

MIRAGE.

With milk white dome and minaret
Most fair my Promised City shone;
Beside a purple river set
The waving palm trees beckoned on.

O you, I said, must be my goal
No matter what the danger be,
The chosen haven of my soul,
How hard so'er the penalty.

The goal is gained—the journey done—
Yet naught is here but sterile space,
But whirling sand and burning sun,
And hot winds blowing in my face.

—[GRAHAM R. TOMSON, in Scribner.]

A LAST RESORT.

A dark night, and the sky hidden
By a mass of hurrying clouds. A
raw, chilly wind, the ground all
mud, the tall grass and trees dripping
from heavy rains. Just emerging
into a dark cornfield from still darker
woods, a young man, his clothing
drenched and mud-stained, his face
haggard and desperate, and his whole
attitude as he leaned heavily against
the rail fence telling of utter
exhaustion. He was worn out. For
more than two hours he had been
flying for life over a country imper-
fectly known to him, though familiar
to his pursuers.

Turn which way he would, Gilbert
Hazelton could see nothing before
him but speedily and disgraceful
death. Never to see the sun again,
nay, not even a friendly face! Was
this the end of the bright hopes with
which he had kissed his mother good-
by only two short months before.

He had been accused of murder,
tried for his life, found guilty and
sentenced to death. His letter to his
friends must have miscarried, for
they had not come to his relief. Poor
and alone among strangers, who per-
sisted in believing him identical with
the tramp who had murdered poor
David Westford. Gilbert had yet
fought bravely for his life. Some few
had been convinced of his innocence,
and his lawyer had succeeded in ob-
taining a new trial, in which new
witnesses might at least prove an
alibi.

But when this word went abroad,
the townspeople were furious. They
had seen more than one undoubted
criminal escape through some tech-
nicity. Were they now to see the
murderer of poor David Westford
escape through the easily bought per-
jury of some worthless companions
in crime? They vowed it should not
be. Last night at dusk groups of
stern-looking men stood before the
jail talking grimly together, and a
whisper in the air warned the Sheriff
what was coming.

The jail was old and rickety. He
could not defend it, and his resolve
was quickly taken. In the early
dusk the prisoner was sent out by a
side door, under charge of the
Sheriff's son, while the Sheriff him-
self remained to make sure mob
violence did not make a mistake and
seize some other victim. But treach-
ery carried the word to the mob,
and they were soon in hot pursuit of
the fugitives. In this emergency the
boy, who was firmly convinced of the
prisoner's innocence, released him,
demanding only a promise to rejoin
him at a place appointed, and him-
self turned back to throw the purs-
uers off the trail if possible. Gilbert
fully intended to keep his promise,
but in the darkness he missed his
way, and the bloodhounds in the
rear caught his trail.

Now for two hours, which seemed
two eternities, he had been running
for life, and the unknown country
and horrible mud had completely ex-
hausted the little strength that two
months of confinement and terrible
anxiety had left him. Nothing but
utter desperation could have driven
him another rod. But when a shout
came faintly from the rear he pushed
forward with a great effort across the
strip of cornfield, through the fence,
and out on a well-travelled road.

To one less utterly worn out this
would have given a glimmer of hope,
for here at least the mud had become
liquid ooze, which retained no foot-
print. The pursuers would not know
which way to turn, and must watch
both roadsides to see that he did not
turn aside. But he was too tired to
use the advantage, and when, after
running a few rods he slipped and
fell, he lay there a full minute, too
utterly exhausted to rise.

A farmhouse stood a quarter of
a mile farther on, and as he lay there
panting, exhausted, waiting only for
death to overtake him, his hopeless
glances fell upon its light. And then
he suddenly scrambled to his feet,
resolved to make one last effort for
life. He would struggle on to the
farmhouse, and appeal to the quiet
family circle.

It took all the strength this last
faint hope gave him to carry him to
the gate and up the cinder walk,
whose hard, dark surface would be-
tray no footprint. Yet his heart failed
as he reached the door, and he leaned,
utterly exhausted against the door-
post.

The window was but a step away.
He crept to it and looked between
the curtains. A plain, neat farm-
house kitchen, and two women, evi-
dently mother and daughter, sitting
by the table before the fire, the
mother sewing, the daughter reading
aloud. No one else in sight, yet Gilbert
gave a smothered gasp and fell
back in despair.

