

"THE MARRYING SQUIRE."

Justices Geo. E. Law, of Brazil, Ind., has fairly earned the title "The Marrying Squire," by which he is known for and wide, having already married some 1,400 couples. Ten years ago he was Deputy County Treasurer. "At that time," said Justice Law, "I was suffering from an annoying kidney trouble. My back ached, my feet were broken at night, and the passages of the kidney secretions were too frequent and contained sediment. Three boxes of Deane's Kidney Pills cured me in 1897, and for the past nine years I have been free from kidney complaint and backache."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The royal female swimmer of Europe is Queen Amelia, of Portugal. She is tall and graceful and shapely in form. Accustomed to the water from childhood, she is a daring and powerful swimmer. She has saved several persons from drowning, and the people of Lisbon often speak with pride and joy of the day she leaped into the Tagus and rescued two children from drowning. On another occasion she saved the life of her boatman a man beyond the average size. He would have drowned had it not been for the queen's impulsive bravery.

Calcutta is known as "the city of palaces and pigsties," and it is also noted for its charming botanical gardens. A stranger, visiting the garden for the first time, will find his wonder and admiration excited by the appearance of an immense banyan tree. The branches of this tree droop as do our weeping willows; and when a branch is sufficiently long, its extremity becomes imbedded in the earth, takes root, and in turn sends out more branches. In this instance the operation has been repeated until the tree now measures 950 feet in circumference at its base and has attained a height of 85 feet. It forms a veritable maze-a marvel to the eye of a stranger.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; also cases of deafness are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous membrane. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for Circulars, Free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Avoid as far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead-lined tanks.

What a quiet world this would be if every person thought before speaking.

The proper way to boil potatoes is a mystery to many people. An authority on this subject says that potatoes should always be boiled with their jackets on. Peeling is wasteful. When the skin is taken off, the water soaks through and makes them soggy. They should be put in cold water and slowly brought to a boil. A handful of salt should be put into the pot. It raises the boiling point, so that quick cooking is assured, and also adds flavor. The right way to find out whether a boiled potato is thoroughly cooked is to test it with a fork or knitting needle.

Fourteen thousand babies comprise the annual crop of the biggest baby farm in the world. It is located at Moscow and has a branch in St. Petersburg that produces 8,000 babies a year.

TORTURED WITH ECZEMA.

Tremendous Itching Over Whole Body - Scattered Until Bled - Wonderful Cure by Cuticura.

"Last year I suffered with a tremendous itching over my back, which grew worse and worse, until it spread over the whole body, and only my face and hands were free. For four months or so I suffered torments, and I had to scratch, scratch, scratch, until I bled. At night when I went to bed things got worse, and I had at times to get up and scratch my body all over, until I was as sore as could be, and until I suffered excruciating pains. They told me that I was suffering from eczema. Then I made up my mind that I would use the Cuticura Remedy. I used them according to its instructions, and very soon indeed I was greatly relieved. I continued until well, and now I am ready to recommend the Cuticura Remedies to any one. Mrs. Mary Metzger, Sweetwater, Ohio., June 25, 1905."

Madame Midas

By Fergus Hume

CHAPTER IX.-(Continued.)

There were present Madame Midas, Selina, McIntosh and Vandeloup, and they were all gathered round the table looking at the famous nugget. There it lay in the center of the table, a virgin mass of gold, all water-worn and polished, hollowed out like a honeycomb, and dotted over with white pebbles like currants in a plum pudding.

"I think I'll send it to Melbourne for exhibition," said Mrs. Villiers, touching the nugget very lightly with her fingers.

"Doel, norn, and 'tis worth it," replied McIntosh, whose severe face was relaxed in a grimly pleasant manner.

"What's the time?" asked Madame, rather indifferently.

Mr. McIntosh drew out the large silver watch, which was part and parcel of himself, and answered gravely that it was two o'clock.

"Then I'll tell you what," said Mrs. Villiers, rising. "I'll take it in with me to Ballarat and show it to Mr. Marchurst."

