

The Street Car to Topo chico.

Why Patricia Robbed the Driver

Four miles above Monterey toward Topo Chico, uplifted from the dust and dead heat of the plain, lies the hacienda of Jose del Casa, the alcade. His white home sits enclined in a wilderness of green encircled by 5,000 acres of vines and corn lands and billowing meadows that reach from edge to edge of the steep walled table fountain of which his estate is the crown and glory.

Patricia, his only child, 18, with slow black eyes, hair like a storm-cloud and the oval, luminous face of a Botticelli Madonna, had spent three years with the Ladies of the Sacred Heart in Paris. She had seen the boulevards and sniffed from afar the gallantry and gaiety of the French capital. Therefore she yearned and moped amid the desolate splendor of her Mexican home.

Have you ever seen the queer little street car line with its tandem of small brown mules that runs, or rather creeps, between the Hotel Hidalgo, on the plaza in Monterey, down through the narrow streets, away across the dusty fields, where sage and cactus, dry and gray, cover the rising plateaus with desolate monotony; out past the beetling buttes of Casas Hacienda, which tower red and hot in the sun, to the uprising canyon that leads to Topo Chico, the boiling spring, the health giving waters in whose fountain pool Aztec and Indian, peon and patrician, have sought and found health for a thousand years? This Topo Chico is the terminus of the little narrow gauge street car line that starts in Monterey. Its single car, with open seats running across the width of it, are seldom crowded. In the morning a few tourists bound for the baths smoke and idle through the tedious trip, but in the evening, when the summer sun sinks behind the green cool shoulders of Del Casa, the lone car is always empty except for the driver or an errant shepherd returning from market in Monterey.

It was at this time in the evening that Patricia chose for a little jaunt on that queer little street car. With ancient Madre Anselma, her nurse when she was a romping child, her governess, maid and duenna by turns as the girl grew to womanhood. Patricia would ramble down the long stone stairway and in the purple shadow of the roadside thicket wait for that empty car to come driving out of the haze. Anselma neither spoke nor understood English, and so it was her wont to sit in the rear seat while the beautiful Patricia, her mantilla now fallen from before her radiant face, would sit on the front seat near the driver and urge

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

or bribe him to send the little mules galloping.

The driver was a great, yellow-haired giant, with blue eyes and a laughing mouth. For Patricia would speed his queer little team till the car swayed like a boat in running billows and her delighted laughter fell upon his willing ears like the music of tinkling hand-bells. As for Anselma, so long as the car was empty but for themselves she was content to sit in the rear seat, black motionless, but alert, smoking her cigarettes, as Mexican women must and wondering what Patricia could have said to the big, fair Gringo to make him drive his mule so fast, to make him smile so benignantly.

Every summer evening till the chaparral lost its lustre and the willows in the river bed began to scatter crackling leaves across the sands Patricia and her chaperon stole away to this clandestine frolic on the street car till it became the event of the gay child's days and a habit even with the withered woman who watched the harmless frolic.

One night as the blond American car driver was laughing and thrashing over the road with the laughing senorita at his elbow a horseman with his rifle presented loomed across the narrow road. The mules hesitated, stopped, backed up in their trace chains. The driver put down the break and ceased to smile. He seized the switch bar, bade Patricia lie down, faced the enemy. "Money or your life!" commanded the outlaw in good English.

You can have the box, roared the driver, but if you rob the woman you must fight. The robber dismounted, boarded the car, and while Patricia and the old woman looked on he smashed in the money box with the butt of his rifle and pocketed the few pitiful centavos that jangled in the bottom. If Patricia had left the car, or drawn up her lace mantilla, or even turned her face away, the robber might not have seen the diamond brooch glistening at her throat. But the sight was too much for him. The big American saw the flash of his eyes as he leveled his rifle, and at the same moment the switch bar swung over his head. The rifle cracked, the driver lurched over and fell in the dust by the road and the robber held out his hand to the woman.

Give me the diamonds! he bellowed.

She gave them without a word, then her watch and ring, while the old woman, screaming like a harpy, clung to his rifle and cursed and prayed in incoherent Spanish. But the robber had no notion of harming them. He kicked the fallen driver as he ran toward his horse, and in another moment the clatter of hoof beats across the boulder strewn valley told them that he was gone.

It was nearly dusk now, and from the stairway a hundred yards off the voice of Jose del Casa could be heard calling Patricia. She paused a moment as she heard it, then leaped to the ground and bent over the insensible driver. With her small, brown hand she pushed away the yellow curls and bent her face low to his. For a moment old Anselma could have sworn that the girl was kissing his white face, but no, after all, she was only examining with tear wet eyes the facial signs of returning life. Then she unbuttoned the collar of his shirt fumbled beneath its folds and, snatching away a cluster of trinkets that hung about his neck thrust them hastily into her corsage.

Then old Del Casa and two of his rancheros came up. The wounded man was placed on a bench in his car. The mules were hitched to the other end and one of the rancheros drove them back to Monterey.

WHY BABIES CRY.

Some Useful Hints to Mothers on the Care of Little ones.

Babies are born with a soft, pink, moist skin, and a delicate, sensitive system. They are not made to be handled roughly, or to be exposed to cold, or to be given anything but the best food. They are not made to be kept in a room that is too hot, or too cold, or too damp. They are not made to be given anything but the best clothing. They are not made to be given anything but the best medicine. They are not made to be given anything but the best care.

