Were Joy to come, and say, so tenderly, "Dear friend, I have a little hour for thee, And thou, I know, hast long had need for

The whole of life would thrill in that brief space, past forgotten, though its cold, dead Might catch a glamor from this later grace. And I should say, "O Joy, thy feet were slow;
I put my hand in thine, and whither go
I know not, nor, rejoicing, care to know."
—Charlotte Elizabeth Wells, in Smart Set.

CHANGED IN AN HOUR.

By HANNAH HOPPER

A picture! A woman half kneeling A picture! A woman half kneeling over a heap of time-stained letters lying loose on the carpet. Her form slight and graceful. Her hair dark and waving and falling loosely to her waist. Her eyes raised beseechingly to heaven. The twilight gathering silently and stealthily about her. A single ray from the almost somber. single ray from the almost somber west stealing in the half-opened win-dow, and falling, not upon the kneel-ing form, but upon the confused heap of old letters

A moan, despairing and hopeless, came from the half-parted lips, and the picture was changed. The hands were unclasped, and, drew, in a kind of shuddering yet tender way, the yellow missives toward the beating heart—the head was bowed, until the face was buried among the letters, and then sob after sob should the slope form. sob after sob shook the slender form

"And this is the end of all my hop and beautiful dreamings," she said the sentimentality, the fond, fond musings, the adoring love which for years made my life blessed. I thought that I had conquered the pain, the heartache, that I could drop these letters one by one upon the shining coals, and feel no pang, but I cannot."

She arose, lighted a candle, knelt again upon the carpet, and placed the candle by her side. One by one she took the cherished missives, and hold-ing them tremblingly in the blaze, saw them burn to a cinder. Over one she hesitated, and half quietly pressed

is the first," she said, "in which he mentioned love.

She drew it from the wrapper, and unfolded it. The first words she saw were, "Dear Jewel." How beautiful those words had looked to her when she saw them the first time! Her heart thrilled with an inexpressible joy, and she had slept that night with the let-ter upon her bosom, and could hardly sleep for the happiness that was flooding her soul. The memory of that great joy came rushing back, as she held the letter in her trembling hand. Could she burn that which had made

her once so very, very happy? "No," she said, slowly, and slipping it back into its wrapper, she pressed it again to her lips, and then placed it careful-

All of the others she saw consumed in the blaze of the candle. Then she arose, extinguished the light, knelt at the window and gazed mournfully into the "infinite meadows of heaven," where the stars were blossoming one

joys are so fleeting and so few. Once I knelt at this window without a sha dow of mar the perfect happiness of my heart. I could not think of grief then, I could not think that sorrow could ever come to me, everything seemed so fair, so beautiful, so true. I had a betrothal ring upon my finger as I have now, but how differently I looked upon that from what I do upon this. I remember how I kissed it, and this. I remember now I kissed it, and blessed the giver, and asked Heaven to keep him from all pain and sorrow. That is gone from my finger now, and here is another. I try to be glad it is there; I know that he who placed it there is true and noble, and love me well, and I have promised to b his wife. Was it wrong? I told him of these letters. I did not promise to love him as I have loved, and he looked sad, but said he would be con-tent with less affection if I would only love him a little and be his wife. He said he would try to make me happy, and I know he will; but can he suc-ceed? Oh! if I had never known this other love, or if I could forget it, then he would be all the world to me, and I should be happy, but I will be a dutiful wife, and trust to Heaven She draw a long sigh, dropped her

head upon her clasped hands and of-fered a silent prayer, and then went in where her sister was playing some

quaint old melody upon the piano.

"It was only a week before the day appointed for her wedding. In her early life she had loved Aubrey Milton, and they had been for years be-trothed lovers, but at last he had gone away, and she heard no more from him, and grew tired of waiting and watching, and finally was told that he was false. Years went by, and she could not forget him. At last, when Hugh Gordon asked her to be his wife, she had told him all, and then, as he still desired her to be his own, she promised, and in a week the marriage vows would be taken.

