

**Trees of Many Fruits.**  
Country Life in America: Many people who live on city lots long for fruit trees of their own from which to gather fresh fruit instead of being dependent on the markets, but, owing to cramped garden areas, they feel that an orchard is an impossibility. Mr. Vaughn of Pasadena was confronted by just such a problem, but he has cleverly found a way out of the difficulty. On the back of his town lot he had room for six fruit trees. He planted naval oranges and peaches and plums, and, when they became strong and sturdy, he grafted and budded other varieties into them. The operations were all successful, and now Mr. Vaughn has numerous varieties of fruit that ripen at all times of year and furnish an abundance for table use. On one naval orange tree Mr. Vaughn budded a tangerine, a grape fruit, a lemon, and a blood orange, making with the naval orange itself five kinds of fruit on one tree. They all bear profusely, and the fruit is of extraordinarily large size. The peach trees were budded with numerous varieties of early and late peaches as well as apricots and nectarines. These trees bear from the first of July to the first of November. The plum trees have been induced to produce many kinds of plums. If all the fruit raised from these six trees came from individual trees of their own kind, it would take something like a five-acre ranch to accommodate the orchard.

**Good News for All.**  
Bradford, Tenn., Nov. 21.—(Special.)—Scientific research shows kidney trouble to be the father of so many diseases that news of a discovery of a cure for it cannot fail to be welcomed all over the country. And according to Mr. J. A. Davis of this place just such a cure is found in Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Davis says: "Dodd's Kidney Pills are all that is claimed them. They have done me more good than anything I have ever taken. I had kidney trouble very bad and after taking a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills I am completely cured. I cannot praise them too much."

Kidney Complaint develops into Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Diabetes, Rheumatism and other painful and fatal diseases. The safeguard is to cure your kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills when they show the first symptom of disease.

**Fathers and Sons.**  
London Spectator: Observers are struck with the camaraderie carried to the verge of equality which obtains between fathers and their schoolboy sons; so that their mutual companionship is a source of unfeigned pleasure to both, and should prove a safeguard against many evils in the future. This is essentially a modern development, and stands to the credit of the fathers of the present day.

**\$100 Reward, \$100.**  
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only medicine known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.  
Address: F. J. CHERNEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**An Even Break.**  
The London Broad Arrow says: To test the effect of alcohol upon marksmanship, a whole Druggists' has been practised: (1) After total abstinence; (2) after drinking the previous evening; (3) after drinking the same day in moderation, and (4) after a heavy bout of drinking on the day of practice. The result has been held to prove stimulant value for short distances, and harmful for long ranges.

American railways handle about \$12,000,000 worth of grain a year.

Gerónimo, the noted Apache chief, has learned to read, and can write his name. He is exceedingly proud of his accomplishments.

**A LABOR PROBLEM**

ORDERED OUT BY A POWERFUL COMBINATION.

A Kansas Woman Succeeds in Maintaining Her Right to Earn Her Living.

The walking delegate is not the only one who can order the employee to give up his job. Some irregularity in his health may force him from his work and render him incapable of improving the very finest opportunity in the world. A remedy that will restore health solves many labor difficulties at once and makes the path to success a smooth one.

Miss Winnifred Ray, of No. 917 Water street, Wichita, Kansas, has passed happily through an experience which illustrates this point. She says: "In 1901 I began to suffer from considerable disturbance of my health. There was derangement of stomach and bowels, as well as female troubles. My appetite became very feeble. Some days I had no desire for food at all and when I did take any it caused me great discomfort, particularly burning sensations. I also had palpitation of the heart and often a sense of being smothered, and I became so nervous I couldn't sleep. One doctor thought I had heart disease, another consumption, another a radical disorder of the liver. While I was not confined to my bed, I was so miserable that I really thought I must die.

