Spread of the Drug Habit. With the facts brought to light by the state board of pharmacy, which secured indictments against certain druggists alleged to have sold cocaine illegally, the need of energetic, concerted action to suppress the durg habit becomes apparent. The most dangerous feature of the abuse of drugs is that once established in a community it becomes almost ineradicable. A few of the victims are cured, but the others do not escape its clutches until they die, and meanwhile the vice is steadily securing new recruits. There is reason to fear that were it left unchecked the indulgence in cocaine, opium, chloral and similar drugs might become as great a menace as drunkenness.

In its effort to stamp out the habit by preventing the sale of these drugs, the board of pharmacy should have active support not only from boards of health and states' attorneys, but from the druggists themselves, both individually and through their associations. It would be a wise and timely action for druggists to take the in-Itiative in discountenancing the at tempt to gain profit in this way. It should hardly be necessary to add that a conscientious physician who finds it necessary to prescribe drugs for his patients owes it to society to exert every precaution to keep his patients from becoming habituated to their use, -Chicago News.

French Taught by Phonograph.

They are beginning to use the phonograph in teaching foreign languages. If French, for example, is the language under study, a native of France talks into the phonograph and the record is sent to the pupil, who with the aid of a phonograph of his own, hears the correctly spoken French and tries to reproduce it with his own vocal organs. The results thus obtained are no doubt better than the student could achieve by studying the language from books and guessing at the pronunciation, and the phonograph method might be employed advantageously by educational establishments which undertake to teach the modern languages. but cannot afford to employ fully competent instructors. Oh, yes, there are such institutions. One of them is the United States Military academy at West Point, where one man has sole charge of the department of modern languages, including English, French and Spanish. They have a French speaking phonograph at "the Point," and Superintendent Mills says it is a "wonderful help." He thinks that it would be well enough to have a Spaniard and a Frenchman to talk to the cadets, in class, in their respective tongues. Superintendent Mills' conclusion seems reasonable. But the United States is so poor!-Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Blessed is Work.

Work is the blessing of blessings if only we are properly instructed in it, and if we choose wisely what we are able to do. Merely as a resource in times of trouble and perplexity of mind, work is worth all the exertion and pains one has put into learning it. especially work where the bre'n takes its part. The most wearing thing about routine housework is that it does not occupy the mind while one is about it. One can think of one's trou- English mystics, who came out of the good thing will tread in her footseps." bles over dishwashing: I suppose there has been an ocean of tears shed over that prosaic work. I knew a girl once who was in great grief over the death of her sister. She diligently practiced singing her scales every morning while she worked about the kitchen. It kept her from brooding over her trouble. I never hear "do, re me, fa," without thinking of this brave, cheery girl, who became a great singer, and what is much more important, a very happy, helpful woman in after years .-February Woman's Home Compaion.

A Careful Lad.

A school teacher in Kentucky had some trouble in teaching a little fellew to say "double I," "double e," "double s," etc. But after a while his efforts were fruitful, and he was gratified by an extraordinary appearance of interest on the pupil's part. In fact, the boy became a double-letter hunter, and ceased altogether to require attention at that point. About that time they reached the lesson concerning the early riser, beginning with "Up! Up! and see the sun!"

He read it, "Doupble up! and see the sun!"-February Woman's Home Companion.

A Professional Interest. Caller-"My husband read this poem at a public celebration, before hundreds of people. It was the last poem he ever wrote.'

Editor (glancing over manuscript)-"Ah, yes, I see. Did the lynching take place at once, or did the mob wait till nightfall?"

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The quiet man is generally there in an emergency.

To Cure a Cold in One day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it falls to cure 25c.

A had promise is like a good cakebetter broken than kept.

Lewis' "Single Binder" straight 5c cigar. Made by hand of ripe, thoroughly cored tobacco, which insures a rich, satisfying smoke. You pay 10c for cigars not

A beautiful woman enhances her charm if she can surround herself with an air of mystery.

