# A Friend's Treachery

By GEORGES OHNET

CHAPTER I.

Among the renowned professors of whom contemporary medical science boasts, Dr. Rameau, of Ferrieres, is indisputably the most eminent. He is held to be the first surgeon of his time, he is professor of anatomy, and is also an incomparable physician. Rameau has attained his fiftieth year in all the vigor of a constitution which has never been weakened by any excess; he is of great stature, and his features are rugged and irregular, like a volcanic soil. His roughness is as well known as his skill. No woman could dress a sore or put on a bandage with a lighter hand or defter fingers, but no drayman ever scolded at his horses more roundly than the doctor at his assistants.

This great man has attained to the position which he occupies in the world of science by the force of his will and the superiority of his intellect. His origin was very humble. His father was a gatekeeper on the French Eastern Railway, and occupied a small house by the side of the line. His mother attended at the gate, and he used to see her come out in a waterproof cloak and a leather hat and stand before the trains with a little red flag in her hand, like a soldier at the "Carry arms!"

He owed his education to Dr. Servant, of Lagny, who took an interest in the clever lad, and Dr. Rameau never forgot his benefactor.

In the same year in which he took his doctor's degree he was received at the Central Bureau and prepared himself for admission to the faculty. Teaching had an irresistible attraction for him; his intellect, enamored of progress, was always seeking for the beyond. He had transformed the kitchen of his little apartment on the fifth floor of a house in the Rue de la Harpe into a laboratory, and he made his experiments on the cleverly managed furnace stove.

He became a materialist and atheist, but his atheism, while real, was not militant. He did not trouble himself about what his neighbor thought. He had ideas of his own, and never tried to convert anybody whomsoever. He admitted with frankness that he believed none of the teachings of religion, and on Sunday, when he went to dine with his benefactor, Dr. Servant, he allowed himself to be severely handled by the good old practitioner, who was a believer, like all who live in the wide expanse of the country, where the majestic harmony of nature reveals itself to the sight. But Rameau would not argue; he only listened with a quiet smile, and when he felt the point of an epigram too keenly, he shook his broad shoulders like a lion teased by a fly, and said, pleasantly:

"I will believe in God if he will grant me the favor of seeing you live to be a hundred!"

Providence is not given to proselytism, for Dr. Servant died at seventy years of age, sincerely mourned by Rameau, and leaving a son, a captain in the artillery.

The only being before whom Rameau indulged entirely unrestrained in thinking aloud was his friend Talvanne, who also was a doctor. It was intended that Talvanne should succeed his father as head of the Vincennes lunatic asylum, and he had studied with great diligence. His taste for craniometrical investigations amounted to a mania. At his own abode Talvanne had an imposing collection of skulls, and he occupied much of his time in experiments in measuring, in order to test the cerebral capacity of the different races.

Talvanne, who was well born, and was living in respectable society, preserved the elements of the faith in which he had been brought up by a pious mother. Thus, when Rameau proclaimed the negation of God, vehement discussions would arise, in which Talvanne was, as it were, pulled two ways at once, his bourgeois instincts rebelling against the theories of the materialist, while his leanings as a savant were toward Rameau's views.

After some time a third person came to be admitted into the intimacy of these young men. On the same floor as Rameau there lived a young German painter named Franz Munzel, who had come from Stuttgart. He was a quiet person and seemingly a hard worker. Every evening he was heard playing works of Haydn or Mozart on the piano. He was seemingly mild and shy. Rameau cured him of a severe case of diphtheria, and that was the beginning of the friendship between them.

The dreamy German brought a new element into the mutual association of Talvanne and Rameau. He was a mystic; in his brain there lingered the solemn shadow of the lofty Gothic cathedrals of his country. And the radiant saints of the chapel windows, with their golden aureoles, flitted past in that shadow, together with the fairies of the Rhine legends. Rameau said, laughing, "Munzel is a clerical pagan," but he was indulgent to the young man's fancies to a degree that exasperated Talvanne. When a brisk controversy arose upon a religious subject, on which Munzel and Rameau disagreed, the doctor softened his voice, modified his language and rounded the angles of his argument, as if he feared to hurt his friend.

