

TRIAL FOR LIFE

"I thank your ladyship," Laura said. "There is nothing I require for my comfort; and, for my happiness, I fear it would be unjust to compel poor Jones to provide for that," she added, mentally.

Then, bidding her ladyship good morning, she retired from her presence. In the outer hall, she found herself waylaid by another footman, with Sir Vincent's respects to her, and a request that she would favor him with a few moments' conversation in the library.

Again Laura smiled to herself, thinking: "If the baronet is no more alive to his paternal duties than her ladyship, this interview will be a mere form."

She was shown into the richly-furnished library, filled with the treasures of literature, science and art of two centuries of accumulation, and lighted by one tall, Gothic window of stained glass, that diffused "a dim, religious light" throughout the vast room. In a rich, antique chair, beside a writing-table, in the center of the room, sat a tall, stout, very handsome man, aged about forty-five. Regular and well-chiselled features, dark grey eyes, heavy black eyebrows, a large, well-formed nose, and a full, handsome mouth, were all framed in by a luxuriant growth of shining black hair and whiskers.

On seeing Miss Elmer, he arose with a stately courtesy, and placed a chair for her, saying, as he handed her to her seat: "I requested the favor of your company here, Miss Elmer, that I might consult with you upon the subject of your new pupils."

Laura bowed and waited his further speech. "You have, I presume, just left Lady Lester?"

"Yes, Sir Vincent."

"The delicate constitution, and the numerous social responsibilities of her ladyship, prevent her from giving that attention to her children that she would otherwise."

The baronet paused. He seemed anxious to defend his wife, and in reference to her children, yet unable to do so with truth. At length he said: "You have seen your future pupils?"

"I have seen them."

"I hope that, notwithstanding their very neglected condition, you find them not unpromising subjects."

"Decidedly not. They seem to me to be unusually gifted, though somewhat undisciplined," said Laura, with a smile, adding: "However, I should have informed you, sir, that I have had little experience in children, never having filled the situation of governess before."

The baronet looked up in surprise, then, drawing toward him an open letter that lay upon the table, and referring to it, he said: "Ah, yes, Dr. Seymour has written Miss Elmer under the necessity of seeking a situation in life for which she was not brought up, yet for which her moral and intellectual qualifications eminently fit her. I must console with your misfortunes, and at the same time I congratulate myself and my children, Miss Elmer."

Laura bowed and remained silent. The baronet then went over the list of studies that he wished his children to pursue, and in conclusion, said: "I hope you will allow me to look into your schoolroom, sometimes, Miss Elmer, to aid you by such counsels as my somewhat longer and more intimate acquaintance with your pupils might suggest," said the baronet, smiling.

"My inexperience will thank you, sir," and seeing that the interview was closed, she was about to rise, when the door swung slowly open, and a figure glided in that immediately arrested her attention.

It was that of a young woman of about twenty years of age, who would have been beautiful but for the deadly pallor of her thin face, that looked still more ghastly white in contrast with the raven blackness of her hair, eyebrows and large wild eyes and her dress of deep mourning.

The baronet started, changed countenance, and arose to his feet, and advanced to meet her. But she glided toward him, extending her thin, white arms, clasping her transparent hands, and fixing her wild, black eyes in an agony of supplication upon his face.

"Helen, why are you here. What is this?" he inquired in a deep and smothered voice as he took her hand, and led her, unconscious from the room.

"Feeling it to be impossible to follow them, Laura Elmer retained her seat for a few moments at the end of which

time the baronet re-entered the library in a state of agitation almost frightful to behold. The veins of his forehead were swollen out like blue cords, his nostrils were dilated and quivering, his lips grimly clenched, his cheeks highly flushed, his dark eyes contracted and glittering, his large frame shaking. He evidently struggled to suppress the exhibition of his emotions as he resumed his seat, and trembling, dropped his face upon his hands.

Laura Elmer felt painfully the awkwardness of her position. It was impossible to speak to him, and nearly equally impossible to withdraw without doing so, while it seemed indelicate to remain and witness the strong emotions that he so evidently tried to conceal.

At length, seeing him deeply absorbed in his own feelings, she softly arose, with the intention of gliding from the room, when the baronet, somehow perceiving her purpose, abruptly started forward, saying, "I beg your pardon, Miss Elmer," opened the door, and courteously held it open until she passed out.

