SYNOPSIS.

Juanita Holland, a Philadelphia young Juanita Holland, a Philadelphia young woman of wealth, on her journey with her guide, Good Anse Talbott, into the heart of the Cumberlands to become a teacher of the mountain children, faints at the door of Fletch McNash's cabin. While resting there she overhears a talk between Bad Anse Havey, chief of his clan, and one of his henchmen that acquaints her with the Havey-McBriar feud. Juanita has an unprofitable talk with Bad Anse and they become antagonists.

CHAPTER II-Continued.

voice, as though bent on making defi- his engagement ring and announced ant what would otherwise sound like her determination. confession: "It's Bad Anse."

The girl recoiled, as though under a physical shock. It seemed to her eyes which she ached to comfortthat every way she turned she was to "Juan" and dearest, courts and juries meet staggering disappointments. She and the bayonets of militiamen have had spoken almost pleadingly to the struggled to civilize those savage man with whom she could make no people, and for a hundred years they terms-the man whose arrogant power have utterly failed. Their one god and lawless influence she must break is Implacable Hatred." and paralyze before her own regime could find standing-room in these hills. Yet, as she looked at him standing

there, and stiffened resolutely, she could say nothing except "Oh!" Into the monosyllable crept many

things: repulsion, defiance and chagrin for her mistake, and in recognition of them all the bronzed features of the man hardened a little and into the cool eyes snapped a sparkle of the sleeping fires she had divined.

"I made my suggestion to the wrong man," she said steadily. "I misunderstood you. I thought you said you

He swung himself to the saddle again; then, as he gathered up his reins, he turned, and in his utterance was immovable steadiness and glacial coldness, together with a ring of contempt and restrained anger.

"I did say that, and by God Almighty, I meant just what I said. I do want peace in these mountainsbut I ain't never found no way yet to get peace without fightin' for it."

She saw him ride away into the moonlight, with his shoulders very straight and the battered felt hat very high, and she looked neither to right nor left as he went until the mists had swallowed him.

For a long time while she sat there on the stile gazing across the steep banks between which the waters of Tribulation slipped along in a tide of tarnished quicksilver and beyond which rose the near ridges of blue and the far, dim ridges of gray.

At her back she knew that the family and the missionary were sitting in

She sat there with her hands clasped lay down." about her updrawn knees as she used to sit when some childhood grief had

She could not shake out of her mind was some satisfaction to remember you'd better bundle in with Dawn." the offended stiffening of his shoulders and the smoldering fire in his just as she was and the missioneyes. She had heard much of the strong, easily hurt pride of these | = = mountain men-a pride which made them walk in strange surroundings with upright heads and eyes, challenging criticism of their uncouthness. She had first appealed to this man, but at least she had also stung him with her scorn. Now they would be open enemies

She knew that this young man, in a country where every man was poor and no man a pauper, owned great tracts of land that yielded only sparse crops with the most arduous coaxing. She knew that under his rocky acres slept a great wealth of coal, and that above them grew noble and virgin forests of hardwood. The coming of railroads and development would make him a rich man. Yet he stood there, seemingly prizing above all those magnificent certainties the empty boast of feudal chieftainship. Yet he was a man. With that thought came an unwelcome comparison. She thought of someone whom she had loved-and sent away-and of their leave-taking. That man had had every gentle attribute which this man lacked. All that universities, travel and ancestry can give had shown out in his bearing, his manners, his voice and the expression of his eyes.

There had been a time when she had wavered in her determination to devote herself to the mission for which ary kick off his brogans and shed his it a pretext for eliminating a McBriar she had been educated. She thought that this man might be more important than any mission; that a life with him might be full enough. Then had come the discovery, which at first and the place was silent save for the she had rebelliously denied, but which zation. Despite his unchallengeable charm and gentility, he was, after all, turned, sickened, from the life which chorus of snoring sleepers. She alone she could not contemplate without him. The man whom she thought she loved was "empty and fine, like a swordless sheath." Very well, she would turn to the work of putting an edge on the sturdier metal of raw

them should go to advance education "There is no place like home." The in the Alleghenies. She was to be sequel tells that a cynical traveler and nursing grudges. his stewardess in overseeing the work, passing that way reflected on the anbut that she should go in person and nals of that dwelling and added in permanently to that crude environ- postscript: "Leastways not this side ment had not been anticipated. Those of hell." who had known her in her life of normal luxury, of dancing and playing, and of deliciously rhythmic person-"It's Havey," he said slowly, "but ality, would have laughed at the idea hereabouts I've got another name as absurdly incongruous. Of this fact that's better known." He paused, then the young man had heatedly reminded

with a suffering of hopelessness in his

"I shan't go with furies or bavonets," she had retorted. "You will go without knowing them,

their ways, their point of view." "I don't know them now, but I will know them."

