

A Friend's Treachery

By GEORGES OHNET

CHAPTER III.

Providence, according to Talvanne, of chance, according to Rameau, was preparing a change in the great physician's way of life about this time.

One day a servant woman of about forty called him to perform an operation on her mistress, who was almost at the point of death. Taking his case of instruments and bidding the woman enter his carriage with him, he was driven to a squalid, poverty-stricken house at the Rue des Batignolles, on the fourth story of which dwelt his patient, a widow named Etchevarry, and her daughter. As Rameau followed the servant into the first room, he noted its bare appearance while the woman passed on quietly to an adjoining room. An exclamation was uttered, and in the framework of the door, suddenly pushed open, the doctor beheld the most radiant incarnation of living beauty that had ever met his gaze. He felt his hands pressed by warm and eager palms; he heard a sweet voice say to him:

"Oh, sir, what gratitude we owe to you!"

And then, before he had time to utter a word, he was led to the foot of a bed, on which a pale, thin woman lay. At the sight of her, his professional instinct regained possession of Rameau, his glance resumed its searching directness, his ears ceased to tingle; he was again the great physician. He forgot everything except the disease.

"It is at the back of the head, doctor," said the sweet voice.

He began to examine the sufferer, who had not strength to speak. Sweat gathered in beads upon her forehead, which was hollow and wan with pain. Her arm was stretched out, and its arteries were beating strongly. A purple swelling underneath the right ear bulged up over the bandages around the neck. Rameau removed the dressing with a light hand, and his grave countenance fell.

"How," he asked, "has this been allowed to gain such a height?" and then, laying his hat on a table and taking his instrument case, he passed into the outer room.

"Doctor," said the girl, with a wistful terror, "are you going to operate at once?"

"Did you not send for me for that purpose?" he asked, softening his voice.

"Is it so serious as our doctor says it is?"

"Very serious indeed, mademoiselle."

"But, doctor, do you see what a weak state my poor mother is in? Would it not be possible to wait until to-morrow?"

"No, mademoiselle. Your mother's state is very grave. She is suffering from an aneurism, which has been allowed to extend very nearly to the carotid artery. Saving her is a question of hours. This evening it would probably be too late."

The girl said nothing, but leaned hopelessly against the table, her head hanging down on her breast. Rameau could not refrain from looking at her. She was of middle height, slenderly formed, and had the careless grace of the women of the South. Her clear, smooth, colorless complexion was brightened by the vivid redness of her lips and the brightness of her dark brown eyes. Her jet black, lustrous hair grew low upon her forehead; her eyebrows were straight and expressive of pride. Her whole person bore the imprint of elegance and distinction. She was one of those women who manifest their superiority, no matter in what position the caprice of fortune may place them. In this humble dwelling, clad in a shabby brown woolen gown, the girl looked like a queen.

"Will the operation last long?" she faltered out, at length.

"Yes, mademoiselle. I shall have to use an anesthetic, and must beg you to send at once for your doctor. He will assist me."

Two hours elapsed before the doctor, for whom the servant had to search the quarter, arrived. Rameau had returned to the patient's room, and while she slumbered heavily, talked with her daughter. He did not think of going away, although he might have made some urgent visits in the interval. A subtle charm detained him; a vague shadow fell around him, and the profile of the girl was marked out against the window, on which the street lamp threw its uncertain light. They conversed in low tones; he was paternal in manner, very grave; she spoke frankly and simply, but with an emotion beyond her control. Her nerves, overstrained by a whole week of suspense and fatigue, suddenly gave way, and in the darkness, within a step or two of her dying mother's bed, she disclosed all the sorrows and miseries of her life.

Her name was Conchita, and she was the daughter of Jose Etchevarry, a Spanish captain, who had gone into France with the remnant of a Carlist band, after its crushing defeat by the soldiers of Queen Isabella. Her mother brought her to Carcassonne, where the French government had interned the refugees; she was at that time seven years old. Her father obtained a place as bookkeeper, and the little family lived quietly and happily under a sky almost as blue as that of Spain. The refugees being free to depart on the termination of the war, the Carlist determined to go to Paris, flattering himself that his relations with the party would procure him an exceptionally good position there. But the unfortunate Carlist got nothing from them, and he applied himself to giving lessons in Spanish. His wife, who was very clever, obtained employment from a modiste, and the family managed to live.