"After suffering in this way for a year without finding any relief, I read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in a book and got a box and began to use them. In a week I was better. In six or seven weeks I was well. My liver seemed to be stimulated at once and my complexion cleared up. The burning sensation left my stomach and I could eat nearly everything I wanted. I had no more pain in my abdomen and no more trouble with my heart. My whole system appeared to be regulated and the grave fears of the doctors were all banished. I have recovered my strength and cheerfulness and am able to do my regular daily work and to support myself again. The pills have done me great good and I believe they would help others equally if they would try them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all druggists, or direct by Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box; six boxes, \$2.50, postpaid.

**IN THE SHADOW OF SHAME**

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She was aware that her solicitor, George Coris, was a man of ability and resource; that her counsel, Sir Charles Talling and Justice Twixley, stood at the head and front of their profession; that Mackworth the detective was a man who, in the course of years of experience, had trained his natural gifts to a rare point of perfection, and she strove to inspire herself with hope at the thought that they were working for her with might and will. Nor was she wanting friends. No day passed that George Bostock did not visit her, bringing words of cheer and counsel. And those who in the past professed to esteem her, now called upon her, though to none of them was she visible; while her cousin Valerius had telegraphed to her from Brindisi that, having just heard the terrible news, he was on his way back to England.

It was late one evening—while Olive Dumbarton and her daughter were in the drawing room, the former seated in a high backed easy chair gazing absently into the fire, her thoughts full of the future—that dreaded unknown future which might hold untold terrors for her, the girl striving to read, but being unable to confine her mind to her subject, her eyes raising themselves continually, anxiously, pitifully toward the pale face of Valerius Galbraith at the sound of his name, and looking up, kept their eyes fixed on him with something of surprise in their expression; for even in that first glance they had seen in his face a man before them from him who had parted from them little more than a week before.

The freshness and buoyancy which had been his chief characteristics had given place to an expression of pain and anxiety; his prominent blue eyes, which had ever sparkled with pleasure, were now clouded by grief; lines were for the first time visible in his face; that sedulous care of his personal appearance, which formerly gave the impression of elegance, was now conspicuous by its absence, and he looked every year of his age.

"Olive," he exclaimed, grasping her extended hand in both his own, and if the woman he addressed had not already recognized in his altered aspect the man whose heart she had ever shown her since the days when they were young together, and life that seemed unclouded then lay bright before them.

"I knew you would come back, and I am glad you have," she said.

"Of course, I returned the moment I heard of—of this terrible affair," he replied, hesitating, perhaps out of delicacy to her feelings to use the stronger word which described David Dumbarton's end.

"I sent a telegram to Paris the day after it happened."

"I had left by then. It was in Brindisi I first read of his death. You can imagine the shock I received. I have hardly slept since. Then I came back as soon as I could, and only reached town a couple of hours ago."

"I suppose you have heard all?"

"All that the newspapers could tell me."

"About the coroner's court and the verdict?" she said in a troubled voice.

"Yes, yes," he answered, struggling with his emotion. "It's terrible to think that you should suffer this—you who would not injure any living thing; you who have already endured so much."

"Tell me, Valerius," she said in a hesitating voice, "did you at first, even for a moment, think I was guilty?"

"You guilty?" he cried out. "Never, never. I knew you were innocent."

"It makes me most happy to hear you say so; to know that my friends don't believe me guilty. You are aware, of course, that circumstances are all against me?"

"So I gather. But let me hear all."

"I would like to tell that you have not already read," she began by saying, and she went over the details of the case which were ever present in her mind, dwelling on the narrow compass which surrounded the case and seemed to fasten the guilt upon her.

"Then there's no absolute clew?"

"Not that I know of, at least," Olive Dumbarton replied.

"Except the knife," suggested Veronica.

"The knife?" Valerius repeated, turning toward the girl.

"I had forgotten that," Olive remarked. "Mackworth, the detective hopes it may be help him to discover that makes me most happy to hear you say so; to know that my friends don't believe me guilty. You are aware, of course, that circumstances are all against me?"

"But there is nothing else to go upon?" he asked.

"Nothing at present," Olive answered and something in the sound of her voice and in the expression of her face betrayed the depth of that despair to which at moments she was driven.

