### Causes Despair.

Chicago Record-Herald: "Now, doctor," she said, after he had made a careful examination, "I want you to tell me the truth. Don't-please don'tkep anything back."

He shook his head and replied: "Do you fully realize what you are asking me to do? Think again." "Yes, yes," she insisted. "I want to

know the truth. Don't keep anything from me. Tell me the worst."

"It is very bad. I'm afraid you will never forgive me after I've spoken out

"No, no, no! Don't think that, I und derstand how you feel. Come, I must You must not keep me in sus<sup>4</sup> doctor. You are cruel."

"Well, if you insist on knowing the worst, it is my opinion that a regular course of dishwashing, bedmaking and

rible truth, the unfortunate woman fell door wrought lustrous patterns in gildback among her pillows and gave up all

The quickest growing plant in the

world is the kudzu, a species of bean. It is said to have been known to grow sixty feet in three months.

#### What Everybody Says.

Jamboree, Ky., April 3rd.-(Special.) "I suffered for years with my back," cays Mr. J. M. Coleman, a well known resident of this place. "Then I used Dodd's Kidney Pills and I have not felt a pain since. My little girl complained of her back. She used about one-half box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and she is sound and well."

It is thousands of statements like the above that show Dodd's Kidney Pills to be the one cure for Backache or any other symptom of deranged kid-For Backache is simply a sign that the Kidneys need help.

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Backache. They also always cure Bright's Disease, Dlabetes, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Bladder and Urinary Troubles and Heart Disease. These are more advanced stages of kidney disease. Cure your Backache with Dodd's Kidney Pills and you need never fear them.

## Cooking the Piano.

Public Ledger: markable woman. "My wife's She can c cook or play the plano with equal facility. "The idea! Of course she has to take it apart before she cooks it."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAT Take Lazative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

#### THE IMMORTAL NINTH.

How 17 Members of a Brave Regiment Tried to Take Port Arthur. In the grand assault commencing Aug-ust 19, the immortal Ninth regiment of the Japanese army was ordered to cross the field to the foot of the slope on which lay, dead and dying, many of the men of the regiment which had gone before. The colonel, Takagagi, surveying the task set for his regiment, sent back a report that it was not feasible. The brigade general, Ichinobe, replied hotly that one regiment was enough to take one battery. Taka-gagi stepped out of the ravine, in which he had been seeking shelter, at the head of his command. Before, he had been marching, as colonels usually do, in the marching, as colonels usually do, in the rear, while his line officers led the ad-vance. Now, he leaped forward up the slope, out in front of his men. A dozen paces from the ravine he fell with four bullets through his breast. The lieutenant colonel took up the lead and was shot a few yards farther on. The majors were wiped out. Every captain but one went down. The last captain, Nashimoto, in charge of D company, found himself, at length, under the Chinese wall with sev-enteen. men. Looking down upon the shell-swept plain, protected for the moment from the sharpshooters above, with that handful of heroes, a mile and a half in advance of the main body of the Japa-nese army, he grew giddy with the success of his attempt. Of a sudden he concluded that he could take Port Arthur with his seventeen men. He started in to do it. There was only the wall shead-the wall nd a few machine-guns-beyond, the city itself-a five minutes' run would have brought him to the citadel. He scaled the wall and fell across it-his back bullet-broken. Eight of his men got over, scaling the height beyond, called Wangtai, or the Watch Tower, a place to which the Russian generals formerly rode on horse-back to survey the battle-field. On this slope, for three months, in full sight of both armies, the eight law rotting. The Bussians referred to them as "The Japa-nese Garrison."—"Hell at Port Arthur." by Richard Barry, in Everybody's Magazine for April

THE MASTER OF APPLEBY By Francis Lynde. immenter in the second se CHAPTER I.

The summer day was all but spent when Richard Jennifer, riding express, brought me Captain Falconnet's chal-

lenge. weeping is the only thing that will ave you from weighing 160 pounds in-ide of five years." Twas a dayfall to be marked with a white stone, even in our Carolina cal-endar. The sun, reaching down to the mountain-girt horizon in the mountain-girt horizon in, the west, filled all the upper air with the glory of its side of five years." Realizing that her worst fears had been as naught compared with the ter-of the great maples before my cabin ed green upon a zenith background of turquoise shot with crimson, like the figurings of some rich old tapestries I had once seen in my field marshal's castle in the Mark of Moravia.