Laura Elmer retraced her steps to the schoolroom. As she entered she was warmly greeted by the smiles of her young charges, who assured her that they had conscientiously occupied the time of her absence in devotion to their studies.

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"You, Miss Elmer, as we remember the old condition of no lessons in the schoolroom, no drive out in the park," said Miss Lester.

Laura looked up inquiringly and learned from the explanation that expected to take her pupils for a daily afternoon drive in the park and that they were now quite ready to recite their lessons and prepare for their training.

Laura Elmer felt no sort of objection to this arrangement, and as soon thereafter, as the lessons were faithfully despatched, the young ladies' carriage was ordered, and they drove out.

The park was as usual at this hour of the day, filled with a brilliant crowd in open carriages of every description, intermingled with gay and noble equestrian figures. Laura Elmer observed her pupils drive through the park even more than her pupils did, since to her the scene was as new as it was interesting.

Presently: "There is Ruthven," exclaimed Miss Lester, as a young gentleman, mounted on a spirited horse, rode up to the side of the carriage, and, lifting his hat and bowing, he said: "Well, young ladies, I hope you are enjoying your drive?"

"Excellently well, Miss Elmer, this is our elder brother, Ruthven," said Miss Lester.

The young gentleman, smiling at this very informal presentation, bowed, and hoped Miss Elmer was well, and not too much incommoded by his unmanageable sisters.

Miss Elmer reassured Mr. Lester upon that point, and in doing so, for the first time looked at him.

It was a fine looking young man, very much like his father, having the same tall and well-proportioned frame, though much less stout than that of the baronet; and the same dark eyes, and heavy eyebrows, and regular features, surrounded by jet black hair and also whiskers, though his face was less full, and his countenance less mature, than that of the elder man. He rode beside the carriage, conversing gaily with his sisters for some time, and then suddenly inquired: "Is her ladyship out to-day?"

"I am sure I don't know. I have not seen mamma for a week," replied Miss Lester.

"And poor Helen?" inquired the young man, lowering his voice.

"Hush! for mercy's sake! You frighten me," replied his sister, in the same low voice, and with changing cheek, and trembling voice.

The young man sighed deeply, and murmuring, inaudibly, "Her name was banished from each ear. Like words of wantonness and fear," turned and rode sadly away.

A strange, terrified silence fell upon the little party, which lasted until they returned home. After an early tea and supper, Laura Elmer retired to bed, and thus ended the first day of her new phase of life.

Ferdinand Cassinove took his way to Grosvenor Square, where he arrived at about midday. After sending in his card, he was invited to walk up into the library, and was immediately shown into the presence of Sir Vincent Lester, who arose courteously to receive him. Placing a chair for his visitor, he said: "I answered your advertisement in the Times, Mr. Cassinove, inviting you to

call upon me here, because I judge that a quicker and more satisfactory arrangement might be concluded in a personal interview than through an epistolary correspondence."

Ferdinand bowed in assent, and took the offered seat. "Should we come to terms, Mr. Cassinove, your principal charge will be the education of my son, Percy, a youth of some twelve years of age. You will also be required to give lessons in Greek, and Latin to my two younger daughters. Can you undertake so much?" inquired the baronet.

"Certainly, Sir Vincent. 'The whole task is by no means a heavy one," said Ferdinand, smiling.

"I trust you will find it as light as you anticipate," answered the baronet, with a smile. Cassinove bowed.

"I hope it meets your views," said Ferdinand, smiling.

"Abundantly, Sir Vincent," replied Ferdinand, to whom the salary offered seemed to be a very liberal one.

"I have now, therefore, only to introduce you to your pupils, if you will be kind enough to accompany me to the schoolroom. James, go before and announce us," said the baronet, rising, and leading the way.

Upon entering the schoolroom, Miss Lester and Master Percy were found to be his only occupants.

"Where is your governess, my dear?" inquired their father.

"In the music-room, giving Lucy her lessons," replied Miss Lester, and at the same time a sweet voice was heard rehearsing some of the pieces that were to be heard in the schoolroom.

The baroness presented their tutor to the young people.

Cassinove had scarcely greeted his pupils when, raising his eyes, he stood face to face with the goddess of his worship—Laura Elmer.

