

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Trap is Sprung. There was a pause. Neither man semed desirous to be first to return to the attack. The buzz of the city crept in from outside. The half-stified shythm of the dining-room orchestra reached them in snatches.

Standish got to his feet; slowly and more like a very old man than one in his prime. "ut he looked down with crass stolidity at his tormentor. And in his deep tones there was more of forrow than of nervous dread.

"Mr. Blake," he said, "there's one int I can't quite grasp. Even your admiration for my worthy qualities and your very kind desire to save me trouble, can not wholly explain your action in telling me. Why are you giv. ing away your hand like this?" lake looked pained.

"Can't a man do a decent thing for ouce," he grumbled, "without having his motives picked apart?" "I'm afraid not—in your case," an-

interestedly to Robertson on indifferswered Standish. ent topics.

"All right," agreed Blake in no whit bagrined. "Let's look at it from a business standpoint, then. If you'll de-cide suddenly to let this Mullins bill as, and if you'll support Mark Robertson for the speakership, everything will be perfectly smooth and har-monious. And we won't have to use here painful means

h, I see. A bargath ?"

One that you won't lose by," said ke. "A mighty good one, since it es you your political skin, instead aves you your pol tion. ing us to nall it to the barn."

anite his confidence Blake was busied herself amid the labyrinth of ely worried. He knew men, as a switchboard plugs, "I'll wait here for signist knows his key-board. And now it. I-" subtle intuition, quite at variance He stopped as Standish came out of

As he spoke he was running over the pages of one of the telephone books on the desk. Wanda drove a plug into the switchboard and droned:

throat. Then, in her everlasting pro-"H'lo! Long distance? That you, fessional monotone she droned into Jessie? This is Wands. Say, get me the receiver: a New York wire-on the jump, please. Yes. Oh, have you? Good! Let the other party wait, and give it to me, won't you? Thanks. I've got one already," she added, glancing over her shoulder at Standish. "What number, please?"

Mark hurried into the nearest telephone booth. Wands stared after him, in scared fascination. Her face had "One thousand and one, Plaza," he answered, looking up from the directory.

turned oddly white. "One-o-o-one," she repeated to herself, dazedly, as she mechanically "Oh, it's-it's about a man who set a "Oh, it's-it's about a man who set a trap for a rabbit-and caught a lion "Plaza one-o-one!" she droned into the transmitter. "Any name, Mr. Standish?" "Now then!" Jim Blake was de-

"No." he answered huskily. "Just the number.

settle this thing, my girl. I want that "A'ri! Here you are-number one booth, please. H'lo New York!" she number!" continued into the transmitter, shov-"But-" she pleaded. ing a plug in and out of the switch-"You've got a bit of knowledge that board three or four times, "Plaza onewe need-and need d-d bad. A o-o-one. Yes, Plaza one-o-obit of knowledge we've got to have-

ONE!" and mean to have. Understand that? Standish had gone to the first of the And what we've got to get, we get. numbered booths. At its door he Now, is it fight or not? Will you take paused. the money I've offered you or will you

"Miss Kelly," said he, "would you run your silly young head into the hottest bunch of trouble a girl ever mind taking that receiver off your head while I'm telephoning?" met with? Which'll it be? Speak "Certainly," she answered in evident out!"

ill-temper at the slur implied by the request. She carefully removed and hung up Woman, won't it, if I tell?"

turned her attention to them.

me a New York wire?"

"It'll smash you if you don't! What the metal crescent that held the re-ceiver to her left ear. Standish had "That's so," purred Wands, suddenly "That's so," purred Wands, suddenly closed the booth door and, from the recovering her shattered nerves corner of her eye, Wanda could see him through the glass pane, speaking What is it to me-or to you-if she's destroyed, so long as the machine into the transmitter. But she had wins? And it'd be perfectly terrible if the machine shouldn't win. Now barely noted the first movement of his lips when Blake and Mark Robertson wouldn't it?"

appeared from the dining-room. She "It'll be terrible for any one who tries to block it," retorted Blake, grim and wrathful.

