ing guard, and before the ruffian could utter a cry of warning Neville's bullet had penetrated his heart and he leaped

up at the sound of the shot.

With an oath he struck his horse and

rectly at him.
"Shoot him, some of you!" cried Lav-

"Shoot him!" he yelled again, ducking

his head.

At that moment one of the gang uttered a warning cry, and Lavarick's horse, already startled, turned round

and sped away.

Neville staggered into range, and knelt on one knee to take better aim. Then he hesitated, and groaned. If he should miss Lavarick and hit Sylvia. The dread

scribe.

Then in that moment, as he saw her

Then he fell forward on his face and

CHAPTER XIII.

the same instant the rest of the vigi-

And he sprang into his saddle. "Steady, boys,' he said, in a low voice Let no man fire till he gets the word

go for 'em. They're on ahead.'

Utterly regardless of the overhanging branches and the thick undergrowth,

Lorrimore urged his horse on at full

The captain also saw him, and putting his hand to his mouth, shouted:

whole gang's here, and the fun's begun.
A volley of bullets corroborated hi

assertion, and one of the vigilantes fell from his saddle.

Lord Lorrimore's blood was up;

could see before him, in the space be-tween the trees, the ranger riding for dear life. Between him and them stretch-

and the gallant beast rose and cleared the hollow like a bird on the wing. As

had dared to run the risk of shooting

men charged forward.

They rode forward quickly but cau-tiously. The sound of firing had ceased, but suddenly there rose from the dense

tillness of the wood a piercing, heart

paralyzed him.
She read his fear in his face.

recovered the weapon.

He snarled like a hyena.

the moonlight's glare.

Neville collected a mass of dead leaves, swung it round toward Neville. Then he stopped the moonlight glittered on the barrel of Neville's revolver, aimed di-Neville collected a mass of dead leaves, which plentifully strewed the ground, and made of them a rude bed for his companion. He had to use persuasion to induce her to rest on this primitive couch, but at length she assented, and

upon her.
Silently he watched the fair sleeper. and incoherent murmurings presently escaped her. Evidently she was in the

He bent down and heard his name breathed by her parted lips.

she smiled.

Neville was touched.
"Poor little Syl!" he murmured.
Dreaming of me! Well, who else has she "Dreaming of me! Well, who else has sne to dream of? I'm the only one she's and mysterious deportment had enacted a heroic part against some ruffians. The description answered that of Neville, and with the hope of at least finding a olue to his abiding place Lorrimore took the next steamer for Australia. In due time he reached Ballarat, and found little difficulty in making his way thence

got in the world. Lord, I wish we out of this! I was out of this! I was wrong to risk it! I ought to have waited for a party or an escort. What would all the gold in the world be worth if anything

His question was answered the mom-He did not fall, but staggered against tree, and there, unable to move, stood holding out his hand with a look on his it was uttered. For in that moment heard a cracklingof the bushes behe heard a crackingor the face, with a cry on his lips, of concentrated agony which no words can de

ing blow on the head.

He fired, but in the moment of blind-ness caused by the blow, and in an in-stant felt himself seized and his arms forced behind his back.

Then in the next flash of time he saw

borne away from him, he learned how dear she was to him. "Sylvia! Sylvia!" rang through the a dozen men surrounding them— saw Sylvia, awakened by the report of the revolver, spring to her feet to be seized by one of the ruffians.

"Jack" woods, and her answering cry came back, "Jack! Jack!"

Ine cry rose in the silence of the night, and went like a knife to Neville's heart. He tugged and tore at the cords which bound him like a madman.

And at his futile efforts there rose a procking lands. He was out with them one night in quest of the villainous rangers, and The cry rose in the silence

which bound him like a madman.

And at his futile efforts there rose a mocking laugh. At a little distance was Lavarick on horseback.

"Hold the girl tight!" he said. "Don't hurt her!" for Sylvia was fighting with the man who held her as a wild cat fights, as a tigress about to be torn from her cubs fights, with teeth and hands, and the sum of pistol shots. He was aroused the man who held her had difficulty. and the man who held her had difficulty

and the man who held her had difficulty to keep her in his grasp. "Don't hurt her, but silence that young hound."

