

The Natural Inference.
"While out motoring the other day, I ran across an old friend of mine."
"Was he much hurt?"
Paradoxical Effect.
"There was so much fire in her eyes."
"There always is when she is put out."

The woman who cares for a clean, wholesome mouth, and sweet breath, will find Fragoline Antiseptic a joy forever. At drug stores, 25c a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Faxon Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

A Diagnosis.
"What's the matter with your husband, Mrs. Mixey?"
"The doctor says he's got a bad attack of ammonia."
"Then I guess it's apt to be fatal, for it's bound to take his breath."

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Too Much Renunciation.
"How foolish you women are," said Mr. Nagg to his better half. "You don't catch men doing such things as joining 'Don't Worry' clubs."
"Of course not," snapped Mrs. Nagg. "Men couldn't give up the pleasure of worrying their wives."

The Cannibals Need Food.
An officer of the French colonial army brought a letter from the chief of a group of missionaries in the southern islands of the Pacific not long ago, which winds up as follows: "I regret to tell you that our little company can do little against the fanaticism of these poor wretches. Moreover, famine is ravaging the country, for the harvest has been destroyed. Therefore the dispatch of more missionaries has become urgent."—La Petite Republicque.

A Word to the Wise.
The proverbial advice, "Cobbler, stick to your last," had an opposite exemplification in the following anecdote, for which Zion's Advocate is responsible:
A colored man was brought before a police judge, charged with stealing chickens. He pleaded guilty, and received sentence, when the judge asked how it was he managed to lift those chickens right under the window of their owner's house when there was a dog in the yard.

"Hit wouldn't be of no use, judge," said the culprit. "To try to 'splain dis thing to you all, Ef you was to try it, like as not you would git yer hide full o' shot, an' git no chickens, neither. Ef you want to engage in any rascality, judge, yo' better stick to de bench, whar yo' am familiar."

Everybody in Hard Luck.
Suddenly he stepped up to a gentleman, who was waiting for the train, and, tapping him lightly on the shoulder, said: "Excuse me, but did you drop a five-pound note?" at the same time holding out in his hand the article.

The gentleman questioned gazed a moment at the note, assumed an anxious look, made a hasty search of his pockets, and said: "Why, so I did, and I hadn't missed it," holding out an eager hand.

The elderly hunter took the name and address of the loser and, putting the note in his pocket, turned away. "Well," said the finder, "do you want it all as a reward?"

"Oh, I did not find one," remarked the benevolent one with another beam; "but it struck me that in a big place like London there must be a quantity of money lost, and upon inquiry I found that you are the one hundred and thirty-first man who lost a five-pound note this morning."—London Answers.

Polar Exploration.
North polar exploration had attracted the attention of adventurous and ambitious men for nearly 400 years before Peary reached the top of the world. Search for the south pole has always proved less attractive, and only during the last 140 years have explorers turned their attention toward the goal recently reached by Amundsen.

The Way Out
Change of Food Brought Success and Happiness.

An ambitious but delicate girl, after failing to go through school on account of nervousness and hysteria, found in Grape-Nuts the only thing that seemed to build her up and furnish her the peace of health.

"From infancy," she says, "I have not been strong. Being ambitious to learn at any cost I finally got to the High School, but soon had to abandon my studies on account of nervous prostration and hysteria.

"My food did not agree with me, I grew thin and despondent. I could not enjoy the simplest social affair for I suffered constantly from nervousness in spite of all sorts of medicines.

"This wretched condition continued until I was twenty-five, when I became interested in the letters of those who had cases like mine and who were getting well by eating Grape-Nuts.

"I had little faith but procured a box and after the first dish I experienced a peculiar satisfied feeling that I had never gained from any ordinary food. I slept and rested better that night and in a few days began to grow stronger.