"Dear me!" she cried in pretty ter-

Robertson came across to the rail. Get Mrs. Robertson-my wife-on

the phone," said he. If she's not in,

"You didn't tell me the number."

"Oh," he laughed. "Careless of me!

retary. He generally calls up my New

There was an imperceptible pause.

"H'lo! New York? Plaza one-o-

CHAPTER IX.

A Lion in a Rabbit Trap.

manding at her elbow, "you and I will

"I-I don't know, It'll disgrace the

momentary contraction of Wanda's

York home for me. The number is was murmuring disjointedly:

get one of the servants. I-"

Plaza one-double o-one.

wanted, please?"

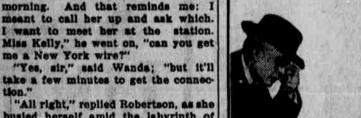
she reminded him.

-one!"

Blake glanced unobtrusively toward the row of telephone booths and his half-shut eyes lighted over so little as "Well," sighed Wands distractedly, T'll just have to think it over very he made out Standish's figure behind carefully. Of course, I like you, Mr. the glass. But he made no other Blake. I've always admired you a lot. sign that he noted the successful You've got such a lovely personality springing of the trap he had so painsand-

takingly set. In fact, he was talking "Drop that!" he roared. "And," pursued Wanda, "I've always admired the machine a lot, too. It does "Tom tells me," Wands heard him things in such a businesslike way. But

say, "that Grace is coming down." "Yes," answered Robertson, his face -but, of course, I couldn't really take money from you. If I tell that numbrigtening at mention of his wife's name, either tonight or tomorrow



-

Blake glared at her in angry doubt. | information, direct, from the girl herror. "Well, I'll-I'll have to think it over. Here's your New York wire, son came out of the booth. "T

"The girl!" echoed Van Dyke dis-Governor Robertson," she called to "I must be off," said Mark. "My but gustedly. "We've already wasted too Mark. "What was the number you ler says Grace took the train that's much time on her. Can't we get hold due to reach Washington at eight this of Standish? evening. I've no time to waste if I'm

"He'll be along pretty soon." to be at the station when it comes in." "You've sent for him? You're sure He hurried off. After a second he'll come for your sending?"

"No," drawled Blake, "I didn't. And Wanda, Blake followed him from the he wouldn't. But Gregg started a whiscorridor. Wanda did not look up. Her per in the house that a scandal will break before morning. And he threw forgot I wasn't talking to my sec- book. But the type was a twisting a hint of the same sort to the newsblur to her senses. To herself she paper boys."

> "Oh, if we can publish this as it's written here," broke in Van Dyke, "we've got him! This story makes Blake moving heaven and earth and a him out the lowest blackguard unquarter-section of hell, too, to get her hung."

> name for a campaign scandal. If I give it to him, I guess a big part of father's debt to the machine will be



Away at the Point."

And, for divers reasons, Blake had chosen his son-in-law's apartment, isn't a word in it that hasn't got some on this night, as his hilltop. The telesort of foundation on fact. That's sayphone admirably filled for him the dual ing a whole lot for a campaign scanroles of spy-glass and courier. Just dal. We've got facts-real facts. Maynow, he was listening intently to a be some of 'em are twisted around so report from Tim Neligan at the Capithat you'd have to look at 'em twice before recognizing their dear familiar

"Good old Tim!" he broke out after faces. But they're facts, just the a moment's close attention to the resame. ceiver. "What d'ye think of that, Van

"And they're useless," grumbled Van Dyke? We get the roll-call." Dyke, "just because the one fact we "Good!" pronounced Van glancing up from his reading. Dyke need we haven't got."

"You mean the Woman?"