He who was sensitive to every affliction in her tones, to every change in her expression, heard and saw, and now understood clearer than before the keenness of the pain she secretly suffered beneath the bravery of her manner. His heart was wrung, and overcome by a sudden wave of feeling, he buried his head in his arms, which were folded on the table before him. They who watched him with dim eyes and troubled minds saw this strong man's shoulders rise and fall as he struggled with himself for mastery of his emotions, and Veronica, unable to bear the sight, left the room abruptly, that she might cry more freely when alone.

Olive Dumbarton, deeply touched by what she saw, with much difficulty refrained from breaking down completely. She had known her cousin loved her, though she had not returned his love, but had not previously suspected the fulness of his strength which he now, though by no word of his revealed to her. Before she had regarded him as merely a man of the world, who persistently sought pleasure and avoided pain; one of a kindly and gentle disposition, pleasant and sympathetic, whose feelings, lying on the surface, had no deep roots stretching down and taking a firm grip in the heart. Now, in one of these unexpected moments of emotion, when the soul is suddenly revealed, she saw how wrong was her supposition, and she recognized how little she had understood him.

"Valerius," she said gently, placing one hand on his shoulder.

He quickly raised his face, which was quivering from excitement, and pale from suffering. He rose and faced her, looking into her eyes until she lowered hers, for she feared he was about to speak words she would not willingly hear, but if such had been his intention, he checked himself, and abruptly turned away.

Then coming back quickly to where she stood, confused and agitated, he said rapidly and fiercely:

"Olive, it's intolerable to think you

must bear the ignominy, the shame, the publicity of this trial."

"It has to be borne," she answered, striving to appear brave.

"But you have to suffer for another's crime; there is the bitterness—the cruelty of the position, I cannot think of it with patience."

"I may not suffer long. He who— who did the deed may be discovered before my trial comes before the court."

"He may not—may never be tracked," Valerius cried out, yet stirred with intense emotion.

"Have you then no hope for me?" she asked in a voice whose pitifulness appealed to and reproached him for his hastily spoken words.

"Yes, I have. I am certain your innocence will be proved sooner or later, but what may you suffer meanwhile?"

"I will strive to grow strong and carry this burden laid upon me for some wise purpose inconceivable and inexplicable to us, as courageously as I can."

"Ah, Olive," he said suddenly and vehemently, as if carried away by an irresistible impulse. "If you had listened to me and I had been spared, how much happiness might we have known?"

"Valerius," she exclaimed reproachfully. "Forgive me. I don't know what I have said tonight. I did not mean to blame you now, least of all when you suffer most."

"I'm sure not," she replied, ready to pardon him because she was conscious of the grief he felt and could not then conceal, and because, moreover, she recognized that truth, perhaps, lay in his words—a truth that was full of bitterness to her.

Why had she not loved him and so escaped the storm and strife, the agony and humiliation which had come to her through the man whose love she had accepted and whose life she had shared? Why cannot we indeed, act wisely and with foresight instead of permitting our hearts to lead us blindly into paths beset with miseries and fraught with dangers manifold?

"You are always—always ready to forgive, to make allowances," he said with earnestness, his eyes turned to hers pleadingly. "And now, good night, I will come again tomorrow, but before I call I will see your solicitors and Mackworth."

"Very well," she answered absently.

"You know I am your next of kin. The only near relative you have, and I must act for you."

"Thank you, Valerius, but there is now little to be done," she replied, and then, with some hesitation, continued, "Mr. Bostock has been very kind, and has done all he possibly could for me."

"I understand," Valerius said after a pause.

"But of course it may be as well for you to see Mr. Coris and the detective."

"What is his theory?"

"That the death may be traced to revenge. Do you think it is most probable?"

"I consider it most likely. Heaven only knows how many enemies such a man may have made, how many men may have injured; how many women he may have wronged. Having lived abroad he may have been initiated into some secret society, whose confidence he may have sold or betrayed. There is no knowing how many he may have inspired with a desire for his death."

Valerius spoke rapidly and excitedly he thrust his eyes away from his hearer and was only as he concluded he glanced at her face and saw the pain it expressed, pain caused by his words.