"David Westford's mother and sister!
That settles it!"
He had seen both faces at the trial
—the elder, sad and patient under its
silvery hair; the younger pure, pale
clear-cut, thrown into strong
relief by the dark eyes, long jet lashes
and heavy black braids.

He stood there still hopeless and

helpless, when there came a break
in the clear voice within. The girl
had ceased reading. He looked in
and saw her pick up a pitcher and
come toward the door. A moment
more and she had come out, all un-
conscious of the man so near, gone
straight to the pump, on which the
lamplight shone, and was filling her
pitcher. Nervous by desperation, Gil-
bert stepped toward her.

"I will appeal to her. Why should-
n't I? I did not kill her brother.
She may pity me. She is a woman,
and they are half Quakers I have
heard," he muttered — and
aloud, "Miss Westford, help for God's
sake."

The clanking of the pump ceased.
The girl looked around with a startled
air. "Who spoke?" she demanded.
"A fugitive, utterly exhausted
with flight from a bloodthirsty mob.
They are close at heels. I can't go
farther, and I am doomed unless you
have pity and give me help, or conceal-
ment."

"Who are you?" she inquired, and
with a dreadful sinking at his heart
he gave his name, "Gilbert Hazel-
ton."

She uttered a sharp cry and looked
away where the distant lanterns were
gleaming through the cornfield—the
pursuers on his track.

"I must ask mother," she said,
and snatching up her pitcher swept
past him into the house.

He heard her quick voice, and Mrs.
Westford's startled outcry, and in
very desperation followed her in.

The old mother met him, white-
haired and venerable. "So thee can
seek shelter here, of David West-
ford's bereaved mother?" she said,
bitterly, wonderingly.

"Why not? I never harmed you or
him," he urged desperately. "As
true as there is a heaven above us, I
am innocent of what is laid to my
charge. It will be proved when my
friends come. But that will be too
late unless you help me."

"But I do not know it now," Mrs.
Westford wavered. "Thee speaks
fair, but do not all criminals do the
same? A trial was given thee and
thy innocence was not proved. Why
should I save the murderer of my
boy?"

Gilbert fell into a chair too ex-
hausted to stand. "You will know
when it is too late if you refuse me
aid. Madam will you risk it?—risk
feeling that you have saved an inno-
cent man, but instead let him go to
his death?"

"Ernestine," cried the old mother,
piteously, "what ought we to do?
How can we risk letting David's
murderer go free to break other
hearts as ours are broken? What
does thee say?"

The girl stood in the open door, her
glances alternating between the
pleading face of the fugitive and the
lanterns coming along the roadside.

"We must decide quickly, mother,"
and her clear voice quivered with
feeling. "He may be innocent. It
hardly seems as though a guilty man
would come here—to David's home
—for shelter. And if we are access-
ory to his death—mother, it is mur-
der for them to take the law into
their own unauthorized hands. Our
choice lies between one man, who
may or may not be a murderer, and
a score who will surely be if we do
not hinder."

"Then thee says save him?" Mrs.
Westford asked, doubtfully.

"I dare not refuse it, mother. Do
you?"

The old lady hesitated, then, open-
ing a corner cupboard, took out a
pair of handcuffs—relics of the days
when David had been deputy sheriff
and earned the emitt of tramps and
evildoers—and held them towards
Gilbert.

"If thee will put these on, that we
may have no fear from thy violence
when the mob are gone, we will con-
ceal thee safely, and when the search
is over send thee back to thy lawful
guardian. That is all. I cannot
place myself and my daughter at the
mercy of one who may have none.
Will thee consent?"

She was only prudent. Gilbert
bowed silently and extended his
hands. It was his only chance for
life, and it would be the height of
folly to object. Yet a faint color
came into his face as the cold steel
snapped on his wrists, rendering him
helpless—yet scarcely more so than
fatigue had already made him.

The hesitation of both was over
now. Ernestine bade him remove his
muddy shoes, while she swiftly closed
the door and drew down the blinds,
and the mother hurried into another
room. Thither Ernestine beckoned
him to follow, pausing only to thrust
the shoes out of sight.

At the door she turned. "It is
David's room," looking keenly in his
face. "Come in!"