McIntosh drew down the corners of his mouth, for, as a rigid Presbyterian, he by no means approved of Marchurst's heretical opinions, but of course said nothing as Madame wished it.

"Can I come with you, Madame?" said Vandeloup eagerly, for he never lost an opportunity of seeing Kitty if he could help it.

"Certainly," replied Madame graciously. "We will start at once."

Vandeloup was going away to get ready, when McIntosh stopped him.

"That friend of yours is going away to the town to-day," he said, touching Vandeloup lightly on the shoulder.

"What for?" asked the Frenchman curiously.

"To see the play actors, I'm thinking," returned Archie dryly. "He wants to stop all night in the town, so I've let him go, and have told him to put up at the Wattle Tree Hotel, the landlord of which is a friend of mine."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure," said Vandeloup, with a pleasant smile.

The great nugget was carefully packed in a stout wooden box by Archie, and placed in the trap by him with such caution that Madame, who was already seated in it, asked him if he was afraid she would be robbed.

"It's always best to be on the right side, norn," said Archie, handing her the reins; "we never know what may happen."

"Why, no one knows I am taking this to Ballarat to-day," said Madame, drawing on her gloves.

"Don't they?" thought M. Vandeloup, as he took his seat beside her. "She doesn't know that I've told Pierre."

And without a single thought for the woman whose confidence he was betraying, and of whose bread and salt he had partaken, Vandeloup shook the reins, and the horse started down the road in the direction of Ballarat, carrying Madame Midas and her nugget.

"You carry Caesar and his fortunes, M. Vandeloup," she said, with a smile.

"I do better," he answered gaily; "I carry Madame Midas and her luck."

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Mark Marchurst was a very peculiar man. Brought up in the Presbyterian religion, he had early displayed his peculiarity by differing from the elders of the church by belonging to regarding their doctrine of eternal punishment. They, holding fast to the teachings of Knox and Calvin, looked upon him in horror for daring to have an opinion of his own, and as he refused to repent and have blind belief in the teachings of those grim divines, he was turned out of the bosom of the church.

On this bright afternoon, when everything was bathed in sunshine, Mr. Marchurst, instead of being outside and enjoying the beauties of nature, was hunched up in his dismal little study, with curtains closely drawn to exclude the light, a cup of strong tea, and the Bible open at "The Lamentations of Jeremiah."

He was a tall thin man, of a bleached appearance, from staying so much in the dark, and so loosely put together that when he bowed he did not as much bend as tumble down from a height. In fact, he looked so carelessly fixed up that when he sat down he made the onlooker feel quite nervous lest he should subside into a ruin, and scatter his legs, arms and head promiscuously all over the place.

He was roused from his dismal musings by the quick opening of the door of his study, when Kitty, joyous and gay in her white dress, burst like a sunbeam into the room.

"I wish, Katherine," said her father, in a severe voice, "I wish you would not enter so noisily and disturb my meditations."

"You'll have to put your meditations aside for a bit," said Kitty, disrespectfully, crossing to the window and pulling aside the curtains, "for Madame Midas and M. Vandeloup have come to see you."

A flood of golden light streamed into the dusky room, and Marchurst put his hand to his eyes for a moment, as they were dazzled by the sudden glare.

"They've got something to show you, papa," said Kitty, going back to the door; "a big nugget-such a size-as large as your head."

Her father put his hand mechanically to his head to judge of the size, and was

about to answer when Madame Midas, calm, cool and handsome, entered the room, followed by Vandeloup, carrying a wooden box containing the nugget. It was by no means light, and Vandeloup was quite thankful when he placed it on the table.

"Wonderful!" reiterated the old man, passing his thin hand lightly over the surface; "verily the Lord hath hidden great treasure in the entrails of the earth, and the Paecolus would seem to be a land of Ophir when it yields such wealth as this."