"Forgive me once more," he said penitently.

"He is dead, let us say nothing harsh of him," she murmured.

"Yes, he is dead, but the misery he caused in life has not died with him," answered Valerius, bitterly.

Olive Dumbarton, sore at heart, turned away.

"You see," said Valerius following her. "I cannot control myself tonight, but I will leave you at once. God knows I have no desire to add to your vexations. Good night once more."

"Good night," she replied, holding out her hand.

As he took it in his own a quiver passed through his frame. He turned from her almost abruptly, but before he reached the door Veronica entered and said:

"Your Quave cannot come tonight."

"Very well, dear."

"But Quinton is here," Veronica said somewhat shyly, "and says he would like to see you, mother."

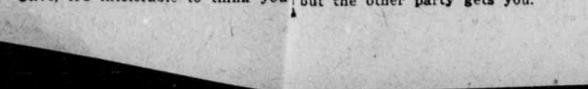
"In the dining room."

"Ask him to come here. You remember Quinton Quave," Olive said to her cousin as Veronica quitted the room.

"Yes, very well."

He has taken his degrees and gives great promise of being a very clever doctor. He and his parents have been most kind to me since—since that terrible night."

Valerius remembered that Dr. Quave and his son were among the first who had come upon the scene of the tragedy, and he felt interested in seeing the



young man, with whom, on his entering the room, he shook hands.

**CHAPTER III**

Quinton Quave, who had just reached his twenty-third birthday, was a young man of mild features, broad shouldered and stoutly built. His dark complexion, large brown, slow-moving eyes, heavy brows, and thick black hair, gave indications of his Celtic origin. His face, which was more round than oval in shape, the chin dimpled, the lips thick but firm and well curved, indicated strength, physical and mental, a strength which by no means hid its expression of gentleness, or concealed the innate and unmistakable kindness in his nature. His voice was low pitched and mellow, his words came slowly and with hesitation, and his gait was leisurely, even and resolute.

His hostess, with that grace of movement and charm of manner which affliction was powerless to destroy, welcomed him.

"My father regrets that he is unable to come tonight," the young man said, "but he has sent me instead, and I have brought a draught which he has prepared for you today."

"You are better, I hope?" Olive Dumbarton remarked.

"You are better, I hope?"

"Yes, thanks. I think I feel stronger."

"Mother doesn't look so pale, does she?" Veronica said.

"Not at all," answered Quinton in his deliberate tones, as he turned his eyes upon Veronica.

"I have just returned from Brindisi," Valerius stated. "Mrs. Dumbarton has told me how kind your father has been, and I would like to thank him tomorrow or the day after."

"I'm sure he will be glad to see you," replied Quinton.

"We will all work in a common cause," Valerius said, turning his prominent eyes now full of anxiety, upon the young man.

"And we must succeed," added Quinton, emphatically.

"Veronica cast a glance at him full of gratitude. Her belief in his ability was unbounded, what she sought to do he must certainly accomplish."

"That brings me to mention what I was anxious, you, Mrs. Dumbarton, should first hear," said the young man in his slow, deliberate manner.

"What is that?" she asked, her large gray-blue eyes lighting with expectation.

"It's only this morning I remembered it, and after all it is not worth proving of any use, or may not serve as a clew."

"A clew?" Olive Dumbarton repeated anxiously.

"I suppose I was too much upset to think of it before."

"What is it, Quinton?" she asked earnestly.

"You know that night—"

"Yes, yes," Olive Dumbarton interrupted.

"Well, I was going to bed early, before 11. I knew the hour, because I had just wound my watch. My bedroom windows faced the road, and as I looked out I distinctly saw a figure lean against the wall which faces your house and ours."

"A figure?" echoed Olive Dumbarton.

"Of a man."

"Well—well continue," Valerius said, exasperated by the narrator's slowness.

"That is all."

"A sigh of disappointment escaped Olive Dumbarton's lips.

"Did you see him move toward the house, or speak to any one, or act in a suspicious way?" asked Valerius, his interest aroused to the highest pitch.

