

MOVE TO.

Buffed, but bravely, like a stag at bay, she faced the driving gale and angry sea...

TRIAL BY FIRE.

The major was one of the many well born Englishmen who come to California with a younger son's portion and a small monthly allowance...

It may be that the major's failure to succeed in the grape business was not the fault of the country, but that his genial, unpretentious nature was the true obstacle to success.

The major was a solitary bachelor then. The gods alone know in what unpropitious moment he picked up Pete to hang about his neck, a millstone of inefficiency.

When the major married Ellie Smith, a pretty San Francisco girl, Pete was promoted to be manager of the ranch and expended his grooming talents on the pet mule.

But this was not without protest from one individual. Not that he was disturbed by lack of work, but poor Pete was often that not the unwilling model for Ellie's clever studies.

"Stop, stop, Peter, right there. Don't move an inch," called the sweet voice that drove him to madness.

"The Man With the Hoe," shouted the major gleefully. "I'll get your paints, Ellie. Hold on, Pete!"

After Pete had posed for a hundred or more indifferent works of art without names, he began to think of deserting his master and leaving him to a just and awful fate.

After a week had been given up to driving his protégé about the valley and introducing him to the English colony, the major returned to his daily routine of pruning olive trees and digging out worm eaten grapevines.

antly as a model than as an embryo raucher. They were together during most of the daylight hours. When Brompton was not posing for a wild Norseman or a Greek hero...

Matters had arrived at a state where a warm hearted but vain young woman needed a friend with the strength to hold up a good, powerful, unrelenting mirror for her to gaze into.

The long grass on the Napa hills was burned and crisp and Ellie was daubing yellow ochre and burnt umber over her canvases with vicious strokes.

Over on the mountain side a half mile away Pete leaned on his hoe and watched a thread of fire crawling like a red snake through the underbrush of chaparral and manzanita.

The volume of smoke was rising high when Ellie rose to her feet and sniffed the air. Before she could gather up her paints a thin rim of fire ran along the top of the little hill above her.

When she was fairly on the plowed ground and gasping for breath, she saw the young Englishman tearing along the hill at a frantic rate.

"Brompton!" she screamed. "Dear Brompton, I am here—safe." The fire was very close, and she had to throw herself flat on the ground to escape being burned.

A great wave of smoke and flame swept around the edges of the plowed ground, and for a minute nothing could be seen or heard.

Back of them was heard the voice of Brompton Edwards. "Hello there, major!" he called. "I had a very narrow squeak of it. My hammock and books are burned to tinder by this. By Jove, old fellow, you are burned yourself, aren't you? Your wife was safe enough. I know she could take care of herself."

"Well, well," gasped Pete, who had stumbled up the hill with a bundle of wet sacks. "I never was so plucky scared in my life. Thought you'd be burned sure, Miss Ellie. Me and the major'll have a fine time next week clearing."

For Pete had reconsidered his ninety and ninth vow. Indeed it was only a week later when he was speculating if

there was ever a happier couple than the major and his Ellie. And Pete beamed as he thought of the ignoble part Brompton Edwards played on the day of the fire.

Arbitration Enforced.

Sometimes trade guilds, in early days, quarreled with each other, and when such "contentious words" arose, the aldermen, we read in "St. Paul's Cathedral and Old City Life," stepped in to arbitrate.

Said John's crime consisted in placing a confederate underneath the hole, who used to levy a considerable contribution from each lot of dough.

A Colonial Lady's Wardrobe.

Miss Jane, widow of Cuthbert Fenwick of Fenwick Manor, legislator, councillor, commissioner, died in 1690, leaving a will through which we catch glimpses of the wardrobe and toilet of a colonial lady of the period.

Russia's Plague of Rodents.

Russia has suffered from a genuine plague of rats and mice, and the story is attractively told by United States Consul Hecman at Odessa, in a report to the state department.

If you eat what you like, and digest it, you will surely be strong and healthy. But if you don't digest it, you might almost as well not eat, for what good can your food do you if it doesn't nourish you?

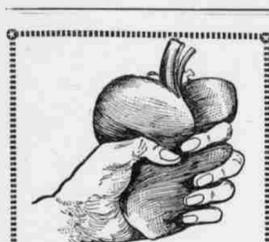
Strength and health come from the food you eat, after it has been digested and gone into the blood. The best tonic is digested food. The best aid to digestion, Shaker Digestive Cordial.

Simon S. Hartman, of Tunneton, West, Va., has been subject to attacks of colic about once a year, and would have to call a doctor and then suffer for about twelve hours as much as some do when they die.

Remember New Brunswick Rubbers are the Best. Wholesale by Warren Boot & Shoe Co., Boston, Mass.

Dog Eating in Mexico. The dog meat business continues, despite the stern examples that have been made of its vendors. A policeman seized a man named Genaro Perez, passing through the alley of Los Gachupines...

It is related that Baron de Rothschild of Paris once called Guzman Blanco the richest man in the world. When the Venezuelan dictator protested against the compliment, Rothschild retorted: "You are surely the richest man in the world, for who else has estates comprising 600,000 square miles of territory?"



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It overcomes pain at once, and by invigorating the great vital centers it enables them, by again performing their natural functions to dispel all false secretions from the body, while at the same time it purifies and counteracts all existing poisons in the blood.

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St. J. & L. C. R. R. Time Table. Table with columns for stations (M'ville, Hyde Park, Way, Express, Mail) and times for various routes.

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