Mr. Claude Grahame-White, the famous English aviator, is constantly besought by young women to teach them to become aviators. Many make application by letter. One of these letters reached him the other day from a point in Missouri. Cleared of its errors in grammar, spelling and capitalization, it read something like

"Oh, Mr. Grahame-White, teach me to be a 'planer.' I saw one of them at Kaneas City and I think it is just heavenly. I would like to run a Wright monoplane or a Bleriot biplane, but if you have a better flyer I would try that. I think I would look cute running a baby flyer. Pa says he wouldn't mind my having a baby one. Couldn't you bring one out here for a week or so and show me how to run it? I assure you a good time."

Mr. Grahame-White was compelled to decline the young woman's kind in-

RASH ALL OVER BABY'S BODY

Itched So He Could Not Sleep

"On July 27, 1909, we left Boston for a trip to England and Ireland, taking baby with us. After being in Ireland a few days a nasty rash came out all over his body. We took him to a doctor who gave us medicine for him. The trouble started in the form of a rash and was all over baby's body, head and face, at different times. It irritated, and he would scratch it with all his might. The consequence was it developed into sores, and we were afraid it would leave nasty scars on

"When we reached England we took baby to another doctor, who said his condition was due to change of food and climate, and gave more medicine. The rash got no better, and it used to itch and burn at night so bad that the child could not sleep. He was completely covered with it at different times. It was at this time that my mother advised us to try Cutlcura Soap and Ointment. After using Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment for about nine months the places disappeared. There are not any scars, or other kind of disfigurement, and baby is completely cured by the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. We have no further trouble with baby's skin. Nothing stopped the itching, and allowed baby to sleep but Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment." (Signed) Mrs. Margaret Gunn, 29 Burrell St., Roxbury, Mass., March 12, 1911.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to Cuticura," Dept. 14 K, Boston.

You can't tell how much money a man is making from the clothes he You must get a look at his

A man never gets too old to remember some of the things that never occurred when he was a boy.

If you are unable to keep your troubles to yourself they will expand.

DOCTORS FAILED TO HELP HER

Cured by Ludia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



-Mrs. HERMAN SIETH, Pound, Wis. The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, ir-regularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indi-gestion, dizzinesa, or nervous prostra-

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills, and suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial. of is abundant that it has cured usands of others, and why should

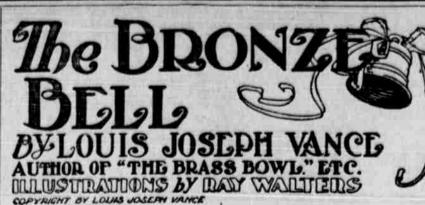
it not cure you? If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. It is free and always helpful.

Sioux City Directory



SIOUX CITY, IOWA **ROCKLIN & LEHMAN**

FLORISTS Fresh Cut Flowers & Floral Emblems OF ALL DESCRIPTION ON SHORT NOTICE. Order by Mail, Telephone or



SYNOPSIS.

David Amber, starting for a duck-shooting visit with his friend, Quain, comes upon a young lady equestrian who has been dismounted by her horse becoming frightened at the sudden appearance in the road of a burly Hindu. He declares he is Behari Lai Chatterii, "the appointed mouthplece of the Bell," addresses Amber as a man of high rank and pressing a mysterious little broase box, "The Token," into his hand, disappears in the wood. The girl calls Amber by name. He in turn addresses her as Miss Sophie Farrell, daughter of Col. Farrell of the British diplomatic service in India and visiting the Quains. Several nights later the Quain home is burglarized and the broase box stolen. Amber and Quain go hunting on an island and become lost and Amber is left marconed. He wanders about, finally reaches a cabin and recognizes as its occupant an old friend named Rutton, whom he last met in England, and who appears to be in hiding. When Miss Farrell is mentioned Rutton is strangely agitated. Chatterji appears and summons Rutton to a meeting of a mysterious body. Rutton seizes a revolver and dashes after Chatterji. He returns wildly excited, says he has killed the Hindu, takes poison, and when dying asks Amber to go to India on a mysterious errand. Amber decides to leave at once for India. On the way he sends a letter to Mr. Labertouche, a scientific friend in Calcutta, by a quicker route. Upon arriving he finds a note awaiting him. It directs Amber to meet his friend at a certain place. The latter tells him he knows his mission is to get Miss Farrell out of the country.

CHAPTER IX. (Continued).

CHAPTER IX. (Continued).

