"I don't intend to. I am going to ask you now, did you never wonder at your singular good fortune? Why, only consider—look back upon your life for the last three years! There were you, an almost friendless and quite unknown young aspirant of art. I say almost friendless, for surely you never considered the radical mobs that ran after you, and cheered, your stump speeches, friends—at least you have not proved them such! Well, you, a friendless and unknown young student, obtained ready admittance into the very best studio, as a pupil of the very greatest master in America. And patronage gathered around you with the greatest possible encouragement, giving more orders than you could possibly execute. Was there ever such good luck heard of in all the annals of art? Or was it an every-day afferir this providers and patronage to the sannals of art? annals of art? Or was it an every-day affair, think you, for a youthful artist to receive such encouragement as that? But, oh! doubtless you ascribed it all to the transcendant power of your own genius, and instead of being grateful, grew vain-glorious."

"Don't pause, sir! Take a long breath and begin again—do!"
"I intend to. Well, the next summer, in the bible tild. in the high tide of your success, a political devil took possession of you, and down went chisel and marble, and off you rushed on a radical, wild-goose chase, leaving the studio, a score of unfinished works, your old master, and half a dozen patrons in the lurch—an unpardonable occeeding toward them, to say nothing of your flying all over the State, making mad, incendiary speeches, misunderstanding, maligning and misrepresenting the greatest man, the purest patriot, and the best friend you ever found in this

"Oh, sir! why do you cease? Do you expect me to say one word in my own defence? Sir, I have not one word to y! Proceed—do not spare me!' 'I' don't mean to. Well, after your de

feat, when disappointed, dejected, despairing, you were lurking about the spairing, you were lurking about the Summit, you were sought for and invited —nay, entreated—to return to your old place in Donzini's studio. I wonder you never thought that strange. But I'll warrant you set it all down to the credit of the control of the contr of your own invaluable worth, and gave yourself airs accordingly. Didn't you, my fine fellow? Come, now! the truth!

"Oh, sir! you really should take a docon, sir: you reany should take a doc-tor's degree in the art of reproaching!" exclaimed Falconer, bitterly, starting up and walking about the floor. Suddenly he returned and flung himself into his

he returned and flung himself into his chair, saying: "Go on, sir! go on, sir! Why do you stop? Begin again—do!"
"I'm going to. I haven't half done yet. Don't be atraid. Well, when fairly reinstalled in your studio, you tound steady work irksome after such a life of excitement as you had lately led, and of excitement as you had lately led, and you wished to travel—to visit Rome, and study the works of the old masters. You expressed that wish, and lo! a way was immediately and wonderfully opened for you to gratify your laudable desire! You have travelled—you are at Rome. You do study the old masters. And patronage, encouragement and favor is tiding around you in an unprecedented manner. Does this not strike you as astonishing—as something to be accounted for out of the ordinary way? Now, in the name of heaven, my young friend, did you never see or hear of the wearipath, guiding your steps, ordering your destiny? Whether such a natural ques-

tion ever arose in your mind or not, there has been, and is, such a friendly power continually, affectionately, earnestly exerted in your favor. And that "Daniel Hunter's! The man whom I

have misunderstood, hated and slander-Just heaven!" "Exactly! How do you feel now, my

"Exactly! How do you feel now, my boy? Eh? How do you feel?"
"I feel, sir, among other feelings, that it was to Mr. Hunter's friendship and

baby.

Is your baby thin, weak, fretful?

Make him a Scott's Emulsion

Scott's Emulsion is Cod Liver Oil

Consequently the baby that is fed on

Scott's Emulsion is a sturdy, rosy-

cheeked little fellow full of health and vigor.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

**Ġ**\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$**\$**\$**\$\$\$\$\$\$** 

and Hypophosphites prepared so that it is

easily digested by little folks.

SAKARAKAKAKAKAKAKAKAKAKAKAKAK "Don't you That's surprising! Why, Falconer, you see how little there is to do here. I have a secretary of legation appointed by the Government, and whose office, as well as my own, is almost a sinecur; and, blees you, I ave no more need of a private secretary than I have of a third leg, even supposing I were able to pay one from my own very moderate salary! Ha, ha, ha!"