Munzel did not readily speak of his family matters, and his friend never got a word out of him about any affair of the heart. Each year, in the month of July, he went to Stuttgart, to pass a few weeks at the house of his father, who was a pianoforte teacher, and had invented a new method of instruction. He came back low-spirited and thin, as though he had fared ill in a needy household, where the guests were too many and the meals too frugal. He worked without eagerness, but with unvarying regularity. He excelled in portrait painting, and was beginning to make money. Nevertheless, he did not change his mode of life in any way. No matter how highly he was paid, he never had a sou in his pocket. He denied himself every kind of pleasure, and lived with the grim economy of an old maid.

Rameau said: "There must be some mysterious hole in this young fellow's life, through which all his money runs."

"Do leave me alone about him," answered Talvanne, pettishly; "he is simply a miser. The hole has a bottom; it's a money-box."

CHAPTER II.

The mystery of Munzel's life was not disclosed for six whole years. One day, in reading a scientific article in a German newspaper, Rameau happened to see the name of Munzel. It appeared under the heading of "Law Courts," in a report of a case in which Otto Munzel, professor of music, being defeated in his claim to the possession of the "Method of Solfeggio by Signs," and regarded as having usurped the rights of the Brothers Pfeiffer, sole inventors of the method in question, was condemned to pay damages to the amount of ten thousand marks, with costs.

For two days Franz had not come to Rameau's apartment, and the doctor had knocked in vain at the painter's door. Rameau, feeling uneasy, went to the studio, entered without knocking, and found Munzel lying on his sofa with fixed, wide open eyes. On the easel stood a picture just begun, but which had not been touched with a brush for a long time. The colors were dry. The young man did not stir when he saw the doctor come in; he merely turned his head, and a faint smile passed over his face. Without a word, Rameau took the newspaper from his pocket and held it before the eyes of the painter, who read the indicated lines, turned pale, uttered a cry, then raised himself up and fell into the arms of his friend.

This, then, was the cause of his secret suffering; this was the sieve through which the money gained and saved by the young man ran. The suit brought by the Pfeiffers against the elder Munzel had been going on before several tribunals for ten years, and the costs had exhausted the resources of the poor family. They lived on bacon and cabbage and potatoes all the year round, with never a joint, in order to meet the law expenses. The final, irreparable loss of the suit was a finishing blow to the family. To pay ten thousand marks, the shabby furniture, the piano, the music, had to be sold, and under the load of ruin that had fallen upon these humble folk Franz was crushed. He had in his drawer five hundred francs which his color merchant had just advanced him, but not even a scrap of a sketch, to sell. For a long time past he had been turning everything into money, and pictures did not lie about in the studio; they were all sold. What was he to do now? He could not leave his mother and her children to beg, and his father in prison. The good man would die of that; he must come to their aid; but how? And ever since, stretched upon his sofa, he had turned this woeful problem in his head, for forty-eight hours, night and day, without finding a solution of it.

Rameau laid his broad hand on the painter's shoulder and silently shook his big shaggy head.

"This, then, is the cause of all your privations? Come, don't worry yourself, my boy; we shall find the money. I have three or four thousand francs in my drawer, and as for the rest, that is my affair."

It was Talvanne who gave the rest. He lent ten thousand francs to Rameau, but under protest, for he was much disconcerted at finding himself mistaken about the German.

"If he has not the bump of avarice," said Talvanne to his friend, "he has that of ingratitude. Observe his skull; it is absolutely typical. After having studied such a head, a wise man would shut his door to the posesssor of it, instead of opening his heart to him."

"You really bore me to death with your craniology," replied Rameau, roughly. "By dint of bringing all the individual formations under the head of special types, you have gone quite cracked."

"Well, well," said Talvanne, "we shall see. The future will enlighten you respecting this fellow."

In spite of the predictions of Talvanne, the years passed without any occurrence which seriously disturbed the harmony of the friends. Each of the three made his mark. Talvanne made a great name in criminal lunacy cases, his only "crank" being that he regarded all criminals as irresponsible. Munzel became an eminent and fashionable portrait painter. Rameau was a professor of anatomy. No man in the world of science had anything like his influence; he was admired as much as he was feared. He had forced every barrier that had been raised against his progress; he was a terror to his adversaries, for he possessed the courage which leads a man to undertake, and the genius that enables him to accomplish everything.

On Sundays he dined with Munzel, and on Thursday with Talvanne. Those were his days of recreation; when he was with his two friends he rested completely from his absorbing work.