As Amber left the room Labertouche extinguished the lamp, shut and locked the door, and followed, catching Amber by the arm and guiding him through pitch darkness to the head of the stairs. "Don't talk," he whispered; "trust me." They descended an interminable flight of steps, passed down a long, echoing corridor, and again descended. From the foot of the second flight Labertouche shunted Amber round through what seemed a veritable maze of passages in which, however, he was evidently at home. At length: "Now go ahead!" was breathed in Amber's ear and at the same time his arm

He obeyed blindly, stumbling down a reeking corridor, and in a minute more, to his unutterable relief, was in the open air of the bazar.

Blinking with the abrupt transition from absolute night to garish light, he skulked in the shadow of the doorway, waiting. Beneath his gaze Calcutta paraded its congress of peoples a comprehensive collection of specimens of every tribe in Hindustan and of nearly every other race in the world besides

Like a fat, tawdry moth in his garments of soiled pink, a babu loitered past, with never a sidelong glance for the loaferish figure in the shadowed doorway; and the latter seemed himself absorbed in the family of Eu-BEAUTIFUL POST CARDS FREE | their noise, yawned, thrust both hands | clasped his arm and the voice that deep in his pockets and stumbled spoke guardedly in his ear. away. The bazar accepted him as a his way through it with an ease that you may be sure, he had the gleam of

pink satin in the corner of his eye. now Pink Satin began to stroll more sedately, manifesting a livelier interest in the sights of the wayside. Amber's impatience-for he guessed that they neared the goldsmith's stall-increased prodigiously.

Without warning, Pink Satin pulled up, extracted from the recesses of his ostume a long, black and vindictivelooking native cigar, and lighted it, thoughtfully exhaling the smoke through his nose while he stared covetously at the display of a slippermerchant whose stand was over across from the stall of a goldsmith.

With true oriental deliberation Pink Satin finally made up his mind to move on; and Amber lurched heavily into the premises occupied by one Ohola Baksh, a goldsmith.

A customer, a slim, handsome Matayan youth, for the moment held the attention of the proprietor. The two were haggling with characteristic enjoyment over a transaction which seemed to involve less than twenty rupces. Amber waited, knowing that patience must be his portion until the bargain should be struck. Dhola Baksh himself, a lean, sharp-featured with a single look the new customer, and returned his interest to the Malay. But Amber garnered from that glance a sensation of recognition. He wondered dimly, why; could the gold- this trouble for me?" smith have been warned of his com-

ing? Two or three more putative customthreshold the stream of native life cent man yoked to a crime?" fantastic and unreal to western eyes. kings? This way, hazoor!" Now and again a wayfarer paused, his

rush of business. Unexpectedly the proprietor made generous, though but a sahib." substantial concession. Money

Amber.

heel sailor from the port? "I want money-I want to borrow," said Amber promptly.

"On your word, sahib?" "On security." "What manner of security can you

offer?" "A ring-an emerald ring." Dhoia Baksh shrugged. His eyes shifted from Amber to the encircling

faces of the bystanders. "I am a poor man," he whined. "How should I have money to land? Come to me on the morrow; then mayhap I may have a few rupees. Tonight I have neither cash nor time."

The hint was lost upon Amber. "A stone of price—" he persisted.
With a disturbed and apprehen

look, the money-lender rose. "Come then," he grumbled, "If you must-A voice cried out behind Amber-"Heh!"-more a squeal than a cry. Intuitively, as at a signal of danger,

leaped aside. Simultaneously something like a beam of light sped past his head. The goldsmith uttered one dreadful choking scream, and went to his knees. For as many as three seconds he swayed back and forth, his features terribly contorted, his thin old hands plucking at the handle of a broadbladed dagger which had transfixed his throat. Then he tumbled forward on his face, kicking

There followed a single instant of

suspense and horror, then a mad rush

of feet as the street stampeded into the shop. Voices clamored to the skies. Somehow the lights went out. Amber started to fight his way out. As he struggled on, making little headway through the press, a hand grasped his arm and drew him an-

other way. "Make haste, hazoor!" cried the owner of the hand, in Hindustani. "Make haste, lest they seek to fasten this crime upon your head."

CHAPTER X.

Maharana of Khandawar. Both hand and voice might well

have been Labertouche's; Amber be lieved they were. And the darkness rendered visual identification impossible. No shadow of doubt troubled him as he yielded to the urgent hand, and permitted himself to be dragged, more than led, through the reeking, milling mob. whose numbers seemed each instant augmented. He had thought, dully, to find it a difficult matter to worm through and escape but somehow his guide seemed to have little trouble.