ALL UP TO DATE HOUSEKEEPERS use Defiance Cold Water Starch, because it is better and 4 oz. more of it for same

It is easy to forget a slight-when it is the other fellow that is slighted

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.-John F

Bowks, Trinity Springs, Ind., Peb. 15, 1900. Illusions are the veils that destiny throws over our eyes to blind us or to enchant us.

## THE LION'S WHELP

BY AMELIA E. BARR. Bow of Orange Ribbon," "I, Thou and the Other One,"

"The Maid of Malden Lane," Etc. (Copyright, 1901, by Dodd, Mead & Company. All rights reserved.)

CHAPTER I.

Swaffham and De Wick.

During the seventeenth century Swaffham Manor House was one of the most picturesque dwellings in Cambridgeshire. It was so old that it had a sort of personality. It was the history of the Swaffham family in stone and timber.

The central tower-built of the white stone of the neighborhood-was the fortress which Tonbert Swaffham erected A. D. 870, to defend his lands from an invasion of the Danes; and five generations of Tonbert's descendants dwelt in that tower, before Wil-Ham of Normandy took possession of the crown of England. The Swaffham of that date became a friend of the Conqueror; and the Manor House had the singular fortune to be identified with the stirring events of every dynasty.

In the middle of the seventeenth century it still retained this character. Puritan councils of offense and defense had been held in its great hall, and parliamentary soldiers drilled in its meadews. For Capt. Israel Swaffham was the friend of Gen. Cromwell, and at the time this story opens was with Cromwell in Scotland.

A great fighter, he had no parliamentary talent, and no respect for parliaments. He believed England's religious and civil liberties were to be saved by the sword, and when the King's fast-and-loose proposals had been discussed by the men of Cambridgeshire, in Swaffham, he had closed the argument with this passionate declaration:

"There is no longer disputing with such a double mind as the mind of Charles Stuart. The very oath of God would not bind him. Out, instantly, all of you who can!"

His three sons rose at his words and the rest of the council followed, for all felt that the work was but half done-there was to be a Second Civil War. Then home was again deserted for the battlefield, and Capt. Swaffham's wife and daughter were once more left alone in the old Manor House.

Mrs. Swaffham was the child of a Puritan minister and she had strong principles, but there were hours when she had pitied the late King, excused his inexcusable treacheries, and regretted the pomps and ceremonies of royal state.

Jane Swaffham was of a different spirit. She had a soul of the highest steel ranks or triumphant Puritanism, until she had caught their spirit and been filled through and through with their faith.

This was the maiden who was sitting, one sunny afternoon, at the open window of the household parlor in Swaffham. She was thinking of her father and brothers, of the unhappy condition of England, and of the unrest in their own household. For she knew that her mother was worried about many things, and the fret that was bred in the kitchen and the farm offices-in spite of all her effortsinsinuated itself into the still order of the handsome room in which she was sitting.

At this moment there was the sound of wheels and the tramp of horses, and Jane said, "It is Matilda de Wick. I know the roll of the carriage." Then Jane lifted her sewing, and the wheel began to hum, and the door opened swiftly and Matilda de Wick entered.

"I have just been at Ely," she said, and if I live seven-and-fifty years longer in this sinful world, I shall not forget the visit. I have been visiting Lady Heneage, and I have heard so much of the Cromwell's full cup that. in faith, I think it has gone to my

head." "I trust Lady Heneage is well,"

said Mrs. Swaffham. "She had need to be well. Her house is as full as the ark. Mrs. Etizabeth Hampden is there, and daughter Flambord, and daughter Clayton, and all their children and retainers. It is their last gathering before they go away. Do you wish to know where they are going? To London, of Course."

"And they are going to London? Is it really so?" asked Jane.

"Tis not very civil to doubt it. But that is not all of my news-I heard also that Jane Swaffham was going to London-a thing I would not be-Heve without Jane's assurance."

"It is very uncertain," replied Mrs. Swaffham. "Jane has an invitation from Mary Cromwell, and if Doctor Verity comes here soon, he may find the time to take her to London with him. We know not assuredly, as yet.