Rameau's career was now in its most brilliant phase. The philosophic loftiness of his talent manifested itself in all its grandeur. So confident in himself was he that he ventured to formulate his materialistic doctrines with the eager fervor of a Calvin. None could any longer bar his way or strive with him. His genius, like to a consuming fire, defied every attempt to arrest its expansion. His public profession of faith produced all the greater sensation that he made it an official occasion before the government authorities, who received it with profound astonishment.

The next day Rameau was informed that he was dismissed from his professorship. He made no protest; he was an agitator in the world of ideas only.

On being deprived of his professorship, Rameau applied himself to practice. The atheist was called in so soon as a case became grave. He made, on an average, two hundred thousand francs a year, but with his simple tastes did not know how to enjoy it. He still lived in the old house in the Rue de la Harpe, but he had come down from the fifth to the first floor. There he had an apartment, consisting of five rooms, and these amply sufficed for him. He had turned the salon into a consulting room, and at four o'clock, the hour at which he saw his patients, the waiting room was crowded, and even the benches in the corridor were occupied. His servant distributed numbered cards to the arirvals, and all, rich or poor, equals in suffering, had to wait patiently, each being summoned in his or her turn.

(To be continued.)

## LEARN TO STAND STILL.

**How Best to Get Acquainted with the Wildwood Folk.**

If I were asked what thing, above all others, one must know how to do in order to get acquainted with the wildwood folk, I should answer, Learn to stand still. One night last summer I got home rather late from a drive. I had left several cocks of hay spread out in the little meadow, and after supper, although it was already pretty damp, I took the fork, went down and cocked it. Returning, I climbed by a narrow path through some pines and came out into my pasture. It was a bright moonlight night, and leaning back upon the short-handled fork, I stopped in the shadows of the pines to look out over the softly lighted field.

Off in the woods, a mile away, I heard the deep but mellow tones of two fox hounds. Day and night all summer long I had heard them, and all summer long I had hurried, now here, now there, hoping for a glimpse of the fox. But he always heard me and turned aside. The sound of the dogs was really musical. They were now crossing an open stretch leading into the meadow behind me. As I leaned listening, I heard a low, uneasy murmuring from a covey of quail sleeping in the brush beside the path, and before I had time to ask what it meant, a fox trotted up the path behind me and stopped in the edge of the shadows directly at my feet.

I did not move a muscle. He sniffed at my dew-wet boots, backed away and looked me over curiously. I could have touched him. Then he sat down, with just his silver-tipped brush in the silver moonlight, to study me in earnest.

The deep baying of the hounds was coming nearer. How often I had heard it, and how often exclaimed: "Poor little fox!" But here sat poor little fox, calmly wondering what kind of a stump he had run up against this time.

I could only dimly see his eyes, but his whole body said. "I can't make it out, for it doesn't move. But if it doesn't move I'm not afraid." Then he trotted to this side and to that for a better wind, half afraid, half curious.

But his time was up. The dogs were yelping across the meadow on his warm trail. Giving me a half-unsatisfied look he dropped down the path directly towards the hounds, and sprang lightly off into the brush.

The din of their own voices must have deafened the dogs, or they would have heard him. Round and round they circled, giving the fox ample time for the study of another "stump" before they discovered that he had doubled down the path, and still longer time before they got across the wide scentless space of his side jump, and once more fastened upon his trail.—Pittsburg Press.

**How Eggs Are Self-Boiled.**

There are some things new under the sun in these days, although in some cases one does not encounter them on the dry land. Nowhere is one more liable to encounter oddities of kitchen economy than on the big ocean liners, the cooks, pursers and stewards of which have been busy for the last sixty years devising arrangements for the convenience of their work.

Perhaps the most astonishing culinary outfit is that in the kitchen of the White Star line steamship Oceanic, which, in a circular issued recently for the benefit of American patrons, one of its paid writers takes some pains in describing. The cooking, so the circular states, is done by electricity, so that there is absolutely none of the fumes and odors of wood, coal, petroleum or gas clinging to the food when it is served. The little electric stoves are arranged in rows, somewhat resembling a typewriter keyboard, and each stove cooks a certain vegetable, meat, fish, soup, dessert or what not. But the oddest thing of all is the arrangement for boiling eggs, speaking of which the circular states: "On another side were electric egg cookers, which by an ingenious mechanism automatically pushed the eggs out of the water as soon as they were boiled." This is without doubt the most up-to-date wrinkle in cooking eggs, and the proprietors of some of the restaurants would do well to order a gross at once.