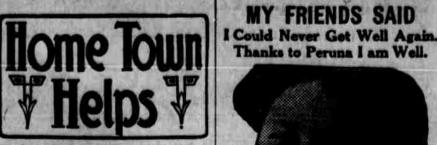
"Standish still in his seat?" queried "The Woman's name. We can't get Blake into the transmitter. "Yes? any one to believe a word of the story All right. Keep right on with the prowithout that. What time is it? Oh, I gram I gave you. No need to change didn't notice the clock. The time's it unless something unexpected cuts getting short-dangerously short. If loose. And it won't. What? No. we want to get this story in any of Not yet. Can't get a word out of her. tomorrow's papers we must have her But we will. Don't you worry. So name mighty quick. As it is, I'm afraid it'll be too late for anything but "Well," he added to Van Dyke, as the last editions of the morning pa-

he hung up the receiver and pushed pers. "What did the Associated Press the telephone back on the table-desk's flat surface. "This roll-call gives us people say, when you-?" "Jennings promised to hold a wire

another hour to breathe in." till the last minute. Better take the "We'll need it. And more," said Van story around to him and tell him to Dyke, returning to his reading.

have it ready. He understands. But be sure to tell him not to let it go till "Sure you're making that strong enough, Van Dyke?" he asked. "Don't I give the word. A false move just use the word 'utensil' when 'spade' now would be a boomerang that we will do just as well. Cut out any couldn't stand. Come back as soon as you can. We may need you." flowery stuff and bang away at the point." Van Dyke, pocketing the typewritten

"I have, replied Van Dyke, handing sheets, departed on his mission; al-Blake the edited pages. "Look it over most colliding at the door with Tom and see how it strikes you



MUST PLAN FOR THE FUTURE

Massachusetts Law Compels the Crea-tion of Planning Boards in Large Towns.

City and town planning boards Massachusetts must be created by every city and also by every town having a population of more than 10. 000 and at the last preceding national or state census, according to an act of the Massachusetts legislature, says

the Engineering News. These boards are required to "make careful studies of the resources, pos-sibilities and needs of the city or town, particularly with respect to con-ditions which may be injurious in and about rented buildings."

The planning boards are also re quired to "make plans for the develpment of the municipality with special reference to the proper housing of its people." The planning boards are to be appointed by the mayors of cities or by the commissions in commission-governed cities, and in towns they are to be elected by the votes at the annual town meetings.

Every planning board is required to report annually to the governing body of its respective city or to the voters of its town. "giving information regarding the condition of the city or town and any plans or proposals for the development of the city or town and estimates of the cost thereof." The governing bodies of cities are

authorized by the act "to make suitable ordinances, and towns are authorized to make suitable by-laws for carrying out the purposes of the act," and the governing bodies in each case "may appropriate money therefor."

PRESERVE THE BEAUTY SPOTS

Growth of Town Should Not Be lowed to Eliminate All the Work of Nature.

In the town squares and boule vards men and women find fresh air and shade for their hours of sociability, and playgrounds for the children, and fresh nurseries for the bables. But there is an important element in human nature which the town square cannot satisfy. This is that conscious or unconscious sensibility to the beauty of the natural world which in many men becomes a passion, and in almost all men plays a part. As our towns grow, the spots of re-

markable natural beauty, which were once as the gems embroidered upon the fair robe of nature, are one by one destroyed to make room for railroads, streets, factories and the rest. The time is coming when it will be hard to find within a day's journey of our large cities a single spot cap able of stirring the soul of man to speak in poetry. Think of what this will mean for the race, and start tomorrow to secure for your children



MY FRIENDS SAID

Thanks to Peruna I am Well.

Miss Clara Lohr, 21 North Gold St., Grand Rapids, Mich.: "Doctors said I had consumption. Weighed only 90 pounds. Commenced taking Peru-na. Now weigh 135 pounds. I am so thankful for what Peruna has done

Those who object to liquid medi-cines can now procure Peruna Tab-



ve the complexion, brighten the eyes SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

BrentGood

The Test.

Statesman-I trust the people. One of Them-All right; lend me \$5?-New York Sun.

JUDGE CURED, HEART TROUBLE.