"I had a new feeling and peace and restfulness. In a few weeks, to my great joy, the headaches and nervousness left me and life became bright and hopeful. I resumed my studies and later taught ten months with ease—of course using Grape-Nuts every day. It is now four years since I began to use Grape-Nuts, I am the mistress of a happy home, and the old weakness has never returned." Name given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in which ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Mining Diamonds at Kimberly



Sorting Rough Diamonds

AT Kimberly, Cape Colony, is probably the biggest hole in the world—the old "Central" mine—with a space measurement at the surface of 14 acres, and a depth of some 400 feet. There are, in addition to several smaller ones, four other enormous excavations, all witnessing the tireless energy of men in a hurry to be rich.

The diamonds are found in a grey rock called "blue ground," which fills a "pipe" or natural shaft of unknown depth, widening towards the surface into funnel shape. Below the few feet of red sand on the surface comes the "yellow ground,"—lime—for fifty or sixty feet.

Underneath that is the "blue ground," which, although the "yellow ground" is not without diamonds, is the true diamond-bearing rock. Scientists believe that these "pipes" are the craters of extinct volcanoes, and that at some time when the surrounding country was under water, this diamondiferous rock was forced up in the form of volcanic mud. How and when and where the diamonds were formed remains a mystery, but they are undoubtedly of earlier date than the rock which encloses them.

Early Diamond Digging.
The first mining operations were restricted to digging and scooping out the earth. But, by degrees, as the hole got wider and deeper, troubles came in the shape of accumulation of water and falls of "reef." In gold-mining the "reef" is the gold-bearing rock, but the "reef" of the diamond mines is the surface shale and basalt surrounding the "pipes."

This was the cause of great tribulation to the early miners, as it caved in again and again, and overwhelmed those working below. After various expedients had been tried without permanent success, it became impossible to work the mine any longer in the old way, and many thought the industry was absolutely ruined.

Here was the opening for the capitalist, who soon superseded the "digger."

The larger claim-holders banded together, and sank shafts outside the area already operated upon, with galleries running towards the center, until the "blue" was tapped. In 1888 Messrs Rhodes, Barnato, and Beit, having bought out the smaller holders, formed the De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited, that great corporation which has ever since controlled the diamond mining industry.

The main shaft at the "Central" connects with the "pipe" of blue ground by means of several galleries, the distance from shaft to "pipe" being 1,134 feet. At the time of the writer's descent the lowest gallery was 1,200 feet from the surface.

Armed with the necessary permit, we stripped and re-clothed ourselves in a sort of dressing-room.

The outfit includes flannel shirt, and coat and trousers of "duck," or some such material, the articles being decidedly the worse for wear. Instead of braces or belt, a looped leather thong does duty. An ancient sou-wester with ear-flaps, and tied under the chin, a pair of socks that have seen service, and rubber Wellington boots complete the costume.

PARALLEL STORIES OF FAMOUS CRIMES

By HENRY C. TERRY

THE BOWERY MURDER MYSTERY.

THE Bowery is still one of the show places in New York City's artificial wickedness. Visitors to the metropolis parade in fear and trembling its busy sidewalks where they imagine that every stone is stained with the blood of murder; but where they are as safe as they would be on Fifth Avenue. Time was when the Bowery was not safe; when every other door was a gambling hell; when every crook in the country depended upon tugging, at least once a year, of the delights the street had to offer. But the glory of the Bowery has passed. It is now a thoroughly moral street given over to business of the cheaper order.

I know of no story that better illustrates actual condition on the Bowery in the old days and the fierce passions of life as it was lived there than the story of the murder of Chris Berry. It was a nine days' mystery in its day, the greatest mystery the Bowery ever produced; the "King of the Card Sharks" murdered in broad daylight not a single clue apparently to the perpetrator of the deed.

It was not until years afterward that I had the privilege of listening to the true tale of the killing from the lips of his slayer, "Lone Jack" Sinclair, as he emerged from his cell in Sing Sing. Knowing that Detective Hickey had handled the case and had almost succeeded in hanging an innocent man for the crime I hunted him up and asked him to give me his version of the strange affair.

JACKSON SINCLAIR'S STORY.

"I don't suppose you ever killed a man, did you?" asked Jackson Sinclair, who has been known on the Bowery for many years as "Lone Jack," because of his reticence and dislike of society.