The Greeks had a female deity named Hygieia, whose duty it was, when properly propitiated, to keep the babies well; when she neglected her business, however, the deficiency was sometimes remedied by Meditrina, who restored the health of the little ones.

Because of King Edward's small stature, he stands on some small eminence when photographed in order to compare favorably with those about him.

The individual who is habitually tardy in keeping an appointment will never be respected or successful in life.—W. Fisk.

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

**What Young Men Are Thinking About.**

WHAT the young men of to-day are thinking about is indicated in an interesting manner by the statistics of this year's graduating class at Harvard. Law still leads the list of intended occupations, 117 of the young men having chosen it, but every year business claims a growing number of votaries, and this year 84 give themselves to it. Next comes teaching, with 76 disciples, though it is suggested that quite possibly some of these will follow this occupation only temporarily. Then comes civil engineering, with 32 aspirants. Banking claims 28; post-graduate courses, 24; medicine, 18; mining, 13; electrical engineering, 13; architecture, 12; railroading, 12; journalism, 11; the ministry, 8; cotton and woolen manufacturing, 8; chemistry, 4; real estate, 3; diplomatic service, 3; art, 1; musical composition, 1; illustrating newspapers, 1. There are 78 who are yet undecided as to their occupation. No doubt some of these belong to our rapidly growing leisure class and will never have an occupation. The notable feature of this classification seems to the Boston Herald to be the comparatively small number choosing the ministry and medicine. Time was when these two professions stood near the top. But now they are near the bottom. And it is also observable that art and musical composition are away below par, also. It seems to Americans "a great pity" that any healthy young man should deliberately sit down to write music. We doubt if, to most of us, it would be any different if we were positively assured that he would compose as well as Beethoven. We should shake our heads all the same and sigh, "He looks so strong, too. Our average ideal is a Cassatt rather than a Beethoven. As for theology and medicine, both are painfully and heroically altruistic. And it is plain that what interests the vast majority of us is not so much in looking out for others as in looking out for ourselves. We are aiming in this direction as nations, and aiming in it as individuals. We are concerned only in pointing out the fact, leaving to others the responsibility of elucidating the moral.—Pittsburg Press.

**The Lessons of Russia's Experience.**

THE Japanese have appropriated European science, European methods, and European organization, and they have shown a skill and intelligence in the appropriation which is a marvel to all careful observers. It is to be doubted whether any European nation could have conducted its naval and military operations with as great skill and as great success as Japan has done in this war. * * * It is to be hoped that our people are carefully following the operations of the Japanese, and will take to heart the lessons that are being offered to them. In the Crimean War we blundered, if possible worse than we blundered the other day in South Africa; but we refused to take to heart the lessons of our blunders, hugging ourselves in the hope that somehow or other we should muddle through. France was equally unprepared in 1870. Unfortunately for her, she had a more formidable army to deal with than we had either in the Crimea or in South Africa, and she suffered accordingly. Now Russia is committing the blunders we have committed so often, and Russia is suffering in her turn. It is possible that the people of this country will refuse to take to heart all these lessons, and will go on in the bad old way until they come into conflict some day with an enemy who will not be dealt with so easily as the Russians in the Crimea or the Boers in the Transvaal? If we do not learn from the mistakes of the Russians, and the splendid efficiency of the Japanese, we shall some day suffer disaster.—The London Statist.

**The Man with the Diploma.**

THE young man steps down from the platform with his diploma in his hand, proud of his scholastic achievements, a little flushed by the applause of his classmates and friends and vibrant with the emotion caused by the presence of the one girl, or the possession of a note or a gift or a bouquet. The world looks inviting as a field of endeavor. Proportions are somewhat distorted, and the young man feels larger toward the rest of humanity than perhaps he ever has before or ever will again.

Later will come disillusionment, a readjusted sense of proportion, a sharp awakening to the fact that college-gained knowledge is not all that is needed in the fight. In the shops, in the stores, in the offices, everywhere that men are active in the process of making money, the question is always asked, "What can you do?" not, "What do you know?" Mere information dwindles when measured with experience. But the young man who has absorbed much information, if of the right sort, is certain the more quickly to gain experience. And the great test of his quality comes when he discovers that his book lore is not an end, but a means.