"You haven't even a letter of in-

futility of argument—"that the Savior needed letters of introduction."

a crumbling world of illusions—as she fancied-had driven her suddenly into dare that fate might set. So it has self-appointed exile—and a mission.

by the hands of others. Even then, had not he and all the rest goaded her do it?" Now she was here.

She drew herself up straight as she sat on the stile and impatiently dashed away the moisture from her eyes. If a line of fierce cleavage had yawned It may have lasted minutes or hours. the iron wasted on this desperado, Anse Havey! She rose at last and went unwillingly back to the cabin.

The host sat barefooted before the fire and talked with the missionary. of a father whose end had not come The girl heard their conversation upon a bed of illness. through the dullness of fatigue, wondering how she was to sleep in this pigsty, yet restrained from asking per- cabin of Fletch McNash on the night mission to retire only by her embar- when the girl's scornful taunt folrassment and unfamiliarity with the lowed him. native code.

were six in the room, and the boy Jeb | fair were inopportune for his kinsman was yet to return from the dance, and and the kinsmen of the man who died while she was still trying to work out with a bullet through his vitals. the humiliation of having shown her the problem the woman pointed to a



"You Haven't Even a Letter of Introduction."

coat. Taking off her own boots and who dwelt in their midst and carried jacket, she slipped between the faded news across the ridge to his own 'comforters" of the sheetless couch. people. In five minutes the taper was out crackling of the logs. The little girl forced itself hatefully upon her reali- at her side lay quiet, and her regular tious animosity. But neither clan felt not quite a man. When she had ad nita, with closed eyes and burning lids desperate quality of any outbreak, mitted that beyond dispute, she had and aching muscles, heard the nasal was awake in the house:

CHAPTER III.

It is related in the history of the Hatfield-McCoy feud, which burst out between neighbors over a stray pig,

permanent peace.

had originally settled stretched a bar- toward the other. rier of hills broken by only one gap. The McBriars had made their first where the waters ran toward the sea. The Haveys had set up their power the officers of the law. to the west, where the creeks and Had the two clans been content to remain respectively on the sunrise and were bright-eyed women to the west lers air in ther bilin'." and east. Feminine Havey eyes lured And so an imagined heartbreak and McBriar suitors, and McBriar girls seemed to the Havey men worth any been since young Montagues and fitting her to oversee such work-done | before. Smoke went up from cabins on both sides that housed men and women of both clans. Hatred scat-

> its headwaters. In Civil war and subsequent politics been a power.

It was to the leadership of such a when hardly twenty-one by the death

It was to the herding of such a flock that he had ridden away from the

It was an unfortunate thing that At last she heard Frother Talbott Cal Douglas should, on a February suggest: "Hit's gittin' ter be late an' afternoon, have shot to death his we've got a tol'able long way ter jour- brother-in-law, Noah Watt, even if, as ney termorrer. I reckon we'd better Cal earnestly assured the jury, "he

Cal bore a name for surly character. weakest side to Bad Anse Havey. It corner bed and suggested: "I reckon and even in a land where grudge-bearing is a religion he was deemed ultra-She saw the girl crawl into bed fanatical in fanning the flame of hatred. Noah Watt himself was little loved by either the Haveys, into whose family he had married, or the McBriars, from whom he sprang. Neighbors told of frequent and violent bickerings between the man and his shrewish wife, who was the twin sister of Cal Douglas.

"Cal Douglas an' Noev Watt's woman air es much alike es two peas in a pod," went neighborhood pronouncement. "They air both soured on mankind an' they glories in human misery."

Had the fight on that winter evening ended in the death of both participants, McBriars and Haveys would alike have called it a gentle riddance and dropped the matter where it stood. But since a Havey had slain a Mc-Briar and the Havey still lived it could not, in honor, be so dropped. It left an uneven score.