I took about 6 boxes of Dodds Kidney Pills for Heart Trouble from which I had suffered for 5 years. I had diszy spells, my eyes puffed, my breath was

short and I had chills and backache. I took the pills about a year ago and have had no return of the palpitations. Am now 63 years old, able to do lots of

Judge Miller. manual labor, am well and hearty and weigh about 200 pounds. I feel very grateful that I found Dodds Kidney Pills and you may publish this letter if you wish. I am serving my third term as Probate

Judge of Gray Co. Yours truly, PHILIP MILLER, Cimarron, Kan. Correspond with Judge Miller about this wonderful remedy.

Dodde Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free.

DAKOTA COUNTY HERALD: DAKOTA CITY, NEBRASKA.

glance toward the utterly oblivious

eyes were still bent eagerly on her

"His own daughter-Mark Robert-

son's wife-Tom's sister-! And Jim

"Hello!" called Tom, crossing the

corridor from the dining-room. "What

are you reading? By the way you

stare at that book it must have all the

best sellers looking like the Congres-

sional Record. What's it about?" She raised a blank drawn face to

CHAPTER X.

In the Day of Battle.

Ralph Van Dyke, corporation lawyer,

and the railroads' mouthpiece in Wash-

ington, sat by the desk lamp in the library of Mark Robertson's Hotel Kes-

wick suit, reading-and here and there

Across the desk from him sat Jim

Blake, cigar in one hand, a telephone

The master of the machine was not

leading his forces in person tonight.

He seldom did so. The commanding general's place is on a convenient

hilltop; not in the vulgar thick of the

receiver held to his ear.

fray.

long."

aloud.

white paper.'

altering-several typewritten sheets

paid off. If-"

at Standish was not in the least tened by the threat of political eath. Knowing the insurgent's high ns as he did, Blake could not unt for this absence of terror. Bo ling his way, he shifted to the oth-

"The Woman, too," he added. "Think

He grinned under his sparse mus For again he saw Standish's hands clench. And he knew he had struck the one right note. "Yes," went on Blake. "Think of the

ceiver." Woman! She's walking blindly, untingly, right straight into we've set for her. It'll be hell tor her. Pure, unadulterated, sky-blue bell. If she's got a husband or kids

r parents it'll blacken the whole d for them all. Oh, don't make as do this thing, mani Think it the rail and picked up the pad on over. Don't decide in a rush. Take which a list of numbers was jotted your time. By eleven o'clock or so "Il have her name. Then it will be sarly enough for you to tall me your You'll find me somewhere bout the hotel, if I'm not over at the itol. Good-by."

He strolled off toward the dining m. As he passed Wanda he glancovertly at her through his lowered She was raptly absorbed in the she was reading.

standish watched Blake out was no longer needful, worked almost quely. And his swarthy skin was a pallid yellow. He looked like a pugilist who tries dasedly to rise after a knock-out.

He was thinking rapidly; despite his to. After a moment or two he crossed hastily to the telephone

"Get me a New York wire, please," e said, looking nervously down the corridor, "as quickly as you can." find you've got a wildcat by the tail." I returned to her novel.

Matives of Egypt Believe Saint With

The tourist who is ferried over the

oda is shown the Nilometer, which

ck to resume the usual route of the

all Cairo-the huge tree known to

s pative as the mandura, says Wide

dates from Roman times, and the old

from old Cairo to the island of

as near it, and is then hurried

s. By so doing, however, he

d. It is so called from a saint

is supposed to work miracles and

and perform certain traditional

The patient must offer to the

the cloth which enveloped the

limb, pluck off two leaves

tree and tie them on the dis-

art with another cloth, leaving

h in the tree and the visitor

ind one or more pr

the rites of su

hind. The natives have

ille not very high, has a

res upon those who visit this

one of the most curious sights

Powers Has a Dwelling In the Branches.

Wanda to change. Robertson, the happy light of anticipation dying out of his face at sight of his foe, turned his back ostentatiously upon him. No did he speak again till Standish had gone away. Then he looked around to find his father-in-law in eager conversation with the telephone operator "Well," Blake was saying. "Could

booth and laid down a bill for

you hear anything?" "No," answered Wanda, still deeply offended at Standish's request. "Not a word. He made me hang up the re-

"Huh!" grunted Blake. "He's go more sense than I thought. But the number? You got the number, of course. Didn't you?"