The college graduate who lacks adaptability, who does not know how to apply his academic acquirements to the concrete affairs of life, who fails to see that his Latin or his mathematics or his history or his scientific studies have served their best purposes—if he be not a specialist—when they have sharpened his wits, strengthened his memory, broadened his view, mellowed his judgment and trained his mind, is headed for failure. He may find a niche as teacher, wherein he can exercise his acquired knowledge as an asset in the business of making a living. But the chances are few and the rewards of that calling not alluring. The voice of business calls to most of the young men who are just now stepping down with diplomas in their hands. In that direction lie the larger rewards, the surer success, with the fewer sacrifices.

The world has only pity for the graduate, who thinks he can open the oyster with his diploma, but it applauds the man who puts his certificate carefully away and then rolls up his sleeves to tackle the first job that comes to his hands, determined to do it better than it was ever done before.—Washington Star.

**Panics.**

PANIC, inspired by ungovernable fright, is an ever present element in a great disaster like that of the General Slocum. It is impossible to eliminate this source of calamity. Especially where large numbers of women and children are involved is panic witnessed in its most dismal consequences. Had the vessel had adequate provision for the safe removal of every soul inside of fifteen minutes, there would still doubtless have been an appalling loss of life, due to no other reason than that strange dehumanizing effect which the sudden appearance of an impending calamity exercises on the human mind. It is difficult to estimate how large a part of the casualties were due to the stampede and crush which tore away portions of the railing and deck, thus precipitating large numbers into the water without even the chance to try to obtain life preservers. It is safe to say that several hundred who might otherwise have lived perished as a direct result of the panic.

Had every person on board remained in the full possession of his senses the loss of life would have been far less. For the loss thus occasioned nobody can be held accountable. Nor against the repetition of such losses can the most stringent precaution of the future prevail. Wherever people congregate in large numbers they will place themselves liable to panic.

Given a crowd, especially of women and children, a sudden desperate fear, especially fire panic, and a panic is inevitable.—Chicago Tribune.

**The Quiet Man.**

EVEN this unquestioned domesticity may not be so comprehensive a virtue. To support some one besides himself in decency and honor is not all that a man should strive to do, though it is much. He should feel the obligation to bring gayety into the lives of those whom he loves. It is possible for some men by sheer earning power to provide their families with opportunities for travel and amusement and adventure. But the earning power of the majority is limited in these matters; and all the more is it necessary then, for the man to bring variety and a cheerful activity and liveliness into his house. The fact that the routine of the day has been dull does not excuse him for being glum and silent at his evening meal. And too much of the quietness in the world is but the habit of a listless and brooding selfishness. It would be wanton to make these exposures and not offer a remedy. Here is a suggestion for the quiet man: "Learn to make a noise."—Atlantic Monthly.

## ACORN MEAL.

By Indian meal is commonly understood meal made of maize, or Indian corn; but in some parts of the country a more primitive meal was made from acorns. Galen Clark, in his book on the "Indians of the Yosemite," describes in full the food supply of the native tribes. That portion of their rations which may be classed as breadstuffs consists of acorns, obtained from the black oak, so beautiful and so abundant in the Yosemite Valley.

The acorns are gathered in the fall, when they are ripe, and are preserved for future use in the old-style Indian cache, or storehouse. This consists of a structure which the Indians call a chuck-ah. It is a large receptacle of basket shape, made of long willow sprouts closely woven together.

It is usually about six feet high and three feet in diameter. It is set upon stout posts about three feet high, and supported in position by four longer posts on the outside, reaching to the top and there bound firmly together to keep them from spreading. The outside of the basket is thatched with small pine branches, laid point downward, to shed the rain and snow, and to protect the contents from the depredations of squirrels and woodpeckers. When the baskets are full the top is also securely covered with bark, as a protection from the winter storms. When the acorns are wanted for use a small hole is made at the bottom of the chuck-ah, and they are taken out as required.

The acorns are bitter, and are not eaten in their natural condition, but have to be elaborately prepared and cooked to make them palatable. First the hull is cracked and removed and the kernel pounded or ground to a fine meal. In the Yosemite Valley this was done by grinding with stone pestles in stone mortars, worn by long usage, in large flat-top granite rocks, one of which was near every Indian camp. Lower down in the foot-hills, where there are no suitable large rocks for these permanent mortars, the Indians used single portable stone mortars for this purpose.