"No. I just saw him stand there during the minute or so at which I looked at him. I merely pulled down the blinds and went to bed."

"It may have been a policeman?" suggested Valerius.

"I'm sure it wasn't."

"Why?"

"Because I could see clearly enough he did not wear a policeman's uniform. He had on a slouched hat, and the lower part of his face was covered by a beard or a muffle. Somehow I got the impression he was a foreigner."

"A foreigner?" repeated Olive Dumbarton.

"Yes."

"Are you sure," Valerius asked in an anxious tone, "that he was not the man who lost his life that night?"

"Certain. The foreigner was much taller, his figure was slighter, and he was altogether of a different build."

"If you saw so much you were perhaps able to see his face?" said Valerius, "and will eventually be able to identify him?"

"No. As I told you, he wore a slouched hat and that shadowed the upper part of his face, while the muffle covered the lower part. Then he was also shaded by the thick ivy on the top of the wall against which he stood."

"And yet you could see him?" said Valerius, irritated that the young man's observation had not gone farther.

"I could see sufficient to show me his height and the outline of his figure as I have described him."

"After all, he may not have had any concern with the tragedy," remarked Valerius.

"That is what I began by saying," Quinton responded.

"But how did you come to connect him with it in your mind?"

"Well, it flashed upon me suddenly today. Quinton answered quietly, "and I thought I would mention it first to Mrs. Dumbarton, and if she approved of my doing so I would then tell Mackworth what I had seen."

"Yes, let him know by all means," Valerius replied in a voice quivering with nervous anxiety. "The smallest incident may lead to discoveries one never expected. You must tell him at once, Quinton."

"I'll go and see him early tomorrow."

"How do you feel disappointed?" remarked Galbraith quietly. "I thought, when you began, you had really found something that might take us farther still."

"And who knows that this may not?" the young man answered, turning to Valerius. "There is this to be said: If the man I saw watching Mrs. Dumbarton's house was not the same who killed her husband, he may at least have seen or met the man who did."

"How do you make that out?" Valerius asked.

"Why, half an hour hadn't quite elapsed between the time I saw him and the time the tragedy occurred. He cannot have been far off from the scene and he may, if he's innocent, be able to tell something of the man who is not."

"You are right," said Valerius. "I didn't regard it in that light before. You must tell Mackworth what you have seen."

"What strikes me as being suspicious is this," Quinton said, his deliberate manner impressing his hearers.

"What?" Olive Dumbarton asked, her eyes riveted on his face.

"I don't see it come forward to make any statement."

(Continued Next Week.)

**As It is Understood—Sometimes.**  
Town Topics: Miss Parvenue (at the dressmaker's, reading signs)—"Robert, do see that de villo!"  
Miss Parvenue (interrupting)—"Disgusting. I hate these American dress-makers who want to be Frenchy. Why can't she say in plain English, dresses of silk and velvet?"

**NATIONS' PROVERBS VARY BUT LITTLE**

Similar Ideas in Different Words Serve in Many Peoples' Languages.

**WHERE SOME ORIGINATED**

Prophecy a Slave Once Made to the King of Samos Is Heard Every Day—"Fortune Favors Fools," With Variations.

London Globe: Many proverbs have come down to us from remote ages and are common to all nations.

It is interesting to note that the King of Samos was the slave nearly to death in making a vineyard; this provoked one of them to prophecy that his master would never drink the wine. The king, being told of this, when the first grapes were produced, took a handful, and pressing the juice into a cup in the presence of the slaves, derided him as a false prophet. "Many things happen between the cup and the lip," the slave replied.

Just then a shout was raised that a wild boar had broken into the vineyard. The king, without tasting, set down the cup, ran to meet it, and was killed in the encounter. Henceforth the words of the slave passed into a proverb.

From this Greek original came two French proverbs, "Between the hand and the mouth the soup is often split," and "Wine poured out is not swallowed." Neither is so near the original as our English "There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip."

Similarly Expressed. Similar ideas in different languages have taken root in different lands and the various modes of illustrating the same thought. To take, for instance, one or two familiar proverbs in our own language.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." The same idea is expressed by Italians when they say, "Better an egg today than a pullet tomorrow," and the French proverb is still more significant. "One hen-it is better than two you-shall-have-it is better a leveret in the kitchen than a wild boar in the forest," is the Livonian saying conveying the same meaning.

The proverbs on luck are numerous and expressive in all languages. In English we say, "It is better to be born lucky than rich." The Arabs convey the same idea in the apt proverb, "Throw him into the Nile and he will come up with a fish in his mouth," while the Germans say, "If he flung a penny on the roof a dollar would come back to him."

Fortune and Fools. A Spanish proverb says, "God send you luck, my son, and little wit will serve you." There is a Latin adage, "Fortune favors fools," and it is to this Touchstone alludes in his reply to Jacques. "Call me not fool till heaven has sent me fortune."

Some unlucky Englishman is responsible for the saying: "If my father had made me a hatter, men would have been born without heads," but this can scarcely be called original, as an unlearned Arab, years ago, declared, "If I were to trade in winding sheets no one would die."

"Misfortunes seldom come singly," has many equivalents in all languages. The Spaniards say, "Welcome, misfortune, if thou comest alone," and "Whither goes thou, misfortune? To where there is more?"

This same applies also to good fortune, "It never rains, but it pours," or as the Arabs say, "If the wind blows it enters in every crevice."

Counterpart in All Countries. "He that is down, down with him," has its counterpart in all countries. "He that falls all the world runs over," is the German mode of saying it, and the English proverb runs, "A hit is better than a bitter dog," while a French equivalent is, "When a dog is drowning everybody brings him drink."

**IN AN ANTARCTIC SQUALL.**

When the Temperature is at 72 Degrees of Frost.

Century Magazine: Suddenly the mist lifted and the temperature, which generally rose during a gale, by this time had fallen to 72 degrees of frost. The first squall brought drift snow, and we suffered greatly from frost bites while securing our little camp. Our remainder sleeping bags, while warm from previous use, had been packed on the sledge, where they became quite flat and frozen hard, so that when the gale surprised us we had to thaw ourselves gradually into the camp. Later we used the dogs to thaw out the bags for us. They always liked to roll upon anything that was not snow or ice, even were it but a thrown-away mitten and they would turn round and round over it imagining that they were warmer there than on the snow. When later we threw our frozen bags on the snow, the dogs generally clustered together on them at once, and soon after we could get into them.

By this time the gale was over us in earnest, and we took refuge in our sleeping bags in the tent, from which we were not able to extricate ourselves for the next three nights and days, in which time we expected the icy floor beneath us to break up at any moment. Our silk tent rapidly filled with a dense fog, both from our breath and from the heat given out by the lantern; a thick layer of frost soon covered the inner walls of the tent, and beautiful snow crystals showed above us in the pressure of the snow. From time to time the Laps joined in melancholy native hymns, the monotony of which seemed in a remarkable degree to harmonize with the rage of the blizzard over our heads.

We had brought a small aluminum cooking stove with us into the tent, and with difficulty we prepared a warm meal. But in the cold the metal stuck to our fingers and it was not pleasant to have one's turn at cooking. We roared at the heart of a meal, but other parts we ate raw. The dogs were completely snowed under. Some of them had eaten the straps of their harness in order to free themselves, but they were still unable to move, being frozen to the ice.

Life: "You ran over that chap. Are you going to stop?"

"Yes, just as soon as we reach a repair shop. I heard something break when we hit him."