"Oh, yes," she returned, "I got th number, all right."

lown.

Blake unceremoniously reached over which a list of numbers was jotted

"Is that the one?" he asked, pointing to the last number inscribed there. "Oh, no," said Wanda, recovering her pad and laying it back in its place

on the desk, with a little slam to em phasize Blake's rudeness in taking it away. "That isn't the one. I'm leav ing the line blank, so I can fill in the number later. It's too valuable to put on paper-just yet."

"You're a born diplomat," he approv ht. His face, now that the mask od, a triffe grudgingly. "Well, what was the number?" "Just a minute," she interrupte

'Wasn't there a question of-of-7" "Of a thousand dollars for you. Yes, there was. That goes."

"Does it?" she queried sweetly. "Not with me, it doesn't." "Look here, young woman!

Blake, his habitual caim giving place | tonight. I-" to a sort of vulpine savagery. "Don't you try to hold me up! If you do you'll swered Wanda cryptically; and she

HAVE GREAT FAITH IN TREE | large spread, and, as it is partly con- | years the manufacturers have com-

sealed by others near it, even the vis-

itor who has knowledge of its exist-

ence is apt to give up the search in

despair, though he may be within a

ent is entirely denuded of its leaves

except in the upper branches, while

the trunk and lower branches are al-

most concealed by the mass of rags

that are nalled to it and there left to

rot in wind and weather. Patients may

be seen pressing their faces on these

or rubbing the afflicted parts against

them, as they mutter prayers and gaze

earnestly up among the branches, where they believe the saint's spirit

resides. The upper branches are

plentifully decked with little pennons

or colored flags, which give it quite a

Quinine Factories.

Java produces about two-thirds of

the world's supply of cinchona, and it

rial in the Dutch market, and of late

festal appearance.



"Is That the One?" He Asked, Pointing to the Last Number. by that time."

ber it'll just be because I want you to win. That's all. Just because I want phone girl holding out for, I wonder?"

to see you win." "It's past me!" growled Blake. "If "That's better!" grunted Blake, his it was a man I could size up the game ace clearing. "You won't be sorry." at a glance and I'd know just what "You bet I won't!" she retorted, and move to make. Every man has always her young voice was as keen as a knife had his price. Except One. And we blade, and as hard. "I won't be one crucified Him. But with women it's bit sorry. And my conscience will be different. You can't tell what a womclear. It'll be a load off my shoulders. an's going to do. For the mighty good But," she ended, falling back on inreason that she doesn't know, herself.

decision, "I-I must think it over a This Kelly girl's got me guessing. She while." let me think I could buy her dead easy. "A while?" echoed Blake. "There's Then she played for time. And now no time to lose. You understand the she's thrown us down altogether and

situation. I've made it all clear to won't say a word." you, If I don't get that Woman's name "You've sent over to central for that before the Mullins bill comes up for a

vote it will be of no use to me. And were called up from the Keswick towe'll lose. I must know the name day? Let me look at them."

"They aren't here yet," replied "I'll make up my mind tonight," an-Blake. "I only sent for them a few somewhat backward child of six. "Such minutes ago. You see. I thought I could save a lot of time by getting the

Blake, who was coming in Blake took the manuscript and "Hello, dad!" hailed Tom. "I just

canned its contents from beneath his dropped in on the way to the club to drooped lids. As he read, a look of say 'howdy' to Grace. Where is she? inqualified approval replaced the Turned in?" loubt on his face. He nodded em-"No. Hasn't even got in. Th

phatically, once or twice. In his intrain's hours late. Washout on the road somewhere. Mark telephoned up terest he unconsciously muttered, half from the station. He's gone back "'Standish, the arch reformer," he there. They ought to be here any

murmured. "'A moralist dethronedtime now. Want to wait?" scandalous past of a house leader "I'm sleepy!" yawned Tom. "Gee, brought to light-disciple of purity in but I wish Grace would show up!" politics convicted of dissolute private "So does Mark," answered Blake. life'-H'm! That's the stuff. It'll Then, after a moment, a chuckle of make 'em sit up, I guess." genuine amusement startled his son. "If we can use it," corrected Van "What's the joke?" asked Tom. Dyke. "As it stands, it represents nothing but three spoiled sheets of "Did I miss it?"