It was a small, plainly furnished
room. Mrs. Westford had drawn
the bed from the wall and thrown
back the last breadth of carpet, re-
vealing a tiny trap-door. At his en-
trance she opened it, and motioned
him down.

"It is only four feet. You can
drop that far," said Ernestine en-
couragingly. "There is no outer
door. You will be quite safe."

Her mother smiled sadly. "How
many frightened fugitives have slept
there in safety! But that was years
ago—before the war. Thee need not
fear. Now—but stay, thee must be
faint. I will bring thee food and
drink."

But another glance at the pure,
pale face relieved him. She was
listening anxiously, and said with
hurried kindness, "There is an old
bed there. Look, while I hold the
light down. There! Even half an
hour's rest will help you. But you
must eat and rest in the dark, for
this cellar extends under the kitchen,
which is carpetless, and has cracks
in the floor. Here comes mother."

Very hurriedly Mrs. Westford
passed the well-filled dish and
pitcher to him, reporting the mob
almost before the house.

"Cover up, quickly, Ernestine, I
am going to wake Harry."

That was her youngest son, still
sleeping soundly upstairs.

She hurried away, and Ernestine
quickly lowered the trap-door and
pushed back the bed.

Shut down in the darkness, Gilbert
groped his way to the old bed, and
sank down on it in utter exhaustion.
He heard the girl's quick step, the
closing door, the louder steps directly
overhead, and a slender spur of
lamplight came down through a
crack. She was back in the kitchen
—and there were stern voices in-
distinctly to be heard without.

Ernestine heard them more plainly,
and stood with clasped hands and
pale face, praying silently, but oh,
so earnestly, that the innocent, if he
were innocent, might be saved, when
her young brother came rushing
downstairs just as there came thun-
dering knocks at the door.

Mrs. Westford had told him no
more than that a crowd of men with
lanterns were approaching, and it
was in perfect good faith that he flung
open the door and angrily demanded
their business. They soon satisfied
him.

"The tramp that murdered your
brother is at large, and we are hunt-
ing for him. We have looked all up
and down the road, for we know he
came this way, and it looks mightily
as if he had slipped into your pre-
mises and hidden somewhere. Your
folks will have no objection to our
searching, I reckon?"

"Not a bit. I don't think he would
stop here, but if he did I hope you'll
catch him and hang him to the next
tree," the boy answered fiercely.

The fugitive, plainly hearing every
word, shuddered, but he had no idea
how many times that old house had
been searched in vain for hunted
souls, or he would not have feared.

The out buildings and premises were
thoroughly searched, while Ernestine
and her mother looked on with pale,
quiet faces and wildly beating hearts,
and the fugitive lay and listened in
the darkness. Then the men rose on,
grumbling and cursing the Sheriff
for letting the prisoner escape.

Silence settled on the old farm-
house, and Gilbert actually fell into
a light doze, from which Mrs. West-
ford's soft call aroused him. Half
asleep, he made his way to the trap
door and was helped up. Ernestine,
in cloak and hat, stood waiting.

"Mother thinks it best that you
should be back in safety before day-
break," she said simply. "I can
drive you over very soon."

"I hate to let thee go, dear," her
mother said anxiously.

"It is only for an hour, mother,"
he reassured the girl; "and we can
hardly trust Harry. He is only a
boy and so impetuous and bitter."

Mrs. Westford sighed. "It seems
to be a duty—and surely our Father
will not let thee suffer for doing thy
duty. Well, go, and be careful, child."

The light wagon and bay pony stood
at the door. The prisoner was helped
into the back seat and Ernestine
sprang in before. The big watch dog
followed at her call and curled up
under her seat, and Gilbert felt that
however kindly these women might
feel they were not disposed to run
any useless risks.

"Good-by, mother. Don't fret,"
was Ernestine's parting word, and
Mrs. Westford's earnest "May God
protect thee" showed her uneasiness.
Yet she added a kindly word to the
prisoner, "And may He bring out the
truth? I hope we shall see thee free
before all the world right speedily."

Then they drove away in the dark-
ness. Ernestine spoke little; her
heart beat too fast. She half apolo-
gized for taking the dog.

"The roads would be so lonely
coming back," an apology which he
readily accepted. Could he resent
her prudence when she had given him
his life? But he could not help being
intensely thankful that the dog had
been asleep in the barn when he ap-
proached.