"In the name of heaven, major, what' do you mean now!"

do you mean now?"
"Why, the Lord bless you, my excellent young friend! you were not my secretary, but my ward; I was not your employer, but your trustee; and the sums advanced to you were not instalments of your salary, but your income

settled upon you by—"
"Oh, sir! speak out! Fill up the mea "On, sir! speak out: Fill up the measure of my degradation! Say by the very man whom I have outraged and abused! Say by Daniel Hunter!"
"By your father in-law, Falconer! By

your father-in-law, raiconer! By your father-in-law, who loves his wild, but honest-hearted boy, in spite of all his bitter prejudices, and who has been constantly and affectionately studying and laboring for his welfare! Is there anything degrading in owing an obliga-tion to him?"
"Oh, God! this is too much—too

much! This is really heaping coals of fire on my head!" exclaimed the young man, starting up and pacing the floor with rapid strides. "Let them melt, not burn you, Fal-

coner! Come, come, my young friend, be calm! I have spoken some plain truths to you rather bluntly. Daniel Hunter would not easily pardon his old crony if he knew how roughly he had blurted out this story to his son! But you will forgive me, I know! Come! shake hands and let's close this exciting interview!"
"Not yet, sir!" exclaimed Falconer, returning and casting himself into a chair. "There is one thing with which I have to charge you-injustice and unkindness

in suffering me to remain in ignorance of all this for two years past! Why have you done so?'

"For many imperative reasons, Mr. O'Leary; a few of which wil answer your question. In the first place, it was really no part of my duty to in-form you. In the second place, had you known to whom you were indebted for your prosperity, acrimoniously embittered as you then were against the man, you would have hurled his proffered assistance back in his face, and flung your self off to ruin, rather than have success to Daniel Hunter! To disabuse you of your false and acrid prejudice was impossible; because, Mr. O'Leary, you are a young gentleman who will not be taught by anything except your own experience if hy that the false was a success to Daniel Hunter and the success to Daniel Hunter and Success to Daniel Hunter! To disabuse you of your false and acrid prejudice was impossible; because, Mr. O'Leary, you are a young success to Daniel Hunter! To disabuse you of your false and acrid prejudice was impossible; because, Mr. O'Leary, you are a young gentleman who will not be taught by the success to Daniel Hunter! To disabuse you of your false and acrid prejudice was impossible; because, Mr. O'Leary, you are a young gentleman who will not be taught by the success to Daniel Hunter! To disabuse you of your false and acrid prejudice was impossible; because, Mr. O'Leary, you are a young gentleman who will not be taught by anything except your own. experience, if by that; therefore, by the slow process of experience had you to learn the inestimable worth of Daniel Hunter. And you had to follow closely nunter. And you had to follow closely and critically his course through the last two years of his very trying public life before you could understand and appreciate his character, principles and motives of the character of the course of the character of the cha ives of action. Gradually your mind has been enlightened, and you have been prepared to receive the communication I have made you. Now you have the whole truth." the whole truth."

Falconer sat with his face buried in his hands, a prey to the fiercest and most antagonistic emotions—joy, sorrow, love, remorse, exultation, all striving for the mastery in his bosom. The and you never see or hear of the wearlsome, depressing, discouraging trials of
youthful genius? And do you never
wonder at your own blessed exemption
from them? And in the name of reason,
judgment and common sense, did it ever
judgment and common sense, did it ever
secur to you that under Diving Providence, there was some unseen, unknown, beneficent influence smoothing.

your path, guiding your steps, ordering your hand to his old friend. The major tolk hand to his old friend. The major took "Go now and take a stroll in the open

air among the old ruins, my boy. It is just the thing that will soothe and calm that terribly agitated heart of yours.

many sheets of paper before his heart was sufficiently cam, his head sufficiently clear, to feel and know precisely what he wished and what he ought to write. At length he finished a letter, truthful, manly, dignitied, full of noble candor and generous acknowledgments—worthy himself to offer and Mr. Huntar to receive In this he inclosed Mand's

ward-bound vessel and return to the United States to seek the presence of his Maud and her father. But he recollected that rashness, impatiene, imptuosity, had been the besetting ains and foundering rocks of his life, and he determined to govern them. He resolved to stay in Rome, to devote himself to his art, to Rome, to devote himself to his art, to prove himself worthy of Mr. Hunter's estem and Maud's affection. First of all estem and Maud's affection. First of all he went to work, and patiently remodeled his Virginius, retaining all the peculiarly sweet and holy beauty of the female figure, and investing the form and face of the Roman father with an almost godlike glory, which it had not worn before. No one could now justly complain that the principal figure of the group was slighted. He worked away with the greatest enthusiasm, for well he guessed

greatest enthusiasm, for well he guessed who was to be the "anonymous" purchas-er—anonymous now no longer. In the midst of his labors, he was one morning interrupted by the major, who entered, smiling, and holding in his hand two letters that had arrived among the dispatches from the United States, re-ceived the evening before.