For ten years this went on, without events. Their obscure existence moved in the same commonplace routine: the father going out to give his lessons

in the morning, the mother sitting down at the table to fashion silk, satin and tulle into the shapes of the day with her agile fingers. When Conchita was fourteen she began to help her mother. She excelled in the art of twisting ribbon into charming knots and bows, and perching a bird prettily upon a bouquet.

CHAPTER IV.

In order to turn Conchita's skill to advantage, Etchevarry boldly installed the family in a small ground floor apartment and opened a milliner's shop. The mother and daughter worked with all the more ardor because they were working on their own account, and for five years their little trade went on well and honorably, Mme. Etchevarry having formed a good connection. At the end of that peaceful interval the former Carlist died.

In an hour, without preparation, without warning, the two women found themselves alone in the world. The widow, a prey to profound grief, at length fell ill; but she was so well nursed by Conchita and by their devoted servant, Rosalie, that she recovered. It seemed, however, that her courage and energy were gone forever. She remained for whole days with her eyes on a vacancy, her needle motionless between her fingers.

In vain did Conchita redouble her efforts, perform prodigies of activity, even work all night; little by little the customers, secured with some difficulty, dropped off, and trouble installed itself in the little shop. At last, after two years' painful and vain struggles, the brass plate, "Mme. Etchevarry, Modes," was put up on the door of the fourth story of the house in the Rue des Batignolles.

In that populous quarter, far from the fashionable world, the mother and daughter vegetated, obliged once more to work for others, without hope of ever getting back again to the modest position from which they had fallen.

Then the widow was seized with illness once more, and Conchita, held in a vice between the necessities of her daily task and the absorbing demands of her mother's condition, had to face the increase of their debts, while pawn tickets replaced the few articles of value which they had hitherto managed to retain. The young girl was already powerless to contend against so much misfortune, and it was to receive a terrible addition. The doctor who attended Mme. Etchevarry informed Conchita that only an urgent and serious operation could afford any hope of saving the patient's life.

In the darkness, which was now complete, Rameau had listened to this lamentable narrative, interrupted by Conchita's tears and piteous entreaties. The famous physician was filled with the deepest pity; he, thrilled at the recital of the miseries of a young girl whom he had never seen until two hours before, and the man whose disdainful irony cowed the boldest felt himself overpowered by shyness.

The two hours' waiting had passed; it seemed to him like a minute; his memory gave him back a confused yet sweet impression, the sense of a delicious and irresistible enchantment. The only incident of this first meeting he could perfectly recall was the arrival of the doctor in attendance on the patient, and the performance of the operation in Conchita's presence.

He had left that humble dwelling with reluctance, promising to return, and astounding the other doctor, who knew his proverbial roughness, by the gentle kindness of his speech. And, as a matter of fact, he did visit the patient every day until her recovery was complete. Never was an invalid treated like Mme. Etchevarry. Rameau ordered the medicaments and sent them to the house so that the faithful Rosalie should not have to fetch them. He never came without bringing the rarest fruits and the most beautiful flowers. One day he questioned Rosalie with regard to the pecuniary situation of her mistress, and after he had made her promise to keep the matter secret he offered her the contents of his purse to pay off her household arrears.

Rosalie, however, recoiled from this proposal, and flatly refused, thereby throwing Rameau into extreme confusion. She lost no time in relating the adventure to the ladies.

"Just think of his begging me to take his money, saying that it might be paid back at another time, if you liked, but that you must know nothing about it at present. You may be sure that man is in love with our young lady. They say he always gets what he wants! And he is not so old, after all; besides, he has a grand face."

"Stop, stop, Rosalie!" said Conchita, "you don't know what you are talking about. The doctor is very kind; he takes an interest in us. But mamma is quite well now, and he cannot put himself to inconvenience any longer by coming to see her."