Beyond the maples a brook tinkled and plashed over the stones on its way to the nearby Catawba; and its peace ful brawling, and the evensong of a pair of clear-throated warblers poised on the topmost twigs of one of the trees, should have been sweet music in the ears of a returned exile. But on that matchless bride's month evening of dainty sunset arabesques and brook and bird songs, I was in little humor

for rejoicing. The road made for the river lower down and followed its windings up the valley; but Jennifer came by the dian trace through the forest. I can see him now as he rode beneath the maples, bending to the saddle horn where the branches hung lowest; a pretty figure of a handsome young provincial, clad in fashions three years be-hind those I had seen in London the winter last past. He rode gentleman-wise, in small clothes of rough gray woolen and with stout leggings over his hose; but he wore his cocked hat atilt like a trooper's, and the sword on his thigh was a good service blade, and no mere hilt and scabbard for show such

as our courtier macaronis were just then beginning to affect. Now I had known this handsome youngster when he was but a little ad; had taught him how to bend the Indian bow and loose the reed-shaft arrow in those happier days before the tyrant Governor Tryon turned hang-man, and the battle of the Great Al-manac had left me fatherless. Moreover, I had drunk a cup of wine with aim at the Mecklenburg Arms no longer than vesterweek-this to a renewal of our early friendship. Hence, I must needs be somewhat taken aback when he drew rein at my doorstone, doffed his hat with a sweeping bow worthy a courtier of the great Louis, and said, the best manner of Sir Charles Grandison:

"I have the honor of addressing Captain John Ireton, sometimes of his majesty's Royal Scots Blues, and late of her apostolic majesty's Twenty-ninth regiment of Hussars?"

It was but an cuphuism of the time, this formal preamble, declaring that his ormal preamble, declaring that his orrand had to do with the prelim-inaries of a private quarrel between gentlemen. Yet I could scarce re-strain a smile. For these upcroppings of courtier etiquette with the free stride of our western backwoods. None the less, you are to suppose that I made shift to match his bow in some fashion, and to say: "At your service, sir" Whereupon he bowed again, clapped

han. to head and tendered me a sealed backet. From Sir Frances Falconnet, Knigh

Bachelor of Reaumaris, volunteer captain in his majesty's German Legion, announced with stern dignity. Having no second to refer him to. I

broke the seal of the cartel myself. Since Lay enemy had seen fit to come thus far on the way to his end in some was not me to find difficulties in the formalities. In good truth, I was overjoyed to be thus assured that he would fight me In fair; that he would not compel me to kill him as one kills a wild beast at For certainly I should have killed bay. blai in any event; so much I had prom-ised my poor Dick Coverdale on that dismal November morning when he had choked out his life in my arms, the victim first of this man's treachery, and, at the last, of his sword. So, as I say, So, as I say. was nothing loath, and yet I would

John Ireton, you need not fear me, IN WHICH I WHET MY FATHER'S sword. though I am just now this redcoat captain's next friend. You know more about the Baron de Kalb's doings than anybody else in Mecklenburg. "I? What should I know?"

"You know a deal-or else the gos-sips lie most recklessly."

"They do lie if they connect me with the Baron de Kalb, or with any other of the patriot side. What are they saying That you come straight from the

baron's camp in Virginia-to see what you can see.

"A spy, ch? 'Tis cut out of whole cloth, Dick, my lad. I've never took the oath on either side."

He looked vastly disappointed. "But you will, Jack? Surely, you have not to think twice in such a cause?" "As between king and congress, you

mean? 'Tis no quarrel of mine.' "Now God save us, John Ireton!" he burst out in a fine fervor of youthful enthusiasm that made him all the handsomer. "I had never thought to hear your father's son say the like!"

I shrugged. 'And why not, pray? The king's Tryon, hanged my father and minion, gave his estate to his minion's minion. Gilbert Stair. So, in spite of your dec-larations and your conflacations and your laws against alien landholders, I come back to find myself still the son of the outlawed Roger Ireton, and this same Gilbert Stair firmly lodged in my

father's seat."

Jennifer shrugged in his turn. "Glibert Stair-for sweet Madge's sake I loath to say it-Glibert Stair blows hot or cold as the wind sets fair or stormy. And I will say this for him: no other Tyron legatee of them all has steered so fine a course through these last five upsetting years. How he trims so skilfully no man knows. A short month since, he had General Rutherford and Conole Sumter as guests at Appleby Hundred; now it is Sir Francis Falconnet and the British light-horse officers who are honored. But let him rest: the cause of independence is bigger than any man, or any man's private quarrel, friend John; and I had hoped—" I laid a hand on his knee. "Spare

yourself, Dick. My business in Queens-borough was to learn how best I might

reach Mr. Rutherford's rendezvous." For a moment he sat, pipe in air, staring at me as if to make sure that he had heard aright. Then he clipt my hand and wrung it, babbling out some boyish brava that I made haste to put an end to.