"One of these," said he, "is from Mr. Hunter, and appears, by the date of the postmark, to have been delayed upon its way," and handed them to the young man; and, bidding him good-day, left him to their perusal. Falconer tore open Daniel Hunter's letter, and out of its Daniel Hunter's letter, and out of it dropped another, superscribed in a lady's -not Maud's, oh, that he saw im mediately in one eager glance. It was, in fact, the letter that had been written Honoria, at the suggestion of Mrs. Hunter, a short time previous to the marriage of the former.

Mr. Hunter's letter was a friendly. businesslike communication, giving a concise history of his adoption of Honoria, and introducing to her brother that young lady's letter, which was a tolerably affectionate and sisterly affair, expressing her desire to become better acquainted with him informing hims. quainted with him, informing him of her approaching marriage, and inviting him in her on and her husband's name, to come and visit them at Christmas, b

which time they would be settled in their home in Shropshire.

We will not pause to describe the astonishment of Falconer on finding that the little golden-haired sister of his infancy, whom he had always been led to believe had died in her babyhou of the vertileary is the babyhood of the pestilence in that ghast-ly hospital—had really been rescued and adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, and educated as their daughter and heiress. It was but another bond to bind his heart to them. This threw light also upon much that had seemed inexplicable in his poor mother's manner during the last years of her life. He fell into a deep reverie over the past—facts recurred to his memory, and linked themselves together in a chain of evidence that made him wonder at his own thoughtlessness, ever having suspecter the truth before-the identity of the names—"Honoria"

the identity of the features and com-plexion; the likeness of the child, still preserved in the maiden; the strong like ness of both to the mother; the tender interest constantly betrayed by that poor mother; he lingered so long over these reminiscences that he totally for-got there was another unopened letter awaiting his perusal — until his eyes chanced to fall upon it. Then he roused himself from his brown study and took up the letter. It bore are official. up the letter. It bore an official stamp. He opened it with leisurely indifference. But imagine the surprise, delight and pride of the young sculptor when he found it to be the proffer of a Government contract to execute a statue for a niche in the Capitol at Washington! Ah! well he knew to whose friendship and in-Weil as a life to who the state of the state would now have received a new impetus.

From this time forth he worked with

new zeal. In due course of time he received the Go and take a quiet stroll in the open air, among the old ruins, and with his heart and brain bursting to pour forth its torrent of thought and emotion. Oh, the man who advised that was sixty-five years old, and had forgotten his youth, thought Falconer, as he rushed home to his lodgings to write to Mr. Hunter—Maud—both—everybody!

But to Maud first—and such a letter.

But to Maud first—and such a letter.

Eighten pages full of remorse, self-reanswers to his letter to Mr. Hunter and Maud. The reply of the former was in

it was to Mr. Hunter's friendship and influence, nad not to my own merits or your good opinion, that I owed the appointment to the situation of your private secretary."

"The situation of my private secretary! Ha, ha, ha! That's good! That's exceedingly good!" laughed the old gentleman, chuckling, and shaking his head, and rubbing his knees.

"I don't understand you. Major—"

"And then to her father. This was a far more difficult task, though he wrote a shorter letter. He filled and destroyed in the word a shorter letter. He filled and destroyed think it a settled darkness, when it is olly a passing cloud. And then his old think it a settled darkness, when it is oly a passing cloud. And then his old imp of rashness would inspire him to throw up his work and fly to the United States—to the presence of his Maud—to see her, at any event, let what else would fail. At such moments the recollection of the millions of waves beyond waves of ocean that rolled between them would of the millions of waves beyond waves of ocean that rolled between them woul? almost drive him to desperation. At such moments nothing less swift than "the wings of the wind," or of "love," or of "thought," would have served his purpose—and a ship? Pshaw! And yet he controlled this swelling, fiery impatience, and settled again to his labors, perseveringly studying his subject, designing, veringly studying his subject, des and drawing, and doubting, and destroy-ing, and beginning again, until he was satisfied with his sketch. And then moulding, and forming, and adding, and taking away, and getting disgusted, and lumping the clay together, and commencining over again, until he had got a model to his mind; and then cutting, and chipping, and scraping, and rasping, until slowly, slowly, slowly and painfully, from the formless block of marble emerged the statue.