The following day Rameau found the two ladies rather grave and very ceremonious. They gave expression to all their gratitude for the devoted care he had lavished on the invalid, but delicately led him to understand that future visits might be as prejudicial to him, by involving the loss of precious time, as to themselves, since they would not know how to explain his assiduity. They hoped in the future to discharge their debt to him, but in the meantime Conchita presented him with a very pretty handkerchief case of antique silk, which she had made expressly for him. For the first time in his life Rameau stood abashed before the young girl who held out her little gift to him, while tears of gratitude, sparkled in her eyes. He stammered a few words of

thanks, made a gesture of sudden resolution, and, turning on his heel, almost ran out of the room.

As he went on his way, with his ideas all in confusion, he took himself to task. What did he mean, he asked himself, by rushing, at his age, into this love affair? He who ought to have no other sentiment than love of science, an exclusive and jealous mistress who would endure no rival. But in the midst of his argument the pure face of Conchita, her dark eyes, her wavy hair curling upon her temples, and her red, smiling lips, rose before him and he heaved a sigh at the thought of all that he was renouncing.

In the morning he drove these thoughts and set about his customary work. He went his round, delivered his lecture, visited the hospital and dined with Talvanne, whom he almost frightened by a burst of paradox more vehement than ever. Then, at about ten o'clock, the flame sank suddenly and went out; he flung himself on a sofa, lay for a long time without opening his lips, and finally, rising with a languid and weary air, he went away. Rameau continued in this strange mood for a full week, making Talvanne so uneasy that at length he took it upon himself to question him.

He succeeded in only irritating his friend, who showed such temper that Talvanne left him with the conviction that there certainly was something abnormal going on in Rameau's mighty brain this time.

(To be continued.)

DOGS IN GERMANY.

Are Divided Into Three Classes, and Taxed Accordingly.

Like everything else in Germany, dogs are divided into classes. The first class contains the dogs that are kept as pets by people in easy circumstances, writes a Leipzig correspondent of the Washington Star. To the second class belong those dogs that are used for hunting. The third class includes all dogs that are kept for working animals by milkmen, butchers, peddlers, etc., in or near towns and cities.

In the city every dog is taxed, but there is a distinction made between the three classes. Dogs of the first class are taxed 20 marks (\$4.70), those of the second class, 10 marks (\$2.35), and those of the third class only 5 marks (\$1.19) per annum.

The variety of the dog which seems to be the most fancied as a pet in Germany is the short-legged, elongated dachshund.

The dogs that are used for hunting are mostly German deerhounds and bird dogs of the setter and pointer types. Beagles are seldom used and are uncommon. Hunting dogs, as a rule, are kept in the country, and very little is seen of them.

Working dogs are not confined to any particular variety. Any dog that is large and strong may be used, and a great many different kinds are seen. When a person comes to Germany one of the first things that is sure to impress him as strange is the sight of a dog hitched to a wagon with a woman as his mate. In Leipzig working dogs are numerous, and are mostly owned by the poor people. So far as I have seen, the dogs are treated with consideration by their owners and seem, in many cases, really to enjoy their work.

When the tax upon a dog is paid the dog is registered and the owner is given a tag which must be attached to its collar. When a dog is allowed upon a street without his muzzle or his tag he is subject to seizure by the dog police, who are a special branch of the municipal police. The usual fine in such a case is about 75 cents, where there is no willful intent or neglect on the part of the owner. After a dog has been captured once and its owner warned, if it is captured again the fine is much heavier. The only dogs that are allowed upon the streets without muzzles are those that are unquestionably under three months of age. After a dog is captured he is taken to the pound and kept there three days. At the end of that time, if uncalled for, he is either sold or disposed of.

NEGRO AND THE STEAMBOAT.

River Man's Reason for Believing Colored Man Good Roustabout.

"The suggestion came out of St. Louis the other day that white labor had replaced the negro on the wharf and that after long service the black roustabout was about to enter upon the decline of his sway," said an old river man; "all of which, I may add, I accept with a grain of salt, as the saying goes. Somehow I can never think of the successful and really valuable roustabout as anything but a black man."

"The negro seems to have been born to the calling. He is, as a rule, fond of the steamboat, and naturally takes to steamboat work. He has always hovered around the river. Of course, you will find negroes back in the hills and scattered around in the higher altitudes, but the vast majority of them you will find quartered in the lowlands of the country, and on the rivers, where he can hear the flutter of its un-bow wheels. There is one other fact to be mentioned in connection with the negro's peculiar fitness for steamboating."