One of the ruffians struck Neville across the forehead and his head fell forward.

An awful cry rose from Sylvia's pale lips.

"No! no!" she shrieked. "Don't—don't will him! I will go! I will go quietly, sir."

And he sprang into his saddle.

kill him! I will go! I will go quietly, sir,"
And she let her hands fall to her side,

her eyes fixed on Neville.

"You'd better!" snarled Lavarick.

"Now, boys, search him. The stuff's on

him somewhere. Look sharp!"
A couple of men tore Neville's shirt open and cutting the strings of the bag which held his gold, held it up with a

"Here you are, guv'nor!"
"Right!" said Lavarick. "Now bring the girl here. Keep quiet, young lady, or And he pointed his revolver at the unconscious Neville.

unconscious Neville.

Syvlia stretched out her hand to Lavarie imploringly.

"No! No! I will! —I will go where

you like! Only—only—don't hurt him! Oh, Jack, Jack! Let me—oh, let me take him with me. You won't leave him there Lavarick looked down at her distort-

ed face with a fiendish malice.
"Oh, you're humble enough now, young lady!" he said, with a smile.

"Yes—yes!" she moaned. "Remember,
I—I pleaded for you!"

"Because I wasn't worth killing. Oh,
I don't forget!" he retorted, with an angry twist of his cast eye.

Sylvia shuddered; she read the pitiless
free ell too distinctly, but still she

face all too distinctly; but still she pleaded.
"Take him with you!" she moaned. "Take him with you!" she moaned.

As if they were racers who had been waiting for the word "go," the excited

the gold—"
Lavarick laughed and pointed to the two men near Neville. They were gloat-

ing over the open bag. "You young idiot! We've got your gold

speed, though, indeed, the animal, with a horse's quick instinct, was aware that "He shall give you more, I-I. Oh, have it was chasing something, and needed no urging. Presently they heard the sound of horses in front of them, and pity, have mercy. I never harmed you, nor her! He spared your life—spare his!" Lavarick frowned down at her. Lorrimore's heart gave a bound as he Enough of this tomfoolery saw one of the rangers tearing through

she did not resist; I averick's revolver was still pointed at Neville.

"Now," he said, "just quist that infernal young scamp for good, and come children. Be alive."

One of the men with the bag glanced "Will show 'em we mean business, and the captain, grimly. "We'll show 'em we mean business, and the captain, grimly."

One of the men with the bag glanced ly.

Neville.

Neville.

As he spoke a built Lorrimore's ear.

"He's quiet enough," he growled, full Lorrimore's ear.

"Lie low, sir," said the captain. "The "Lie low, sir," said the fun's begun."

A wail rose from Sylvia's white lips.
All but the two men near Neville had already mounted, and of those two one sprang on to his horse. The other was about to follow also, when sud. denly, with a superhuman cff. rt—that effort which despair and madness alone can make-Neville broke the badly

nade rope which bound him.

He had recovered consciousness some w minutes before, but had been in apable of movement.

As the rope strained and cracked he lung himself forward on his revolver. few minutes before, but had been in-capable of movement.

flung himself forward on his revolver, which lay at his feet. The two men told off to guard and search him had been too engrossed by the plunder to notice him, but not so swiftly that Lorrimore sure her.

had dared to run the risk of shooting He had forgoten all about the fight

He clutched the revolver, and stepped something lying nerses the saddle. In sc engressed was he by Sylvia, but he

a moment he realized that the something was a woman, and he would have fired if he had dared to run the risk of shooting her instead of the man . There was nothing for it but to give chase and

Lavarick was mounted on the best horse belonging to the gang and the animal was fresh, whereas that ridden by Lorrimore was rather jaded. But Lor-rimore had not ridden steeplechases without learning that it is not always the best horse that wins. He pulled up for an instant, took the line Lavarick was going, saw that he was striking for the plain, and, making a slight detour, emerged from the wood at the same time as Lavarick, but of course at a different

It was now an open race. Lavarick looked round, scanned the horse and rider pursuing him, and, drawing his revolver, levelled it at Lorrimore, but, hampered by his lifeless burden and the pace at which he was going, he could not take acurate aim, and no harm was done. It would be very difficult to tell what it cost Lorrimore to refrain from send-ing a bullet into the scoundrel's back, but the Englishman's repugnance to shooting a man from behind held his hand, and he contented himself with riding as

arick.