After the acorns are ground to a fine meal the next process is to take out the bitter tannin principle. This is done in the following manner: The Indians make large, shallow basins in clean-washed sand, in which are laid a few flat, fan-like ends of fir branches. A fire is then made near by, and small stones are heated, with which water is warmed. This is mixed with the acorn meal until the mass has the consistency of thin gruel. This mixture is poured into the sand basins, and as the water runs out it takes with it the bitter quality. The water is renewed until all the bitter taste is washed out from the meal.

Then the meal it put into cooking baskets, thinned down with hot water to the desired condition, and cooked by means of hot stones, which are held in it by two sticks for tongs. While the mush is cooking it is stirred with a stick made of a tough oak sprout doubled so as to form a round, open loop at one end.

When the dough is well cooked it is either left in the baskets or is scooped out in rolls and put into cold water to cool and harden.

Sometimes the thick paste is made into cakes and baked on hot rocks. One of these cakes, when rolled in paper, will in a short time saturate the paper with oil.

This acorn food is probably as nutritious as that made from any of the cereals.

## BISMARCK'S STRATEGY.

Bismarck was not only a statesman, able to handle abstract theories of government, but a shrewd player of the lesser games of life. Some years ago an anonymous writer contributed to the New Review this story of the Iron Chancellor's very human cleverness. When he represented Prussia at the Diet of Frankfort in 1866, he had reason to suspect that his letters and dispatches were tampered with by the Austrians. Other diplomats suffered from the same meddling.

One day, after a stormy meeting, Bismarck and the representative from Hanover walked away together, and as they walked the Hanovarian touched on the sore subject, and asked Bismarck if he had found a way to get his letters through.

"You shall know presently," answered Bismarck.

The prince, as the two strolled along, led the way through dingy by-paths into a slum. Drawing on a thick pair of gloves, he entered a little shop where the poor bought tea, cheese, pickles, lamp oil and such commodities. The astonished Hanovarian followed.

"Boy," called Bismarck to the stupid-looking lad behind the counter, "do you sell soap?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, putting before Bismarck a variety of strong-scented cakes.

"How much is this? And this?" said the diplomatist, handling one cake after another.

While the soap selected was being wrapped up Bismarck thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out an unenclosed letter. He gave an exclamation as of dismay and surprise. Apparently annoyed at his forgetfulness, he cried, "Boy, do you sell envelopes?"

Envelopes of a cheap grade were produced, and Bismarck put the letter in one. Then he asked for pen and ink, and set out to write the address, but his heavy glove hindered him. "Here, boy," he exclaimed, throwing down the pen, "just write this address for me!"

When the scrawl was finished, Bismarck took the letter and left the shop.

"There," he said, putting the letter to his companion's nose, "what with the soap, the herring, the candles and the cheese, I don't think they'll smell my despatch under that writing."—Youth's Companion.

**Effacing Tattoo Marks.**

Many persons who desire to get rid of indian-ink marks on the skin will be interested in the method recommended by a correspondent in a contemporary. He says, "After making the site of operation aseptic, re-tattoo the part with needles, secundum artem, using the following solution: Chloride of zinc, thirty grammes; sterilized water, forty grammes. At the time of operation the tattooing becomes rather pale, and the needle pricks appear surrounded with white. At the border of the tattoed surface a raised white edge forms, caused by the raising of the epidermis, and the neighboring parts become slightly reddened. This, however, soon disappears, and with proper attention to cleanliness there is no intense reaction. In a day or two after the operation the tattooing becomes darker, the white arola becomes yellowish, and a crusty, superficial eschar forms, which separates on the fifth to the tenth day. It is not in any way painful, and the results remote, as well as immediate, are excellent."

A child soon learns that its mother has a positive genius for sarcasm when she talks about the kin on its father's side.

**Stone Slingers of the Nile.**

When the wheat is growing in the fields near the banks of the Nile, Egypt, great quantities of birds of every kind pounce down upon the tender grain and would soon destroy the whole crop were it not for the watchful "stone slingers." These are men who stand all day perched on little platforms here and there throughout the fields with slings and pebbles, shooting any bird that comes within reach. The work of a stone slinger is a regular profession in Egypt, though a poorly paid one, it being thought that simply standing all day is not very hard labor. It is only for a few weeks twice a year that the stone slinger can find employment.—New York Tribune.


