau of the United States government finally forbade the holding of these fiestas, the Sabobas had gathered every year at the base of old Mount San Jacinto to sing, dance and gamble, and finally to throw themselves into a pit of fiery coals, roll over and over on the burning bed, and then dance with bare feet on the red hot floor of the pit.

Lieut. Shackleton as Talker.

People whom Lieutenant Shackleton casually meets must be a trial to him with their trivial questions, but he has a merry wit. He was explaining how the penguins set up nest keeping. Mr. Penguin would feed his wife as she sat on the eggs. He brought her prawns and the like, carrying them in his gullet into which she dipped her beak. "Are the birds monogamic?" asked the naturalist present. "That we could not determine," replied the Great Iceman. "We frequently saw a male penguin feed another bird's wife, but we could not say whether his motives were absolutely disinterested."

Birds Construct Prisons.

Among the hornbills of Southern Asia the Malayan Island and Central and Southern Africa most of the species have a curious habit of hatching their young in the walled-up hollow of the tree chosen for the nest, says the Scientific American. The birds have immense bills and horny crests.

The mother bird is walled up by her mate and remains imprisoned until the eggs are hatched, and in some species until the young birds are able to fly. Meanwhile the mother has become temporarily incapable of flight, as she has moulted, or at least shed all her wing feathers during her captivity. But the male is indefatigable in providing for his family, and is said to work so hard that he is reduced almost to a skeleton at the end of the brooding season.

According to the theory of many natives the female is imprisoned to prevent her neglecting her duty of brooding, and if she has been unfaithful or negligent her mate closes the little window of her cell and abandons her to a painful death by suffocation.

The true story, perhaps, is this: The female walls herself in so that she cannot fall from the nest after losing her feathers, and also to protect herself from enemies. This version is less poetical than the other, but it is probably nearer the truth. It is supported by statement that the female liberates herself as soon as the young birds are well grown, so that her prison is less formidable than it appears.

Fair, Fat and Tide-y.

A Kansan sat on the beach at Atlantic City watching a fair and very fat bather disporting herself in the surf. He knew nothing of tides and he did not notice that each succeeding wave came a little closer to his feet. At last an extra-big wave washed over his shoetops.

"Hey, there!" he yelled at the fair, fat bather. "Quit yer jumpin' up and down! D'ye want to drown me?"—Everybody's.

FASHION HINTS

A striking model for an embroidered handkerchief linen, has a pointed overskirt effect, cap sleeves and a most attractive waist that is "vesty" in design. The lower part of the skirt is laid in pleats.

A GOOD CHANGE

A Change of Food Works Wonders.

The wrong food and drink causes a lot of trouble in this world. To change the food is the first duty of every person that is ill, particularly from stomach and nervous troubles. As an illustration: A lady in Mo. has, with her husband, been brought around to health again by leaving off coffee and some articles of food that did not agree with them. They began using Postum and Grape-Nuts food. She says:

"For a number of years I suffered with stomach and bowel trouble which kept getting worse until I was very ill most of the time. About four years ago I left off coffee and began taking Postum. My stomach and bowels improved right along, but I was so reduced in flesh and so nervous that the least thing would overcome me.

"Then I changed my food and began using Grape-Nuts in addition to Postum. I lived on these two principally for about four months. Day by day I gained in flesh and strength until now the nervous trouble has entirely disappeared and I feel that I owe my life and health to Postum and Grape-Nuts.

"Husband is 73 years old and he was troubled, for a long time, with occasional cramps, and slept badly. Finally, I prevailed upon him to leave off coffee and take Postum. He had stood out for a long time, but after he tried Postum for a few days he found that he could sleep and that his cramps disappeared. He was satisfied and has never gone back to coffee.

"I have a brother in California who has been using Postum for several years; his whole family use it also because they have had such good results from it."

Look in pkgs. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.