Ever since that knife had flown past his cheek, his instinct of selfpreservation had been dominated by a serene confidence that Pink Satin was rasians who were shrilly squabbling at hand to steer him in safety away with the keeper of vegetable stall ad from the brawl. He thanked his stars jacent. But presently he wearled of for Labertouche—for the hand that

And then, by the light of the street, brother, unquestioning, and he picked he discovered that his gratitude had been premature and misplaced. His argued nothing but absolute familiar guide had fallen a pace behind and ity with his surroundings. But always was shouldering him along with almost frantic energy; but a glance aside showed Amber, in Labertouche's In time broad Machua bazar street stead, a chunky little Gurkha in the received them-Pink Satin and the fatigue uniform of his regiment of the safforman out for a night of it. And British army of India. Pink Satin was nowhere in sight, and it was immediately apparent that an attempt to find him among the teeming hundreds before the goldsmith's stall would be as futile as foolish-if not fatal. Yet Amber's impulse was to wait, and he faltered-something gurkha, who fairly danced with ex-

citement and impatience. "Hasten, hazoor!" he cried. "Is this a time to loiter? Hasten ere they charge you with this spilling of blood. The gods lend wings to our feet this night!"

"But who are you?" demanded Amber.

"What matter is that? Is it not enough that I am here and well disposed toward you, that I risk my skin to save yours?" He cannoned suddenly against Amber, shunting him unceremoniously out of the bazar road and into a narrow black alley.

Simultaneously Amber heard a cry go up, shrill above the clamor of the mob, screaming that a white sailor had knifed the goldsmith. And he turned pale beneath his tan.

"You hear, hazoor? They are nam-Mahretta gray with age, appraised ing you to the police-wallahs. Come!" long, free stride that threatened quickly to distance the gurkha's short, sturdy legs. "Yet why do you take

"Why ask?" panted the gurkha "Did I not stand behind you and see that you did not throw the knife? Am are idled into the shop. Beyond its I a dog to stand by and see an inno-He rolled on, ceaselessly fluent; a pageant laughed shortly. "Am I a fool to forof the middle ages had been no more get how great is the generosity of

"Why call me king?" interest attracted by the goldsmith's hurdled a heap of offal and picked up his pace again. "Yet you will find me

"The sahibs are very generous." passed upon the instant, sealing the Again the gurkha laughed briefly and upon his chest and four others each means," he said, with a significant it is covered with a nasty yellow The Malay rose to go. unpleasantly. "But this is no time for Dhola Baksh lifted a stony stare to words. Save your breath, for now we

must run.' "Your pleasure, sahib?" he inquired. He broke into a springy lope, his

the unpayed byway.

By now the voice of the chase subsided to a dull and distant muttering far behind them, and the way was clear. Beyond its age-old, ineradcable atmosphere of secret infamy there was nothing threatening in the aspect of the neighborhood. And the gurkha pulled up, breathing like a wind-broken horse.

"Mastly, hazoor!" he gasped. "There is time for rest."

Willingly Amber dropped into wavering stride, so nearly exhausted that his legs shook under him, and he reeled drunkenly; and, fighting for breath, they stumbled on, side by side, in the shadow of the overhanging walls, until as they neared a corner the gurkha halted Amber with an imperative gesture.

"The police, sahib, the police!" he breathed, with an expressive sweep of his hand toward the cross street. "Let us wait here till they pass." And in evident panic he crowded Amber into the deep and gloomy recess afforded by a door overhung by a balcony.

Taken off his guard, but with growing doubt, Amber was on the point of remonstrating. Why should the police concern themselves with peaceful wayfarers? They could not yet have heard of the crime in the Bazar, miles distant. But as he opened his lips he heard the latch click behind him, and before he could lift a finger the gurkha had flung himself bodily upon him, fairly lifting the American across the theshold.

They went down together, the gurkha on top. And the door crashed to with a rattle of bolts, leaving Amber on his back, in total darkness, betrayed, lost, and alone with his ene-

Amber went temporarily mad with rage. He was no stranger to fearfor the time being he was utterly fool- aloft the lamp. hardy. He forgot his exhaustion, forgot the hopelessness of his plight, forthirst for vengeance. He was, in our homely idiom, fighting-mad.