As he spoke, Sylvia snatched the revolver out of his hand and pulled the trigger. She must have killed Lavarick, for the revolver touched against his chest, but unfortunately the barrel had and he contented himself with riding as rapidly as possible.

A hideous din of firing and yelling sounded behind him, but Lorrimore scarcely heard it; it was this man with the helpless woman in his grasp whom he wanted and meant to have.

The plain was not of very great extent, and Lorrimore saw a dark line of trees which formed the entrance to a wood similar to that which they had turned to an empty chamber, and before she could fire again Lavarick had

wood similar to that which they had just left. It was to this Lavarick was making, and if he could only gain it he would be able to put into practice a favorite dodge. He intended to dismount, turn his horse loose, and hide himself and Sylvia in the undergrowth, counting upon Lord Lorrimore following the riderless horse.

He knew that he was better mounted "Shoot, Jack, shoot!" rose from her and an evil smile twisted his ugly mouth, but the smile disappeared as he heard the thud, thud of the pursuer's horse white lips.

He fired instantly, but his fear had spoiled his aim. The bullet whizzed past Lavarick's head.

With a laugh of triumph and exultation Lavarick turned and fired.

The bullet struck Neville in the leg.

They drew nearer the dark outline of the wood. Lorrimore, though he guessed nothing of Lavarick's intended subterfuge, felt somehow that he must stop the man before he left the plain.

By this time Lorrimore was almost

enjoying himself, and he would have been at the height of enoymentj—for a man hunt is, of all things, the most ex-citing—but that the sight of the helpless figure lying across Lavarick's saddle so

bered him with anxiety.

He was gaining still, though slightly and wild exultation rose within him as he saw that the double burden was beginning to tell upon the ranger's horse. Lavarick knew that his horse was fail-ing, and he ground his teeth and swore as he savagely dug his spurs into the animal's reeking sides.

The horse made a spurt but it was only a spurt, and Lavarick knew that he must be overtaken before he could reach the wood. He looked down at Sylvia and back at the prisoner. That he should be hung within, say, twenty-four hours of his capture he knew was as certain as that the moon was shining above him. A string of curses flowed from his lips and with one hand he tried to open Sylvia's dress at the throat, but she was lying face downward and without stopping the horse it was impossible to

LOTTIMOTE was drawing nearer and nearer; Lavarick could almost feel the rope around his throat. Suddenly, with an oath which expressed his disappointment and impotent rage, he pulled up and dropped Sylvia from the saddle. The horse, relieved of part of its burden, dashed forward with respect to the saddle. Lord Lorrimore's heart stood still as

he saw the girl fall, and in an instant was set up within his breast the pro-blem, Which should he do. Follow the The blood started to Lord Lorrimore's up, fired a shot at the flying man, then leaped from his horse and bent over Sylvia. The moon shone full upon her white, upturned face, and he was startled to find that what he had taken for a face.
"Great Heaven!" he said. "That's a woman's voice."
"You're right, sir, it is!" assented the woman was but a young girl. He rosed her head upon his knee and tried to "For God's sake, let us ride on!" exour some brandy from his flask through

The captain held up his hand.
"No hurry, sir," he said, with the colness of a man accustomed to such her clenched teeth.

The sight of her youth and beauty and the terror which. "What I want to do is to take them

unconscious, was depicted on the lovely face touched him to the heart.

What should he do. He called inully for help, but in his headlong race he had crossed the plain and left the wood from which they had started far behind, and his cry met with no response. by surprise. I've laid myself out to haul these fellows into Wildfall alive. They shall have a fair trial and as much jus tice as they can hold."