For the benefit of all other mothers, Mrs. Alex. Lavee, Copper Cliff, Ont., says:—"I would advise all mothers to keep Baby's Own Tablets in the house at all times. When I began giving them to my baby he was badly constipated, and always cross. He is now four months old and has not been troubled with constipation since I gave him the Tablets, and he is now always happy and good natured. Mothers with cross children will easily appreciate such a change. I could save 50 cents for two more boxes of the Tablets, and will never be without them in the house while I have children."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by druggists or will be sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Dept. T., Brockton, Mass., U.S.A.

Senorita, mio muchacha, what did you take from the Gringo? What was that you snatched from his neck? Tell me, pretty one, you did not rob him?

Patricia's smile came struggling through her tears. No, no, Mother Anselma, she murmured; not so bad as that, but bad enough, too. You won't scold me, will you mother?

And she pulled from her bosom the poor car driver's cluster of trinkets. There were a little medal of the Virgin, a tiny amulet—the relic of O. Lady of Guadalupe—a silken scapular and a golden locket.

Look, mother, and forgive me said Patricia as she opened the locket and displayed a miniature portrait of myself. I was afraid they might find it, and so—and so I robbed him of it.

But you will not give it back, Patricia! asked the scared and staring old woman.

Yes, mother, I'll give it back to him, and more, too, in return. I'll give him that and more—everything—when he's well.

And old Anselma could only pray.

NERVOUS DYSPESIA

How it shakes one up, invalids sleep, destroy strength, adds a real misery to life. Not the stomach, but the nerves are affected. Stomach nerves make the whole trouble. You need Ferrozene because it is a nerve food. It supplies the elements that are needed to build up the nerves. This is the savings bank of health. The richer the blood in red cells, the richer you react to be in health. Ferrozene quickly makes blood, strengthens the nervous system, strengthens the digestive organs, and presto! the nervous disturbance disappears. Sold by A. E. Shaw.

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The happiness of every home depends very largely on the health of the wife and mother. If she is nervous, peevish and irritable, worried by the little cares of every day life, and tormented by pains and troubles, then she is sure to accompany a rundown system, there can be no happiness in the home for husband and children. Too many women are victims of nervous exhaustion, and are described by the doctor as being "run down." They suffer from indigestion and dyspepsia, nervous headache and sleeplessness, and drag themselves about the house feeling languid and tired out. You can be healthy and vigorous if you follow the advice of Dr. Chase, the famous Receipt Book author. He would not deceive you, and his treatment never disappoints. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is intended for just such cases as are here described. By supplying to the thin, watery blood and weak, exhausted nerves the very material of which nature constructs new nerve cells and new bodily tissue it gradually vitalizes the weakened and debilitated nervous system, cures nervous headaches and dyspepsia, and permanently overcomes weakness and irregularities. 50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edman Bates & Co., Toronto.



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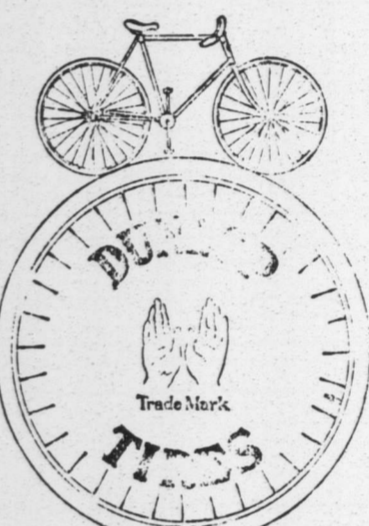
WHAT MAKES YOU COUGH.

Did you ever wonder what it is that makes you cough? In a general way it is understood to be an involuntary effort of nature to get something from the throat. As a matter of fact, merely a slight throat inflammation caused by a cold will cause a cough to start, and the more you cough, the more you want to cough. If you allay the inflammation in the throat the cough will stop.

Don't lull the sensitiveness of the throat with medicine containing a narcotic, but give it a soothing and healing treatment. This is difficult, because the inflamed parts are in the way of the passage of food and drink. The true cough remedy is something that will protect the throat from the ill effect of catarrhal discharges and also from the irritation of swallowing food. Such a remedy is Adams' Botanic Cough Balsam, which for many years has been conquering the most obstinate coughs. It is a soothing compound prepared from bark and gums. Its beneficial effect is quickly felt and the work of healing promptly begun. If you once take Adams' Balsam for cough, you will never be satisfied without some of it at hand for any new cough. A trial size of the Balsam can be secured of any druggist for 10 cents. The regular size is 25c. In asking for the Balsam, be sure you get the genuine, which has "F. W. Kingston & Co. blown in the bottle."

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Hanson—You have changed a great deal since I saw you last. How did you lose your hair? Jones (joke writer)—Oh, scratching for ideas.

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This is the testimony of Mr. Benjamin Dillon, of Leeds, Ont., who says: I feel it my duty to proclaim the marvellous value of Polson's Nerviline as an infallible cure for rheumatic pains; it cures them every time. Nothing I know of equals it as a household liniment, and mothers should feel it necessary to brand itself. Nerviline has cured rheumatism of 30 years standing and can cure you. Instant relief, absolute cure, large bottle 25c.

Tom—She's pretty, but she doesn't know anything. Dick—Yes, she does; she knows she's pretty.

Public Institutions have found Pain-Killer very useful. There is nothing equal to it in all cases of howel troubles. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis', 25c. and 50c.

He—Darling, what would you do if I were to die? She—Why, Fred, how foolishly you talk. I'd bury you of course.

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