"Did you ever hear the steamboat mate talking to the 'rousters'—say, for instance, when the boat was a little late in pulling out and during the busy season? 'Hast not, oh? Well, there is something in store for you, something lurid and forceful and something that will force you to run the gamut of the emotions. The point is that the negro is stimulated and urged on to quicker work by this kind of talk. Profanity is an essential in the mate's calling. The negro needs it. I was just wondering if the white man would ever get used to it. Maybe so, but I have my doubts about it.'—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A diplomatic person is one who says what you don't want him to say in such a way you can't tell whether he said it or not.

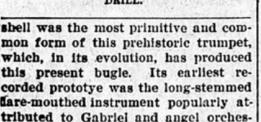
Where the best things are not possible, the best should be made of those that are.—Hooker.

WHAT THE BUGLE TELLS IN THE ARMY AND NAVY



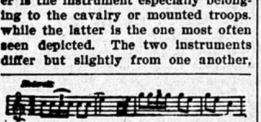
Those who know anything of the daily routine of army posts and on board our ships of war it is hardly necessary to say that the note of the bugle is the most familiar sound of a military or naval life. There is scarcely an hour of the day that its ringing trumpet call does not greet the ear, heralding some drill, formation or inspection, and, to the soldier and sailor alike, sleeping or waking, it becomes an ever-present accompaniment, if not regulator, of his clock-work existence.

As such, then, there must be some interest attached to the meaning of the signals which it conveys, how they can be understood and distinguished apart. As a military adjunct the bugle is doubtless of extreme antiquity. Trumpets were carried by the Persians among the hosts of Xerxes, and in its many varieties the bugle was a favorite with ancient warriors. It even seems to antedate all other musical instruments, as it appeared on the Egyptian bas relief at Thebes, on the stone relics of the Druids in the British Museum, in pictures of Grecian mythology and in the legends of the fall of Troy. A horn or perforated



shell was the most primitive and common form of this instrument more familiar to the many who know of it only in a general way, it is with that end in view that he selects the bugle or trumpet as his theme.

The words "trumpet" and "bugle" are frequently used indiscriminately, although in a technical sense the former is the instrument especially belonging to the cavalry or mounted troops, while the latter is the one most often seen depicted. The two instruments differ but slightly from one another,



the chief distinction being that the trumpet has an extra crook which gives it a baritone instead of a tenor note. The bugles in common use are usually F or G in tone. The appearance of the latter instrument is so well known that it hardly needs describing. Its sound, to the soldier, at least, is an every-day affair.

Until a few years ago the "boatsman's pipe," a curious little silver whistle with the shrillest of sounds, was the monitor to whose merry chirping the rollicking jack tars yielded a ready and willing obedience. But with the advent of the new navy, fighting turrets, military masts and rapid-fire guns, this relic of the days of oak and sail, like other things nautical, has gone under with the tidal wave of change which has swept over the naval service, and has found itself almost, if not quite, supplanted by the brazen trumpet.

From the first call in the morning, "reveille," at 4:30 or 5 o'clock, until the last, "taps," the signal to extinguish lights, at 9:30 p. m., almost every incident of ship routine is punctuated by the bugle.

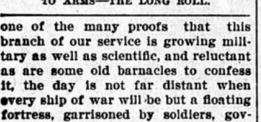
In the navy at the present day only a few time-honored services are left to the "pipe." Such as "sweepers," "mess



calls, "all hands to muster," "turn to" and "pipe down." Nearly all others, "clear lower decks," "clean bight work," "spread mess gear," "evening quarters for muster," "church," "retreat," "color evolutions," "fire," "exercises, boat calls," "abandon ship," "arm and away" (equipped for distant service of "cutting out"), "hooks on boats," "assemble for drill and ceremonies," "hammocks" and "tattoo" (9 o'clock), have been usurped by the busy bugle.

At the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., all the study, recreation and recreation calls for the cadets are sounded by it, and together with its military companion, the drum, it plays an important role in the routine life of these embryo officers, thus accustoming them to its constant use when they go out into the service at the end of their four years' course.