"Jane must move mountains to go. The Cromweils are now living in the stately Cockpit. They will hold court there, and Jane Swaffham will be of

"I am sure of one thing," answered Jane. "Public honors please not Gen. Cromwell. He would thank God to escape them."

"I do not say that the wish to see him honored is universal," continued lost its way and is left alone in a Matilda. "Father Sacy thinks there are a few thousand men still living in England who have not bowed the knee her any help. The road was flat and connection with these figures and then to this Basi."

Matilda, you know that you are baiting Jane's temper only that you may see her lose it

Then Matilda laughed, and stooping to her friend, kissed her and said. "Come, little Jane, I will ask your pardon. Kiss and be friends, Jane. I came to get your receipt for lavender conserves, and this is nothing to it. Come, let us go to the still-room." She spoke with an unconscious air of authority, and Jane as unconsciously obeyed it, but there was a coldness in her manner which did not disappear until the royalist lady had talked with her for half an hour about the spices and the distilled waters.

When the electuary had been prepared, the girls became silent. They were as remarkably contrasted as were the tenets, religious and civil, for which they stood. But if mere physical ascendency could have dominated Jane Swaffham, she was in its presence. Yet it was not Matilda, but Jane, who filled the cool, sweet place with a sense of power not to be disputed. Her pale hair was full of light and life; it seemed to shine in its waving order and crown-like coil. Her eyes had a steady glow in their depths that was invincible; her slight form was proudly poised; her whole manner resolute and a little cold, as of one who was putting down an offense only half-forgiven.

Matilda was conscious of Jane's influence, and she called all her own charms forth to rival it. Putting out of account her beautiful face and stately figure as not likely to affect Jane, she assumed the manner she had never known to fall-a manner half-serious and wholly affectionate and confidential. She knew that Swaffham was always a safe subject, and that a conversation set to that key went directly to Jane's heart. So turning slowly round to observe everything, she said,

"How cool and sweet is this place, Jane!"

"It is, Matilda. I often think that one might receive angels among these pure scents."

"Oh, I vow it is the rosemary! Let me put my hands through it," and she hastily pulled off her white embroidered gloves, and passed her hands, shining with gems, through the deliciously fragrant green leaves.

"I have a passion for rosemary," she continued. "It always perfigures good fortune to me. Sometimes if I wake in the night I smell it-I smell miles of it-and then I know my angel mettle; and she had listened to those has been to see me, and that some

> Then she said with an attempt at indifference, "When did you hear from Cymlin? And pray in what place

must I remember him now?" "I know not particularly. Wherever the Captain-General is, there Cymlin

Swaffham is like to be." "Why do you not ask after Stephen's

fortune-good or bad?" "I did not at the moment think of Stephen. When Cromwell is in the mind 'tis impossible to find him fit company. It is he, and he only." "Yet if ever Stephen de Wick gets

a glimpse of home, it is not home to him until he has been at Swaffham.' Jane made no answer, and they walked silently to the door where Matilda's carriage was waiting. Mrs. Swaffham joined them as Matilda was about to leave, and the girl said, "I had come near to forgetting something I wished to tell you. One of those men called Quakers was preaching his new religion at Squire Oliver Leder's last night. There was much disputing about him to-day."

"What said Lady Heneage of the preacher?" asked Mrs. Swaffham.

"She thought he ought to be put in the stocks; and her sister Isabel said that he was a good man, and had the root of the matter in him. I heard that he was to preach again at Deeping Den. Now, I must make what haste I can; my father will be angry at my delay. Good-bye! faithful till we meet again.

"She says 'faithful,' yet knows not how to be faithful."

"She is much changed."

"It would be strange indeed if she was not changed. Before these troubles she was a girl living at her mother's knee, petted by her father. and the idol of her brothers. Two of her brothers fell fighting by the side of Prince Rupert, her mother wept herself into the grace for them, her father is still nursing the wound he got at Naseby, and her only brother, Stephen, is with Charles Stuart, wherever he may be. If such troubles did not change a girl, she would be hewn from the very rock of selfishness."