The blood rushed to his brow, his strong frame trembled; he bowed low to conceal the agitation he could not control.

"Miss Elmer, Mr. Cassinove, my son's new tutor," said the baronet, with a smile.

"I have met Mr. Cassinove before," replied Laura, with a smile, as she offered her hand.

Ferdinand barely touched that white hand, bowed low over it as though it had been the hand of a queen. To him, indeed, she was ever a queen. To him, all her worldly glory, she had lost no single ray of that halo which her noble womanhood was surrounded. Thus it had been the hand of a queen, though ordered to be the hand of a governess.

"Ah, you have met before!" observed the baronet, glancing from the smiling face of Laura to the agitated countenance of Cassinove, in a tone and with a look of slight vexation as strange as it was certain.

Then, recovering his usual air of calm and stately courtesy, he said: "But we will not further trespass upon Miss Elmer," and bowing, led the way from the schoolroom back to the library.

It was arranged that the orphan should come the next day and enter upon his duties, and Ferdinand Cassinove returned to his humble lodgings to prepare for his change of residence.

As he entered the small shop, he found Mrs. Russel wringing her hands in distress, and the children crying around her. The shelves were dismantled and the drawers open and rifled.

"Why, what is the matter?" hastily inquired Cassinove, in surprise.

"Oh, Mr. Cassinove! Oh, sir!" was all that the sobbing woman could reply.

"What has occurred?" again inquired the young man.

"Oh, Mr. Cassinove! Oh, sir! and the rent due to-day!" cried the widow.

"Oh, it's an execution!" said the young man, in a tone of compassion.

"An execution? Lord, no, indeed, sir; if I were only that I might have met the costs!"

"Then you have been robbed!" exclaimed Cassinove, in dismay.

"Yes, sir. While I was out, and the children left alone, a man came and said he was sent by the orphan asylum to buy all the stock. The children did not suspect him, and he helped himself to everything, and drove away in a cart."

"Do you know the man?" inquired Cassinove.

"Who is he?"

"I dare not tell you. Oh, Mr. Cassinove, there are troubles in this world of which one must never speak, upon which no eye but that of God must ever look. Mine is such a one as that. You came in and found my house made desolate and myself and children weeping in the midst of our ruin. It is not the first time that such a disaster has visited me, and it may not be the last; but if you had not come in and discovered our calamity, you never should have known it."

"But your business is for the present broken up. What can you do? And, now, can I help you?"

"I think you, Mr. Cassinove. But one thing I beg of you—to see the agent of my landlord and get a little time," said the widow, gratefully.

"And who is he, Mrs. Russel?"

"Mr. Noakes, the city agent of Sir Vincent Lester, who owns this block of buildings."

"Sir Vincent Lester! Oh, I shall be able to manage the affair easily!" exclaimed Cassinove, brightening up, for he immediately resolved to pledge his salary and services in securing for the widow's rent. "So you may begin to pack up as soon as you please, while I go and seek an interview with Sir Vincent Lester," he concluded, seizing his hat, and hurrying away to escape the widow's fervent gratitude.

"God bless and prosper you, sir!" burst impulsively from the lips of the young man, as he read this.

"God bless and prosper you all!" said the baronet, smiling and holding out his hand.

Cassinove bowed and pressed it fervently, and then left the house and hastened to carry the good news to Mrs. Russel.

He found the poor woman in the midst of her packing. He handed her the receipt, and explained to her that it was a free gift from Sir Vincent Lester.

Poor Mrs. Russel wept with gratitude. Cassinove then divided his little stock of money, and forced one-half of it upon her as a loan.

The same afternoon Mrs. Russel found another little house in an obscure part of the city, to which, upon the next day, she removed.

Cassinove, who had remained helping her to the last, finally bade her adieu, as he handed her into the cab that was to convey her and her children to their new home. Then he entered the schoolroom, had kept in waiting, and was driven to Grosvenor Square, to commence his new career as a private tutor.

He was received by the baronet, who courteously installed him in a spacious room adjoining the library, that had been fitted up as a study for himself and his pupil.

It was informed that he should dine at two o'clock with Master Percy, the little ladies and their governess, and that the party were to accompany him to the party meals together in the sitting-room adjoining the little ladies' schoolroom.