This assumption of the essentially military instrument by the navy is but



one of the many proofs that this branch of our service is growing military as well as scientific, and reluctant as are some old barnacles to confess it, the day is not far distant when every ship of war will be but a floating fortress, garrisoned by soldiers, governed by nearly the same regulations as are practiced on shore and officered by skilled artillerymen, to whom the traditions of the sea, except in the use of the extant, will be a thing of the past.



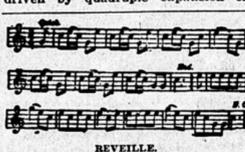
CAVALRY BUGLER.

no longer eats his hardtack, "salt horse" and "rope-yarn" junk from a tarpaulin spread on deck, but now sits at table and has often as many delicacies as are to be found in the ward-room mess.

He has no more "reefing" and "handing" sail to do, but must be an expert mechanic or artilleryman, an skilled in machinery, armament and torpedoes and in aiming and firing modern breech-loading cannon.

While at the wheel he cannot watch, as he used to do, the weather leech of the main topgallant sail to keep it "lifting" or "full and by," ready to "luff" or "let her go a point," but he must now be a practiced and skillful artificer who, with finger on the electric dial or steam steering gear, directs by the slightest impulse through constant danger the safety of hundreds of lives and millions of dollars' worth of property.

In short, he must keep pace with his ship, which is no longer a towering fabric of airy spars and sails heeling to the breeze under "royals," "topgallant sails" and belying "topmost stunsails," but a powerful ironclad like the battleship Oregon or swift ocean greyhound like the commerce destroyer Columbia, fitted with every modern appliance, propelled by tripple screws, driven by quadruple expansion en-

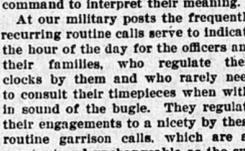


gines and speeding through the water at the rate of more than twenty knots per hour.

These bulwarks of the nation, triumphs of naval architecture and the highest conception of the constructors' art, need a different kind of hand to guide and fight them than the picturesque sailor of Dibden and Marryat—Every figure a fishhook; every hair a rope-yarn.

The bugle calls in use in the army and navy are not, as many might suppose, rude and unmeaning blasts, without rhyme or reason, and sounded simply at random, but each has a special and peculiar significance, which is soon learned and, to those accustomed to the sound of the bugle, as readily understood as any spoken language.

In the "skirmish" or extended order drills on shore no commands by word of mouth are necessary, but a trumpeter, or "field music," accompanying the officer who designates the desired maneuver, voices the warning for its execution on his bugle. The last note is the signal of execution, at which the



movement indicated is promptly performed—"Attention, forward," "rise," "halt," "lie down," "rally by squad," "deploy," "commence firing," "cease firing," "to the rear," and many like movements are all perfectly intelligible to the soldier or the well-trained "blue jacket," and require no word of command to interpret their meaning.

At our military posts the frequently recurring routine calls serve to indicate the hour of the day for the officers and their families, who regulate their clocks by them and who rarely need to consult their timepieces when within sound of the bugle. They regulate their engagements to a nicety by these routine garrison calls, which are as constant and unchangeable as the sun in its course. Army babies learn to hum them when they are only big enough to toddle and lisp, and army mothers and housekeepers regulate their household duties by the hours which they mark. Such remarks as "First call for 'retreat' and dinner is not served," or "Taps already and not yet in bed," are not infrequently heard among army people, to whom this hourly monitor soon becomes a familiar friend and second nature. It tells them when to sleep, when to wake

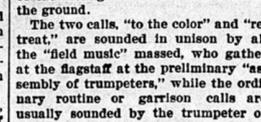
and when to go to church. It reminds them that it is time for lunch, time for dinner and time to prepare for bed, and, should physical ailments require attention, it announces the doctor's arrival by "sick call." From morning till night its clarion note "sends the wild echoes flying" and betokens something which cannot be forgotten or shirked.

Among those calls most often heard and which rarely or never vary are "first call," "reveille," "parade and guard mounting," "assembly of guard details," "sick call," "drill," "fatigue," "canteen," "mess" calls, "retreat," "tattoo," "quarters" and "taps." All these are equally familiar to the garrison dwellers, whether in barracks or "officers row," and to many of them rhyming words have been so cleverly fitted by the soldiers themselves that the very notes seem to speak the meaning expressed by the call.