Since the mountaineer has little to do in the winter and spring save gossip, the affair grew in importance with rehearsing, and to each telling was added new features. It was significantly pointed out east of the ridge that Noah had incurred the displeasure of Bad Anse Havey by the suspicion of tale-bearing to old Milt Mc-Briar. It was argued that the particular wife-beating which led to the tragedy might have passed as uneventfully as several similar episodes heretofore. had not the heads of the Haveys made

For several years the feud had slept, not the complete sleep of death, but the fitful, simmering sleep of caubreathing proclaimed her already so overwhelmingly strong as to court asleep. In another five minutes Jua- an issue just yet and, realizing the both Milt McBriar "over yon" and Anse Havey over here had guarded the more belligerent kinsmen with jealous eye. They had until now held them checked and leashed, though growling.

For these reasons the trial of Cal

Her grandfather's fortune, or for | and claimed its toll of lives through | where it might mean a pitched battle. tunes, since the plural rather than the half a century, that one of the Hat- So it had been awaited, too, up and singular fitted their dimensions, had field girls wrote on a white pillar at down the creeks and branches that come to her with his wish that part of the front of her often bereaved house: crept from the ragged hills, where men were leading morbid lives of isolation

During the three days that the suspense continued each recess of court found the long-limbed frame of Milt McBriar tilted back in a split-bottom The story of the Hatfield-McCoy chair on the flagstones at the front feud is in many ways that of other of the hotel. His dark face and pierc-"wars" which have made of the roof- ing eyes gazed always thoughtfully tree of the eastern divide a land be- and very calmly off across the dusky with leveled pistol. No one spoke. No hair tumbling, knelt the girl Dawn. town to the reposeful languor of the In the war between the Haveys and piled-up, purple skyline. Likewise, added with a hardened timbre of her on the night when she gave back the McBriars there was more than the each recess found seated at the other forgotten episode of a stray razorback | end of the same house-front the shortwhich was not surrendered to its law- er, heavier figure of a fair-haired man "Juanita," he had expostulated, ful owners. They had for decades with ruddy face and sandy mustache. hated and killed each other with a Never did he appear there without two fidelity of bitterness that made all companions, who remained at his right their truces and intermarriages fail of and left. Never did the dark giant speak to the florid man, yet never did Between the territories where they either fail to keep a glance directed

> The man of the sandy hair was Breck Havey, next to Bad Anse the most habitations east of that ridge and gap influential leader of the clan. His influence here in Peril made or unmade

> When these two men came together springs fed the rivers that went down as opposing witnesses in a homicide to the Blue-Grass and to Tennessee. case the air was fraught with elements of storm.

"Thar's war a-brewin'." commented "I never heard"-her voice rang sunset slopes of the backbone, they a native, glancing at the quietly seatwith a note against which he knew the might never have clashed, but there ed figures one noon. "An' them fel-

CHAPTER IV.

Physical exhaustion will finally tell. even over such handicaps as a moun-Her education had been pointed to Capulets ignored deadlines-and long tain feather bed and the fumes of a backwoods cabin.

If Juanita Holland did not at last actually fall asleep, she drifted into a with their insistent refrain, "You can't tered and set up new points of infec- sort of nightmare coma from which tion all along Tribulation and beyond she awoke with a start.

Finally she fell again into that half sleep which dreams of wakefulness. that other man had only had in him between them-and each faction had but suddenly she roused again with a start from a new nightmare and lay trembling under the oppression of a clan that Bad Anse had succeeded poignant foreboding. What was it that she had subconsciously heard or imagined? She was painfully wide awake in the slumbering cabin. At last she was sure of a sound, low but instinct with warning.

Beardog was growling just outside

Then, violently and without the preface of gradual approach-precisely as though horsemen had sprung from the earth-there clattered and beat past the front of the cabin a staccato thunder of wildly galloping hoofs and a was jest obleeged an' beholden ter do rattle of scattered rocks. She felt an it." All the circumstances of the af-Horses travel perilous and broken roads in that fashion only when their riders are in wild haste. As abruptly as the drumbeat had

come it died again into silence, and She Could See That Fletch McNash there was no diminuendo of hoofbeats receding into distance. The thing was weird and ghostly. She had not noticed in the weariness of her arrival at the cabin that the road ran deep in turned to face each other. sand to the corner of the fence and that after fifty yards of rough and broken rock it fell away again into another sound-muffling stretch. She knew only that she was thoroughly frightened, and that whatever the noise was, it proclaimed hot and des- again.'

Yet even in her terror she had moved only to turn her head and had dible undertone: opened her eyes cautiously and nar-

a snore. The fire flickered faintly and bed of ashes a dying spurt, before for the moment.