His toil was cheered by letters from

His toil was cheered by letters from Maud. They never failed him. There never came a United States mail that was not charged with one or more of her sweet and treasured letters.

His "Virginius was completed, per-

candor and generous acknowledgments
—worthy himself to offer and Mr. Hunter to receive. In this he inclosed Maud's
letter and dispatched them by the dist ter to receive. In this he inclosed Maud's letter, and dispatched them by the first home mail.

But then—oh, when he remembered that months must elapse before he could possibly receive an answer, he felt an almost ungovernable impulse to throw himself on board the very first homeward-bound vessel and return to the United States to seek the presence of his Maud and her father. But he recollected Maud and her father. But he recollected that readness impatienc imptuosity, had

wards of his labor. I doubt that if in his rising, glorious "noon of fame," any adulation ever was so sweet! And no longer subject to lapses into despondency, he went to work zealously, hopefully, perseveringly, upon his statue for the Capitol.

And Maud continued to cheer him with her frequent letters.

with her frequent letters. Those letters! they were faithful transcripts of the maiden's beautiful daily life in the countries. they were faithful transcripts of the maiden's beautiful daily life in the country—her pleasing toil in assisting her father and mother in the designs and labors the improvement of the neighborhood—her infant Sunday school—her rides and her drives—her garden and her pets. And then her life in the city; her appreciating admiration of every form of genius and beauty; her joy over an inspired preacher, a gifted musician, a great actor, or a great orator; her enthusiasm that threw its own glory and splendor over every scene of interest into which she was carried.

And thus passed the two years that it took to complete the statue for the Capitol. It was pronounced by all who saw it to be even far superior to his "Virginius." And full of hope and joy, Falconer shipped it, and embarked himself in the same vessel, to return to the United States.

United States.

CHAPTER XXXI.

When Falconer landed at the port of New York and sought out the hotel where he settled himself for the night, his next thought was to ring for the daily papers, which he turned over and examined with a keenness of interest examined with a keenness of interest only to be felt by a just returned ab-sentee. He glanced over the city news, local items, devoured a letter from Washington, and the debates in Congress, in the hope and expectation of hearing recent news of Daniel Hunter skimmed over the marriages and deaths, and turned to the "last news by the nails." When:
Good heavens! what does he see? Oh!

Good heavens! what does he see! Oh! a commonplace thing enough—an every day, an every hour occurrence—but to him fraught with deepest sorrow. It was an obscure paragraph, that might be found only by those who expected to see it and anxiously looked for it; it "argued" to "a foregone conclusion." "argued," too, "a foregone conclusion. It was this:

It was this:

"We deeply regret to announce that
the illness of Mr. Hunter has assumed a
fatal aspect. Since Friday morning he
has continued insensible, and his physicians give no hope of his recovery."

I hope there are very few in this world
who can understand and sympathize by
experience with our poor boy's feelings
on reading that announcement.

n reading that announcement.

It came upon him, such a shock! he ould not understand it; he could not fully believe it! Oh! it was too grievous, improbable, too unnessary to be

should he, so great, so glorious, so powerful, so beneficent—why should be fall to dissolution, while so many feeble, miserable wretches, half alive, useless, or worse than useless, should be suffered to crawl on their course to old age. That that magnificent mind should ness away. that magnificent mind should pass away and be known no more on earth; that that magnificent frame should crumble into dust! To the boy's murmuring, rebellious spirit, it seemed unjust, impossible, terrific; he realized death—death as the one great, incomprehensible, irrewoe in the world—death as the veritable

King of Terrors. Oh could nothing have saved him? Could nothing? medicine is a great art
—was there nothing in that—no forgotten obscure power in that, that might have been remembered and called worth to save him? Could not the adoring love of his family, the esteem and affec-tion of his neighborhood, the high re-spect, the honor of his country, save him?

(To be continued.)