"I never did, then, you can never understand the feeling that goes with it, especially when the man whose life is taken has been a friend to you, no matter what the circumstances may be."

"Well, I killed my friend, Chris Berry, and I see Chris every day, and I hear his last words ringing in my ears, just the same as if it was yesterday on the Bowery. Instead of over thirty years ago, Chris Berry was a good fellow, and the finest card sharp in the country. I was considered the best man on the Bowery with the cards in those days, but Chris could give me points without turning a hair."

"Being in the same business and something of a crook myself, it was only natural that I should run up against Chris at many a game, and those games were always for blood, but on the level. I was more engaged than Chris, and we took a kind of liking for each other. After a time, in company with Jake Seymour, we went regularly into the business of running a skin game of cards."

"We had a little poker game at No. 26 Bowery Seymour did the steering, while we did the playing whenever the sucker was big enough game. The business ran so big and we played so well together that Chris proposed that we should make a tour through the West and South, where we would have a chance to win a bigger stake."

"This just suited me, and with Seymour, who was one of the best bunco artists I ever saw, and had a tongue so sweet and persuasive that it would coax the bank-roll out of the pocket of Old Mr. Tightwad himself, we started West. We put up for a few days at Albany, where the legislature was in session, and cleaned out every dollar there was in both houses. We left Albany with \$21,000 more than we had when we landed there."

"In Chicago we started on another tack, and from there we were Eastern sports making a tour of the country looking for fun of all kinds, ready for a game at any time. Sometimes we would be together as friends, and then again we would accidentally meet as strangers in some other locality to disarm suspicion."

"Seymour was the greatest drummer up of business that I ever met. He was nearly always in the game, and frequently lost heavily, but, as either Chris or I got about all there was at the table in the end, it didn't make much difference. We pulled a lot of money out of Chicago, but we quit when we saw that they were putting up a brace game on us. We didn't do much business then till we got into St. Louis. Then we struck a game after we had been there about two weeks that in the end gave me more trouble than anything I ever had before or since."

THE CRIMINAL Tells How He Planned the Deed and Sought to Close Every Avenue of Knowledge Leading to His Guilt. The Detective Shows How Futile These Efforts Were and How the Old Adage, Murder Will Out, 'Always Holds Good.'

denied that he had given any such check. This started up Chris' temper, and he began suit against Colonel Wentworth in the courts of St. Louis to recover the amount of the check.

"The foxy colonel did not make the defense Chris expected, but set up instead that the check was a forgery. We bluffed it out and the case came to trial. Chris went on the stand, told the story of the game, and claimed that the \$50,000 was given for money which he had loaned to Wentworth during the play. He told a pretty story, but on the cross-examination the colonel's lawyer went for him bare-headed. The lawyer had got some knowledge of our swindling trip, and asked questions concerning the most intimate relations between Chris and myself. I substantiated Chris' story, but also had to go through the same searching cross-examination. After Wentworth had told his story to the jury about giving an \$8,000 check, which he was willing to pay, they brought in a verdict against Chris."

"Chris left the courtroom in a white heat. He didn't say anything to me till we got to the hotel. Then he flew at me like a tiger and knocked me down with the butt of his revolver. He accused me of giving the information about our trip to Wentworth's lawyer. I denied it, and said it must have been done by Seymour, who had disappeared; but Chris had it in for me for some reason, and would have shot me if he had not been interfered with. As he was dragged away from me, he said: 'The next time we meet, Sinclair, I'll kill you!'"

"All right," said I, "I'll be looking for you."

"He went his way and I went mine. It was five years before I landed back in New York. I knew Chris was in the city, and if we ever met he'd keep his word."

"About a month after I arrived I met him one night about nine o'clock face to face at Fifth street and the Bowery. I watched him like a cat. He had an ugly look, and drew a gun like a flash. I was close to him and he flashed it in my face. Before he could pull the trigger again I drove a knife into his heart."

"As he staggered back he cried: 'It isn't loaded, Jack!' Then he fell dead."