For the hoisting of the flag at 8 o'clock every morning, and when it is hauled down at sunset, "colors," as it is called, the bugles sound off the salute "to the colors," and the "retreat" or "trooping of the color."

The exultant infection of each flourish of this manifestation of respect to the national flag is expressive of the ceremony it represents—a martial "hail" or "gloria in excelsis" to the outward and visible symbol of a nation's greatness.

The "retreat" concludes the ceremonies of the day—evening parade—and its final notes mingle with the



boom of the evening gun which announces the vanishing of the last rays of the setting sun as the colors reach the ground.

The two calls, "to the color" and "retreat," are sounded in unison by all the "field music" masses, who gather at the flagstaff at the preliminary "assembly of trumpeters," while the ordinary routine or garrison calls are usually sounded by the trumpeter of the guard, or ship's bugler, alone.

FOLLIES IN MEN'S DRESS.

Male Attire Falls in Even Distribution of Protective Warmth.

That a dress reform for men from a practical and hygienic point of view is badly needed there is no doubt. What can be more ridiculous than cutting the front of the vest and coat away and thus expose chest, lungs, throat, etc., to the inclemency of the weather, giving rise to serious illness? What sense is there in constructing the back of a vest with a mere, thin lining? Do tailors imagine that the spine requires less protection than any other part of the body. What practical use is there in wearing collars high enough to overshadow the old-fashioned "father-murder" collars that prevent the free movement of head and neck, and tight enough to seriously interfere with the proper function of several organs?

It is ignorance, pure and simple, and it is one of the physician's duties to enlighten the public on the necessity of considering their health before fashion, ignorance, and folly. Wherein the male attire falls is the even distribution of protective warmth. One part of the body should be as warm as the other. But not enough that the present style of dress makes this an impossibility, to flatter man's vanity (presumably), tailors have acquired a habit of padding the coats "to improve the figure," and thereby introduce another element of unequal distribution of protection.

As a proof of how little men care about this "improvement," it may safely be stated that nine men out of ten do not know where their coats are padded, or that they are padded at all, and then they wonder why in a biting wind they should feel cold in one shoulder and not in the other. If physicians called the serious attention of men to these anomalies in their clothing and inculcated in them correct hygienic principles of dressing, they would take a great step in the direction of preventing disease.

Eggs as a Food.

Would it not be wise to substitute more eggs for meat in our daily diet? About one-third of an egg is solid nutriment. This is more than can be said of meat. There are no bones, no tough pieces that have to be laid aside. A good egg is made up of 10 parts shell, 60 parts white and 30 parts yolk.

The white of an egg contains 66 per cent water and the yolk 52 per cent. Practically an egg is animal food, and yet there is none of the disagreeable work of the butcher necessary to obtain it. Vegetarians use eggs freely, and many of these men are 80 and 90 years old and have been remarkably free from sickness.

Eggs are best when cooked four minutes. This takes away the animal taste which is offensive to some, but does not harden the white and yolk so as to make them difficult of digestion. Such eggs should be eaten with bread and masticated very finely.

An egg spread on toast is fit for a king—if kings deserve better food than anybody else. Fried eggs are much less wholesome than boiled ones. An egg dropped into hot water is not only a clean and wholesome, but a delicious morsel. Most people spoil the taste of their eggs by adding pepper and salt. A little sweet butter is the best dressing. Eggs contain much phosphorus, which is supposed to be beneficial to those who use their brains much.—Pittsburg Press.

An amusing sight is to see a really modest woman raise her dress too high, by mistake, in crossing a muddy street.

The man who thinks twice before speaking seldom says anything.

Baths in Scanty Suits.

A party of much-traveled men, returning one hot night last week from Manhattan beach when the convection turned to the salt water bathing customs of the countries they had visited.

An Englishman told how the women of his native land took their dip apart from the men and clothed in hideous garments resembling nightgowns.

A Frenchman described the bare-legged frolics of the gray Parisian women sunbathing by the sea.

An American explained how the sexes, absolutely unclothed, enter the waters of Japan, with nothing but bamboo rods to mark the more or less imaginary line dividing the men from the women.