The days passed quickly away and the twilight of the marriage even came stealing on. There were few guests, and all seemed very quiet, and even sad, as if they were somewhat influenced by the sadness of the bride.

words were said that made them man and wife, the congratulations were over, and the guests grew more gay, and laughed and chatted together Helen, now the wife of Hugh | Puck

Gordon, threw a shawl about her, and unseen, stepped out upon the broad CRUISE IN CHOLERA SHIP The moon threw down a thou sand beams from the cloudless sky, and the wind sighed and sobbed in the great pine tree near the door. She looked down the shady, quiet walk and a desire arose in her heart to visit the old state. it the old rustic seat at the foot of the garden where she had spent so many happy and innocent hours in the days forever flown. Noiselessly she glided beneath the great trees and soon came to the retired nook she sought, but the seat was occupied. She was about to turn and go back to the house, when the occupant, a slender man wearing a loose overcoat, sprang and approached her. Helen," he said, in a deep, thrilling

"Helen," he said, in ...
"Helen, is it you?"
step town She took a step toward him, and forgetting everything, only that her old love was near her, she cried eager-

"Oh, Aubrey, Aubrey Milton, how came you here?"
In a moment his arms were about

her.
"I am here," he cried, passionately,
"to see you, Helen. My wife has been
dead one year today, and I never loved
her as I love you, and I come to ask
you to be my wife."

She sprang away from him.
"It is too late!" she exclaimed, "I
was married not more than an hour
ago to Hugh Gordon."
"Thu you do not love him" he said

"But you do not love him," he said approaching her; "and you must be mine. "Fly with me, Helen, and we will live in perfect bliss. What care we for the world? Your husband and your friends need never hear from

you—throw that shawl into the river, and they will think you are drowned."

She listened, and the tempter urged her to do as he desired. She trembled like an aspen leaf, but her pure hear could do no wrong, and she turned to flee from the man who was urging her to sin, but she was too weak; a mist was before her eyes, and she fainted

With the fleetness of wind he bore her through the garden walk and out into the highway, and, with the assist ance of the driver, placed her within his carriage and, springing quickly to her side, the carriage rolled away. They had ridden but a short distance

when Helen opened her eyes, and in an instant the truth flashed upon her. "Stop, Aubrey Milton," she cried. "I would die rather than go with you. Take me back to my husband imme

tried to draw her toward him and told her how much he loved her, and that he could not give her up. She became angry and frightened.
"Let me go," she cried, "or I will scream for help!"
He placed his hand across her mouth

and held her firmly. She struggled to free herself, but there was no use, she could do nothing, and the carriage rolled on, bearing her further and furthey away from her anxious friends.

"It is for your good and for mine that I do this," he said; "you love me better than you love your husband, and will be happier with me. The rules of society are all wrong."

With a mighty effort she sprang

from his grasp, screaming:
"I hate you! Help!"

It was a terrible shriek, and the river stopped his horses in affright. "Drive on," screamed Aubrey Mil-n. "The lady I have here is insane.

Drive to the railroad station imme

"Hold, there!" a voice from the out-side cried, and with a joyful heart Helen recognized it as the voice of her

In a moment the carriage door was forced open, and the frightened wife sprang into the arms of her husband weeping for joy. Instantly, on find-ing they were discovered, Aubrey Mil-ton sprang from the door on the op-posite side of the carriage and fied. Helen said, as she clung to her hus-

"He will not trouble us again, dear

Hugh; let him escape."

The driver was ordered to turn about The driver was ordered to the and drive them back to the house, and the anxious guests never greeted a happier or more loving bride. Her. happier or more loving bride, Her, feelings were revolutionized. The old love died out of her heart and she loved her husband better than she had ever loved another.

The letter which the week before she re. She soon learned that her old r was dissipated and worthless, undoubtedly sought her, hoping marry her and thereby gain posse sion of her wealth. She never saw him again, and lives happily and con-tentedly with her noble husband.—New

Boundless Love.

"How much do you love me?"
It was a thrilling moment for Bertram, but gazing long into the passion-

ram, but gazing long into the passionate eyes of the beautiful creature who spoke, he did not quail

"I love you so much," he replied, "that in view of my own shortcomings, in view of the uncertainty of life, ings, in view of the uncertainty of the, of my income which ought to be double but isn't, of the increased cost of living, the price of eggs, meat and milk never having been higher, of the terrible dressmakers' bills I read about terrible dressmakers' bills I read about in the papers—indeed, to make it short, of all the financial perils of modern life, I love you, darling, altogether too much to marry you."

Then it was that the proud beauty, unable to restrain herself, threw herself bodily into his arms.

"Darling," she murmured, "you have stood the test. I am yours."—Puck.

ONE OF THE MISHAPS OF THE UNLUCKY BENNINGTON.