One instant overpowered by and supine beneath the gurkha, the next unwavering glance, shining out of a

gardlessly through the victous mud of laugh out of the darkness and words intended for his ear

> "By Malang Shah! but my lord doth fight like a Rajput!" Amber caught his breath and ex ploded. "Half a chance, you damned thugs, and I'll show you how an Amer-

ican can fight!" But ne had spoken in English, and his hearers gathered the import of his words only from his tone, apparently. He who had addressed him laughed

applausively. "It was a gallant fight," he com mented, "but like all good things hath had its end. My lord is overcome. Is

my lord still minded for battle or for peace? Dare I, his servant, give orders for his release, or-Here Amber interrupted; stung by the bitter frony, he told the speaker in fluent idiomatic Hindustani precisely what he might expect if his "lord"

ever got the shadow of a chance to lay hands upon him. The grim cackling laugh followed his words, a mocking echo, and was his only answer. But for all his defiance, he presently heard orders issued to take him up and bear him to

another chamber. Unexpectedly he was let down upon the floor and released. Bare feet scurried away in the darkness and a door closed with a resounding bang. He was alone, for all he could say to the contrary-alone and unharmed. He was more: he was astonished; he had not been disarmed.

A flood of lamplight leaped through some opening behind him and showed Every Inch of His Pose Bespoke him his shadow, long and gigantic upon the floor of earth and a wall of stone. He wheeled about, alert as a cat; and the sight of his pistol hung steady between the eyes of one who stood at ease, with folded arms, in an open doorway. Over his shoulder was visible the bare brown poll of an man with an imagination is; but attendant whose lank brown arm held

One does not shoot down in cold blood a man who makes no aggressive got everything save his insatiable move, and he who stood in the doorway endured impassively the mute threat of the pistol. Above its sight his eyes met Amber's with a level and

solute sincerity. "I trust I make my

meaning plain?" "Most clear, hazoor." The other showed his teeth in an appreciative smile. "And yet"-with an expressive outward movement of both hands-'what is the need of all this?"

"What!" Amber choked with resentment "What was the need of setting your thugs upon me-of kidnaping me?"

"That, my lord, was an error of judgment on the part of one who shall pay for it full measure. I trust you were not rudely treated."

"I'd like to know what in blazes you call it," snapped Amber. dogged by your spies-heaven knows why!-lured to this place, butted



Power, Position and Habit of Au thority.

bodily into the arms of a gang of ruffians to be manhandled, and finally locked up in a dark cell. I don't suppose you've got the nerve to call that courteous treatment."

He had an advantage, and knowing it, was pushing it to the limit; for all his nonchalance the black man was not unconscious of the pistol; his eye never forgot it. And Amber's eyes left his not an instant. Despite that the fellow's next move was a distinct surprise.

Suddenly and with superb grace, he stepped forward and dropped to one knee at Amber's feet, bowing his head and offering the hilt of his sword to the American.

"My lord," he said swiftly in Hindustani, "if I have misjudged thee, if I have earned thy displeasure, upon my head be it. See, I give my life into thy hands; but a little quiver of thy forefinger and I am as dust. . . An ill report of thee was brought to me, and I did err in crediting it. It

is true that I set this trap for thee; but see, my lord! though I did so, it was with no evil intent. I thought but to make sure of thee and bid thee welcome, as a faithful steward should, to thy motherland. . . . Maha Rao Rana, Har Dyal Rutton Bahadur, heaven-born, king of kings, chosen of the Voice, cherished of the Eye, beloved of the Heart, bone of the bone and flesh of the flesh of the Body, guardian of the Gateway of Swords! . . . I, thy servant, Salig Singh,

bid thee welcome to Bharuta!" Sonorous and not unpleasing, his voice trembled with intense and unquestionable earnestness; and when it ceased he remained motionless in his attitude of humility. Amber, hardly able to credit his hearing, stared down at the man stupidly, his head awhirl with curiously commingled sensations of amazement and enlightenment. Presently he laughed

shortly. "Get up," he said; "get up and stand over there by the wall and don't be a silly ass."

"Hazoor!" There was reproach in Salig Singh's accents; but he obeyed, rising and retreating to the further wall there to hold himself at attention. "Now see here," began Amber, designedly continuing his half of the conversation in English-far too much misunderstanding had already been brought about by his too-ready familiarity with Urdu. He paused a lit-Singh, maharana of Khandawar?" versation with Labertouche a couple

"Hazoor, why dost thou need ask? Thou dost know." The Raiput, on his part, steadfastly refused to return to English.