Ernestine said blushing. "I know
we were not over-polite to you,
mother and I; but come again, and
you will find that we can be civil."

And he did come—not once, but
many times—and at last carried
sweet Ernestine away as his bride.
—[Overland Monthly.]

HOW MATCHES ARE MADE.

Not Matrimonial Ones, but Those
Made to Burn.
The wood used in the manufacture
of matches is principally white pop-
lar, aspen and yellow pine. In the
United States white pine is used al-
most exclusively. It burns freely,
steadily, slowly, constantly and with
a good volume of flame. The wood
is soft, straight grain, easily worked,
and its light weight is of no small
consequence in the matter of trans-
portation charges, which are usually
high on combustible articles.

For the best grade of matches the
choicest quality of cork pine is used,
a variety of white pine, the trees be-
ing large and well matured. The
Diamond Match Company about
twelve years ago secured hundreds of
millions of feet of choice standing
cork pine timber on the waters of the
Ontonagon River in the upper penin-
sula of Michigan. This company now
cuts annually upward of 30,000,000
feet of this timber, but this is by no
means all that is used in the manu-
facture of matches in this country.

Millions of feet more of choice white
pine timber are bought every year
and made into matches by a number
of factories under the control of this
corporation.

In Sweden the method of manu-
facture is as follows: The timber is
cut into blocks about fifteen inches
long and placed in a lathe. With
each revolution a slice or veneer is
peeled off the thickness required for
the match sticks, while at the same
time eight small knives cut the slice
into seven pieces, like ribbons and of
the length required for the sticks.

These ribbons are then broken into
lengths of six to seven feet, knotty
and defective pieces are removed and
the ribbons are then fed through a
machine which cuts them into pieces
like a straw cutter, these then pass-
ing through an automatically ar-
ranged machine with cutters, which
slices off as many pieces, the thickness
required for a match, as there are cut-
ters. One machine will turn out
from 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 match
splints a day.

In this country choice, clear two,
three and four inch planks are used,
also pieces from the ends of planks
and timbers, edgings and other suit-
able parts of the log not utilized.

These are cut the required length
and sliced or split by machinery
adapted for the purpose. After pass-
ing through these machines the
match splints are dried in heated re-
volving drums, during which process
the loose splinters clinging to the
splints are separated. They are then
placed in a sieve and sifted, an
operation which finally places the
sticks in parallel order so that they
can be conveniently bundled, after
which they are ready for the dipping
operation.

The head of each stick, to be thor-
oughly dipped or covered, must be
separated from the others, that no
danger shall ensue from ignition, as
would be done if they came in con-
tact with the inflammable material
used in the coating. The sticks are
separated by machinery and placed
each by itself in a dipping frame,
which is fitted in a movable lathe,
and a number of these lathes are
placed on a machine. One person
can arrange with one of the machines
nearly 1,500,000 splints in a day.

The splints are then heated so as to
more readily absorb paraffin, which
is confined in its molten state in shal-
low pans.

The first dipping covers the head of
the match sticks with the paraffin
preparation; by the second operation
it is covered with the igniting com-
position, different devices being used
for this purpose. A competent per-
son will dip 8,000,000 matches in a
day. After the last dipping the
frames containing the matches are
placed in a heated room, that the
igniting composition may be dried.
They are then removed from this
room and packed in boxes ready for
shipment. —[Chicago Journal of Com-
merce.]

Nest of a Tree Ant.

The nests of an extraordinary tree
ant are cunningly wrought with
leaves, united together with web.
One was observed in New South
Wales in the expedition under Capt.
Cook. The leaves utilized were as
broad as one's hand, and were bent
and glued to each other at their tips.
How the insects manage to bring the
leaves into the required position was
never ascertained, but thousands
were seen uniting their strength to
hold them down, while other busy
multitudes were employed within in
applying the gluten that was to pre-
vent them returning back. The ob-
servers, to satisfy themselves that
the foliage was indeed incurvated and
held in this form by the efforts of the
ants, disturbed the builders at their
work, and as soon as they were driven
away the leaves sprang up with a
force much greater than it would
have been deemed possible for such
laborers to overcome by any combi-
nation of strength. The more com-
pact and elegant dwelling *C. virescens*
is made of leaves, cut and masticated
until they become a coarse pulp. Its diameter is about six
inches; it is suspended among thick-
est foliage, and sustained not only by
the branches on which it hangs but
by the leaves, which are worked into
the composition and in many places
project from its outer wall. —[Popu-
lar Science Monthly.]