**BABY'S OWN TABLETS** A SMILE IN EVERY DOSE.

The mother who, in her gartitude for what Baby's Own Tablets have done for her child, said that "There's a smile in every dose," coined a very happy and every true phrase. The tablets cure all

tourist the tomb of Napoleon, with all the customary flourishes of language and

tons; inside of that, sir, is a steel receptacle weighing 12 tons, and within that is a leaden casket, hermetically sealed, and weighing over two tons, and finally inside of that, is a solid mahogany coffin containing the remains of the greatest of generals, Napoleon."

The tourist was silent, as if in medi tation. Then he said: "It seems you've got him, all right, all right. If he gets out, cable at my expense."

If too much salt has been added to soup slice a raw potato and boil it in the soup for a few minutes. The potato will absorb much of the salt.

## A LITTLE BATTERY

## The Newest Wonder in the World of Electricity.

How would you like to have a little electric battery that would light your house, work your electric fans and run your wife's sewing machine; a battery so small and light that you could rick it up and carry it out and place in an automobile, which it would run down to your office or factory, there to furnish light and power for a lathe or other small machine; which would run your automobile home again and, reinstated in your house, furnish light, power and even hear? writes F. E. Davis, Ph.d., in the New York World.

To invent such a battery has long been the dream of every electrician. It has remained for a young Philadelphia to achieve this success, and his invention has caused a tremendous in the electrician lit.

invention has caused a tremendous sensation in the electrical world. It. has been shown here and in Philadel-

sensation in the electrical world. It has been shown here and in Philadelphia to many experts, all of whom had smiled incredulously when told that here was a primary battery which would actually furnish light and power, and in practicable quantities. Every expert who saw it was astounded. What they saw was this: A box, about two feet long, a foot deep and eighten inches wide, containing twelve cells of hard rubber, each cell packed with four small cells shaped like and about the same size as photographers' plate-holders. The whole apparatus weighs seventy-five pounds. It stands upon a small cylindrical tank of galvanized iron, with an air pump projecting therefrom. The twelve cells are covered with thin lids of hard rubber, Lifting one of these lids the group of individual cells is disclosed. ered with thin lids of hard rubber, Lift-ing one of these lids the group of indi-vidual cells is disclosed. Each of the latter is a light frame of hard rubber, with a thin plate of corrugated gra-phite plate on each side and a plate of zinc in the middle, separated by a flat cup or porous porcelain so thin as to be a'most transparent.

The hattery at reat is uncharged

be a most transparent.

The battery, at rest, is uncharged, therein differing from all other batteries. To charge in the air pump is put in action by hand, and in a few seconds the fluids are seen rising in the cells. These fluids are contained in the tank below and are forced up into the cells through a system of into the cells through a system channels in the rubber casing. As so as the battery is charged it begins make electricity.

This little sattery, which can be carried about by any man, furnishes en-ough power to light an ordinary house or to operate a small runabout of tor-boat or any light machinery.

The experts who went to examine this invention saw batteries in many sizes. There was one of only two or three cells, which could be carried about in a small satchel and furnished enough power to operate a dentist's mo-tor or an X-ray machine or a physician's static equipment, to run fifteen electric fans, or two or three electric lights. There was one big battery, weighing 400 pounds, which ran seventy-two electric lights for hours. This big battery can be placed in a big towing service. Why should he die? he so essential to his family, to his neighborhood, to his country? Could not that god-like intellect have kept soul and body together? Indeed, it seemed to the half-crazed boy that it ought to have so! Oh, why should he, so great, so glorious, so powerful, so beneficent with a proper service. The solution of the Pullman car on a journey from New York to Minneapolis, charged in less than ten minutes and the fluids that make the electricity can be bought at

any drug store in the world, for they are only diluted sulphuric acid and bichromate of sodium, which when used in tropical countries, will not deliquesce.

This large battery furnishes a current of 4,000 amperes at about ten volts, and or 4,000 amperes at about ten voits, and this fuses iron bars in a few seconds. A blacksmith could do away with his forge and bellows, substituting for them one of these batteries, which would heat his iron to the melting

point.

The inventor of this wonderful bat tery is a young Philadelphian, Frank A. Decker by name. He was an ex-pert watchmaker by trade, but had studted electricity as a pastime and had conceived the idea of making a primary battery which would revitionize the electrical world. A tionize the electrical world. After working on it for many years, he came to the conclusion that the primary battery failed only because of its faulty, cumbersome and clumsy construction and not through any inherent defect in the chemical action. He found that primary batteries were weak because of high internal connections to corrosion as well as to mechanical injury clums. as well as to mechanical injury, clum-sy construction, the great inconvenience and likelihood of spilling the liquids

recharging.