"Ah," interposed the Englishman, "how immodest!"

"Yes, perhaps," observed a Christianized Turk, who was of the party, "but in my country men and women do the same, except that each man and woman preserves modesty by wearing a white mask."

"Suppose," said the American, "should wish to bathe without the mask?"

"Ah," replied the Turk, "you must wear the mask—it is the bathing costume!"—Philadelphia Record.

The Reason Why.

Drummond, Wis., Sept. 19.—(Special)—Whole families in Bayfield County are singing the praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills and the reason why is given in experiences such as that of Mr. T. T. Wold, a well-known citizen here.

"I had such pains in my back that I did not know what to do," says Mr. Wold, "and as I came across an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills I sent for a box. That one box relieved me of all my pains. My wife also used them and found them just what she needed. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills as a sure cure for Backache and other Kidney Troubles."

Backache is one of the earliest symptoms of Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure it promptly and permanently, and prevent it developing into Rheumatism, Dropsy, Diabetes or Bright's Disease.

An engraver of Odessa has engraved the entire Russian National Ezyan upon a grain of corn, and recently he presented the curiosity to the Czar. His majesty has now forwarded to him through the civil governor of Odessa a gold watch and chain, with his thanks for carrying out such a laborious undertaking.

We use Pilo's Cure for Consumption in preference to any other cough medicine.—Mrs. E. E. Borden, 401 street, Washington, D. C., May 25, 1901.

A STORY OF THE STREET.

Account of a Newborn's Gratitude for a Kindred.

"I chanced to be walking down Liberty street," said a well-known artist, "when the recent hurricane scooped his stock of evening papers from under a tree and ran 8-year-old newborn's arm, made a free distribution of them in the mud and rain half a block away, and came near serving him in like manner. As he fought his way to his feet I heard him tersely summarize the extent of the ruin in the remark, 'Dat bust me' and he heard me laugh."

"Turning on me and assuming a suggestive Terrible Terry pose, he savagely asked, 'Wotyer lamfin' at?'"

"Not at you, my boy," I hastened to explain, "and here's half a dollar to start you in business again."

"Money talks" with the gamins as well as the goldbug, and in this case his charming eloquence moved its recipient to remark with flattering sincerity, "You ain't such a bad guy, after all," as he scooted in the direction of Park Row.

"But this was not the last I was destined to see of my pigmy purveyor of the latest news, for, as I was hustling to reach my room, I heard the quick patter of pursuing little feet, and he overtook me to make the breathless inquiry, 'Say, mister, does you go by dis way every night?'"

"No. Why do you ask?" I said.

"Cos," explained he, "I wants ter give you a paper every night till I squares de debt."

"Now," continued the artist, "there a man here who does not feel in his heart a desire to give such a boy as that a lift toward a better life, or who does not believe that granted half a show he would develop into an honorable and successful man?"—New York Times.

CHANGE FOOD

Some Very Fine Results Follow.

The wrong kind of food will put the body in such a diseased condition that no medicines will cure it. There is no way but to change food. A man in Missouri says:

"For two years I was troubled so with my nerves that sometimes I was prostrated and could hardly ever get in a full month at my work."

"My stomach, back and head would throb so I could get no rest at night except by fits and starts, and always had distressing pains."

"I was quite certain the trouble came from my stomach, but two physicians could not help me, and all the tonics failed, and so finally I turned to food."

"When I had studied up on food and learned what might be expected from leaving off meat and the regular food I had been living on, I felt that a change to Grape-Nuts would be just what was required, so I went to eating it."

"From the start I got stronger and better until I was well again, and from that time I haven't needed any bit of medicine for I haven't needed any."

"I am so much better in every way, sleep soundly nowadays, and am free from the bad dreams. Indeed this much less wholesome than boiled ones. An egg dropped into hot water is not only a clean and wholesome, but a delicious morsel. Most people spoil the taste of their eggs by adding pepper and salt. A little sweet butter is the best dressing. Eggs contain much phosphorus, which is supposed to be beneficial to those who use their brains much.—Pittsburg Press.

A modest woman raise her dress too high, by mistake, in crossing a muddy street.

The man who thinks twice before speaking seldom says anything.