Lorrimore held his chafing horse in and his cry met with no response. He took her in his arms and carried her to his horse. The animal, as if aware that his presence was needed, had stood pant. hand with difficulty.

The captain pulled up presently, and, bending down till his head was below his horse's neck, listened intently. Then he waved his hand to right and left. "Spread yourselves out," he said, "and ing and reeking where Lorrimore had left

and, supporting her so that her head rested on his shoulder, he led the horse slowly and carefully back toward the

As he approached it the captain and a couple of men rode out. They set up a shout of congratulation as they saw Lor rimore, and the captain, pointing to Syl

via, waved his hat.
"Well, sir!" he said, "that was neatest thing in races I've ever seen. I'm clad, right down glad, that you've got the woman, but I'd a been gladder still f you'd dropped that darned skunk as ell He was the captain of the gang Why, bless my heart. It's only a girl., Tut. tut; she ain't dead, sir, is she."
"No, no," said Lorrimore. "I think not.

trust not. Has any one some water."
He lifted Sylvia from the horse and apported her on his knee. A man proluced a water flask and Lorrimore bathed her forehead and tried again to get some brandy through her teeth. He may have succeeded for he fancied that he felt her heart flutter beneath his hand.

"We must get her to the camp as soon as possible." he said.
"Yes, sir." said the captain. "A doctor's what she wants. The poor girl is just dead with fright. Look alive, my men, and let's have a litter."

Three or four men quickly cut down some branches and deftly formed a litter which would not have disgraced an

ambulance society.

Lorrimore laid her gently upon this and covered her with his and the captain's coats, and walked beside her holding her hand, as four men carried her into the wood, for he felt instinctively that should she awake a touch a friendly head might halp to gest.

he did so someone dashed in front of of a friendly hand might help to reas

Another Modern Miracle Paralysis Permanently Cured.

The Sufferer Paralysed From Waist to Feet---Encased in Plaster of Paris for Nine Months .-- Dr. Williams' Pink Pil's Cure After Four Doctors had Failed---The Cure Vouched for by a Well Known

Paralysis, not matter how slight, is a terrible affliction, but to be paralyzed from waist to feet, to be a helpless cripple, totally dependent upon what others do for you, is a condition as wretched as man could possibly bear. Such was the state of Mr. Allan J. McDonald, of Rice Point, P. E.I. For over a year he was a helpless invalid. He was paralyzed from his waist to his feet and for nine months lay in bed encased in a plaster of paris cast. Four of the best doctors in Prince Edward Island were unable to help him and he seem. I made a remarkable change in me. I was able to get out of bed and crawl along the floor on my hands, and knees. Gradually my limbs became stronger. Soon I could walk with the months after I had begun the use of the Pills was totally cured, and once albe to do light work. Now I am as strong as ever I was and can do my work about the farm without his waist to his feet and for nine months lay in bed encased in a plaster of paris cast. Four of the best doctors in Prince Edward Island were unable to pet out of bed and crawl along the floor on my hands, and knees. Gradually my limbs became stronger. Soon I could walk with the amounths after I had begun the use of the Pills was totally cured, and once all to get out of bed and crawl along the floor on my hands, and knees. Gradually my limbs became stronger. Soon I could walk with the amounth after I had begun the use of the Pills was totally cured, and once all to get out of bed and crawl along the floor on my hands, and knees. Gradually my limbs became stronger. Soon I could walk with the aid of cane and in side of nine months after I had begun the use of the Pills was totally cured, and once all to get out of bed and crawl along the floor on the stronger. Soon I could walk with the aid of cane and in side of nine months after I had begun the use of the Pills was totally cured, and once all to get out of bed and crawl along the floor on the stronger. Soon I could walk with the aid of cane and in side of nine months after I had begun the str ter of paris cast. Four of the best doctors in Prince Edward Island were unable to help him and he seemed doomed to a life of misery and despair. But hope came to him when he read of what Dr. William's Pink Pills had done for other sufferers from paralysis. He procured a supply of the Pills and began taking them. Gradually they broke the chains of disease that bound him, and filled his whole body with new blood, life and vigor. Mr. McDonald says:—"I am a farmer and in consequence have a great deal of hard work to do. One day while about my work I inthem. Two young girls who had been cripples and whom I advised to try the Pills. the Pills.