Cholera Got Aboard of Her at Hono lulu and for Three Months the Rest of the World Treated Her as a Leper -A Grim Exhibition by Sharks and a Big Drunk When Quarantine Was Lifted

"The Bennington was never what you call a lucky ship," said a man who used to be in the navy, "and the explosion of her boilers was the climax of a rather checkered history. I made one cruise aboard of her, on the Pacific station, too, and that cruise cific station, too, and that cruise doesn't stick in my mind with any pleasant recollections worth mention-

"That was the cruise when she tool "That was the cruise when she took the Asiatic cholera on board down at Honolulu, back in 1895. That was a mean business. Not that the ship was swept by the cholera, for she wasn't. But the plugging around quarantine that she had to do—all hands in sight of land for three months, and not a chance to get ashore-was a job that I wouldn't go

through again for quadruple sea pay.

"Only one hand died of the disease, an apprentice; but the authorities of Hawaii and all the ships that drifted in and out of Honolulu and all the rest of the Hawaiian ports made a leper of us, all the same, on account of that one boy's death, and we all felt as if we might just as well be on the Island of Molokai, where they put

the Kanaka lepers.

"The cholera got on board the Bennington that time in a peculiar way It all came about through the ship ment of a cargo of Chinese coolies for the Hawaiian sugar plantations to Honolulu on the steamer Belgic. "On the way down to Honolulu

cholera broke out among them, but the deaths were put down to pneu-monia and nothing was said about cholera. The coolies were landed at Honolulu and were all huddled in the Chinese quarter

"Through that quarter runs a creek. The Chinks washed their clothes in that creek, and it was the creek that carried the Asiatic plague on board the Bennington. The way it happened was this:

"The ship was anchored not very far from the mouth of the creek. The weather was pretty hot, and the men for ard of the Bennington were permitted to swim after knock-off every evening. They went in one evening after the cholera had broken out in Honolulu, and that all hands swim picked up the cholera for us.

"It was a boy named Goebel, from Georgetown, D. C., who swallowed the microbe, or maybe a bunch of mi-crobes, that flowed into the harbor water from the Chinese creek. That evening while he was on watch he began to grab at his middle. They found him with a ghastly look in his face and pretty nigh all gone, and carried him aft to the sick bay. He lived until about midnight, when he passed out, dead from as bad a case of the Asiatic thing as ever climbed the side of a ship.

the side of a ship.
"It was mighty curious to watch the effect of that news upon the men for ard. It gave us a fine chance to mark a dead line of cleavage between the

game, or, rather, the self-contained men, and the natural-born cowards. "When all hands were piped, the men who were there with what you might call the nerve turned out same as usual, lashed and stowed their hammocks, and turned to without any chaw among themselves or any cast-ing of glances aft. The boy was dead, and of the Asiatic cholera. Well, what of it?

'The cholera had a swell chance to

sweep the ship and make her a char-nel. Sure, but what of that, too?
"That was the way the decent, self-controlled men of the crew, for ard, viewed the matter, from their deneanor. So they did their early meanor. So they did their early stunts, and ate their breakfasts, and lit their pipes when the smoking lamp was aglow, and smoked in silence. Talking wasn't going to help anybody or anything, and they knew it. "But the lily-livers of the crew for

took it in another way. They turned out shaking and muttering and exchanging looks with each other, and blamed if some of them didn't appear to be almost afraid to go as far aft as the hammock nettings on the main dealy to give their sleeping how they

eck to stow their sleeping bags, they ere in such an inward panic.
"Well, the skipper of the ship—commander Pigman he was, and no better one ever ate in a one-handed mess—had the crew called to quar-ters a bit ahead of time that morn-ing, and he made us a little talk. He didn't try to minimize the wicked ness of cholera, but he said that there ness of cholera, but he said that there wasn't any danger. He described the preliminary symptoms of cholera, and said that if any of the men felt any of those symptoms during the day they should immediately report aft to

they should immediately report aft to the sick bay and have the surgeon look them over. Then he dismissed the men from quarters.
"I give you my word that quarters hadn't been over five minutes before a lot of the cowards were feeling of their stomachs and edging aft toward the sick bay. There wasn't any more the matter with them than there is with me at the present minute of talking, but their imaginations had there

"And, right here, I want to put in a and, right here, I want to put in a plan to all smokers. I do not limit ord about a thing that has been often called a sailors' superstittion— bout the sharks hanging about a ship hen there is death on board.