The nugget was duly admired by everyone, and then Brown and Jane, who formed the household of Marchurst, were called in to look at it. They both expressed such astonishment and wonder that Marchurst felt himself compelled to admonish them against prizing the treasures of earth above those of heaven. Vandeloup, afraid that they were in for a sermon, beckoned quietly to Kitty, and they both stealthily left the room, while Marchurst, with Brown, Jane and Madame for an audience, and the nugget for a text, delivered a short discourse.

Kitty put on a great straw hat. Her piquant face blushed and grew pink beneath the fond gaze of her lover as they left the house together and strolled up the Black Hill.

Seated on the highest point of the hill, under the shadow of a great rock, the two lovers had a wonderful view of Ballarat. Here and there they could see the galvanized iron roofs of the houses gleaming like silver in the sunlight from amid the thick foliage of the trees with which the city was studded.

All this wonderful panorama, however, was so familiar to Kitty and her lover that they did not trouble themselves to look much at it, but the girl sat down under the big rock, and Vandeloup flung himself lazily at her feet.

"Bebe," said Vandeloup, who had given her this pet name, "how long is this sort of life going to last?"

Kitty looked down at him with a vague feeling of terror at her heart. She had never known any life but the simple one she was now leading, and could not imagine it coming to an end.

"I'm getting tired of it," said Vandeloup, lying back on the grass, and putting his hands under his head, stared idly at the blue sky. "Unfortunately, human life is so short nowadays that we cannot afford to waste a moment of it. I am not suited for a lotus-eating existence, and I think I shall go to Melbourne."

"And leave me?" cried Kitty, in dismay, never having contemplated such a thing as likely to happen.

"That depends on yourself, Bebe," said her lover, quickly rolling over and looking steadily at her, with his chin resting on his hands; "will you come with me? We will get married in Melbourne as soon as we arrive."

"Why can't papa marry us?" pouted Kitty in an aggrieved tone.

"Because your father would never consent," he whispered, putting his arm round her waist; "we must run away quietly, and when we are married can ask his pardon and, with a sardonic sneer, "his blessing."

A delicious thrill passed through Kitty when she heard this. A real elopement with a handsome lover-just like the heroines in the story books. It was delightfully romantic, and yet there seemed to be something wrong about it. She was like a timid bather, longing to plunge into the water, yet hesitating through a vague fear. With a quick catching of the breath she turned to Vandeloup, and saw him with his scintillating eyes fastened on her face.

"When do you go?" asked Kitty, who was now trembling violently.

"Ah!" M. Vandeloup was puzzled what to say, as he had no very decided plan of action. He had not sufficient money saved to justify him in leaving the Paecolus-still there were always possibilities, and Fortune was fond of playing wild pranks. At the same time there was nothing tangible in view likely to make him rich, so, as these thoughts rapidly passed through his mind, he resolved to temporize.

"I can't tell you, Bebe," he said, in a caressing tone, smoothing her curly hair.

"I want you to think over what I have said, and when I do go, perhaps in a month or so, you will be ready to come with me. No," he said, as Kitty was about to answer, "I don't want you to reply now, take time to consider. Btle one," and with a smile on his lips he bent over and kissed her tenderly.

They sat silently together for some time, each intent on their own thoughts, and then Vandeloup suddenly looked up.

"Will Madame stay to dinner with you, Bebe?" he asked.

"She always does; you will come, too," Vandeloup shook his head.

"I am going down to Ballarat to the Wattle Tree Hotel to see my friend Pierre," he said, in a preoccupied manner, "and will have something to eat there. Then I will come up again about eight o'clock, in time to see Madame off."

"Aren't you going back with her?" asked Kitty, in surprise, as they rose to their feet.

"No," he replied, dusting his knees with his hand, "I stay all night in Ballarat, with Madame's kind permission, to see the

theater. Now, good-bye at present, Bebe," kissing her, "I will be back at eight o'clock, so you can excuse me to Madame till then."

He ran gaily down the hill, waving his hat, and Kitty stood looking after him with pride in her heart. He was a lover any girl might have been proud of.

CHAPTER XI.