"Yes, you missed it, all right. Both you and Grace always miss it. But I "It'll represent one perfectly good never do. I was just thinking-my litinsurgent chief split up the back, betle Grace-my kid-keeping the forfore another hour's past," retorted mer governor of New York cooling his heels in a drafty railroad station. And, Blake. "I'll have the Woman's name forty years ago, her father was a barefoot kid with one suspender, pan-handling kind-hearted old folks in the "What is that stubborn little tele street with dying-mother stories and getting nickels from 'em. And even as lately as twenty-two years ago, what was I but a Chicago city clork making an honest living by keeping

my eyes shut and my palm open ?" "Dad," complained Tom, "I can't make you out! You always seem to take a savage delight in rubbing in the fact that everything we've got we owe to graft."

"Well," asked Blake, puzzled, "don't we? If we don't owe it to graft, what do we owe it to, I'd like to know?" "To change the subject, dad," broke duplicate list of all the numbers that in Tom, "I've been making some

plans." "Have," hey?" queried Blake as though listening to the prattle of a

as what, for instance?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

and your children's children those scenes of special natural beauty which are still to be found.

Billboards and Bad Eyes.

Dr. Burr Weaver, former president of the Illinois State Society of Optometrists, addressing his colleagues on the subject of eye strain, indicts the billboards with point and vigor. "Street car sickness is entirely due to eye strain. The rapid shifting of vision and the efforts of persons riding on the cars to read signs and billboards, which meet their eyes almost every time they look out of the windows strain the eyes. The rapid contraction of the muscles results in eye strain and headaches."

The victim of this urban habit is helpless, moreover, because it is natural for the eye to read any printed matter that comes within range. All persons who have astigmatism have a special grievance against the billboards, and most of them have learned it long since from experience. The billboard has been attacked on many grounds heretofore, but the damage it does to the eyes is not the least serious of all, though the least emphanized.

Finishing Up.

Mr. Gibson-Haven't you got that new dress planned yet? Mrs. Gibson-Nearly. I shall only have to have one more talk about it.

Mr. Gibson-I should think you would get tired of talking with that dressmaker.

Mrs. G bson-Oh, I'm through with her; I'm all ready to consult the po fice now! -Judge.

Beauty In City Life. William Morris said: "Beauty is, I contend, no mere accident of human life which people can take or leave as

they choose, but a positive necessity of life, if we are to live as nature DESTRUCTION OF THE POPPY | yu indicate the same condition. Most meant us to, that is, unless we ar of the troops have gone, as there is content to be less than men." now no disturbance other than occa-Beauty in the life of a city i sional robbery, which is no uncomnecessary as in human life.

> Never Met Him. Cooke-Beanbrough is an original sort of a chap.

Frye-In what way? Cooke-I asked him to come in and have a drink, and what do you think he said? Frye-What did he say?

Cooke-He said he wasn't thirsty.

Good Luck. "The tipsy fellow in the automobile collision had a remarkable escape from injury."

"Yes, a paradoxical escape." "How paradoxical?" "Because though pickled, he was preserved."

Nature Missod.

"Nature is no patriot." "Why do you say that?" "Look how easy it would have be ber not for her to make the waters to and bine!"-Puck.

Two Years Has a Great Idea

Adv.

It had been a hard afternoon for Joseph. His mother had taken him downtown shopping with her, and as they were crossing Gladstene boulevard on the way home his little feet began to lag. Joseph is two years old.

"Carry me, mamma," he said. "But I can't, Joseph," she said. "Don't you see mamma has her bundles and her pocketbook to carry? It's only a little piece now."