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY
MEN OF THE PRESS.

Dissipation -- Kitchen Mystery Solved
-- The Increase of Wisdom -- The
Worm had Turned -- Etc. Etc.

DISSIPATION.
"I don't know what I'm going to
do about my husband," said the owl,
with a sob.

"What's the matter?" asked the
sympathetic nightingale.

"His habits are getting something
dreadful. This is the second time
this week that he has been up all
day."

KITCHEN MYSTERY SOLVED.
Mrs. Nuwed—Bridget, why do my
dishes disappear so rapidly?
Bridget—Shure, ma'am, its bekase
they're breakfast dishes, I'm afther
thinkin'. —[Truth.]

THE INCREASE OF WISDOM.
It is not until a man reaches
thirty that he begins to wrap the
small bills on the outside of his roll.
—[Texas Siftings.]

THE WORM HAD TURNED.
"Have you been reading about the
storm on the face of the sun?" asked
the landlady of the meek boarder as
she put the cream out of his reach.

"No'm. I've all I can do to watch
the storms on the face of the daugh-
ter," he responded sadly. —[Detroit
Free Press.]

CONSCIENTIOUS.
The Victim—How many times am
I going to marry?
The Sibyl—Only eight times, mad-
am. I would like to make it more
but I must go by the cards. —
[Truth.]

CATCHING HIS MOTHER.
Little Clarence Callipers—Mamma,
what is the best thing for a boy to do
when he wears his trousers out?
Mrs. Callipers—Get a new pair, I
suppose.

Clarence—No, mamma; wear them
home again.

WHY HE STOLE A KISS FROM HER.
She (shyly)—Do you believe that
stolen kisses are sweetest?
He—I don't know; I never stole
one.

She—Well, the first time you steal
one, let me know.

He—Ah, but where shall I steal
one?
She (with a far away look in her
eyes)—Oh, I don't know. I dare say
there are plenty of chances, and
when you see one you should at once
take advantage of it. —[New York
Press.]

THE VALUE OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION.
"Dearest," said she, "suppose a
bull should attack us as we are cross-
ing this pasture what would you
do?"

"That's an awful queer question,
Mabel. You forget I was the greatest
sprinter Yale ever had." —[Adams
Freeman.]

LASTED A LONG TIME.
Willis—When my wife makes me a
present it is sure to be something
that will last.

Wallace—My wife is just like her.
Five years ago she made me a present
of one hundred cigars, and I have
ninety-nine of them yet. —[Life.]

EXPENSE.
His hair rippled away from his
brow and the true poetic fire shone
in his eyes, although he was as yet
head salesman in a shoe store.

"Sir," he exclaimed dramatically,
"dear as your daughter is to me now,
I feel that she will be yet dearer."

The old man gazed upon his son-in-
law in pity.

"My boy," he rejoined, "I should
hasten to cackle. You just wait until
her trousseau is worn out. Dear?
Well, rather?"

The youth stood transfixed in a
hypnosis of horror. —[Detroit Trib-
une.]

LEATHER THEM.
Dealer—"You say you used to be
in the shoe business. What do you
think of these?"

Customer (looking at the sample)
—"I can't say. You see, they only
made shoes out of leather in my
time." —[Boot and Shoe Recorder.]

HONORED AND SLIGHTED.
She wore his flowers, did the maiden
gay.
That had cost him dollars ten;
She wore his flowers, but, alackaday,
She danced with other men. —[New
York Press.]

INTENTIONS.
"Dora," said her mother to the
summer girl, "isn't that young Mr.
Smithers getting very pronounced in
his attentions?"

"Oh, that's all right, mamma,"
said Dora. "He doesn't mean any-
thing. We're engaged." —[Chicago
Record.]

BOTH IN THE CAT FAMILY.
"Whatever kind of vessel is that?"
asked the young lady, pointing to a
passing craft.

"That is a catboat," replied the
person interrogated.

"How funny!" exclaimed the art-
less maiden. "And I suppose," she
added, "the little one behind it is a
kitten boat."

HE BECAME UNEASY.
Prof. Stone—To the geologist a
thousand years or so are not counted
as anything at all.