"There are plenty of sharks in Honword about a thing that has been of-ten called a sailors' superstittion— about the sharks hanging about a ship when there is death on board.

olulu harbor, and you can see their wicked fins shooting along almost any time you raise your eyes from the

deck. But they don't group themselves in schools in that harbor, and up to the time that our boy Goebel had cashed in never more than one or two at the outside had crept around the

Bennington "Now, I don't profess to explain it, and I am only stating a fact, but that morning, while young Goebel's body was on board-he was carried ashore and buried about noon—the sharks around the Bennington literally swarm ed. They hung around, quiet-like, as if waiting, and they didn't go off until the body went ashore in the steam cutter.

"I am not one of the old navy flat-feet, and I haven't got any supersti-tions in me worth speaking of. But what I am telling you is the strict fact.

"Well, after the boy's body was put away in the Honolulu ground the Bei nington was told to sheer off. Sh was put under indefinite quarantine

"From then on we had to do slouching around all sorts of Hawaiian ports, looking for a bit of comfort or cheer, and getting none anywhere. First, we dropped into the roads in front of Lahaina, on the Island of Maul. Being badly in need of some fresh provisions the steam cutter was fresh provisions, the steam cutter was sent ashore one morning with the stewards with the idea of dickering with the Lahainaites from a distance

with the Lahainaites from a distance "The steam cutter hadn't got within yelling distance of the Lahaina land ing place before a whole bunch of Kanakas, led by a few whites, were seen lined up there with shotguns in their hands. Our ship was a blooming leper in their sight, you see, and they weren't going to let any steam cutter of ours gets within meganhouing disof ours gets within megaphoning distance of the Lahaina dock.

"We got no provisions at Lahaina nor anywhere else. We lolled around there for a long time, eating junk and cracker hash and pretty blue, and then we slunk up to the rough waters in front of Hanalei, on the Island of Lanai, where we rolled and tossed for

"After that we crawled down to "After that we crawled down to Hillo, the town on the main island of Hawaii, where, after watching us and inspecting us and feeling of us suspiciously for a long time they finally said that we were all right and could land. That was the end of the miserable exercisence.

'The crew for'ard got their longed for beach liberty in watches, the star board watch first. Now, there isn' any need to condone it, for it was only natural, seeing that the crew had beer cooped up on board ship so long, bu I want to go on record as saying that the shore liberty in Hilo of those two watches of the Bennington's crew that time constituted the most whop ping bluejacket drunk that I've eve seen in any quarter of the world, and I've seen some powerful and amazing bluejacket drunks up and down the earth, in my time.

earth, in my time.

"The Hilo authorities swore in slews and slathers of Kanaka deputies with the idea of curbing the situation, but the relaxed and joyous Bennington in the relaxed and joyous Bennington in the transfer of the state of the just chased those Kangkas half-way to the top of the volcano of Mauna Loa, which is about 15,000 feet high, and up there they stayed till all hands of the Bennington crew were yanked off to the ship by the marine guard and the ship pulled back to Honolulu.

it was a bad piece of a cruis and the Bennington was a natural-born sad one. At that, the little old booker deserved something better than to be tossed up by a set of punk boilers, and it kind o' hurt to hear about her going that way."-New York

Dust is a wonderful producer of fires. There have been instances in postoffices where the dust of the mail bags suspended in the rear of a closs room exploded with terrific force Dust explosions are of frequent of currence in flour and drug mills. The origin of many fires in tailor, shops may be traced to the so-called dry cleaning of clothes. A rag dipped in naphtha is frequently used in remov-ing grease spots from garments. The rag soaked with inflammable fluid is thrown upon the floor. When shop is closed up and the air is confined, the naphtha-soaked material will of itself generate fire. Bales of cotton placed in the hold of a ship are often the cause of disastrous Frequently a spark from a cigar finds a resting place in a cotton bale, where it smoulders for weeks. The dark hall in tenement-houses is the indi rect originator of fires. Greasy mat-ting or small heaps of paper lie about. A match not extinguished or a cigar-ette stub is thrown down and a blaze results.-Fire and Water.

Stop Smoking to Enjoy It Better. An excellent plan for smokers is to abstain from time to time—tha is, fast from all tobacco say for weeks or a menth at a time. This method enables the smoker to enjoy his smoke more when he goes back to it and is less harmful to his health "It is a fine scheme," said one man. "When I stop for a month I am equipped with the keenest relish and liking for a good cigar at the end of that month. I am rested, refreshed, recuperated—in pocket, too.
Thus I show that I am master of my with me at the present minute of talking, but their imaginations had there
we have their imaginations had there
we have a long time
now, and I heartily recommend my plan to all smokers. I do not limi

RUFE'S OCCUPATION.