Oh, joy! he would then be sure of meeting Laura Elmer at least three times a day. How could he be so unwilling to undergo for the delight of seeing Laura thrice a day!

Accordingly, at two o'clock they met at dinner. It was but a little party of five, Laura, the little girls, Cassinove and Percy. No countenance was first ordained and anxious for the credit of his cloth could have been more circum-spect in manner, looks and conversation than Ferdinand Cassinove.

And, as Laura Elmer observed him, his face appeared to her to be strangely interested. She wondered where he had been that circumstance of extreme interest what circumstances had been, that she had seen that noble face before. She recollected the vague recollection of a young man, bourn Castle, in a residence upon Colonel Hastings; but that was not the scene that continued so vaguely, yet so persistently, haunting her imagination like some half-remembered dream. Suddenly the circumstances she was in search of flashed upon her mind. It was the dream she had had the first night she had slept in Lester House—the dream in which a man, bearing Cassinove's form in his features, had been ever at her side, through scenes of the most beautiful, brightness and joy, and whose hand had at last replaced upon her brow the lost coronet of Swinburne. Laura Elmer, as she recollected this fantastic dream, smiled at the vagaries of her imagination that had mixed up the prosperity of her guardian's amusements with the wild vision of a restless night, and she drew no auguries from it. She looked up again at the face and read there what it was that had excited her fancy, and she dreamed to meet those of Cassinove fixed full upon her face. Both dropped their eyes, blushing deeply as with a sudden consciousness, and soon after Miss Elmer gave the signal for rising from the table.

Cassinove and his pupil retired, and then the young ladies passed into the adjoining schoolroom.

Laura had scarcely seated herself among her pupils before a servant appeared with a request from Sir Vincent that Miss Elmer would grant him a few minutes' conversation in the drawing-room.

Laura immediately arose and went thither. She found Sir Vincent pacing up and down the floor, with signs of serious disturbance upon his face and manner. He came immediately to meet her, and took her hand, and led her to a chair, and seating himself near her, said, with much embarrassment: "My dear Miss Elmer, I have taken the liberty of requesting your presence here to-day, for the purpose, with your kind permission, of making you a confidante, and asking you a favor."

Laura bowed and awaited his further words.

"In your first interview with me, in this room, you must have observed a young man of peculiar appearance who came in for a moment and whom I met and led out again."

"Yes, sir, I observed her."

(To be continued.)

How Hares and Rabbits Run. Interesting figures on the relative agility of hares and rabbits are given in a recent volume by J. G. Millin.

"When running at ease," he says, "the length of the hare's stride is about four feet, but under conditions of fear it leaps extended to ten and twelve feet, while some authors claim that it can jump ten ditches twenty to twenty-five feet in width. Perpendicularly, a hare can jump over a five-foot wall, but seems to be nonplussed by one of only six feet. The stride of the rabbit is about two feet; when necessary it can make leaps of six or seven feet horizontally. About three feet is the highest that a rabbit can attain, even when helped by the asperities of a stone wall."

Mr. Millin tells how rabbits swim—when compelled to: "They swim with the head held as high as possible, while the hocks of the hind legs appear above the elements of the water. The shoulders and front part of the body are buried beneath the water, while the rump and tail are high and dry."

New York Tribune.

TORTURING SCIATICA.

A Severe Case Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Fierce darting pains—pains like red hot needles being driven through the flesh—in the thigh; perhaps down the legs to the ankles—that's sciatica. None but the victim can realize the torture.

But the sufferer need not grow discouraged. There is a cure—a sure cure in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills make new blood, this new blood feeds and strengthens the nerves and frees them from pain. The pain is banished to give way to health.

Mr. B. Maclean, a prosperous farmer near Brockville, Ont., has been cured of a severe case of sciatica and wishes other sufferers to hear of his cure that they may benefit by his experience. He says: "For upwards of five years I was a perpetual sufferer from sciatica. In the morning while getting up I would be seized with agonizing pain in my hips. Sometimes these pains extended down one leg, sometimes down the other; often down both. The pain was terrible. Imagine the agony caused by the sharp spike being driven through the flesh. That was just my feeling when the sciatica was at its worst. Often while carrying water to the horses the pain became so acute I had to drop the pail in the middle of the yard. I followed doctor's treatment, but with slight relief. I then tried rheumatic plasters and liniments, but these did not help me at all. Then I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. At first they did not seem to help me, but as they had been so highly recommended I persisted in the change in my condition. The pain became less severe; I felt stronger and my appetite improved. I think I used the pills about four or five months before I was completely cured, but though that was two years ago I have not since had the slightest return of sciatica. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a marvelous medicine, and so does my wife, who used them as a blood builder. She says they are equal, and never wearies of praising them to her friends."