He succeeded in making a battery dose," coined a very happy and very true phrase. The tablets cure all the minor ailments of babies and young children, and make bright, smiling, happy little ones. Mrs. John Young, Anpy little ones. Mrs. John Young, Anburn, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for more than a year and I think they are the best medicine that can be given a baby. They are splendid at teething time, and for stomach and bowl troubles. You don't need a doctor if you keep Baby's Own Tablets in the house." That's about the highest praise house." That's about the highest praise from any medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Safe and Sound.

Techarging.

He succeeded in making a battery so compact and of such light and inexpenses on compact and of such light and inexpenses of such light and inexpenses of such light and inexpenses on compact and of such light and inexpenses of such light and inexpenses of making a battery thinks he has solved the problem of preserving quail. He owns quite a large farm, and he discovered that quail were becoming more and more scarce each wanted the opinion of an expert. So he sent Mr. Decker's invention to Prof. Franklin Institute, with a request that they report on it. Both of them made elaborate tests and sent in enthusiastic reports. As a result a company was organized very quietly, for the organizers did not desire to let the organizers did not desire to let.

and containing a complete X-ray outift operated by the same battery. An
X-ray machine on the field of battle
is invaluable to the surgeon, for by
its means he can find the bullet that
has struck his patient and can then
cut it out, perhaps within a few minutes of the soldier being wounded. In
such an event septic poisoning—the
dread of every military surgeon—would
be almost eliminated from consideration.

But that is merely my personal view point, and it seems to me that this battery will come into most general use for lighting country houses, operating small, isolated factories, such as lumber mills, and for furnishing farmers light for their houses, together with power for their milking machines, respers, mowers, and their wives' sewing machines.

The only precised primary betteries.

The only practical primary batteries are the small dry batteries and Leclanche cells, but these are applicable only to such service as ringing electric bells, as they are incapable of furnishing any considerable or sustained power.

tained power.

The life of these Decker batteries is almost limitles, the zinc plates being the only part of them that will wear out. These are easily replaced, and at trifling cost. The expense of operating them comes to about 3-4 of a cent per hour per light. That is to say, twelve lights burning for six hours will cost fifty-four cents.

## MEAL TIME MISERIES.

Indigestion Can be Cured by the Tonic Treatment of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

There is only one way to cure indigestion and that is to give your system so much good, red blood that the stomach will have strength enough to do its natural work in a healthry, vigorous way. Many dyspeptics dose the stomach with tablets, syrups and other things alleged to assist in digesting food, but these things merely give temporary relief—they never cure indigestion—and the trouble grows worse and worse, until the poor dyspeptic is gradually starving. In a case of indigestion a half dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth all the mixtures and so-called predigested foods in the country. These pills cure indigestion because they digested foods in the country. These pills cure indigestion because they strengthen and tone the stomach, thus enabling it to do the work nature in tends it should do.

Mr. Paul Charbonneau, St. Jerom Que., says: "For months I suffered tor-tures from indigestion. After every meal the misery was intense, so that I finally ate most sparingly. I tried sev-eral so-called indirection curse but they eral so-called indigestion cures, but they did me no good. My general health be-gan to run down. I suffered from headwould be afflicted with a smothering sensation. Finally my mother induced me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Under the use of this medicine the trouble began to disappear, and in less than a couple of months I had completely recovered my health and can now enjoy a

hearty meal as well as any one."

It is because they make new, rich
blood that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills always cure indigestion, anaemia, rheumatism, heart palpitation, neuralgia, sciatica, St. Vitus dance and the headaches, backaches and other indescribable ills of girlhood and womanhood. 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,

SHELTER FOR QUAIL. Missouri Farmer's Plan of Growing

It is a fact that quail will not stay where they cannot find sheiter. In many of the best counties there is very little natural shelter left, as every foot of available ground is under cultivation. In such localities it has been observed that the quail have nearly all left, and it seems pretty well settled that they will never return unless artificial shelter is

provided for them.

Sugar cane, when thickly planted, furnishes just what these birds seem to want. They are very fond of the seed, and as the season advances the cane stalks fall down and provide a thick mass in which the quail can hide from mass in which the quali can hide from their natural enemies, hawks and owls, and also affords a nesting place in the spring and summer.—From the Kansas City Journal.