A HABIT.
Maudie—You'd better be on the
lookout for a proposal from Charley
Doodley.

Ellen—Why? Has he expressed
his affection for me?
Maudie—No, but he proposed to me
last night and I refused him. —[Chi-
cago Record.]

THE FATE HE ESCAPED.
Henpeck (looking up from his
newspaper, to his wife)—Here's a
man who escaped a pitiful fate.
(Reading) "While on his way to Gee-
ville last evening, Hiram Green's
horse ran away, throwing Green from
the wagon and breaking his neck."

Mrs. Henpeck—And you call that
escaping a pitiful fate?
Henpeck—Yes. (Reading) "Green
was on his way to Geeville to be mar-
ried." —[Browning's Monthly.]

THEY HAD MET.
Judge (sternly)—Your face is very
familiar. Have you been in this
court before?
Prisoner—No, sir; but I'm a bar-
tender at the Farandon Hotel. —[Life]

HIS EXACT WORDS.
Jess—What did papa say when you
asked him?
Jack—Not much.

Jess—But what was it?
Jack—Just that, "Not much."

BRIGHT BOY.
"Johnny," said a teacher in one of
the up-town public schools, "have
you seen the skeleton of the mam-
moth in the Museum of Natural His-
tory?"

"Yes, mum."

"To what kind of an animal does
it belong?"
"A dead one." —[Texas Siftings.]

WASN'T AS STOUT AS BEFORE.
Meandering Moses—Are these the
same clothes you had on last week?
Itinerant Ike—Yes.

M. M.—They don't seem to fit you
as well as they did. They hang more
loose.

I. I.—I've had a bath since then.
—[New York Press.]

A LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING.
Teacher—What is the difference
between a long ton and a short ton?
Observing Boy—The weight of the
driver. —[Good News.]

A RUSE THAT FAILED.
He—Do dreams go by contraries?
She—They do.

He—Always?
She—Always.

He—Then I dreamed last night
that I proposed to you and you said
"No."

She—Then, to show you that
dreams go by contraries, if you were
to propose to me now I would not say
"No."

He—You wouldn't?
She—I wouldn't. I would say, "I'll
be a sister to you."

HIS HAPPY MOMENT.
New arrival (to Subdued Looking
Man in the hotel office)—You are the
clerk of this hotel, I suppose, sir?
Subdued Looking Man—Oh, you
flatter me, sir! I am only the prop-
rietor!

NOT NOTICEABLE.
Miss Summit—I don't think I ever
saw you looking so well.

Miss Palisade—Really?
Miss Summit—Yes, indeed. I was
remarking to your mother yesterday
that I didn't think you had faded a
bit in the last ten years. —[New York
Herald.]

NOT ALWAYS A DRAWBACK.
"Isn't it a nuisance to have a
treacherous memory?"

"Not always. Some days ago my
wife told me not to forget to call the
veterinary physician for her poodle
or it would die. I forgot." —[Chicago
Record.]

ABSENT-MINDED.
Miss Wouldbe—By the way, have
you seen Mr. Dropoff of late?
Arthur Duncan—About two days
ago.

Miss Wouldbe—Well, if you see him
again, would you kindly remind him
of the fact that we are engaged? —
[Ledger.]

NOT LOADED.
"Krupp's is the biggest cannon
ever made, isn't it?"

"Yes, and the earth is the largest
revolver."

AN ASTUTE SALESMAN.
"Got any cow bells?" asked a
Texas farmer, stepping into a hard-
ware store in Dallas.

"Yes; step this way."

"Those are too small. Haven't
you any larger?" asked the farmer,
after he had inspected some small
cow bells.

"No sir all the largest one are
sold."

Rusticus started off and got as far
as the door, when the clerk called
after him:

"Look here, stranger, take one of
these bells for your cow, and you
won't have half the trouble in find-
ing her, for when you hear her bell
you will always know she can't be
far off. If you were to buy a big bell
that can be heard a long distance,
you would have to walk yourself to
death finding the cow."

The farmer bought the bell. —
[Texas Siftings.]

Good Teeth Diet.
Oatmeal is excellent as nourish-
ment for the teeth, because it makes
the enamel strong, flint-like and
decay-resisting. Bread made of whole
meal is best, and brown bread made
of rye meal and oatmeal are superior
to white bread for bone building.
Baked beans should be used at least
twice a week.