"But you are, aren't you?" "By thy favor, it is even so."

"And you think I'm Rutton-Har Dyal Rutton, as you call him, the former maharana who abdicated in your favor?" The Rajput shrugged expressively,

an angry light in his dark, bold eyes. "It pleases my lord to jest," he complained; "but am I a child, to be played with?" "I'm not joking, Salig Singh, and

this business is no joke at all. What I'm trying to drive into your head is the fact that you've made the mistake of your life. I'm not Rutton and I'm nothing like Rutton; I am an Ameri-The man lifted his eyebrows and can citizen and-"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

I was so sick from what the doctors colled acute indigestion and brain fag Threw Cream Away. before I began to use Grape-Nuts that I She was a city bride, who had never could neither eat, sleep nor work with before taken a hand in housekeeping any comfort. and knew but little about things in upon a wooden shelf braced against the kitchen. A few mornings ago she with the most intense pains, accompangot after the milkman.

walled dungeon. As he went out he "What's the matter with your milk?" closed the door, and Amber noted that she said, with great vehemance. "I don't know," he replied. very substantial. His face darkened. do you find wrong with it?" "I presume you know what that

"Well," she said, "every morning jerk of his head toward the door. "It'll scum." "And what do you do with the

leave together, you and I, if we both scum? "Why, I skim it off, of course, and with a thinly-veiled sneer. What need chin up, elbows in and chest distend- him too great for their words to be and took the measure of the man, not throw it in the garbage can."-Farm-

"The good work went on, and I was soon ready to return to business, and have been hard at it, and enjoying it ever since. "Command me at any time any one

enquires as to the merits of Grape-Nuts. You will find me always ready to testify." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "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.



to his feet. There was the automatic solence and pride. A bushy black the to collect his thoughts, then repistol in his coat pocket, but, he, con- beard was parted at his chin and sumed: "Now see here, you're Salig scious that many hands were reaching brushed stiffly back. Between his thin out in the darkness to drag him down hard lips, parted in a shadowy smile, This much he recalled from his conagain, found no time to draw it. He his teeth gleamed white. Standing a seemed to feel the presence of the head taller than Amber and very of hours gone. nearest antagonist, whom he could by no means see; for he struck out with | military cut and of regal magnificence, both bare, clenched fists, one after the other, with his weight behind each, and both blows landed. The room rang with the sounds of the struggle, the shuffle, thud, and scrape of feet both booted and bare, the hoarse, harsh breathing of the combatants, their groans, their whispers,

their low, tense cries. And abruptly it was over. He was borne down by sheer weight of numbers. Though he fought with the insanity of despair they were too many for him. He went a second time to the floor, beneath a dozen half-"You're right." Amber fell into a nude bodies. Below him lay another, with an arm encircling his throat, the elbow beneath his chin compressing | ting it. You may count on that, first his windpipe. Powerless to move hand or foot, he gave up . . and wondered dully why it was that a his shoulders in deprecation; then knife had not been slipped between turned to his attendant. "Put down his ribs-between the fifth and sixth | the light and leave us," he said curtly or in his back, beneath the left

shoulder blade, and why his gullet remained unslit. Gradually it was forced upon him that his captors meant him no bodily harm, for the present at least. His wrath subsided and gave place to curiosity while he rested, regaining his wind, and the natives squirmed away from him, leaving one man kneeling

pinioning a limb. There followed a wait, while some several persons indulged in a whispered confabulation at a distance from go out feet first." He lifted the pistol to show deference to a down-at-the ed, his quick small feet slopping re- articulate. Then came a croaking in any spirit of bravado, but with ab- ers' Guide.

> Washing the woodwork is another futile procedure. Simply get a few Midlothian campaign he was quesgallons of paint and paint over the

To repolish the hardwood floors, sit down in a comfortable position sundered so many political friend into his seat

gracefully erect in clothing of a semi-

every inch of his pose bespoke power,

At once impressed and irritated by

position, and the habit of authority.

his attitude, Amber lowered his

weapon. "Well?" he demanded queru-

lously. "What do you want? What's

your part in this infamous outrage?"

On the other's face the faint smile

became more definite. He nodded non-

chalantly at Amber's pistol. "My

lord intends to shoot?" he enquired

in English, his tone courteous and

"That's as may be," retorted Am-

ber defiantly. "I'm going to have sat-

Bowing osequiously, the servant en-

tered and departed, leaving the lamp

one side of the four-square, stone-

it was a heavy sheet of iron or steel,

never be shut on me alone. We'll

isfaction for this outrage if I die get-

suave.

and last."

in Hindustani.

