

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 tram, 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 pkgs. 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.

Accompanied by the manager, we get into the cage at the top of the shaft, and after a few seconds of swift motion, step out at the 1,000 foot level. Each supplied with a composite candle—but no candlestick—we proceed to explore the workings on that level. We pass stalwart natives at work, with here and there a white

overseer. Some drill holes in the rock ready for blasting; others gather up the fragments into small steel trucks, which are pushed along on rails to the "shoot" which conveys the "blue" down to the 1,200 foot level.

These "boys" handle many a lump with a fortune hidden in it. Sometimes their quick eyes detect the "stone," and not being without the desire for pelf, they covet, like Achan, and, like Achan, take—if they can do so unnoticed. They will make an incision in their flesh as secure hiding-place for their "find," and even swallow stones. To encourage the "boys" to give up what they find, they are allowed a percentage on the value of the diamonds.

Descend by Ladders.
We descend the remaining 200 feet in stages of 20 feet by means of perpendicular ladders. The utter blackness into which one steps is shuddering to the nervous man who shudders whenever he looks at masons and carpenters at work on scaffolding.

Nevertheless the ladders have to be negotiated with care for the rungs are slimy, and the candle has to be carried, while the approach of your friend above you is heralded by lumps of mud dropping from his feet on to your sou-wester. Water also occasionally falls from the roof. But we emerge safely at the 1,200 feet level into comparative light, greater dampness, a cooler atmosphere, and deafening noise.

The noise is caused by the constant running of two sets of steel trucks—the one carrying the "ground," and the other returning empty—and the mechanical emptying of the full trucks into the "skip" for conveyance to the surface.

We essay a conversation with the checker stationed near the "tip," which is only managed by dint of each in turn shouting Mr.—, who in his washen hours is well-known on the Diamond Fields as an eloquent advocate of temperance principles. He tells us, among other things, that accidents are of almost daily occurrence, chiefly through falls of "ground," and that the sight of a native maimed and bleeding, being carried to the shaft, is on to which he is well accustomed.

The native, however, takes it all as part of his day's work, and bears his pains with Spartan hardihood. He seems to have greater power of endurance than the white man, or else, having a less delicate and sensitive organization, the pain is not so acute.

Willingly enough, after an hour and a half underground, we re-enter the "cave" and speedily measure the 1,200 feet to the surface. Resplending, without a sign, our be-sludged disguise, we enjoy the thoughtfully-provided bath, and return to life in the sunshine.

A syndicate now buys the whole weekly "find," and the Tuesday morning Cape train conveys the precious burden to Cape Town, for shipment. The writer has seen, on a Monday afternoon, \$400,000 worth of diamonds, assorted in heaps, on a counter in De Beers' offices.

The annual output is from \$20,000,000 worth, and up to the present something like \$700,000,000 worth, weighing about 20 tons, has been taken from the Kimberly mines.

Sometimes a man confesses that he richly deserves all his misfortunes. But you had better not tell him so. He only says it to provoke contradiction.

Protect Little Feet.
Now that summer is here, we again see the children going about in ankleties, sandals and bare feet. Certainly the little boys and girls look very charming as to feet under these circumstances. But those of us who are thinking about what is really most healthful for them cannot take pleasure in the pretty sight of a small girl in socks and ankleties, a little boy in socks and sandals, and the youngest toddlers with their pink feet bare.

It is so important that the arch of a child's foot should be supported properly. Realizing this, let us get for the children neither sandals nor ankleties, but low shoes. Equally important is it that the small and tender feet be protected from the rusty nails, bits of glass and other small, sharp things to be found on the ground even in the best neighborhoods. Remembering this, let us never allow the children to go barefooted.—Home Progress.

Drawbacks.
"Did your brother enjoy his hunting in the Maine woods?"
Memory may be a hell or a paradise. It depends on whether you manufacture brimstone or plant lilies.

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 tasting, 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."

"Seymour was on the scout all the time, and he pulled an old cove named Colonel Wentworth into a private game in our room in the hotel. Colonel Wentworth was a very wealthy cotton planter and a stiff player."

"He preferred a game without a limit—so did we. When he began to lose, he began to drink. We played all night, and we coasted him money until we had about \$25,000 in money, which he had sent out and borrowed a bit reckless—he was pretty drunk, too—and lost \$8,000 on one hand. He quit the game, and said he'd give a check for the \$8,000. He dashed off a check in a hurry, like an angry, drunk man, and said that he would give us another battle the next day."

"Then Chris made a big mistake. He raised the \$8,000 check to \$30,000 by putting in a letter and a cipher. He presented it to the bank and asked to have it certified, but the cashier refused to certify it without first seeing Colonel Wentworth. The colonel

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.

Orphanages in Turkey.
There are 22 orphanages in the Turkish empire, conducted by American, enrolling 3,000 inmates. In connection with these orphanages an industrial work has sprung up which gives employment to over 10,000 people in addition to the orphans. The work is largely done by the widows and orphans and includes rug and lace-making, various forms of embroidery, and other domestic work. The product of these institutions finds a market abroad.

Appropriate.
"That angling friend of yours certainly has a fitting physique."
"In what way?"
"I noticed he has fishy eyes and a decided catch in his voice."

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.

The Fish Silhouette.
The French actress who likens the smart feminine silhouette of the moment to that of a fish has produced an excellent simile. Take a trout, for instance, and spread his little tail at right angles to his body, and there you have an accurate likeness of the hobbled aged woman of the moment. Put a mushroom top at an angle on the fish's head, and you have the lady of ultra fashion caparisoned for outdoor exercise.—From the Gentlewoman.

A man may be said to be making progress as soon as he discovers that the soap box at the corner grocery is a mighty poor seat.

A Large Package

Of Enjoyment—

Post Toasties

Served with cream, milk or fruit—fresh or cooked.

Crisp, golden-brown bits of white corn—delicious and wholesome—

A flavour that appeals to young and old.

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich.