Destiny." "An Excel-

"Lorenzo Bartolini." "Where is he to be found?"

"He makes statues in a shop in King's Cross road: I don't know the number, but you will easily find it,

Mackworth made further notes. "As for me, I must go now, for at midday I have to be at Kensington in the studio of one of your great art ists. I pose as St. Michael, a spear in one hand, armor on my breast; ah, It will be a picture, every one will talk of it in the next year when I am seen at your academy," said Pietro as he rose, his face lighted by the pleas-ure he felt in the contemplation of his physical gifts.

"I will keep you no longer," replied Mackworth, who was eager to begin

his investigations.

"And you believe, signor, I had nothing to do with Mezza?" the model persisted, his fine figure raised to its full height, one arm extended in his favor-Ite attitude, his sunny eyes full of in-

"Yes, yes," answered the inspector hurriedly.
"He lays too much stress upon that

point," thought Mackworth when the Italian had taken his departure.

"Then I go away without the anger I felt since the day you first spoke to me," Pietro said while winding the muffler round his throat. "I knew I would prove to you I am an honest

A quarter of an hour later and Mackworth had found the shop in the King's Cross road, where terra cotta Venuses and plaster heads of Mercury and casts of hands, and statues of flower girls were exposed for sale, entering which he asked for Lorenzo Bartolini, when a low-sized, thick-set man, in his shirt sleeves and with his face, hands and his head all covered with white powder, came from the workshop at the back

Lorenzo, whose black, round eyes assumed a startled expression when his visitor's calling was made known to him, appeared willing to give whatever information he could; but that was little in itself and conveyed nothing more than what Pietro had already stated. This man had never known Mezza intimately, but had seen him a few times when he had stayed with Pietro in Hammersmith, and Kad fallen into that friendly intercourse which foreigners in a strange town quickly form. He had, therefore, been surprised when Marco would have passed him without speaking, and thinking it was accidental, Lorenzo had stopped

But that Mezza had wished to hold no conversation with his acquaintance soon became plain to the latter, who accordingly went his way without learning much of the man be had encountered. The chief impression Lorenzo carried away from this meeting was that Marco was drunk.
"You are sure of that?" said Mack-

"Well, he couldn't speak plain enough; it was not that; but his man-

ner; it was confused.' Could that be because he had met countryman whom he wished to But we had never quarrelled.

"He may not wish to have been seen by you."
"That may be true."

"Did he mention Pietro's name?"
"No. Pietro did not know he was in

London till I told him last night."

"They were good friends?"

Lorenzo said nothing, but contented its aspect. himself with nodding his head by way of assent; and Mackworth, thinking leading to the hospital and stood upon in search of the Summers street lodg-

ing house.
"Maria Roselli is certain to know tain to be able to trace him.

CHAPTER XX.

On reaching Maria Roselli's house, the number of which had been given im by Lorenzo, the inspector knocked loudly, and then impatiently waited for an answer. None came, nor did any sound of voice or movements within the dwelling indicate that it was tenanted. He rapped again with like re-sult and then stepped into the street to view the dwelling. As he did so the big, narrow door from which the paint had long since faded opened and woman's figure stood framed in the

Mackworth eagerly observing her, saw she was tall and thin, her years about 60, her regular features wearing a hard expression, the dark eyes cold and speculative, the face lined and wrinkled. A bright colored cotton handkerchief partly covered her iron gray ha'r and was knotted under the prominent chin; a wooten shawl was crossed upon her breast above the short, gray skirts; while her thin brown arms were bare to the elbows, showing swelled veins of a biuishgray color.

gray color.
"Are you Maria Roselli?" he asked, advancing toward her.
"Yes," she replied, returning the

"Then Y want to speak to you."
"You can talk here," she said in excellent English. "It is something I don't wish to say the street."

She hesitated a moment, then drew aside to let him pass into the hall, closed the door and ushered him into a barely furnished, uncarpeted room, with a curtained bed, a central table and a few rush-bottomed chairs, all scrupulously clean.

She did not ask him to sit down, nor d she sit, but stood within the threshold facing him and waiting for he to begin, a look of inquiry in her

eyes. "Is Marco Mezza in the hou Mackworth began.
"Marco Mezza?" she repeated,

out surprise being noticeable in voice or face. "No."

"Then where is he?"

"I don't know," she replied frigidly.
"But he has been here?"

Sometime in September. I don't remember the date.

"I want you to tell me all you know out him."
"Why?" she asked, staring hard at

Mackworth.
"I am a police officer. He may be concerned in a very serious business; you will see why I ask about him."

Mackworth saw she expressed neither estonishment, interest

His words left her perfectly indifferent to their inference.

"I know very little of Mezza. He came here some weeks ago, as I have

"He was a friend of yours?" "I had never seen him before.

"I w" see your trend. What's his | Neapolitian living in Paris gave him y address," she answered. "How long did he stay with you?"

"Three days. I would keep him no 'Why?" asked the inspector anxi-

Well, he was nearly always drunk and then he was ill; his coughing kept

my other lodgers awake at night. My house was no place for him." "And so you got rid of him?"
"I told him he should go to the hos-

"And he went?" "He left here for the hospital but I don't know if he ever went there," she answered, the same calm indifference noticeable in her manner.

"What hospital "The Italian; he spoke little Eng-

"And afterwards, did he return to

"No, he knew I would not take him."
"Have you made no inquiries for

'No: why should I?" Maria Roselli asked in her hard voice. "I have to mind my own business if I would live; and I have had trouble enough in my

among strangers."
"Trouble?" said Mackworth inter-

rogatively.

"Aye. My man died when he was thirty, leaving me three boys. When they grew to be men and able to help me, one married and went to America, one died of fever and the youngest was killed in a fight. Is not that enough trouble for one woman?" she asked, a flerce, hard light shining in her eyes.

The portly, prosperous little man standing before her was touched by the pitiful and tragic story contained in a couple of sentences. "Terrible, ter-rible!" he muttered, beginning now to understand the pain and loneliness that had gradually frozen this woman's na-

But have you heard no more of

Mezza?" he inquired presently.
"No more."
"And you did not see him again?" I know nothing more about

"Had he any friends to see him while was here?"
"Not one. He slept all day because

he was awake coughing at night. When he went out in the evening it was to the public house

"Which public house?"
"That I don't know." "And he returned alone?"
"Always."

After this the woman moved toward he door, as if to indicate the interview must end. She had neither the uriosity nor sympathy to inquire what it was Mezza had done to put the police on his track. The melancholy mem-ories of her own troubles filled her mind to the exclusion of all interests and sorrows the outside world might

Mackworth, seeing she could give no more information, became impatient to reach the Italian hospital, which was knew was situated in Queen's Square, There, no doubt, he would be able to learn where Mezza had gone on being discharged and perhaps to trace di-rectly to him the mad deed which, no doubt, his illness and want of oppor-tunity had prevented him from commiting during the first days of his return to England.

A high wind was blowing the dead leaves from the trees standing in the enclosed square, which, with its church and clock tower and spire, its old fashioned houses and its gray stone pump in the center, has something foreign in

there was no further information to the black and white marble pavement be obtained from him hastened away waiting for the door to open, the sound aiting for the door to open, the sound of young, high-pitched voices came to him from a neighboring school. Then the clock struck midday, and immedisomething of Mezza's movements," the inspector thought. "Taking her lodging house as a starting point I am cer-square to enjoy their brief liberty.

Mackworth could scarcely hear his voise as he inquired of the maid servant who opened the door if he could see

the house surgeon. "The doctor comes here only in the morning; it is the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul who superintend the hospital,' girl answered. "Then who can I see who will give

me some information about one of the "The superioress."

"Will you please ask her if she will Passing through the wide hall of the hospital which had been the dwelling of people when Queen Anne reigned. Mackworth was shown into a reception coom, which, with its oilcloth floor cov-

ering, leather seated chairs, center table on which were account books and dictionaries, great bookcase containing leather bound volumesc, pamphlets, medical instruments and its copying press in one corner, had a business-like appearance which he did not expect to find in an institution super-intended by nuns.

As Mackworth walked to the end of the room and looked out on the square through one of the long, narrow windows, some thought came to him that he was on the point of making a discovery regarding the man he sought. Before he could analyze this idea the door opened, and the superioress,



Very Likely. She-Who is the scientist that claims baldness is a sign of intellect? Se-Some bald-headed professor, A guess.

dressed in a well worn blue serge habit, a rosary suspended from her waist, her face framed in spotless linen, and on her head a wide white linen headdress like the spread wings of a sea gull, entered and bowed. "Byeno giorno, signor," she said in a

"I am English, madame," the in-

spector replied.

"And so am I," she said smilingly,
"but as you came to make inquiries
for a patient I supposed you to be an Italian. The patient I came to ask about

is not a friend, but a man in whom I am interested-"What is his name?" she asked in a business-like manner.

'Marco Mezza.' "Marco Mezza.
"I remember him well."
"Pray tell me, madame, everything ou know about him."
"He came here suffering from an ad-

vanced state of pneumonia."
"Do you remember the date?"
"I can find it for you. I should think he had been sinking for some time; at all events he had greatly neglected himself, and was in a very bad condition.

"How long did he remain here?" "He lived about twelve days."
"Lived!" the inspector repeated in astonishment. "Then he is dead?"

"Yes, he is dead."
"But tell me, did he leave the hospital for a day—for an hour—from the time he came in till he died?" "No; that would have been impossible. The doctor knew from the moment he saw him that Mazza was a dy-

"Mackworth's astonis' ment and dis-appointment were very great. If Mez-za was in the hospital on September 21, then it was not he who murdered

David Dumbarton.
"What was the date of his death?" "I will bring you the book in which all particulars of our patients are entered," the superioress said, and she

quickly left the room.

"Can it be possible that Mezza is innocent?" the inspector himself, unwilling to root out the idea which had taken possession of his mind. In a couple of moments the superi-oress returned carrying a heavy book, which she placed upon the table. Then

which she placed upon the table. Then rapidly turning over its pages until she found the entry sought, she said:
"Ah, here it is. Marcp Mezza, admitted the 8th of September; suffering from pneumonia accelerated by drink; place of birth, Naples; age 40; profession violinist; address Rue Petit Maetre Paris, date of death, 21st of

Maetre, Paris; date of death, 21st of September; hour, 6 p. m. Marco Mezza had died but a few hours before the man whose life he had threatened to take, had been killed.

"Did he send for his wife or his iends?" Mackworth asked. "He told us on entering he had no wife or friends in London; that he had come from Paris four days before." "But toward the end did he not in-

quire for them? "He did not know he was dying, and during his last three days he was de-lerious. We sent the certificate of death to the Italian consul, who will forward a copy to Mezza's relatives in Naples if they can be found. He is buried in Kensal Green."

There seemed nothing further to be

known regarding this unhappy man; here was the end for him so far as the world went. Mackworth thanked the superioress for the trouble she had taken and left the hospital in a different mood from that he had felt on en-

blew eddies of dust high in air-threateneing clouds swept across the little patch of sky visible, and the sound of which was a large Parisian menagerie the clock striking the half hour was wafted away into space. But Mack-worth noticed none of these things, his mind being dominated by one thought.

The man who had killed David Dumbarton was still to be discovered.

CHAPTER XXI.

above and a drenched and sombre meat was tossed into the cage. She world around, George Bostock took his left a part for her little companion. way to see Olive Dumbarton. A fierce storm had raced all night, carrying death and destruction over land and sea and though the wind had somewhat fallen at dawn, the rain had con-

felt more than usual weighed down by dark fears and bitter regrets, which the found impossible to combat and conquer. And this feeling increased with the hours that passed, he resolved to call upon Olive Dumbarton, anxious to see her once more, and confident that the relief and joy she felt in the speedy establishment of her in-nocence would assuredly help him from the slough of despond in which he was plunged, from the mental gloom that

overwhelmed him. Everything on his way conspired to deject him; the motonous patter of rain on the glass of the cab, the dripping people hurrying through a haze of dampness, the mud-splashed, miserable urchins, crying the contents of evening papers. Moreover, the mo-ment was that most melancholy of all in a most melancholy day, when the last weird gleam of light is just visible

above the darkness of coming night. Getting out of his cab, whose driver, shining in his wet clothes, received his fare in severe silence, George Bostock rang at the garden gate and then listened to the slow dying sound of the distant bell and to the heavy drops falling from the tree beneath which he

stood on his open umbrella. As he approached Olive Dumbar-ton's home the black and saturated clay of the flower beds, with their down-trodden plants, the dead and sodden leaves, thick upon the pathway the black, bare boughs of the trees beneath which he walked, and, above all the house whose front bore damp discolored patches, and whose windows were unlighted, added to his heavy sense of depression. He was yet, however, to witness that which would deject him more than all else he had

seen that day; soon to hear that which would stir his soul to its depths. Walking along the broad, softly-carpeted corridor leading to the drawing room, he glanced toward the entrance of the study where the terrible traged; had taken place; the study with its floor still smeared and stained with blood, its windows closed and shut tered, its furniture dust covered, its door locked. Never had he passed it but that night which ended Dayk Dumbarton's life without feeling a sickness of heart and physical repulsion, but now his aversion and dread were heightened, and he hurried by at if he feared something horrible might lessue from its walks and her his walks and her issue from its walls and bar his to the presence of the woman he loved

(Continued Next Week.)

Tea to Blame.

The Family Doctor: In this age o mental tension, high pressure and over strain, tea is felt to be doing much to overstock our lunatic asylums. There

can be little doubt that tea drinking i a form of intemperance in these days—a national and female intoxication second only to that of strong drink, and some respects perhaps even mor

HAVE ANIMALS A CONSCIENCE?

A Seeming Sense of Shame and Justice Often Noticeable in Domesticated Species.

CAPABLE OF DEVOTION

Mules on Tramways Have Evan Been Known to Rebel Against Making More Than Customary Numbar of Daily Trips.

And now they say animals know right from wrong, and that even in a puppy's breast is kindled that spark of divine fire- a conscience.

The beasts of the field have eaten of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. That they are capable of loving and devoting themselves to those they lave, and that they offer models of maternal and conjugal af-fection, has long been admitted, and today they are credited with expres-tions with some notion, nowever obscure and imperfect, of good and evil, of merit and demerit, of justice and injustice. There is a familiar anecdote from the naturalist, Romanes, about his dog, which never stole a thing in his life, save once, and then under these

circumstances: "One day when he was hungry,' says his master, "he seized a cutlet from the table and carried under the sofa. I was witness to this fact, but pretended had seen nothing, and the culprit remained some minutes under the sofa, divided between the desire to assuage his hunger and the sentiment of duty The latter finally triumphed, and the dog deposited at my feet the cutler which he stelen. This done, he returned to conceal himself under the sofa, whence no appeal could make him-emerge. In vain I patted his head; the only effect of this caress was to make him turn his face with an air on con-

trition that was truly comical.

What gives particular value to this example, concludes Romane, is that the dog in question had never been beaten, so that it could not have been fear of corporal punishment which actuated him. In him there seems to be an animal that knows what he owes to an other. There are also animals which know what is due them. It has often been stated that certain beasts have a precise idea of what can be exacted from them without injury, and that they ask in their own way to be limited to their proper obligations. The mules on tramways in New Orleans have to make their trip five times in succession. They go four times without any manifestations of rebellion, but at the end of the fourth round began to

To wrong one, to render unto each his own, to receive according to one's deserts, is only the negative of the ent mood from that he had felt on entering; all his plans upset, his spirits depressed.

The children having returned to school the square was empty; the wind blew eddles of dust high in air—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat—threat which was a large Parisian menagerie. A little blank-and-white dog was thrown into the cage of a lioness named Constantine. Terrified and trembling in all his limbs, the dog tried the hide in a corner. The lioness slowly rose and approached the poor beast, which uttered a plaintive cry, regarding her with an appealing look. The lioness tranquilly returned to her re-On a cold and cheerless afternoon in October, with a gray and lowering sky

At meal time the lioness' ration of Some days later the dog ate his meals with her, and a week later he flung himself on the dinner. When autumn arrived the dog thought it seemly to pass the nights between the lioness paws, the climax in a beautiful example of clemency and hospitality. The here tinued in a steady downpour.

Nothing could be more depressing animal can even vanquish his instinct-than this dreary day, and from its ive pride, pardon his injuries and voluncheerless beginning the publisher had

GOING WRONG.

When Trained Animals of the Cat Tribe Become Murderous.

McClure's: No man living knows all about animals, or more than very little thought they knew. That is the reason they are dead. Only those who realize their ignorance and supplement it with untiring watchfulness last long at this queer business I'm in.

Sooner or later most animals of the

cat tribe become utterly intractable and remain so. "Going bad" is the professional term for this. Rarely do they return to their old amenable ways. Henceforth they are of no use as performers and are relegated to the ex-hibition cages, for any man entering the cage of a lion or tiger that has gone bad is instantly attacked. This is one of the terrors of the trade Symptoms of the change of heart are apparent enough sometimes, particular-ly in animals who are growing old. Occasionally, however, some young beast, formerly as obedient as you could wish, will turn murderous without cause or warning. If her trainer gets out alive he is lucky. If he ever enters the cage again he's a fool.

MANY USES FOR SHEEPSKIN.

Extent to Which It is Employed for the Necessities of Life.

Shoe Retailer: "Many people use sheepskin without knowing it," remarked a Salem manufacturer. varm, soft, furry rug in which baby is wrapped as winter approaches is of sheepskin, and so are the little pink shoes that are fastened on baby's feet. Very likely the little one's carriage is upholstered with the same stock, too. The boy holds up his first pair of trousers with sheepskin tipped suspenders, and the snakeskin or fancy leather belt that encircles the waist of the girl is only humble sheep in dis-

"The woman who admires a purse from the skin of 'dear little African monk' is only paying a tribute to the same old sheep, and the man who fancies that his cigar case is from the skin of the arctic seal has only a small parties of of the arctic seal has only a small parties of the arctic seal has only a small parties. section of a Chicago slaughtered sheep

The society bell who slips her tired feet into a pair of boudoir slippers, or even Bangor moccasins, doesn't get away from the sheep, and the young dude who selects a moleskin vest for winter wear because King Edward wears one is only giving an order for

more sheepskin.

"The college man enters the world with his sheepskin diploma in his hand. The judge passes down weighty decis-ions as he sits on sheepskin uphol-stered chairs, and the lawyer reads opinions from sheepskin volumes. The traveling man hustles about with an alligator traveling bag, under the fond delusion that he is carrying a bit of the skin of the Florida monster, out he has still got the same old sheep.

The pugilist puts on a bit of 'mutton' when he dons his boxing gloves, and the youth who kicks the foot ball about is only giving a boost to the sheepskin trade. Nearly every pair of shoes has a piece of sheepskin about them, and some are made chiefly of

A number of the modern fashloned leather garments are also of sheepskin or are sheepskin lined. The sleeping The sleeping bag in which the traveler in the arctic or the hunsiman in the woods crawls or the hunstman in the woods crawls for a night's warm rest once protected the flesh of the same old sheep. The girl brightens up her complexion in the morning is still the same old sheep. In fact, night or day, it is hard to get away from sheepskin

ALPINE TOBOGGANING.

Slide Upon Which Almost a Mile a Minute Has Been Made.

Electrical Review: St. Moritz is one of the highest vidages in the Enganline, having an altitude of about 6,000 feet, and is a great center of winter sports; it is consequently much frequented by English and other nationalities who enjoy the sports of skating. curling, tobogganing, ski-ing and bandy, which can here be obtained under the best conditions. Good tobogganing may be had in other places, but at St. Moritz it is carried to a fine art. and only an expert can expect to compete successfully on the renowned "Cresta" toboggan run, with its won-derful curves and banks. The name Cresta is derived from a small village of that name near the finish of the

The course is a little over three-quarters of a mile in length, with a difference of elevation, form start to finish, of about 600 feet; the gradient varies at different points, being most steep at the church leap.

An only one toboggan can occupy the

track at a time, the races are all decided by the time taken to complete the course. The record time from the start to the finish is at present 618-10 seconds, this entailing a speed of sixty miles an hour or more on the fastest parts. The curves of the frozen snow are built up with high banks, accurate-ly shaped, to allow the tobegganer to go around them at the greatest speed, the highest bank being about twenty-five feet in height. These different banks have well known names, such as the Battledore and Shuttlecock, Sovila and Charybdis and Bulpett's Corner. The whole track is practically of ice, and after passing the finish it has for a short distance a steep upward gradient, the great momentum obtained arrying the tobogganer uphill.
The toboggans used are of the "skele-

ton" pattern, with steel runners, the tobogganer lying in a prone position and steering with his feet, by means of spikes attached to the toes of his boots. The principal race run on the Cresta is the Grand National, which takes place at the end of February or beginning of March, and might be called the derby of tobogganing, competitors coming from Davos and other places to take part in this contest



He'd Been Playing Poker. Carrye-You said you wouldn't be rone long, and it's been two hours. Cholly-I came back short, anyhow.



His Refuge.

Philosoph—Ah! we are growing harder all he time. We have no cities of refuge now for the oppressed. Henpeck-What's the matter with



"Hy wife kisses me good night regualriy."
"Women are suspicious creatures, His Peculiarity.

The following amusing conversation is given in the Watchword: "You must find that impediment in

your speech rather inconvenient at times, Mr. Biggs " "Oh, n-no; everybody has his little

peculiarity. Stammering is m-m-mine; what is y-yours?" "Well, really I am not aware that I

have any. "D-do you stir y-your tea with your

right hand?"
"Why, yes, of course."
"W-well, that is your p-peculiarity;

most p-people u-use a t-teaspoon. Temptation of Police Captains.

New York Press: "The temptation of a police captain," says Commissioner McAdoo, "is a thousand times greater than that of any bank cashier in the world. Temptation waits for him at every corner. If you knew what assaults on their characters they have to face you would take off your hats to them." Rot! By his very office the police captain should be further removed from temptation than nearly any class of public officials. Surely no other kind of officer should have had more numerous or intimate examples of the lesson that "the wages of sin is death" (Practicelly the projected from the control of the lesson that "the wages of sin is death" (Practicelly the projected from the control of the lesson that "the projected from the control of the lesson that "the wages of sin is death" (Practicelly the projected from the control of the co death." (Practically the principal temp-tation he has is the knowledge that he has abetter opportunity than any other class of crook of escaping the consequence of his crime.

Fresh From the Tree.

Baltimore American: Mrs. Young-wife—I don't want such pale, sickly looking celery. Haven't you some with a good healthy color to it?

Mr. Marketman—Sure, miss. Here's some with a bright, fresh green tint that is right fresh from the tree. Sorry you saw the white stuff; didn't ine tend t' offer it t' nobody. Mrs. Youngwife—Ah, that is better I'll take a quart of it.

CAUSE AND CURE OF RHEU-MATISM.

Shown by Numerous Cures Made by Dodd's Kidney Pills-They Cure th Kidneys and the Rheumatism Cur Itself-Remarkable Case of Magg E. Deckert.

Eagle River, Wis., Jan. 16th .- (Special.)-That rheumatism is caused by disordered kidneys is proved by the cures Dodd's Kidney Pills are making in every state in the Union. They cure the Kidneys and the Rheumatism cures itself. A cure that has caused deep interest in this neighborhood is that of Maggie E. Deckert. In speaking of it she says:

"I had kidney trouble and rheumatism and was so lame I could not walk. I could not sleep, for I ached all over. was in a terrible state and firmly believe that if I had not used Dodd's Kidney Pills I would be dead. I took nine boxes of them and they have done me more good than all the other medicines I ever took. Now my aches are all gone, I can eat and sleep and I am feeling good. I want all the world to know that Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me."

Frost Bite.

There are other ways of getting frost-bitten aside from going boldly out and letting Jack Frost nip your fingers and toes. A very common method is to come home with cold, method is to come home with cold, wet feet from a long drive, or from outdoor work, and place the feet or hands in warm water or before the fire. The one who does this, and not many escape it during the cold months, is frost-bitten to all intents and purposes, says D. H. Stovall of Grant's Pass, Ore., in the Epitomist. The best way to treat frost-bite is the old method of rubbing the affected parts with od of rubbing the affected parts with snow. This coaxes back the lost vital-After the coldness and numbness subsides, put the hands or feet in ately cold water and continue th rubbing process. No warmth should be applied for some time. Blood poison from frost-bite is too frequently the result of coming in and rashly thrusting the numbed hands or feet into a basin of warm or hot water. On the American farm chilblains are usually the American farm chilblains are usually about the extent of frost-bite, though not infrequently we read of mountain ranchers and even farmers mountain ranchers and even farmers of the more densely inhabited localities freezing to death. As before hinted it is not always the extreme lowness of temperature to which one's feet or hands are subjected that causes the deadly blood poisoning, but is the sud-den change, either from cold to heat, or from heat to cold. Thus moist cold or from heat to cold. Thus moist cold is much more dangerous and difficult to withstand than dry; and that ex-plains why the easterner, accustomed to a temperature of 12, 16 or even 30 below zero in the eastern states, nearly dies from cold if out in the weather of the Pacific coast when the tempera-ture is several degrees above zero.

The experience gained in the use of pressed peat as locomotive fuel in Bavaria, Austria, Sweden and Russia is stated to be very satisfactory

MIGHT HAVE SAVED IT.

A Lot of Trouble from Too Much Starchy Food. A little boy of eight years whose parents did not feed him on the right kind of food, was always nervous and suffered from a weak condition of the stomach and bowels. Finally he was taken down with appendicitis and after the operation the doctor, knowing that his intestinal digestion was very weak, put him on Grape-Nuts twice a

day. He rapidly recovered and about two months thereafter, his father states, "He has grown to be strong, muscular, and sleeps soundly, weighs 62 pounds, and his whole system is in a fine condition of health." Name given

by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. It is plain that if he had been put on Grape-Nuts at an earlier period in his life, and kept from the use of foods that he could not digest, he never would have had appendicitis. That disease is caused by undigested food decaying in the stomach and bowels, causing irritation and making for the growth of all kinds of microbes, setting up a diseased condition which is the active cause of appendicitis, and this is more marked with people who

do not properly digest white bread. Grape-Nuts is made of the selected parts of wheat and barley and by the peculiar processes of the cooking at the factory, all of the starch is turned into sugar ready for immediate digestion and the more perfect nourishment of all parts of the body, particularly the

brain and nerve centers. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," found in each pkg.