She could see that Fletch McNash had half risen in his bed. His head was partly turned in an attitude of intent listening, and his pose was as rigid as that of a bird-dog frozen on a point. It had all been momentary, and as Juanita gazed she saw other figures stir uneasily, though no one spoke. The missionary lay still, but the woman's figure moved restlessly beneath the heaped-up comforter.

So, for a few moments, the strange and tense tableau held, and the girl, watching the householder's alert yet motionless pose, remembered him as he had hunched drunkenly over his plate a few hours ago. The two pictures were hard to reconcile.

Then, at some warning which her less acute ears failed to register, she saw Fletch McNash's right hand sweep outward toward the wall and come up gripping the rifle.

Still there was no word, but the eldest boy's head had risen from the pallet.

closed lids looked across the dim room. While she was so staring and pretending to sleep, there drifted from girl watched him she realized for the a long way off an insistent, animal- first time the significance of the words like yell with a peculiar quaver in its "to wrestle in prayer." It suddenly final note. She did not know that it came to her that she had never before Douglas had been awaited with a was the famous McBriar rallying cry, sense of crisis in the town of Peril, and that trouble inevitably followed the backwoods missionary knelt there.

of a narrator. space, with no realization of how it the son's to the back. The older man | skies lay ahead of her. bent low, like a runner on his mark

along the wind she had seen a thing happen which she would have disbe-

lieved had she heard it from the lips

and his face was tensely upturned. and son crouched in precisely similar went over to the door and looked out. poses, one covering the barred door at the front with a repeating rifle, the one corner of the yard in the unconmassive timbers of that at the back breath of sleep had died, for every its breath, bated.

Then came a fresh pounding of hoofs glowing with shyness. and scattering of gravel and a chorus of angry, incoherent voices sounded above the noise of flight-or was it pursuit? Whatever words were being shouted out there in the night were wake of oaths that seemed to float be-

The noise, like the other which had preceded it, died swiftly, but in the instant that it lasted Fletch McNash had lifted his left hand and brought his rifle to the "ready" and his son had instinctively thrust forward his cocked revolver.

For a full minute, perhaps, the girl in the bed had the picture of two figures bent low like bronze emblems of motionless preparation, yet not a syllable had been spoken, and when, from quite a distance beyond, there came the snap of a single shot, followed by the retort of a volley, they still nei-

as if by one impulse, they rose and

Then, and then only, was there ut-In a voice so low that Juanita would not have heard it save that every sense was painfully alert, Fletch said been that of a boy, this morning it was to his son: "I reckon ther war's on the sullen face of a man confronting

The boy nodded sullenly, and the father commanded in an almost inau- affairs of the community, she might

The boy went back to his pallet and There was no sound in the cabin the father to his bed. For a long time now; not even the stertorous breath of there was dead silence, and then one by one they took up again their chorus occasionally sent up from its white of snores. Tomorrow might bring chaos but tonight offered sleep. Still the ored. which the darkness fell back a little girl lay gazing helplessly up at the rafters and wondering what things happened out there in the grim, uncommunicative silence of the slopes.

A little while ago she had been dreading what might come. Now, in an access of terror, she thought of what must come.

"Ther war's on." That was enough. Evidently there had been "hel!" over there at the dance. She had reached the country just in time to see a new and sanguinary chapter open.

She would in all probability see people she actually knew, with whom she had spoken, and whose hands she had taken, the victims of this brutal blood-lust.

And in the face of such things these human beasts could sleep!

But one was not sleeping, and after a while among the snoring slumberers Good Anse Talbott rose and knelt before the hearth. There were still a few glowing embers there, and as Le bent and at last took the knotted hands away from his seamed face they Keyed now to concert pitch, the girl cast a feeble light upon his features held her body rigid, and through half- and upon the bare feet that twisted convulsively on the stone fireplace.

It was a tortured face, and as the seen a man really pray. For an hour

fast in the wake of its sounding. She pleading with his God for his unrepenknew only that it fitted in with her tant people. childhood's conception of the Indian's Outside a single winppoorwill wailed warwhoop. But she did know that plaintively, "These poor hills! These in an instant after it had been borne poor hills!"

CHAPTER V.

In the lowlands morning announces She saw in one breathing space the itself with the rosy glow of dawn and half-raised figure of Fletch McNash un- upflung shafts of light, but here in the der the quilts of his bed, and that of hills of Appalachia even the sun comes young Jeb under the covers of his stealing with surreptitious caution and pallet. She saw in the next breathing | veiled face, as if fearful of ambuscade

When Juanita opened her eyes, to had happened, both of them crouched find the tumbled beds empty save for low at the center of the floor, the fa- herself, she told herself with a dismal ther's eyes glued to the front door, heart that a day of rain and sodder

The dim room reeked with wet awaiting the starting signal. His right mists, and an inquisitive young rooshand held the rifle at his front, his ter stalked jauntily over the puncheon left lightly touched the floor with floor, where his footfalls sounded in fingers spread to brace his posture, tiny clicks. It was a few minutes after five o'clock, and Juanita shivered So, while she counted ten, father a little with the clammy chill as she

Bending over a gushing spring at

other seeming to stare through the scious grace of perfect naturalness. her sleeves rolled back and her dark one moved, but the regular swelling Juanita crossed the yard, and as she came near the younger girl raised a

pair of lips in the place was holding face still glistening with the cold water into which it had been plunged and The older woman nodded with a smile that had captivated less simple subjects than Dawn and said: "Good

to be great friends. I know we are it swallowed in the medley, except a you will try to like me as much as I do you." Then the girl from Philadelphia plunged her face, too, into the cold

morning. I think you and I are going

living water, and raised it again, smiling through wet lashes. "What makes ye like me?" Dawn suddenly demanded in a half-challeng

ing voice. "You make me like you," laughed Juanita.

The mountain girl held her eyes still in the unwavering steadiness of her race, then she said in a voice that car

ried an undertone of defiance: "Ye hain't nuver seen me afore an-" she broke off, then doggedly "an' besides, I don't know nuthin'."

"I mean to see you often after this," announced the woman from down be low, "and the things you don't know can be learned."

A sudden eagerness came to the younger face and a sudden torrent of questioning seemed to hover on her lips, but it did not find utterance. She only turned and led the way silently back toward the house. When they were almost at the door Dawn hesitated, and Juanita halted with an encouraging smile. It was clear that the mountain girl found whatever she meant to say difficult, for she stood indecisive and her cheeks were hotly suffused with color, so that at last Juanita smilingly prompted: "What "Ye said-" began Dawn hastily and

awkwardly, "ye said suthin' 'bout me a tryin' ter like ye. I-I don't hafter try-I does hit." Then, having made a confession as difficult to her shy taciturnity as a callow boy's first declaration of love, she fled abruptly around the corner of the house. Juanita stood looking after her with

a puzzled brow. This hard mountain rarely shake hands, that fathers seldom embrace their children, and that the kiss is known only to courtship, was new to her

At breakfast she did not see Dawnthe dryad had vanished!

During the meal no allusion was made to the happenings of last night but the girl noticed that inside the door leaned the householder's "rifle gun" and under young Jeb's armpit bulged the masked shape of a pistol-

Young Jeb's face vesterday had grim realities. Had Juanita been more familiar with the contemporary have known that on many faces along Tribulation that morning brooded the same scowl from the same cause. The McBriar yell had been raised last night in the heart of the Havey coun try, and this morning brought the shame of a land invaded and dishon-

Dawn did not reappear until Juanita had mounted and turned her mule's head forward. Then, as she was pass ing the dilapidated barn, the slim, calico-clad figure slipped from its door and intercepted her in the road, holding up a handful of queer-shaped

"I 'lowed ye mought need these hyar," said the girl diffidently. Juanita smiled as she bent in her saddle to take the gift.

"Thank you, dear; what are they?" "Hit's ginseng," Dawn assured her. "Hit grows back thar in ther woods an' hit's got a powerful heap of virtue. Hit frisks ther speret an' drives

away torment. Ef yer starts ter swoon agin, jest chaw hit." Juanita repressed her amusement. "You see, dear," she declared, "there's one very wonderful thing you know that I didn't know. And fion't forget, when we meet again we

ere old friends." Then, when she had mounted her mule, looking back over her shoulder. Juanita saw the figures of both Fletch and Jeb cross, the fence at the far side of the yard and turn into the mountain thicket. Each carried rifle cradled in his bent elbow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) Cannibal God.

Fijian cannibals worship a god named Mata Waloo, who has eight stomachs, and is always eating.

of lung disease. Dr. McCrae has analyzed the lungs of such cases occuring in the Witwatersrand mines in South Africa, and has published his results in the South African Institute for Medical Research.