On her way home Matilda sat erect, lost in thought, and her eyes had a there you have in 60 years 43,800 look in them full of anxiety and sorrow. The sadness of an immense disillusion was over her. Her life had gone to ruin, but she trusted that some miracle would restore it. All her old friends had departed. The grave had some; others had taken different ways, or battle and exile had scattered them. By the side of her sick father she stood alone. Oppressed by such considerations, she felt like a child that suddenly realizes it has

wilderness. Nothing in her surroundings offered dreary; a wide level intersected with rave over her being fragile. Young "Children! Children! can you find deep drains and "droves"-a poor, man, you're a fool. Bah!' "-Nev nothing more lovely to talk about? rough, moist land, whose horizon was York Times.

only broken by the towers of Ely, vast and gray in the distance. Large iron gates admitted her to de Wick park. The house was a quadrangular building of various dates, and gray walls rising from trim gardens with boxedged flower plots and clipped yew hedges. An old-world sleepy air, lonely and apart and full of melancholy pervaded the place.

The door stood open, and she passed without delay into the wide entrance hall, and went leisurely up the broad stairway. Her hat, with its moist drooping feathers, was in her hand; her hair hung limply about her brow and face; she was the very picture of a beauty that had suffered the touch of adverse nature, and the depression of unsympathetic humanity.

But the moment she entered her own room she had the sense of covert and refreshment. She put off her sense of allenation and unhappiness with her damp clothing, and as the comfort of renewal came to her outwardly, the inner woman also regained her authority; and the girl conscious of this potent personality. erected herself in its strength and individuality. She surveyed her freshly clad form in its gown of blue lutestring; she turned right and left to admire a fresh arrangement of her hair; she put around her neck, without pretense of secrecy or apology, the rosary of coral and gold; and admired the tint and shimmer of its beauty on her white throat. Then she asked—
"Was any stranger with the Earl

at dinner, Delia?" "My lady, he dined with Father

Sacy alone. "And pray what did they eat for dinner?

"There was a sucking pig roasted with juniper wood and rosemary branches, and a jugged hare, and a pullet, and some clotted cream and a raspberry tart. All very good, my lady; will you please to eat something?"

"Yes. I will have some jugged hare, and some clotted cream, and a rasp berry tart-and a glass of Sapnish wine, Delia, and a pitcher of new Have them served as soon as

She took one comfortable glance at herself, and in the pleasure of its assurance went down-stairs. Her step was now firm and rapid, yet she paused a moment at the door of the room she wished to enter, and called up smiles to her face and a sort of cheerful bravado to her manner ere she lifted the steel hasp that admitted her. In a moment her quick eyes took a survey of its occupants. They were only two men-Earl de Wick, and his chaplain, Father Sacy. Both were reading; the Earl, Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia"; the chaplain, the evening service in the book of common prayer. Neither of them noticed her entrance, and she went straight to her father's side, and covering the open page with

her hand, said in a merry tone-"Here is a noble dwelling in Arcadia, while the great Captain-General Cromwell--

"The devil!" "Is going up and down and to and fro in the land, seeking whom he may devour. I have been at Ely and at Swaffham, gathering what news I can, and I assure you, sir, there is none to our comfort."

"What have you heard? Anything about the Scots?"

"Cromwell is in Scotland. What do you expect from that news?" "That Leslie will be his match."

"Then you will be disappointed. There is a tide in the affairs of men, and this tide of Cromwell and the Commonwealth is going to sweep all royalty and all nobility into the deep

"Well, then, I may as well return to my 'Arcadia' and learn how to be rustical. We nobles may play at Canute if we like-but-

"It is useless, while this man's star flames in the firmament. If he conquers the Scotch army, what more can they offer him but the crown?" (To Be Continued.)

WOMAN NOT SO FRAGILE.

Think of the 43,000 Pounds of Bread and Meat She Eats.