In corroboration of what Mr. McDonald says, the Rev. D. MacLean of Charlottetown, P.E.I., writes:—"I visited Mr. McDonald many times during his illness. He was attended by three or more doctors and put in plaster paris and everything imagin-

them. Gradually they broke the chains of disease that bound him, and filled his whole body with new blood, life and vigor. Mr. McDonald says:—
"I am a farmer and in consequence have a great deal of hard work to do. One day while about my work I injured my hack, but at the time I paid little attention to the injury and continued my work. As time went, on, though, the pain became more severe and I soon found myself unable to lift anything no matter how light. It was not long before I had to stop work altogether and consult a doctor. He treated me but his treatment worse. I had to take to my bed, and in the hope that my spine might receive strength I was encased in a plaster of paris cast. This did not help me and I could feel the paralysis slowly creeping over me till I was stotally paralyzed from my waist to my feet. I lost all control over my bowels and bladder and my legs had no more feeling than if they were made of wood. Three other doctors are sick and the treatment also was a failure, and for over eleven months I lay in bed unable to move. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such apparently hopeless cases as Mr. McDonald's, and it is why they have urred thousands of the world. Sold by all medicine have a great deal of hard work to do. One day while about my work I injured my work in injured my work in the hope that me injury and continued my work. As time I lay in bed unable to move. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such apparently hopeless cases as Mr. McDonald's, and it is why they have urred thousands and thousands of the world. Sold by all medicine had vised and I was shown testimonials of others who had been cared of paralyyou, give Dr. William's Pink Pills a fair trial. They have cured thousands after doctors and other medical treatment had hopelessly failed. These Pills actually make new, rich, red blood, feed the starved nerves and bring health and strength to every part of the body. This is why Dr. William's Pink Pills cure such apparently hopeless cases as Mr. McDonald's, and it is why they have cured thousands and thousands of sick, discouraged people in every part of the world. Sold by all medicine long while, but I can kick like everyblood, feed the starved nerves and bring health and strength to every part of the body. This is why Dr. William's Pink Pills cure such apparently hopeless cases as Mr. McDonald's, and it is why they have cured thousands and thousands of sick, discouraged people in every part of the world. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr.

or. Williams Pink Pills were than advised and I was shown testimonials of others who had been cried of paralysis through them. I bought a supply and in less than three months they looked up suddenly and said to the captain:
"The prisoners have gone on, I suppose?"
"What prisoners?" said the captain,

"What prisoners?" said the captain, dryly.

"The rangers, the men you have taken," said Lorrimore.

"There ain't no prisoners, sir," replied the captain. "I reckon there was eleven of 'em in the gang; two got off, including the gentleman you was after. The rest of 'em lie there," and he pointed to a line of bodies, round which the rest of the vigilants were standing.

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Lorrimore, under his breath.

under his breath under his breath.

"You're disappointed, sir," said the captain, "and so am I, and so will the boys in camp be. We've looked farward to a high old time, with the trial and execution, and the rest of it. We've got a chap made judge already. But there was no help for it; we should have lost the lot if we'd tried to take 'em alive. I'm sorry."

I'm sorry."

I'm sorry."

"Let us go on," he said. "If the poor girl sould come to in this spot with those men lying there——"

The captain understood and nodded. "Go on towards camp with her, boys," he said. "I'll ride on and send a cart to meet you, sir. The rest of the boys will stop here until the burying party comes."

Lorrimore still walked beside the litter, to stop, and bent over her eagerly. She sighed painfully and opened her eyes.

For a moment or two they gazed up at Lorrimore's anxious face with vacant terror, then rose from her lips a faint

(To be continued.) (Chicago Tribune.)

The pimply faced youth had thrown a pop bottle at the umpire.

A policeman grabbed him by the collar, jerked him to his feet and removed his hat.

his hat.

Then he took a tape line from his pocket and measured the fellow's head.

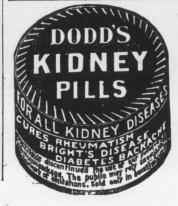
"Size 6," he said. "That lets you off this time, young man. But don't do it again, or back you go to th' 'sylum for the feeble minded."

No more pop bottles were thrown from that particular section of the bleachers that particular section of the bleachers during that particular game.

Up-to-Date. "Is your family physician of the new

or old school? "The newest, I believe."
"What is his distinguishing peculiar-

Small doses and big fees." "What's the matter with him?" "His wife bought a Merry Widow hat and he can't get over it." "Huh! my sweet-heart bought one and I can't get under



WAITING FOR THE WHISTLE. Varied Assemblages of Vehicles That Bank Up at Crossings.

When you drag a net you get all sorts of fishes in it; when at a traffic regu-lated street crossing the policeman holds up his hand there bank up in the halted line along the street all sorts of vehi-

What the major part of these vehicles what the major part of these vehicles may be would depend somewhat on where in the city the policeman stood; but there are streets in the town, thoroughfares of varied traffic, in which the vehicles thus held up might include pretty much everything on wheels, as here now in such a bunch in such a street stood a hearse

stood a hearse.

In the front rank of the halted pro-In the front rank of the haited pro-cession, ranging across the street up by the crossing and waiting for the signal to go on, stood a big Fifth avenue motor stage, and then a double truck, and then a light delivery wagon. In the next rank back stood, behind the stage, a hansom cab, and next to that a hearse, and next to that an automobile touring car, and back of this came other ranks of

and back of this came other ranks of trucks and cabs and wagons and auto-mobiles, until the thort block had thus held up with the hearse standing there in the midst of them.

It had glass panelled sides, through which you could see, resting on the roll-ers within, an oak burial casket; the driver of the hansom cab, on one side, could look down from his high perch could look down hearse upon the casket, while upon the box seat, all in black and with high hats, sat the hearse driver and the un-

dertaker, waiting, like everybody else, for the policeman's whistle. And when that sounded the hearse driver started up his black horses with the rest, the whole waiting bunch seemed to get into motion at once, and in a moment they were passing over the crossing in ranks and detachments, the cabs and the wagons and the automo-biles and the trucks going on their various errands in their various ways with ring, and the hearse follow

THE MUSTARD PEST. How the Farmers Get Rid of a Plague

That Has Cost Millions. "Do results justify the tremendous expenditure of money and effort for adapting science to the ends of agricul-ture?" asks a writer in Outing, and fol-lows the question with this definite an-

were trampled down or derooted for every mustard plant pulled up. The new

ed attention of the agricultural experts to a by-product of their iron and steel

same. It was found that it would not work early in the moining during the dew or after a rain, for the simple readew or after a rain, for the simple rea-son that moisture diluted it too much. Finally a suitable spraying machine was obtained from Germany and the iron sulphate was applied about the third week in June, when mustard was in the third leaf and previous to bloom, and the grain plantlets not yet high in the blade.

"What was the result? The weed was wilted up and burnt as if by fire. The grain blade remained a little blackened but unhurt, for new shoots came on in

Fresh growth.

Now in many western States the oat crop represents a yearly yield to the farmer of from twenty to thirty million dollars. Half that destroyed by mustard represented loss of ten to fifteen millions

ons.
"That amount is practically saved to the farmers' pocket by the discovery of the iron sulphate solution. Multiply that amount by the dozen or more States that are great out growers and the importance of the discovery can be realized."

CUB BEAR'S ADVENTURES.

And the Coming of the Animal With the Long Ears.

The next morning early the little Cub Bear got up and rubbed his eyes with his paws, instead of washing them as

Just then he heard a noise as if some Just then he heard a noise as if some animal were coming, and he ran to the mouth of the den and looked out, and said, "I see the queerest looking animal coming up the path. It has long ears and a great big mouth, and a queer-looking tail, and looks something like a horse," and just then the owl saw the animal and said, "Who-o-o, who-o-ot" and the animal answered "Hee-haw, hee-haw," hee-haw." And the Circus Bear said, "I know who that is. That is a mule. His name is Neddie." Just then Neddie came to the mouth of the den, and the little Cub Bear said, very politely, "Come in, Mr. Neddie;" and he came long while, but I can kick like everythin." The little Cub Bear said, "Well, here is a soft place in the rock. Perhaps if you kick it will fall down and make more room." And Neddie turned around and kicked the rock, and it fell down; and he kicked, and he kicked, and more and he kicked, and he kicked, and more rocks fell down; and he kicked, and more rocks fell down; and he kept on kicking, and more rocks fell down and the bears picked up the rocks and carried them out, and when he got through there was a nice large room, and the little Cub Bear said, "We will call this Neddie's room." That day the bears worked hard trying to find enough to eat for themselves and for all the other animals that were coming to see them, for the little Circus Bear told his father and mother just what kind of

see them, for the little Circus Bear told his father and mother just what kind of things the circus animals liked to sat.

Before he went to bed that night the little Circus Bear said to his father, "I am very glad that my brother was good to Mr. Neddie when he was in the circus, because if he hadn't been maybe he would have kicked me instead of the rocks."—From Curtis D. Wilbur's "The Bear Family at Home" in April St. Nicholas.

SOUND HEALTH

FOR ALL CHILDREN

Disease attacks the little ones through the digestive organs. Baby's Own Tab-lets are the best thing in the world for all stomach and bowel troubles of children. They act quickly and are absolutely safe. If necessary the tablets can be crushed to a powder or dissolved in water. Mrs. Wm. F. Gay, St. Eleanois, P. E. I., says: "I know of nothing of stomach and bowel troubles. I can upon the roof of the hearse; the people in the automobile on the other side could look through the glass side of the Tablets in the house." Sold by medicine Tablets in the house." Sold by medicine Brockville, Ont.

> Beautiful Snow Effects on the Alps. The snow on the upper peaks, like the timber on the lower spurs, is quite an effective destroyer of kinear drawing. The effective destroyer of knear grawing. Ine hard edges and sharp angle-lines are rubbed away, waved into imperceptible billows, or rolled into enormous drifts. The sense of mass is still left, but it is not suggestive of rock foundations. Monte Rosa is one of the most colossal and the dates wet from the top of the of all the Alps, yet from the top of the Gorner Grat it is so indefinite that it is located with some difficulty. Mont Blanc, too, has a shroud of snow about its top that effectually covers the rocks and leaves only an undulating field of

But though these peaks lose some of their rugged mountain character under the snow, they gain in another way. The snow is an intense reflector of light. And swer:

"Wild mustard has been and is yet the curse of the farmer's field. The old method of dealing with the pest was two fold: to summer fallow, plow and harrow the infested field for a season; then when the crop was planted the next year, if the mustard still grue, to have the children wander through the field plucking out the weed by the roots.

"This was a waste of time and grain. the children wander through the field plucking out the weed by the roots.

"This was a waste of time and grain, for little plantlets of oats or barley were trampled down or derooted for white paper. This is the old Impressionist contention of Monet, and scientificially, as well as pictorially; it is true. The snow is its best illustration. For every mustard plant pulled up. The new scientific method is to use no seed that is not guaranteed; if necessary certificated and inspected. But what of the field already infected? And what of fields infected by other weeds quite as noxious as mustard?

"It was in the spring of 1906 that the American Steel and Wire Company called extention of the agricultural experts."

The snow is its best illustration. For, strange as the statement may sound, the snow is really not white. Under the microscope every snowflake is a crystal, a prism, that shows on its edges all the colors of the rainbow. Taken together, these flakes make a myriad mass of color dots; and in combination the dots produce the appearance of white. The flakes themselves are not mere white disks reflecting the sun.

The brightness of the snow, then, is

manufactory, an iron sulphate solution, which seemed to destroy weeds without injuring grain. The chemists of the company conferred with the agronomy experts. The iron sulphate was diluted in water.

"The remedy did not always act the one one knows so well as he who has made the ascent of the snow peaks—From "The High Alps," by John C. Van Dyke, in the June Scribner.