The Wattle Tree Hotel, to which Mr. McIntosh had directed Pierre, was a quiet little public house in a quiet street. It was far away from the main thoroughfares of the city and a stranger had to go up any number of quiet streets to get to it and turn and twist round corners and down narrow lanes until it became a perfect miracle how he ever found the hotel at all.

Any one going into the bar could see old Simon-a stolid, fat man with a sleepy looking face always in his shirt sleeves and wearing a white apron sitting in a chair at the end while his daughter, a sharp, red-nosed dame, who was 35 years of age, and confessed to 22, served out the meals. Mrs. Twesby had long ago departed this life, leaving behind her the sharp, red-nosed dame to be her father's comfort. As a matter of fact, she was just the opposite, and Simon often wished that his daughter had departed to a better world in company with her mother. Thin, tight-laced, with a shrill voice and an acridulated temper, Miss Twesby was still a spinster, and not even the fact of her being an heiress could tempt any of the Ballarat youth to lead her to the altar. Consequently Miss Twesby's temper was not a golden one, and she ruled the hotel and its inmates with a rod of iron.

Mr. Villiers was a frequent customer at the Wattle Tree, and was in the back parlor talking to old Twesby on the day that Pierre arrived. The dumb man came into the bar out of the dusty road, and, leaning over the counter, pushed a letter under Miss Twesby's nose, and although it was directed to her father, Miss Twesby, who managed everything, opened it and found it was from McIntosh, saying that the bearer, Pierre Lebaire, was to have a bed for the night, meals and whatever else he required, and that he-McIntosh-would be responsible for the money. He furthermore added that the bearer was dumb.

"Oh, so you are dumb, are you?" said Miss Twesby, folding up the letter and looking complacently at Pierre. "I wish there were a few more men the same way; then, perhaps, we'd have less chat."

Meanwhile, Villiers having heard the name of Pierre Lebaire, and knowing he was engaged in the Paecolus claim, came round to see him and try to find out all about the nugget. Pierre was sulky at first, and sat with his old black hat drawn down so far over his eyes that only his bushy black beard was visible, but Mr. Villiers' suavity, together with the present of half a crown, had a marked effect on him. As he was dumb, Mr. Villiers somewhat perplexed how to carry on a conversation with him, but he ultimately drew forth a piece of paper, and sketched a rough presentation of a nugget thereon, which he showed to Pierre. The Frenchman, however, did not comprehend until Villiers produced a sovereign from his pocket, and pointed first to the gold, and then to the drawing, upon which Pierre nodded his head several times in order to show that he understood. Villiers then drew a picture of the Paecolus claim, and asked Pierre in French if the nugget was still there, as he showed him the sketch. Pierre shook his head, and, taking the pencil in his hand, drew a rough representation of a horse and cart, and put a square box in the latter to show the nugget was on a journey.

"Hullo!" said Villiers to himself, "it's not at her own house, and she's driving somewhere with it; I wonder where to? She's got the nugget with her in the trap, and she's taken it to show Marchurst. Well, she's sure to stop there to tea, and won't start for home till about nine o'clock; it will be pretty dark by then. She'll be by herself and if I- here he stopped and looked around cautiously, and then, without another word, set off down the street at a run.

The fact was, Mr. Villiers had come to the conclusion that as his wife would not give him money willingly, the best thing to be done would be to take it by force, and accordingly he had made up his mind to rob her of the nugget that night if possible.

The afternoon wore drowsily along, and the great heat made everybody inclined to sleep. Pierre had demanded by signs to be shown his bedroom, and having been conducted thereto by a crushed-looking waiter, who drifted aimlessly before him, threw himself on the bed and went fast asleep.

Even Martha, the wide-awake, was yielding to the somniferous heat of the day, when a young man entered the bar and made her sit up with great alacrity.

This was none other than M. Vandeloup, who had come down to see Pierre. Dressed in fannels, with a blue scarf tied carelessly round his waist, a blue necktie knotted loosely round his throat under the collar of his shirt, and wearing a straw hat on his fair head, he looked wonderfully cool and handsome, and as he leaned over the counter Miss Twesby thought that the hero of her novel must have stepped bodily out of the book. Gaston stared complacently at her while he pulled at his fair moustache. But he was not looking at her somewhat mature charms, but at a bunch of pale blue flowers, among which were some white blossoms she wore in the front of her dress. (To be continued.)