Good blood is the secret of health—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the secret of good blood. That is why they cure sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, heart palpitation, indigestion and the ailments common to women and growing girls. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

When Pa Comes Home at Night. I wish my Pa was nice and good, Like Willie Williams' Pa, And would not carry on so high An' talk so rough to ma. For she just does the best she can For she make our home seem bright, An' always at the gate to greet us when he comes home at night.

She bends above the kitchen stove An' cooks his evening meal, An' lights the lamp when shadows round Our home begin to steal. She smooths her hair, an' then puts on An' apron clean an' white; An' on her face there is a smile When Pa comes home at night.

But when he comes, it seems as though The light turns into gloom; He starts to growling just as soon As he gets in the room. An' I, I, the leastest thing, Or try to mix things right, I always get a licking sure, When Pa comes home at night.

Sometimes he comes home staggering, His face all puffed an' red; The smell of whiskey in his breath, No hat upon his head. "Get out o' my way!" he calls to me, An' I just shake with fright; I know my hours of play are done When Pa comes home at night.

An' oftentimes he strikes poor ma A cruel, wicked blow, An' curses her until out in; The cold she has to go. An' yet, with all she's good to him, An' always burns a light To guide him up the winding path When he comes home at night.

I guess some day I'll be a man An' have a wife like Pa. I only hope she'll be as good An' faithful as poor ma. You bet your eyes, I'll not be bad An' want to drink an' fight; I'll always have a kiss for her, When I come home at night.

—Charles A. Jones.

SAFETY FROM THE EVIL EYE. Charms Worn by Italians in Order to Secure Immunity. It is usually when American women are traveling in Italy that they first become interested in evil eye charms. In July the aristocracy still protects itself from the evil eye, and the multitude is still devoted to the little evil eye charms to secure immunity from disaster.

The true evil eye charm of the Italians is in the shape of a tiny hand, the index and the little finger being pointed out and the third and fourth fingers being held down by the thumb. The charm, however, is merely a representation of the way the Italian holds his hand. When pointed outward he wishes to cast the evil eye on an enemy, or when turned toward himself he thinks to protect himself from its malicious spell.

This little charm can be bought in Italy of various materials, coral, tortoise shell, silver, and gold being the ones in highest favor. The coral charms are those worn by the poorer classes, since of a cheap grade of the material they can be bought for a few sous. Naturally the aristocracy prefer the more costly charms, and these are made of gold. In Italian money these tiny things cost the equivalent of about 80 cents. Sometimes they are seen exquisitely modeled, the fingers and nails being carefully chiseled as marble statues.

Another small hand, that the Italian wears as a charm is known as the Manu Pantha, a facsimile of which is to be found in the museum of Rome. It is referred to in various Egyptian papyri and, indeed, was worn by the ancients to prevent disease and witchcraft, and the evil eye from taking hold of them and to induce love and amiability.

This hand has the thumb, the index and the middle fingers held out in a straight line, while the other two are turned under toward the palm of the

hand. Instead of being smooth on its outer surface, as is the evil eye hand, it is covered with many mystical symbols—a tooth, a serpent, and so on. Each of these little signs has its peculiar charm and is well understood and heeded among the Italians to-day as formerly among old Egyptian magicians.

The third small hand which the Italians wear for their supposed protection is the so-called Manu Pontificus, or the hand of the Holy Father. It shows the four fingers held out closely together, and the thumb alone is curved under the palm of the hand. As the Manu Pantha, it is covered on the outside with mystical signs.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THEY LIVED STILTED LIVES. Residents in Turpentine Districts of France Have Peculiar Existence. People live on sixteen-foot stilts in the remarkable turpentine-growing country of France. They do these stilts after breakfast and do not remove them again until it is time for bed.

There are two reasons for the wearing of stilts in the turpentine country. One is the turpentine gathering. The other is the herding of the great flocks. The turpentine comes from the magnum pine. This tree is tapped, a shingle is inserted and from the shingle is hung a tiny bucket, into which the turpentine drips. The tapping process is like that used on the American sugar maple. Young pine trees are tapped low, with each year's passage the incision is made higher, so that it is not long before most of the trees are tapped twenty or thirty feet from the ground.

Hence the huge stilts, the workmen. On these stilts they traverse the flat country, covering five or six yards with each stride, and quickly and easily they collect the turpentine that overflows the little buckets hanging high up in the trees.

It is for herding also that the stilts are useful. The country is very flat and the herdsmen unless he continually climbed a tree would be unable to keep all the members of his huge flock in sight. But, striding about on his stilts, he commands a wide prospect. He is always, as it were, upon a hill.

The stilt-wearers carry a fifteen-foot staff with a round, flat top like a dinner plate. When it is lunch time or when they are tired they plant upright upon the ground the staff and sit on its round, flat top. Then in comfort, seated so dizzily high, they eat and rest and chat—a strange sight to behold.

CHILDHOOD AILMENTS. As a remedy for all the ills of childhood arising from derangements of the stomach or bowels, Baby's Own Tablets have no equal. You do not have to coax or threaten your little ones to take them. The ease with which they can be given as compared with liquid medicines will appeal to every mother. None is spilled or wasted—you know just how big a dose has reached the little stomach. And above all mothers have an absolute guarantee that the Tablets contain no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. They always do good, they can not possibly do harm. Mr. Edward Donovan, St. Agatha, Que., says: "I am delighted with Baby's Own Tablets. I know of no medicine that can equal them in curing the ills of young children." You can get the Tablets from any druggist, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Most Expensively Clad Boys. As a rule boys are not disposed to be overdone in their dress but a lad whose Sunday suit costs some \$200 and is of so striking a character that it is considered unsafe for him to walk abroad in it alone might be excused for being a trifle "stuck up" in this connection.

Yet in London every Sunday there are ten boys who are thus expensively and brilliantly habited. They are the ten chorists belonging to His Majesty's chapel in St. James' Palace, and truly gorgeous are they when arrayed in their "State suits."

Scarlet cloth is the foundation of the costume and bands of royal purple between rows of heavy old lace are the adorning of it. Grandest of all, old lace ruffles are worn at the neck and cuffs, but these are so valuable and difficult to replace that it must be a special occasion to warrant their being donned, white lawn bands being substituted as a general thing.

A boy has to exercise great care over his State suit, for it must last him three years, while his undress suit is replaced every eight months.

The choir of this royal chapel is one of the historical institutions of England and many of its old time customs, including the dress of the boys, are retained to this day. It has numbered among its singers Sir Arthur Sullivan, Edward Lloyd, Sir John Goss, Dr. E. J. Hopkins, the veteran organist of the Temple Church, and many other famous British musicians.

Some curious Customs, peculiar to St. James' chorists, may be mentioned. The most interesting of these is the right of the head boy to demand one guinea as "spur money," from any officer entering the chapel wearing spurs. It is related that when Sir Arthur Sullivan was head boy the Duke of Wellington would always come to the chapel in his spurs, in order to have the pleasure of paying the forfeit to his favorite chorist.

Birds the Friends of Farmers. Interest in the protection of bird life has spread rapidly in the United States. Number of States have enacted laws making it unlawful to trim hedges with birds or wings. The wanton killing has reached a point where American birds were actually in danger of extermination. The great majority of women whose love of display had led them to purchase bird-trimmed hats have joined in the movement when the wholesale slaughter has been brought to their attention. Not alone on aesthetic grounds should the birds be protected. They are with few exceptions useful friends of the farmers. Agriculturists, too, promote the protection of birds, and the fruit is checked by little bills, give no credit for the myriads of insect pests destroyed by the feathered marauders. They see the small damage but overlook the great good done by the birds.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Nursing baby?

It's a heavy strain on mother.

Her system is called upon to supply nourishment for two.

Some form of nourishment that will be easily taken up by mother's system is needed.

Scott's Emulsion contains the greatest possible amount of nourishment in easily digested form.

Mother and baby are wonderfully helped by its use.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00