"I picked up the gun as it fell from his nerveless fingers. Sure enough, there was no load in it. I knew too late that Chris was only bluffing. I looked around. The streets were crowded and the Bowery, at that corner, fairly well lighted. But we were away from the game lamp, and no one was very near us. Strange as it seems, not a person in the crowd had seen the altercation; it has all passed so quietly and so quickly."

"Half crazed by what I had done, I walked hurriedly away. In less than half an hour I was on board a train speeding for the west."

DETECTIVE HICKEY'S STORY.

"The murder of Chris Berry," said Detective Hickey, "was one of the greatest mysteries that ever came out of the Bowery. When at last it began to clear, the crime was fastened so conclusively upon one man, that had not developments outside of the regular investigation interfered, an innocent man certainly would have been executed."

"When the body of Chris Berry, who was known to everybody in the underworld, was found lying in the gutter at Fifth street on an hour which was early candle-lighting on the Bowery, there was not the slightest evidence as to the identity of the murderer, although the street at that time was usually crowded."

"The body was first seen by a young man who had just left the old Cooper Institute. He gave the alarm, but nothing had been done up to the time I arrived. I had the body taken to the Fifth street police station. I knew Chris well, myself, and hundreds of his friends came to the station house, and also identified him. They constituted themselves special detectives to find out, if possible, who had murdered the 'King of the Card Sharks.' A dozen or more theories were advanced by Chris' friends, to explain the butchery, as he had been in trouble many times for his return from the west, but they were theories, with no evidence to back them up."

"That which gained the most weight with me for a time was that Chris had been killed for some quarrel concerning a woman."

"One of the girls that I heard Chris had taken a fancy to was a Cuban. She had formerly been the sweetheart of a Spanish cigar maker in Allen street, and these were a few facts which I picked up which directed suspicion toward him. I did not find the girl or where Chris lived until the day of his funeral, which took place from his sister's home in Delancey street."

murder, at the time it must have occurred, he was spinning a roulette wheel.

"This ended that feature of the case, but while working it out I got a tip from Butch Ellis that Chris had been in a game early in the evening of the day he was killed, at which had been struck, some pistol shots fired and some pretty wild threats made.

"Butch wouldn't give me the location of the joint where the trouble occurred, but I found it in about half an hour from another source and got what looked like a start in the right direction. It was in Ed Kelley's, and among the half-dozen card sharps who had been in the game was Al Livingston, who was something of a high-roller from Virginia. He was every inch a sport of the gentleman order, and very sensitive on the question of insults, which he was always ready to resent."

"Chris and Livingston got into a dispute over the amount of money there should be in a certain pot, and they called each other liars across the table. That was the fighting word on the Bowery in those days. Livingston had plenty of friends, and so had Chris. Soon not only Chris and Livingston were having it out on the floor, rough-and-tumble, but the friends were in it, too. Knives and revolvers were pulled, and it looked as if there was going to be some killing in Kelly's. Kelly stopped the row himself by yelling: 'Police!' which brought the men to their senses."

"The row didn't stop any too quick for Livingston, for when it was called off Chris had a grip on his throat which would have sent him to the cemetery if it hadn't been stopped just about that time. This had occurred about nine o'clock in the evening, and it broke up the game, as a matter of course. Livingston was in a very ugly mood, and mentioned several times in the hearing of some of Chris' friends, that he'd have his life before daylight."

"About ten minutes after nine Chris left Kelly's place alone. The gambling house was at the corner of First street and the Bowery. About a minute after Chris left several persons saw Livingston take a bowie-knife from his hip pocket and drop it in his outside coat pocket, then he started out quickly, muttering a threat that he would kill Chris when he found him. No one followed the men, as Chris was able to take care of himself, and Livingston. It was thought, was only putting up a bit of southern bluff."

"The finding of the body, as near as could be fixed, was at a quarter past nine, which would have given Livingston just about time to have caught up to Chris without running, as Chris had about a block's start. The wound in the chest, which split the heart in two, physicians said, was made by a bowie-knife. Livingston had not been seen around his old haunts by any one since he left Kelly's with the threat to kill Chris, and all these facts certainly pointed to Livingston as the murderer beyond doubt."