High Art.

Mrs. Neulich-Show me something in what they call high art.

Dealer-Well, here is a picture on that order. The price is \$250.

Mrs. Neulich-Oh, that isn't near high enough. I want something for about \$5,000.

RHEUMATISM STAYS CURED

Mrs. Cota, Confined to Bed and in Constant Pain, Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Rheumatism can be inherited and that fact proves it to be a disease of the blood. It is necessary, therefore, to treat it through the blood if a permanent cure is expected. External applications may give temporary relief from pain but as long as the poisonous acid is in the blood the pain will return, perhaps in a new place, but it will surely return. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure rheumatism because they go directly to the seat of the disorder, purifying and enriching the blood.

Mrs. Henry Cota, of West Cheshire, Conn., is the wife of the village machinist. "Several years ago," she says, "I was laid up with rheumatism in my feet, ankles and knees. I was in constant pain and sometimes the affected parts would swell so badly that I could not get about at all to attend to my household duties. There was one period of three weeks during which I was confined to the bed. My sufferings were awful and the doctor's medicine did not help me.

"One day a neighbor told me about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to try them. After I had taken them a short time I was decidedly better and a few more boxes cured me. What is better, the cure was permanent."

Remember Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not act on the bowels. They make new blood and restore shattered nerves. They tone up the stomach and restore impaired digestion, bring healthful, refreshing sleep, give strength to the weak and make miserable, complaining people strong, hungry and energetic. They are sold by all druggists, or will be sent postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanized iron pipes.

It takes two to make a bargain and sometimes a judge to decide who got it.

The Hall of Fame, in New York City, was dedicated in 1901. In March, 1900, the council of New York University accepted a gift of \$100,000 (afterward increased to \$250,000) from a donor whose name was withheld, for the erection and completion on University Heights of a building to be called "The Hall of Fame for Great Americans." The hall is built in the form of a semi-circle. The colonnade is four hundred feet long, and contains one hundred and fifty panels, to hold the names of as many famous Americans.

By proper training, the depressing emotions can be practically eliminated from life, and the good emotions rendered permanently dominant.

A man may build a palace, but he can never make of it a home. The spirituality and love of a woman alone can accomplish this.

If we are contented to unfold the life within, according to the pattern given us, we shall reach the highest end of which we are capable.

"Keeping alive that spirit of youth," Stevenson used to say, was "the perennial spring of all the mental faculties."

A DOCTOR'S TRIALS.

He Sometimes Gets Niek Like Other People.

Even doing good to people is hard work if you have too much of it to do.

No one knows this better than the hard-working, conscientious family doctor. He has troubles of his own-often gets caught in the rain or snow, or loses so much sleep he sometimes gets out of sorts. An overworked Old doctor tells his experience:

"About three years ago as the result of doing two men's work, attending a large practice and looking after the details of another business, my health broke down completely, and I was little better than a physical wreck.

"I suffered from indigestion and constipation, loss of weight and appetite, bloating and pain after meals, loss of memory and lack of nerve force for continued mental application.

"I became irritable, easily angered and despondent without cause. The heart's action became irregular and weak, with frequent attacks of palpitation during the first hour or two after retiring.

"Some Grape-Nuts and cut bananas came for my lunch one day and pleased me particularly with the result. I got more satisfaction from it than from anything I had eaten for months, and on further investigation and use, adopted Grape-Nuts for my morning and evening meals, served usually with cream and a sprinkle of salt or sugar.

"My improvement was rapid and permanent in weight as well as in physical and mental endurance. In a word, I am filled with the joy of living again, and continue the daily use of Grape-Nuts for breakfast and often for the evening meal.

"The little pamphlet, 'The Road to Wellville,' found in pkgs., is invariably saved and handed to some needy patient along with the indicated remedy." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason."