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Munyon's, 53 and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

What Gold Cannot Buy. By Mrs. Alexander. Author of "A Crooked Path," "Maid, Wife or Widow," "By Woman's Wit," "Boston's Bargain," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "A Woman's Heart."

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.) "Are you Irish? You don't mind my asking? Some people don't like the Irish; I delight in them. My father's great friend is an old general, a dear old thing—Sir Patrick Desmond; is he any relative of yours?"

"I have heard of him, but if he is in any way connected with me it is so distant that I cannot call cousins with him." "If he comes down to the Court while you are here, I will ask you to meet him. Then you are Irish? And I am sure you sing and play?"

"That is delightful. You can play an accompaniment? I can't bear playing; and I want to try some duets with George Lumley to-night." "I will do my best," said Hope. "Don't you think George Lumley very good-looking? He is very good style, too, and so like Lord Everton. I am rather glad he is at Hounslow. This place is too far, and yet too near, to be amusing."

"Where in the world did you find that nice Miss Desmond, Mrs. Saville?" exclaimed Miss Dacre. "She is so quiet and well bred. Lots to say, too. Do bring her over to the Court. She could be of infinite use to me in playing accompaniments." "Very likely; but, you see, I engaged her to be of use to me."

"To be sure," laughed the thoughtless girl. "How frightfully sharp you are!" And she blew her mistress a kiss as she left the room. "What a glorious night!" said Lumley, with a sigh of relief, sinking on an ottoman beside Hope. "Couldn't you manage to come out for a stroll before saying good-night finally?"

"I am woefully tired," said Mrs. Saville, throwing herself into a low chair. "Really, life is too wearisome in its disappointing sameness. If Richard will invite these stupid chattering boys, I shall dine in my own room. Mary Dacre is sillier than she used to be, and Mr. Rawson writes that he cannot come down till the Sunday after next. We must begin 'Froment Jeune' to-morrow, Miss Desmond, and get away as much as we can from the present."

"I shall be very pleased. It is considered one of Daudet's best; and I have never read it." When Hope Desmond reached her own room she undressed rapidly, and putting out the candles, brushed her long hair by the moonlight, while she thought earnestly, "How disappointing of Mr. Rawson! I hoped he would be here next Sunday; and I have so much to say to him. True, I can write; but a few spoken words face to face are worth a dozen letters. It will not be easy to get him to myself, but as my own special friend I have a right to demand an interview. How weary that poor woman is!—and far from well. Poor and nearly friendless as I am, I would not change with her. No, no; I understand life better than she does, though she has lived so much longer. How her heart must ache when she thinks of her son! Under all her hardness and pride she yearns for the love she does not know how to win. If she will only love me!"

"The two months have nearly expired," she mused, when, having risen, she leaned against the window-frame and looked out on the moonlit lawn. "But I am quite sure she will not send me away. I do not want to go among strangers again. It is awful to have no home. But with practice with the effort to seem brave, courage comes."

"Taking some relief sound up in a little silk bag and hung round her neck by a thin chain of Indian gold, she kissed it lovingly and lay down to rest. For the next couple of days Mrs. Saville instituted a severe headache and shut herself up with Miss Desmond in her own special morning room, leaving her son and his guest to entertain each other. The third day Hope went out for a short stroll, as Mrs. Saville evidently did not want her company

in a visit she went to pay at the Court. She had not gone far when she was overtaken by George Lumley, who immediately began to converse with her on what he was pleased to term her 'false imprisonment.' She talked with him gayly enough, but always with what he chose to term 'a tinge of indulgence' in her manner, and then turned homeward sooner than she would otherwise have done.

"I must bid you good-by. I am going back to my quarters this evening," he said. "But I shall be at the Court next week. I do hope you'll come and help us in those duets. Miss Dacre has planned no end of practising." "I shall be glad to help you if I may."

"How submissive you are! You must have an awfully dull time of it." "I do not feel dull. Mrs. Saville is a very intelligent woman, and as we differ on every subject, we have abundance of interesting conversation." "I should think so. Do you ever convert her?"

"By no means. He recommended me as a suitable person to act as reader and amanuensis to your aunt, and I hope to do him credit." "Do you know you puzzle me immensely!" "A little mental exercise will do you good."

"Mental exercise! You give my mind plenty to do. You are never out of my thoughts." "Good-morning, Captain Lumley," said Miss Desmond, with great composure. "I shall go in by the side door." And she turned down a narrow path which led to a private entrance at the foot of the stair communicating with a wing which contained Mrs. Saville's rooms.

Lumley stood for a moment uncertain what to do. He dared not follow her, and he was reluctant to confess himself checkmated. His generally placid face grew set and stormy. "What a provoking woman! She treats me as if I were a mere school-boy, whom she could play with in safety. It is no longer play to me; it shall not be play to her. I never was treated in this way before; and there is an odd sort of liking for me under it all. What speaking eyes she has! I have seen dozens of handsomer women, but there's a sort of fascination about her. I will not let her fool me. He walked rapidly away to the lonely recesses of the wood, more disturbed and resolute than he had ever felt in his self-indulged life.

The Sunday but one after this interview, Mr. Rawson came down in time for church. Mrs. Saville chose to stay at home. The service was short, for the vicar did not think it necessary to give a sermon every week. When it was over, there was a gathering of neighbors, and greetings outside the porch.

"I wish you would come back to luncheon, Miss Desmond," said Miss Dacre. "You might, as Mrs. Saville is not here. Lord Everton came rather unexpectedly last night, and I am sure you would like him. He has been asking if you are still alive." "I am very sorry I cannot assure him personally of my safety; but I cannot absent myself in this unceremonious manner. Then I have my friend Mr. Rawson here."

"What a nuisance! I am coming over after luncheon to ask for assistance in getting up a concert to collect funds for a new school-house; so, till this afternoon, adieu." She stepped into her pony-carriage, attended by Richard Saville, and drove away. "As we have plenty of time, I will take you by a little longer way back, Mr. Rawson," said Hope. "I place myself in your hands, my dear young lady." As they started, Lumley, who had stood aside till Miss Dacre drove off, joined them, and for a short way the conversation was chiefly between him and the family lawyer.

ROME IN THE HEART. O ask not a home in the mansions of pride, Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls; Though the roof be of gold it is brilliantly cold, And joy may be found in its torch-lighted halls. But seek for a bosom, all honest and true, Where love once awakened will never depart; Turn, turn to that breast like a dove to its nest, And you'll find there's no home like the home in the heart, O link but one spirit that's warmly sincere.

That will lighten your pleasure and solace your care; Find a soul you may trust as the kind and the just, And be sure the wide world holds no treasure so rare. Then the frowns of misfortune may shadow our lot, The cheek-creasing tear-drops of sorrow may start, But a star never dim sheds a halo for him Who can turn for repose to a home in the heart. —Eliza Cook.

FIGHT FOR ZULU CHIEFTAIN. Battle of Women Mission Workers Against British Land Grabbers. Two women in Natal are at present engaged in fighting the whole force of the British government. The battle waged by the Misses Colenso—two sisters—is carried on without visible signs of outward warfare; and yet it is a struggle as daring, as strenuous, and as adventurous as any real engagement. Embarking on a quixotic attempt to rescue the native chief Dinizulu from the coils of British diplomacy, they have spent almost every cent they had in the world, a London letter says.

For the last five years the eldest sister—Harriet—has been the guide, philosopher and friend of the native chief, even going to St. Helena and staying there near him while he waited in prison until her efforts got him out, only to be tried and reconvinced on another count. The devotion of the Colenso sisters to the cause of the black chief has won the respect of even their inveterate enemies, the English foreign wire-pullers who wish to turn the land of Dinizulu over to white exploiters.

In many quarters of the globe the fight waged by the Colenso sisters has evoked the sympathy of thousands of people who have not even stopped to consider the actual merits of Dinizulu's cause. Many influential English people, including Sir Charles Dilke, Lord Northbrook and Lady Schuyler, have recently taken up the cudgels on behalf of the two brave women; and in London an organization has recently been formed to raise funds to restore to them some of the actual money they have spent in defending Dinizulu at his recent trial for alleged high treason.

As a matter of fact, the only charge of which the black chief has been found guilty is harboring a few wretched natives fleeing from British rifles in a faked-up rebellion deliberately planned for the purpose of breaking down the influence of Dinizulu among the natives. The entire movement against Dinizulu is but an attempt on the part of the British to grab the countries belonging to the Zulu nation.

No white people in the whole of South Africa have greater knowledge and experience of the Natal natives than the two sisters. They are the daughters of the famous Bishop Colenso, the first and last bishop of Natal, who devoted his life to studying the needs and ministering to the spiritual wants of the black men.

Dinizulu's influence in the country has always been a stumbling block to British land-grabbing, and it has been essential to remove him from the scene of his activities. After his liberation from St. Helena, Miss Colenso undertook his defense against the numerous other charges brought against him. She mastered all the native dialects in order to confront opposing witnesses on many occasions utterly pitilessly to rout the emissaries of the government who had come prepared to swear away the life of the native leader. The devoted women have spent more than \$20,000 in defense of the black chief.

Of Course Not. An over-dressed woman was talking to an acquaintance. "Yes," she said, "since John came into his money we have a nice country house, horses, cows, pigs and hens." "That must be charming," remarked the other; "you can have all the fresh eggs you want." "Oh, well," replied the first lady, "of course, the hens can lay if they like to, but in our position it isn't at all necessary."

That morning of Armstrong would come! Now we came to a mile or so of extinguished grass put out earlier in the evening. Some mounted and rode back to see all safe behind, while the rest of us went forward. Shall I ever forget my joy when we saw Armstrong against the sky the outline of a log shack. There at any rate was water, and, perhaps, food.

Our hopes were more than realized. A nice supper with hot tea was soon ready for us, accompanied by a genial prairie welcome. The shack was that of a new settler, Ingram, who had come in during the summer, and had a few hours before lost three hay stacks, after he had considered that all was safe. Poor Mrs. Ingram had been up for two nights and days, but yet catered cheerfully for our wants. We learned that the fire had nearly reached the head of Frenchman Creek, and was fast traveling down Farwell Creek, on which Bolton's and Gibson's ranches were situated. So it did not take us long to decide that we must go back and protect our own houses.

But it was useless to ride before the dawn. Coming up with the fire to guide us was one thing. Riding from it into the gloom was another. So after a soothing pipe we stretched ourselves on the floor to sleep. I don't see what prisoners have to complain of in a plank bed. I'm sure I found mine comfortable enough. I pillowed my head on my coat and stretched my legs beneath the stove. Bettington's head lay on my stomach, and his long legs reached far out towards the center of the room. Howland, I believe, constructed a pillow out of the coal scuttle. All of us slept the sleep of the just.

A little before five Barrow opened the door leading outside to prospect. He started us with the exclamation: "It's snowing hard!" We were all awake in an instant. The news seemed too good to be true. We went out to verify the statement, and found not indeed snow, but a heavy Scotch mist, the ground perfectly wet and no glow of a fire visible. It was all over! What would probably have been the biggest and most destructive fire for years, and would have taken many men many days to extinguish had been swamped in an hour. Our spirits rose to summer heat. "Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

At Armstrong's ranch we were cordially invited to breakfast, and spent a couple of hours in discussing the events of the fire. The six men there had their work cut out to save the place in addition to fighting the flames in general. Hot soup goes well after a long ride, and the ladies at the ranch had prepared us an excellent one to commence our meal. But it had a soporific effect and most of us retired immediately afterwards to the lunch house, there to spend the afternoon in deep slumbers. Something prompted us to wake at supper time, and a musical evening followed.

The expedition will ever remain a memorable one for me. The midnight ride, the glowing sky, the illuminated city, are imprinted on my mind; and above all two of the pleasant surprises of my life—the welcome shack and the heaven-sent mist. Well might Sir Walter Scott sing: "Sound, sound the clarion, fill the air, To all the sensual world proclaim, One crowded hour of glorious life, Is worth an age without a name."

HE CALLS THIS SPORT. But to Some of Us the Story Smacks of Brutality. In each of us is the germ of savagery. The old instinct for cruelty and slaughter manifests itself most readily in our hunting and fishing sports. Under the spell of the chase we are guilty of things which, somehow, tend to shock us when we consider them in cold blood. Take the following recital of how a hunter got a moose in Nova Scotia, for example. The man who tells the story is not free from the thrall of the "sport," probably sees nothing but glory in his achievement, but to us who sit in our easy chairs and read there is something cruel and repellent in the tale. The extract is from an article in the National Sportsman:

The sun had set, and we were going only a short distance further before camping, when Len's sharp eyes detected a moose standing partly behind a rock with a background of pines at what we afterwards found was 120 yards. His "Look at the big bull!" instantly drew my attention, and my 40's began to roar, but I flared it that on account of the perspiration dripping on my glasses earlier in the day, I had taken them off, and now in this falling light could scarcely distinguish either moose or near sight when my left eye closed, although the bright front sight showed plainly. My first three shots were misses, and I might have become rattled had not Len's voice, as calm as though nothing was happening, came to me. "You are shooting high." Drawing down the foresight until I could scarcely see, I pulled once more and hit the fore leg just above the elbow, but without touching any bones, and the moose started, although very lame, over the open. Four more shots and he was down, over 200 yards away, and we started to run, but before we got half way he started down again, and we were able to get within a distance that made it certain he was ours; but once more he got on his feet and although unable to take a step, glared at us until another shot, the only one in a vital spot, put him down for good.

We found that all six shots after he had started had touched him; one had broken his fore leg just above his hoof; another touched his ear, another clipped a horn; another, probably the one that put him down first, struck the center of his back just an inch too high to affect the backbone, and another struck behind, passing through one quarter and breaking the hipbone on the other, disabled him completely, the last, fired close, struck behind the shoulder, as intended.

That which people call hope is really conceit; a man believes that his dollar talent will finally bring a fortune and hopes on.

Oh Lord, we do not ask thee for shipwrecks, but if there is a shipwreck, let it be in Templenore Bay. Such was the prayer of some ingenious youths, full of faith, who were at school on the south coast of England. Much akin to this was the wish of my heart. I didn't want a prairie fire to happen for my benefit, but if there was one, I longed to see it and help fight it.

I had spent the summer in Myles Bolton's ranch, thirty-seven miles southeast of Maple Creek, in Saskatchewan. Several times at night I had seen the glow of conflagrations and sniffed the smoky air of fires far away. Once in a heavy thunderstorm the lightning struck in five different places around the ranch. But I was within doors and quite unconscious of it. In a few minutes the rain descended in torrents and all was over. One hot August day I thought I really was to have the experience I longed for. Columns of smoke were seen rising just in a line with where our outfit was having on the bench. I scrambled up, took for wet sacks, and rode out only to find that the fire was miles further on. So I had dinner with my friends and rode back again.

Not until the fall was my wish gratified. On the first of October I was riding on the bench with two friends, when we saw the smoke of a fire to the north. The sight is not unusual, and as the fires had usually proved to be far out of our range, it made no particular impression upon us. But as we were sitting down to supper at 7 o'clock, Bettington, a neighboring rancher, arrived with the news that he was hurrying up men to go and fight the fire. As Bolton and Bettington are both fire guardians, and can by law commandeer the services of all males over sixteen, we were in for it, though not unwillingly. One m.m. being left behind to look after the ranch, a party of six proceeded to the stables to saddle up.

It was rather a weird sight, the catching of our horses in the corral, the fitful rays of a single lantern, occasionally being required to distinguish Nigger from Coon, or Ginger from Dick. Everybody was busy with bridles and bits, blankets and saddles, and the sacks being served out and strapped behind the canties, at length all were ready, and off we went into the night. Whither I knew not! All was in the dark to me. Trails, familiar enough in the daytime, had absolutely vanished. The derick even, as we swept past it, showed only for a moment against the sky line. But the responsibility of direction did not rest with me. I simply kept with the crowd, secretly grabbing the horn of my saddle during those first few moments, with an uncomfortable feeling of insecurity, and not knowing what was going to happen next.

A night ride of this description was altogether a new experience for me. But the feeling passed off, as gradually the outlines of my companions and their horses became more clear, and the ground proved not to be full of bottomless chasms, as was my first impression. The timidity of uncertainty passed away and I became callous to hidden dangers. "Up the creek!" the creek?" was the cry, and up the creek we went. Though I shouldn't have known any difference, Crossing it near the old, and now deserted, Police Detachment, I got left behind a bit. My horse took me somewhere through the bush, and eventually emerged into the open. Here I dashed straight ahead to find that I was alone. My comrades had missed me and a few reciprocating shouts enabled me to find them again. They had turned sharp to the right outside the bush. In relating my experiences afterwards I declared that my horse had suddenly loomed up before me; but it appears there is no haystack there! I hope, however, that my readers will not distrust this account of my adventures. "Things that are seen by candlelight are not the same by day."

Our horses began to enjoy the fun. Bolton was on a fine animal, Latigo, and set the pace. All our horses were good. I was riding Banjo, endeared to me by occasional acquaintance of his good qualities, though I once or twice, in the early part of the ride, gloomily reflected that he had, a few days previously, tried to buck an experienced rider off. He is, perhaps, a little inclined to be lazy, but once he took the bit between his teeth and dashed on beyond the rest—quite distastefully to me. When I managed to rein him in and wait for the others, Bolton's remark to me that I had better not try to race as the ground was very uncertain, was a little wide of the mark. If he had but known it!

About four miles on we left the creek and wended our way through a couple of up on to the bench. There we could see that the fire was a big one. Its glow lighted up the sky for miles. I confidently expected to see the actual flames after surmounting the next rise. But many rises were

to pass beneath our horses' feet before we reached our destination. We were traveling fast, loping or quick trotting over the prairie, walking only when we came to unexpected coulees, making straight for the western point of the line of fire. I, a novice in the art of riding, began to feel pretty sore. Occasionally I lagged behind, but Howland and Barrow were very good, and falling behind too, would urge my horse at a quick lope until we caught up with the leaders.