He finds that from 2.8 and 9.6 grams of silicon may be present. compared with 0.55 gram in a normal lung. Microscopical examination of the silicious particles showed them to be angular, and the majority had a

Tells How She Was Saved by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Louisville, Ky .- "I think if more suffering women would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound they would enjoy better health. I suffered from a female trouble, and the doctors decided I had a tumorous growth and would have to be operated upon.

but I refused as I do not believe in operations. I had fainting spells, bloated, and could hardly stand the pain in my left side. My husband insisted that I try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am so thankful I did. for I am now a well woman. I sleep better, do all my housework and take long walks. I never fail to praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for my good health."—Mrs. J. M. RESCH, 1900 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky.

Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, is it not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering in a like manner?

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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An Easy Way to Get Rid of Ugly Pimples

utes with resinol soap and hot water, then apply a little resinol ointment

very gently. Let this stay on ten minutes. and wash off with resinol soap and more hot water, finishing with a dash of cold water to close the pores. Do this once or twice a day, and you will be astonished to find how

quickly the healing resinol medication soothes and cleanses the pores, removes pimples and blackheads, and leaves the complexion clear and vel-Resinol ointment and resinol soap

stop itching instantly and speedily heal skin humors, sores, burns, wounds and chafing. Sold by all druggists.

Improving on Shakespeare. A member of the business staff of Robert Mantell, the actor, tells of a conversation he overheard "in front" on the occasion of Mr. Mantell's production of "Hamlet" in a Western "Oh, Harry," said the young woman.

'I think it's an awful shame to drown Ophelia and kill Hamlet. They ought to have been married." Whereupon Harry heaved a sigh

and looked earnestly at his compan-"I ain't great on tragedy," said he,

'but that's how I should fix it." Mean of Her.

"What was Mrs. Brown talking about today, dear?" "About all the time. I guess, judg-

ing from the noise." Suiting the Occasion. "I dreamed yesterday that I was riding a wild horse."

"Must have been a night mare." Going It Too Hard

We are inclined nowadays to "go it too hard;" to overwork, worry, eat and drink too much, and to neglect our rest and sleep. This fills the blood with uric acid. The kidneys weaken and then it's a siege

of backache, dizzy, nervous spells,

rheumatic pains and distressing

urinary disorders. Don't wait for

worse troubles. Strengthen the kidneys. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. An Iowa Case

Thomas Thompson. \$27 S. Second St., Washington, Ia., says: "My kidneys were weak and disordered and caused my back to ache almost constantly. I had nervous spells and headaches and often got dizzy. The kidney secretions were scanty and filled with sediment. Doan's Kidney Pills proved a blessing, giving me a permanent cure."



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Constipation Vanishes Forever Prompt Relief-Permanent Cure CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegeta-ble — act surely

but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner dis SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature



## Egyptian Remedies for Skin Disease

Differed Widely From Those at Present in Use.

The contrast between the very ancient and the very modern methods of goose grease in therapeutics, and aptreating skin diseases is well illustrated in the medical writings of the an- its popularity. As used by the Egypcient Egyptians. The most modern tians, however, goose grease was only method of treating these afflictions is one of several ingredients useful in ago by a bride-to-be, who wished some by serums. A favorite prescription of treating certain skin diseases, particul directions published for her guidance

UNLIKE THE MODERN METHOD | ing: "Take the toes of a dog, ripe other fats were used in equal parts, the needs of different households | food in them which is liable to stick. | tain miners, etc.—suffer from a form dates and asses' hoofs in equal parts. Boil these carefully in a pan of oil. This is an excellent remedy for skin eruptions and to make hair grow."

In these ancient writings we find the first authentic record of the use of parently this remedy has never lost

mus, crocodile, snake and ibex. This makes a universal rule impracticable, remedy was to be used for a period of as was suggested to the inquirer at not more than four days. But it ap the time; but she may find some help pears that skin diseases continued prevalent in ancient Egypt, just as they prevail there at the present time.

An outline of a system of house-

in a daily outline given by Miss Par loa, a noted authority on household matters. Miss Parloa says: "Make the fires, air the dining room and hall. Prepare the breakfast and set the table. Air the bedrooms while the family is at breakfast. Remove the breakfast dishes: put away the food Sort the dishes and put to soak all in occupations in which much silithe Egyptian doctors was the follow- larly baldness. In this recipe five in housekeeping. The variation in dishes and utensils that have had clous dust is produced-potters, cer-

Put dining room and sitting room in order, airing them well. Wash dishes, put kitchen and pantries in order. Prepare dishes that require slow cooking and put them to cook. Make beds and put sleeping rooms and bathroom in order. Trim lamps. Dust halls and stairs; sweep piazzas."

Silicon in Miners' Lungs. It is well known that those engaged