Gladstone and the Heckler.

If you have no vacuum cleaner, you and go to work. You will be surpris- ships. To one or two inquiries a curt "Understand!" The old statesman leaped to his feet. "I am responsible for the understanding that the Al-Mr. Gladstone was altogether intol- mighty has put in this skull of mine," tapping his forehead. "I am not responsible," pointing his finger at the questioner, "for the understanding stone's chairman of committee, on the The effect of this rebuke was overtake your wife's manicure buffer and subject of the Irish proposals, which whelming. Mr. Usher sank speechless

Hints for Housecleaning

firmery instructions for Men Which Will Enable Them to Get the Task Done in Short Order.

Housecleaning time is dreaded justby a great many people, but the oughtful husband may get it through with in short order. Washing win-

so to speak. A simpler way is to take the windows out and send them to the laundry.

Dusting the pictures is also usually attended with much hard work. A quick and simple plan is to take hold of the frame firmly and swing the picture back and forth, hitting it sharply grime on the woodwork. Sown for instance, is always gone against the wall each time. This di but is such an awkward way, the lodges the dust, which falls to the state being washed in statu quo. Soor and may easily be swept up. against the wall each time. This dislodges the dust, which falls to the

may improvise one with an old bicycle ed at what a pleasant way this will reply was given. "Am I to underpump by attaching a funnel to the be to while away the evenings .- stand"-Mr. Usher was beginning. nozzle. Then work the pump back- Judge. ward, so that, instead of forcing the air out it will be drawn in. The rugs may soon be cleaned in this way.

erant of the heckler. During his last tioned by Sir, then Mr., John Usher of Norton, who had once been Glad- that he has put in that skull of yours."

ET BAKING POWDER CO You'll be delighted with the results of Calumet Baking Bowder. No disappoints no flat, heavy, soggy biscuits, cake, or pastry. Just the lightest, daintiest, most uniformly raised and most delicious food you ever ate.

Always Makes

Good

SEEMS EASIER TO REMEMBER

Remarks of Writer in Cleveland Plain Dealer Appear to Contain Much Sense.

There is a new science called mnemonics, which is trying to get itself introduced into our public schools. We have no knock on this science-only it seems to us to be a roundabout way of arriving at facts that you ought to remember right off the bat. It appears to work something in this man-

"When was Lincoln born?" asks the "I-f-f-forget," whines the pupil.

How many Muses are there in mythol-"Right. Now double that number."

"Naturally you do. Go at it right.

"Twice-nine's-eighteen." "Right again. Multiply it by 100."

"Good. Add the number of Muses to that.' "1809." "Aha! That's when Lincoln was

born. Why don't you learn the scientific way of getting at these things?" As we said in the first place, it's a noble science, but we'd rather remember dates.-Cleveland Plain Dealer This One is on Hugh.

"When I came into the Union sta-

tion the other morning, after traveling all night," said Hugh Reilly, at the Commercial club, "I went into the barber shop. 'When you spend the night in a sleeping car,' I said to the barber, 'it doesn't improve your personal appearance, does it?"

"'Well,' said he, as he looked me over, "I don't know how you looked when you started, but perhaps you're right."-Washington Herald.

A Paraphrase.

"You take close notice of the places

to which people are invited." "Yes," replied Mrs. Cumrox; "in our circle invitations are the sincerest flattery.

A FINE NIGHT-CAP The Best Thing in the World to Go to Bed and Sleep On.

"My wife and I find that 4 teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and a cup of hot milk, or some cream, with it, makes the finest night-cap in the world," says an Alleghany, Pa., man.

"We go to sleep as soon as we strike the bed, and slumber like babies till rising time in the morning. "It is about 3 years now since we began to use Grape-Nuts food, and we always have it for breakfast and be-

fore retiring and sometimes for lunch,

"I was afflicted at the same time

led by a racking headache and back-

ache, every time I tried to eat any-

thing. Notwithstanding an unusual

pressure from my professional duties,

I was compelled for a time to give up

Grape-Nuts and cream alone, with an

occasional cup of Postum as a runner-

up, and sometimes a little dry toast. I

assure you that in less than a week I

felt like a new man; I had gained six pounds in weight, could sleep well

"Then I put myself on a diet of

my work altogether.

and think well.