Joseph trudged a bit farther and then he had an idea.

"You put your pocketbook and bundles down and let them walk," he said. "Then you can carry me!" so she found room him him .--- Kansas City Star.

Refrain of Matrimony.

A pretty girl at a dinner in Chicago asked George Ade why he did not marry.

"Marriage, you know," she said. archly, "is one grand, sweet song." "Rather say," the humorist retorted

"one grand, sweet refrain - refrain from poker, refrain from tobacco and refrain from booze water."

Not Satisfied.

The world owes every man a living, but most of us aren't satisfied with the sort of living the world would provide.-Detroit Free Press.

The whistle on the engine makes the most noise, but it doesn't help to pull the train.

> SPEAKS FOR ITSELF Experience of a Southern Man.

"Please allow me to thank the originator of Postum, which in my case, speaks for itself," writes a Fla. man

"I formerly drank so much coffee that my nervous system was almost a wreck." (Tea is just as injurious because it contains caffeine, the drug found in coffee.) "My physician told me to quit drinking it but I had to

have something, so I tried Postum. "To my great surprise I saw quite a change in my nerves in about 10 days. That was a year ago and now my nerves are steady and I don't have those billous sick headaches which I regularly had while drinking coffee.

"Postum seems to have body-building properties and leaves the head clear. And I do not have the bad taste in my mouth when I get up morn ings. When Postum is boiled good and strong, it is far better in taste than coffee. My advice to coffee drinkers is to try Postum and be convinced.'

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for copy of the little book, "The Road to Wellville." Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum-must be well boiled.

Instant Postum is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage Instantly. Grocers sell both kinds. "There's a reason" for Postum.

level as to render the cinchona culti-Only Few Fields Left in Region vation unprofitable, although the manufacturers of quinine have been earnshort distance of it. The tree at pres- ing large dividends. To meet this combination it was re solved to establish a quinine factory in Java, says the British consul at Batavia, and this has been done at

all respects to the best European 500,000 pounds avoirdupois.

bined to keep the prices at such low

New King of Work.

had recently given up her employstreet. (This is from Life.) "Good morning, Cynthia," said the Indy. Where are you working now?"

replied Cynthia, coyly; "I'se capering destruction for a congressman

China Where the Plant Once Flourished. A letter from a missionary in Hing Hwa has just been received by the

The writer says he has been in Hing

fighting was done. In all this region

I saw less than 100 stalks of poppy, these having been left scattered in

plete destruction of the crop.". The

writer continues: "Some of our leading Chinese have been still further into the regions where the poppy was grown, and report the same thing. In out-of-the-way places they have

seen a field or two, which, because of the obscure location, have escaped "Reports from the direction of Sien

mon thing in that section of the country at any time. The present magistrate is a very able man, and will doubtless be able to handle these things. "It is to be regretted that the so called 'sixteenth emperor.' the leader of the oplum rebellion, has not been captured, though I do not anticipate

much further disturbance from him. He and his cause have been too badly beaten, and the element that held his

followers together, the poppy, has been destroyed."

Wild Rice a Valuable Food. Wild rice, according to a consular report, is "the most nutritious cereal in America." The plant has a long

black grain, and hence is sometimes called black rice. It has been used from time immemorial by certain indian tribes as their principal food. In recent years it has come into the white man's markets, selling for considerably more than ordinary white rice.

international reform bureau, Peking. Blandong, where the first Java quinine Hwa about three weeks, and that has been produced. This is described the poppy is, to all intents and puras of excellent quality and equal in poses, completely destroyed. "I have traveled through a part of brands. Last year the total produc- the region where most of the poppy tion of cinchona in the island was S, was grown, and where most of the Cynthia, a young negro cook, who the fields from the otherwise com-

ment in order that she might try her luck at the easier profession of cateress, met her former mistress on the

has for years been regularly shipped to Holland. The large quinine manufactories, mostly situated in Germany. ian't workin' nowhere now, ma'am," ply themselves with the raw mate-