**Man and Wife.**

Buxton, N. D., Sept. 12.—(Special.)—Mr. B. L. Skrivseth of this place has been added to the steadily growing following that Dodd's Kidney Pills have in this part of the country.

Mr. Skrivseth gives two reasons for his faith in the Great American Kidney Cure. The first is that they cured his wife and the second is that they cured himself.

"I must say," says Mr. Skrivseth, "that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best remedy for Kidney Trouble I ever knew. My wife had Kidney Disease for years and she tried all kinds of medicine from doctors but it did not help her any. An advertisement led her to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. The first box helped her so much that she took eight boxes more and now she is cured.

"I also took three boxes myself and they made me feel better and stronger in every way."

Dodd's Kidney Pills have never yet failed to cure any kidney disease from Backache to Rheumatism, Diabetes or Bright's Disease.


The membership of the Church of Christ, Scientist, is now 48,930, says the statistician Dr. H. K. Carroll. The increase during last year was 13,980.


**$85,500 in Gold Coin**

Will be paid in prizes to those coming nearest at estimating the paid attendance at the St. Louis World's Fair.

The above amount is deposited with the Missouri Trust Company as per the official receipt of the treasurer of that financial institution and published in the schedule of prizes announced elsewhere in this paper. The World's Fair Contest Company, Delmar and Adelaide avenues, St. Louis, Mo., are offering these prizes and there is no doubt of the cash being in bank to pay the lucky winners. The contest closes October 15th.


**An Insinuation.**

Stringem—Every time I call I find you with a pen in your hand. You must be fond of writing.

Bingham—Yes, I'm a regular pen-holder, as it were.

Stringem—It's wonderful how many sticks are converted into pen holders.


**Greatest in the World.**

When you talk about being the world's leader in any one thing you have established a wonderful standard of comparison. Nothing could be greater and in this day of tremendous, competition it means more than you can really grasp without study to say "the greatest in the world." Particularly is this true of a medicine and it is such a strong testimonial of great merit that we cannot help but express our satisfaction to learn that CASCARETS has, to-day, the largest sale of any similar medicines in the world. In obtaining this, judicious newspaper advertising has played a very important part, but all the advertising and push and energy would have counted for naught unless CASCARETS had the merit and would do all that's claimed for them. Nothing has ever attained such a large sale in the history of medicine. Over ten million boxes a year and the demand is growing rapidly, because the people take them, like them, they are cured and they recommend them to their friends.


**The Only Safe Course.**

The supervisor who was always giving the children instructions as to what to do in case of fire usually made his visits to the school alone; but one day there was a board meeting, and five supervisors descended on the class at once.

The children had been well drilled by their teacher, and from previous experience they knew just what Mr. Wales would ask them. So after a painful period of hesitation, answers and mistakes with the other visitors, it was a great relief to see Mr. Wales rise to address them.

"You have listened so attentively to the other gentlemen," said their friend, "and told them what you know on the subjects they have chosen, what would you do if I were to make you a little speech?"

"Form a line and march downstairs!" chanted the chorus, with beaming faces.

**Laughing Incident.**

A popular general was once asked what little incident he had laughed most at.

"Well," he said, "I don't know; but always laugh when I think of the freshman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule which was kicking its legs rather freely. The mule finally got its hoof caught in the stirrup, when in his excitement the Irishman remarked, 'Well, begorrah, if you're goin' to get on I'll get off.'"


**WHAT'S THE USE**

**To Keep a "Coffee Complexion."**

A lady says: "Postum has improved my complexion so much that my friends say I am growing young again. My complexion used to be coffee-colored, muddy and yellow, but it is now clear and rosy as when I was a girl. I was induced to try Postum by a friend who had suffered just as I had suffered from terrible indigestion, palpitation of the heart and sinking spells.

"After I had used Postum a week I was so much better that I was afraid it would not last. But now two years have passed and I am a well woman. I owe it all to leaving off coffee and drinking Postum in its place.

"I had drank coffee all my life. I suspected that it was the cause of my trouble, but it was not until I actually quit coffee and started to try Postum that I became certain; then all my troubles ceased and I am now well and strong again." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

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