**The "Spare Room" of Memory.**

Boston Herald: The flat has certain advantages, in spite of musical enthu-siasts below or above it, in spite of the tube that, with its public mouth, invites all sorts of invitations to buy or sell, and excites the passing humorist to play upon as a pipe of many notes. The flat discourages unexpected visitors, who climb up the stairway with bags and baggage, in expectation of food and lodging. When you have a house to yourself, Uncle Amos, Aunt Luella, or Cousin Joe does not understand why there should not be a room and meals, especially as they are all "blood relatives;" but so were the three daughters of the horse-leech. The flat has just so many rooms, and they are all occupied. There is no lost room, no secret chamber; even the despised tube is here a weapon of defense, for a well-trained servant's voice may discourage, approach, repel, would-be boarders. Cousin Joe, who is not a bit fussy, admits that he cannot camp out comfortably on the grand piano, and you prove to him that the bookcase or the chest of drawers is not a masked bedstead. The most intrepid relation shies at the enforced proximity in a flat.

It is true that the spare room in Uncle Amos' village home was often at your service in your younger days. You still remember its chief characteristics—the floor hole, through which the heat was supposed to rise from the living room below and thus "take the chill off." This hole had sometimes a thin and deceptive covering. By putting your ear to the hole you could easily ascertain the opinions of your hosts concerning your personal appearance, table manners, conversation. If your entertainers were absent-minded, you discovered this hole by putting a leg through it on your way to bed.

Field Marshal Sir Henry Wylie Norman, who died recently, once refused the office of viceroy of India.

**"WHACKS"**

And What They Mean. When Old Mother Nature gives you a "whack" remember "there's a reason," so try and say "thank you;" then set about finding what you have done to demand the rebuke, and try and get back into line, for that's the happy place after all.

Curious how many highly organized people fail to appreciate and heed the first little, gentle "whacks" of the good old Dame, but go right along with the habit, whatever it may be, that causes her disapproval. Whiskey, Tobacco, Coffee, Tea or other unnatural treatment of the body, until serious illness sets in or some chronic disease.

Some people seem to get on very well with those things for a while, and Mother Nature apparently cares but little what they do.

Perhaps she has no particular plans for them and thinks it little use to waste time in their training.

There are people, however, who seem to be selected by Nature to "do things." The old Mother expects them to carry out some department of her great work. A portion of these selected ones off and again seek to stimulate and then deaden the tool (the body) by some one or more of the drugs—Whiskey, Tobacco, Coffee, Tea, Morphine, etc.

You know all of these throw down, the same class of alkaloids in chemical analysis. They stimulate and then depress. They take from man or woman the power to do his or her best work.

After these people have drugged for a time they get a hint or mild "whack" to remind them that they have work to do, a mission to perform, and should be about the business, but are loafing along the wayside and become unfitted for the fame and fortune that waits for them if they but stick to the course and keep the body clear of obstructions so it can carry out the behests of the mind.

Sickness is a call to "come up higher." These hints come in various forms. It may be stomach trouble or bowels, heart, eyes, kidneys or general nervous prostration. You may depend upon it when a "whack" comes it's a warning to quit some abuse and do the right and fair thing with the body.

Perhaps it is coffee drinking that offends. That is one of the greatest causes of human disorder among Americans.

Now then if Mother Nature is gentle with you and only gives light, little "whacks" at first to attract attention, don't abuse her consideration, or she will soon hit you harder, sure.

And you may also be sure she will hit you very, very hard if you insist on following the way you have been doing.

It seems hard work to give up a habit, and we try all sorts of plans to charge our ill feelings to some other cause than the real one.

Coffee drinkers when ill will attribute the trouble to bad food, malaria, overwork and what not, but they keep on being sick and gradually getting worse until they are finally forced to quit entirely, even the "only one cup a day." Then they begin to get better, and unless they have gone long enough to set up some fixed organic disease, they generally get entirely well.

It is easy to quit coffee at once and for all, by having well made Postum, with its rich, deep, seal-brown color which comes to the beautiful golden brown when good cream is added, and the crisp snap of good, mild Java is there if the Postum has been boiled long enough to bring it out.

It pays to be well and happy for good old Mother Nature then sends us her blessings of many and various kinds and helps us to gain fame and fortune.

Strip off the handicaps, leave out the deadening habits, heed Mother Nature's hints, quit being a loser and become a winner. She will help you sure if you cut out the things that keep you back.

"There's a reason" and a profound one.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."