"I got on to Livingston's track through a woman he had sent for, and arrested him in a house in First avenue. He had sent for this woman to have her pawn his diamonds to raise money to get out of the city. He did not seem at all startled at being arrested, and when I accused him of killing Chris Berry, he replied very coolly that he had been expecting to hear something of the kind, and said he was ready to go to headquarters."

"I tried in every way to get him to admit the killing, even under such circumstances as would make it most favorable to him, but he positively refused to discuss the murder at all. It was my opinion that there was a dead clear case against him."

"It was a very sensational case, and when these facts were developed before the coroner's jury, they brought in a verdict accusing Livingston of the murder. He was locked up in the Tombs to await trial."

"Two days later 'Lone Jack Sinclair' walked into police headquarters, and said that he, and not Al Livingston, had killed Chris Berry. This was a thunderbolt from a clear sky, but when Jack told his story, produced the bowie-knife and the pistol that Chris Berry had with him on that night, and gave all the details as he knew them, there was no doubt of its truth."

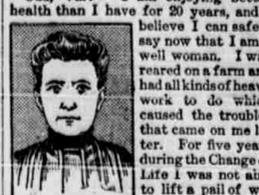
"Livingston was discharged from the Tombs, and Sinclair was found guilty of manslaughter, and sent away for a long term."

Li Hung Chang Draws an Analogy.
An American official was once the guest of Li Hung Chang in China when there was a great demonstration in honor of the rain god. Noises strident and fearful in the ears of the foreigners came from instruments and human throats.

The keen old Chinese statesman, conscious of the effect that this was probably producing upon the American spectator, turned to him and said: "This seems strange and useless to you?"
The American, striving to be polite without too great a sacrifice of truth, made an evasive answer.
"You never pray for rain in your country?" pressed the Chinese statesman.
"Oh, yes, we do."
"And you always get it?"
"No."
"Just the same as in China," the old man remarked complacently.

CRITICAL TIME OF WOMAN'S LIFE

From 40 to 50 Years of Age. How It May Be Passed in Safety.



Odd, Va.—"I am enjoying better health than I have for 20 years, and I believe I can safely say now that I am a well woman. I was reared on a farm and had all kinds of heavy work to do which caused the troubles that came on me later. For five years during the Change of Life I was not able to lift a pall of water. I had hemorrhages which would last for weeks and I was not able to sit up in bed. I suffered a great deal with my back and was so nervous I could scarcely sleep at night, and I did not do any housework for three years."

"Now I can do as much work as any woman of my age in the county, thanks to the benefit I have received from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I recommend your remedies to all suffering women."—Mrs. MARTHA L. HOLLOWAY, Odd, Va.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. We know of no other medicine which has such a record of success as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For more than 20 years it has been the standard remedy for woman's ills.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

W. N. U., SIOUX CITY, NO. 35-1912.

BLUEJAY LIVES IN WOODS

Hawks, Owls and Other Birds Are Teased and Tormented by These Noisy Birds.

The bluejay likes best to live in thick woods, but it often comes into open fields, orchards and near dwellings in search of food. When it discovers you it assumes a proud and angry air of conceit and defiance.

The bluejay's upper parts are purplish-blue. The lower parts are purplish-gray. The wings and tail are bright blue with black bars. The tail feathers are tipped with white. It has a crested head.

The bluejay builds its nest about twenty feet above ground. It is made of twigs and fine roots. From four to six eggs are laid. They are of a greenish drab color flecked with brown.

Doubtless the bluejay helped to name itself, as its common utterance is a long drawn, "Jay, jay, jay." This cry, with the bright blue color, has given it its name.

While the jay sings no song it is able to imitate the calls of other birds, by which means it often attracts them. It likes to tease and torment the owl and especially the Hutton's sparrow hawk. This is done by imitating the cry of a wounded bird, which draws the hawk near. Then several jays will dart at the hawk squealing and frolicking about in great glee. Sometimes the play ends in a tragedy, for the hawk pounces upon one of them, to the dismay of the others. Jays may be caged and tamed like crows and some writers say they can be taught to utter words.

"Bird Studies," by Herman C. De Groat.

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