"A young man of my acquaintance visits me occasionally," said Dr. Cynicus, "who is very much in love, but who wearies me excessively by his ravings over his sweetheart, her angelic qualities, et cetera. She is too fragile for this world, he thinks.

"'Fragile?' says I. 'How tragile? Ever test her fragility? Let me give you some figures about her, and womankind in general, showing the extent of their fragility.

"'We will suppose this piece of perfection is in moderately good health. She will live to, say, 60 years of age. Women do not like, any more than men do, to die-not so much, for women never grow old, you know. Listen to me? She will eat one pound of beef, mutton or some other meat every day. That's 365 pounds of flesh in a year. In sixty years it's 21,900 pounds. How's that for fragility?

"She will eat as much bread and as much vegetables per dlem, and pounds of bread and meat.

"'If she is not too angelic she will drink daily no less than two quarts of coffee, tea, wine or beer. And by the time she is really to have a monument she will have consumed 175 hogsheads of liquids. Fragile?

'Now,' says I to this young man, these figures do not include the 40 or 50 lambs she will worry down with mint sauce. It does not take into consideration her ice cream, her oysters, her clams and such. All this means about 45 tons.

"Fragile? Think of your affinity in



Miss Rose Peterson, Secretary Parkdale Tennis Club, Chicago, from experience advises all young girls who have pains and sickness peculiar to their sex, to rely on Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

How many beautiful young girls develop into worn, listless and hopeless women, simply because sufficient attention has not been paid to their physical development. No woman is exempt from physical weakness and periodic pain, and young girls just budding into womanhood should be carefully guided physically as well as morally.

If you know of any young lady who is sick, and needs motherly, advice, ask her to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., who will give her advice free, from a source of knowledge which is unequaled in the country. Do not hesitate about stating details which one may not like to talk about, and which are essential for a full understanding of the case.

Miss Hannah E. Mershon, Collingswood, N. J., says:

"I thought I would write and tell you that, by following your kind advice, I feel like a new person. I was always thin and delicate, and so weak that I could hardly do anything. Menstruation was irregular.

"I tried a bottle of your Vegetable Compound and began to feel better right away. I continued its use, and am now we'll and strong, and menstruate regularly. I cannot say enough for what your medicine did for me."

How Ars. Pinkham Helped Fannie Kumpe.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: - I feel it is my duty to write and tell you of the benefit I have derived from your advice and the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The pains in my back and womb have all left me, and my menstrual trouble is corrected. I am very thankful for the good advice you gave me, and I shall recommend your medicine to all who suffer from female weakness. -Miss Fannie Kumpe, 1922 Chester St., Little Rock, Ark. (Dec. 16, 1900.)

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure any woman in the land who suffers from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, kidney troubles, nervous excitability, nervous prostration, and all forms of woman's special ills.

To Make Popcorn Balls. Popcorn balls are quite in order at this season, and it will afford the children entertainment to make them at home. Pour one pint of New Orleans molasses in a rather deep saucepan and set over the fire. After it comes to a boll, let it cook five minutes. Add three cupfuls freshly popped corn, cook two minutes, stirring carefully, and pour into a buttered pan or on otled marble. As soon as cooled shape into balls and roll in some fresh corn, so that the outside will not be sticky.

It is better to enjoy a laugh at your own expense than at the expense of others who may not be able to stand

Dealers say that as soon as a customer tries Defiance Starch it is impossible to sell them any other cold water starch. It can be used cold or boiled.

Ignorance is the stepmother of prej

Sensible Housekeepers will have Defiance Starch, not alone because they get one-third more for the same money, but also because of superior quality.

The homely woman can afford to be so good.

Dropsy treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

A man carries his memory in his pocket when there is little else there. Economy is the road to wealth. PUTNAM FADELESS DYE is the

road to economy. Industry is something the lazy man

admires in the other fellow.

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any Catarra Cure.
P. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, C.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J.
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and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

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of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price
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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Warm friends are more plentiful in summer than in winter.





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Storekeepers report that the extra quantity, together with the superior quality, of Defiance Starch makes it next to impossible to sell any other