

THE ST. JOHN EVENING TIMES, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 190.

Hemming, The Adventurer

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

(Continued.) "Lord, not!" cried her brother, "I'll see her alone—some other day. One morning, Molly received a visit from her bachelor uncle, much to her surprise. What little she knew of her uncle rather attracted her. Molly then once she had detected signs of thought, even of intellect, in his conversation. Also, she had heard something of the early career and of the articles he had written. She greeted him brightly. He held her hand and gazed around the depressing drawing-room. "My dear," this is no place to talk," he said. "No, not to really talk," she agreed. "It is not often used for that." They looked at him suspiciously. "Are you going to scold me about something, uncle?" she asked. He laughed and shook his head. "Oh, no. I am not as courageous as I look," he replied. She wondered if this round, trim, elderly gentleman really imagined that he looked so. "I don't know where else we can go," she said. "Mother is in the morning room, and the library is better closed."

lin to the man, and, as soon as the door closed, he turned to Molly and said, "Now, my dear, we have just an hour before that old bore Davidson, with his everlasting plans of battles, gets here, so we had better make the most of our time." He stepped to the fire, and then seated himself close to his niece. He looked at her nervously, and several times opened his mouth as if to speak, but always seemed to think better of it before he had made a sound. "Why, what on earth is the matter?" cried Miss Travers, staring with wide eyes. Mr. Pollin braced himself, and swallowed hard. "My dear," he said, "I want to confess that I promised your mother that I would speak to you about—about—"

BATWAS AT WORLD'S FAIR.

African Pigmies from the Congo... Why One Anthropological Exhibit is Not What it Was Originally Intended to be. (By Early Grant Hatchings.) St. Louis, Oct. 25.—The usual crowd had gathered around the enclosure that contains the huts of the central African natives. A stranger, who had heard that there were aboriginal pygmies in the live anthropology exhibit, showed his way up to the fence and peered over. "Another fake," he muttered. The next moment the unwary visitor, in defiance of the numerous warnings, peered all around the enclosure, had placed on the top of the battery of missiles. The next moment the target was changed. This time it was the man's face, and his nose became the bull's eye for the uttering aim of those skilled hunters. As the foolhardy camera-flicked, Lutano appeared on the scene, brandishing a wooden hatchet. "Taky photo, oo taky photo, Chopy by head off!" he yelled. That was the limit of his English for that particular occasion, and he fell back on his native tongue for the remainder of his diatribe. By this time the stranger had corrected his first opinion. This was evidently "the real thing." The sign of a camera does not provoke the ordinary American negro to the desire for blood. He asked a lady who looked as if she knew. "It's a sample line of African natives," she replied, "and they are as superstitious as most savages are. They never pose for their pictures unless they are ordered to do so by the Chief of the Department or by Mr. Vernon. Then they are given the assurance that no harm will come to them."

learned on ship board. They all knew how to say, "Gimme nick," and they wouldn't take pennies either. But they soon learned that dimes were all right. They hadn't seen here long until they sent a protest against the food that was being served to them. They wanted elephants' flesh, but only on condition that they might roast it themselves. "They have the solution of the servant-girl problem. I like their independence," the man interposed. "Yes, and you would probably like their music," the lady laughed. "They have a full orchestra and Lutano is the leader. He uses an old broomstick for a baton and the orchestra consists of two cracker boxes, two tin lard cans, four beer bottles and a section of stove pipe. I can assure you the music is glorious." "Don't give baby a sleeping draught, soothing mixture or opiate of any kind except by the order of a competent doctor who has seen the child. Remember that all so-called soothing mixtures contain dangerous opiates. If your child is restless give it Baby's Own Tablets, as they are absolutely harmless and in a natural way promote health-giving sleep. Don't give medicine to check the movement of baby's bowels in diarrhoea except on the advice of a doctor. Feed the child sparingly and give Baby's Own Tablets to cleanse the bowels of irritating secretions. Keep the abdomen warm. This treatment will cure diarrhoea. Don't give a young child harsh cathartics, such as castor oil, which gripe and torture. Baby's Own Tablets have a gentle laxative action and never fail to cure constipation. Mrs. J. D. Gilly, Haverberton, Que., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach and bowels troubles, and have always found them a most satisfactory medicine." Don't fail to keep Baby's Own Tablets in the house. Sold by medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Gentleman (to burglar). "I say, what are you doing in my house?" Burglar (coolly).—"Your house, is it your house? I thought you only rented it." Gentleman (puts taken aback). "Why, yes, but 'pon my word, of all—"

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