Some folks don't have no special gift,
They hafter dig cround an shift,
An' dew the best they kin. an' say,
"I wish tew goodness 'twan't this way."
But Rufus Jinkins, I recall,
He wasn't built that way at all:
He had a gift that's some renowned,
The gift of settin' round.

The drought might come his crops knock.
But Rufus didn't feel the shock;
His house might rot—it did, in fact—But still he did his settin' act;
A flood might come his barn fer claim,
But third his critters all was drowned An' when his critters all was drowned
He jest kept settin' round.



Emerson-Aren't amma, in regard to the location of ny mind?-Life

Mrs. Whittier Lowell-In disobeying me, Emerson, you were doing wrong, and I am punishing you to impress it

The Artist-What effect do you thinl a war between Norway and Sweder would have on the world at large! The Editor—I'm afraid there would be a universal strike of linotype operators and proofreaders,-Puck.

Governess (looking over geography papers)—What's this? "The people of papers)—What's this? "The people of Lancashire are very stupid!" Where in the world did you get that idea from? Pupil—Out of the book. It says that Lancashire is remarkable for its dense population-Punch.

Newitt-No; of course Batcheller doesn't keep house. He just has apart ments at his club. Wrounds—He doesn't know what life is. Why, hal the fun of going to your club is los unless you've got a home to stay away from.—Philadelphia Press. "Do you not love," said the Cadav

erous Boarder, "to explore to Unknow able? To wring from Chaos the secre able? To wring from Chaos the secret of its Indwelling Entity?" "You jus bet I do!" answered the stenograph er, smiling sweetly. "Will you please pass the hash?"—Cleveland Leader.

Miss Hiram Offen—Insert this advertisement for a girl, but, for goodness sake! don't put "Help Wanted" over it. Clerk—No. Mrs. Hiram Offen—No that implies that I expect to do most of the work myself. The last girl I got this way held me to that.—Philadelphia Proces delphia Press.

The man behind the white apron in dignantly asserted himself. be ordered around as if I was a slave, he exclaimed. "I'm as good as you.
It's no disgrace to be a waiter!"
"Maybe not," said the dyspeptic guest,
"but it's a disgrace to be such a waiter as you are."-Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Kornersloon-I've half a mind to start for Dawson City, Sarah. Here's a fellow went up there six months ago, and has just got home with \$15,000 in his pocket. Mrs. Kornersloon—But that would never do for you, John. You can't even get home Saturday nights with your little fifteen dollars

"Why do you put that young man "Why do you put that young man forward so prominently?" asked the politician. "Do you think he is qualified to be a leader in public affairs?" "No," answered Senator Sorghum. "Sometimes a man goes to the front under the impression that he is a leader, when he is merely a cowcatcher, to keep the track clear and receive the bumps."—Washington Star. "Pardon me sir" said the waiter "Pardon me, sir," said the waiter to the diner who was about to leave, "but haven't you forgotten something "Well, if I have you may keep if for your honesty," growled the man who belonged to the Anti-tippers' club. "Thank you, sir," answered the waiter. "You left this pocketbook on your chair—slipped out of your pocket, suppose. Again I thank you, sir." Chicago Daily News

An officious individual, who probably had in mind the ordinance of Councils requiring all vending carts and wagons to bear the owner's name and ons to bear the owner's name and license number, seemed to be greatly concerned recently on beholding a vehicle on South Penn Square which bore only a few undecipherable hieroglyphics where the name should have been. Approaching the driver, he pointed to the faded lettering and remarked: "My good fellow, do you know that your name is obliterated." remarked: "My good fellow, do you know that your name is obliterated." "Whoa! What's that?" queried the teamster, pulling up. "I said your name is obliterated." "You're away off," retorted the driver; "my name is O'Brien. Git ep!"—Philadelphia Re

Italy's Queen a Poet

A German firm is preparing to issue a volume of poems.

Helen of Italy. This book will make its appearance in the near future. The poems are said to reveal the fact that the Queen possesses the highest poetic talent. One poem entitled "War" has a direct bearing upon the seent conflict in the Far East. The present conflict in the Far East. The verses were written in the Queen's na-tive tongue (Montenegrin) and have been translated into German.-Chicago

LIGHTING LORE.

ACETYLENE EXCELS AS AN ILLU-MINANT.

Gas For Lighting Formerly Confined to Cities and Large Towns, Now in Gen-eral Use in the Country.

The satisfactory lighting of suburban and country homes requires that the means used shall be convenient, safe, economical and furnish a brilliant, pen-

economical and turnish a offiniant, pea-etrating, effulgent light. Everybody admits that these are not the characteristics of the candle or kerosene lamp, which, formerly, were the only feasible means of producing light for domestic use in the rural dis-

fricts.

For generations there was a crying better For generations there was a crying need, a yearning for something better, which was not satisfied. A few years ago deliverance came in the shape of the chemical compound, Calcium Carbide, from which, by the simple application of water, the gas Acetylene is derived. Acetylene meets all the results of the same and admirably and is quirements fully and admirably and is

quirements fully and admirably and is being generally used.
Common lime and carbon in the form of coke or coal are the raw materials which, fused in an intensely heated furnace, make Calcium Carbide, and there is no difficulty in obtaining it in any part of the country.

The machine into which the Calcium Carbide is fed and from which the Acetylene is distributed through the building to be lighted, is but little larger than a thirty-gallon milk can, and

building to be lighted, is but little larger than a thirty-gallon milk can, and of the same general form. It is easily and cheaply installed, either in the cellar or in an outbuilding.

The light from burning Acetylene is exquisite, and lighting experts agree that it surpasses all other known illuminants. It does not taint the air nor strain the eyes, and is not objectionable in any respect. Every up-to-date rural residence should be equipped with Acetylene light.

China Wants National Anthem

China Wants National Anthem.

China is anxious to have a national anthem, being much impressed by the fact that Japan has provided herself with one. The Viceroy of Chill province, in which Peking is situated, has commissioned Prefect Lo Yingkeng, who has composed some pieces of music on lines combining foreign and Chinese characteristics, to see about the matter.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens thegums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle Madrid still has the mediaeval night

Jdo not believe Piso's Cure for Consumptionhas an equal for coughs and colds.—John F. Hover, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

The whole coast of the Gulf of California abounds in pearls.

The whole coast of the Guir of California abounds in pearls.

A Story of Ole Bull.

Few tales are told, indeed, which are finer than that of the encounter, in earlier years, with this king's father, the old Bernadotte himself. The king had referred to the Norwegians as "my Poles," at which Ole Bull, drawing himself up, inquired, "When has a Norwegian shown himself disloyal to the king?" Then, without waiting for an answer, he announced that he must at once take leave. Upon this, the king turned to him with an imperious, "I command you to stay!" But the violinist shrugged his shoulders and replied: "Then I will see, sire, whether a Norwegian remains free in the palace of the King of Sweden!" At this, as Ole Bull would tell, when recounting the scene, there came into the face of the monarch the most winning smile he had ever seen on a human counternance, and, putting out his hand immonarch the most winning smile he had ever seen on a human countenance, and, putting out his hand impulsively. Bernadotte exclaimed: "Nay: I beg you to remain. A prince should hear the opinions of all his people." And the talk which then resulted was the basis of deep confidence on both sides.—Century.

How Sap Rises.

How Sap Rises.

The problem of the ascent of sap in trees, an English botanist points out is yet unsolved. It appears that in the highest trees the total pressure would be nearly 100 atmospheres, and as we cannot suppose that leaves can exert so intense osmotic suction the only theory at all probable is that the living cells exert some sort of pumping action in the wood.

GET POWER,

If we get power from food, why not strive to get all the power we can. strive to get all the power we can. That is only possible by use of skilfully selected food that exactly fits the

requirements of the body.

Poor fuel makes a poor fire and a poor fire is not a good steam producer.

"From not knowing how to select the right food to fit my needs I suffered grievously for a long time from force of the producer.

"Werites a lady from

stonach troubles," writes a lady from a little town in Missouri.

"It seemed as if I would never be able to find out the sort of food that was best for me. Hardly anything that I could eat would stay on my stomach. Every attempt gave me heart-burn and filled my stomach with gas. I got thinner and thinner until gas. I got thinner and thinner until I literally became a living skeleton, and in time was compelled to keep to my

"A few months ago I was persuaded to try Grape-Nuts food, and it had such good effect from the very beginning that I have kept up its use ever since. I was surprised at the ease with which I digested it. It proved to be just what I needed. All my unpleasant symptoms, the heart-burn, the inflated feeling which gave me so much pain disappeared. My weight gradually increased from 98 to 116 lbs., my figure rounded out, my strength came bac and I am now able to do my hous work and enjoy it. The Grape-Nuts food did it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
A ten days' trial will show any one some facts about food.

"There's a reason."

Roun three-si in betw are at come i the sm single each of Washin As to ible kinds to be in lapse with the lapse with

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