"Softly, my lad." I said: "'tis no great thing the congress will gain by my adhesion. But you, Richard; how comes it that I find you taking your ease at Jennifer House and hobnobbing with his majesty's officers when the cause you love is still in such des-perate straits?"

blushed like a girl at that, and He for a little space only puffed the hard-

'76, if you must know, and smelt pow-der at Moore's Creek. When my time was done I would have 'listed again; but just at that my father died and the Jennifer acres were like to go to the dogs, lacking oversight. So I came home and—and—"

he retorted.

at his pipe. "I did go out with the Minute Men in

He stopped in some embarrassment. and I thought to help him on. "Nay, out with it, Dick. If I am not thy father, I am near old enough to stand in his stead. "Twas more than

stand in his stead. "Twas more than husbandry that rusted the sword in its scabbord, I'll be bound."
o, I "You are right, Jack; 'twas both more and less," he confessed, shame-facedly. "'Twas this same Margery Stair. As I have said, her father blows hot or cold as the wind sets, but not ites, by Stair the state of the state of the state." Ireton? she. She is the fiercest little Tory in the two Carolinas, bar none. When I had got Jennifer in order and began to When ] Roger Ireton was sure to be. And nov talk of 'listing again, she flew into a pretty rage and stamped her foot and alone," said I. all but swore that Dick Jennifer in buff He swore again at that: and here, lest I should draw my loyal Richard and blue should never look upon her face again with her sood will." I had a glimpse of Jennifer the lover as he spoke, and the sight went someas he was not, let me say, once for all that his oaths were but the outgushings of a warm and impulsive heart. what on the way toward casting out backed by surly rancor or conscious the devil of sullen rage that had sessed me since first I had set returnirreverence ing foot in this my native homeland. "Twas a life lacking naught of harded. stoutly. ness but much of human mellowing tell this king's captain to look else-where for his next friend; but tomorthat lay behind the home-coming; and my one sweet friend in all that barren between this and the Stair outlands, and we'll fare on together." life was dead. What wonder, then, if I set this frank-faced Richard in the other Richard's stead, wishing him all After this he would brook no more delay: and when Tomas had fetched his horse I saw him mount and ride other Kichard's stead, wishing him all the happiness that poor Dick Coverdale had missed? I needed little: would need still less. I thought, before the war should end: and through this love-match my lost estate would come at away under the low-hanging maples-watched him fairly out of sight in the green and gold twilight of the great forest before turning back to my lonely length to Richard Jennifer. It was a meliorating thought, and while it held hearth and its somber reminders. could be less revengeful. "Dost love her, Dick?" I asked.

paying. How came you to quarrel with him, Jack?" Now even so blunt a soldier as I have ever been may have some prickings of delicacy where the truth might breed gossip—gossip about a tale which I had said should die with Richard Cov-

erdale and be buried in his grave. So I evaded the question, clumsily enough, as has ever been my hap in fencing with words. "The cause was not wanting. If any you may say he trod upon my ask,

foot in passing."

Jennifer laughed. "And for that you struck him? Heav-ens, man! you hold your life carelessly. Do you happen to know that this volunteer captain of light-horse is acunteer captain of light-horse is ac-counted the best blade in the troop?" "Who should know that better than—" I was fairly on the brink of betraying the true cause of quarrel, but drew rein in time. "I care not if he were the best in the army. I have crossed steel before—and with a good swordsman now and then "

swordsman now and then." "Anan?" said Jennifer, as one who

makes no doubt. And then: "But this toe-pinching story is but a dry crust to offer a friend. You spoke of a lady; who was she? Or was that only anoth-er way of telling me to mind my own affairs?

"Oh, as to that; the lady was real enough, and Falconnet did grossly asperse her. But I know not who she is, nor aught about her, save that she is sweet and fair and good to look upon." 'Young? 'Aye.

"And you say you do not know her?" Let me see her through your eyes and mayhap I can name her for you." "That I cannot. Mr. Peale's best skill would be none too great for the painting of any picture that should do her justice. But she is small, with the airs and graces of a lady of the qual-ity: also, she has witching blue eyes, and hair that has the glint of summer sunshine in it. Also, she sits a horse as if bred to the saddle."

To my amazement. Jennifer leaped up with an oath and flung his pipe into the fire.

'Curse him!" he cried. "And he dared lay a foul tongue to her, you say? Tell me what he said! I have a good right to know!"

good right to know!" I shook my head. "Nay. Richard; I. may not repeat it to you, since you are the man's second. Truly, there is more than this at the back of our quarrel; but of itself it was enough, and more than enough, inasmuch as the lady had just done him the honor to recognize him."

"His words-his very words, Jack, if you love me!'

"No: the quarrel is mine." "By God! it is not yours!" .he stormed, raging back and forth before the fire. "What is Margery Stair to you, Jack Ireton?"

I smiled, beginning now to see some peephole in this millstone of mystery. "Margery Stair? She is no more than

a name to me, I do assure you; the daughter of the man who sits in my father's seat at Appleby Hundred." "But you are going to fight for her!"

"Am I? I pledge you my word I did do my best to kill him, too. Sit you down and fill another pipe. Whatever the quarrel, it is mine."

the quarrel, it is mine." "Mayhap; but it is mine, too," he broke in, angrily. "At all events, I'll see this king's volunteer well hanged before I second him in such a cause." "That as you choose. But you are bound in honor, are you not?" "No." He filled a fresh pipe, lighted it with a coal from the hearth and

"No." He filled a fresh pipe, lighted it with a coal from the hearth, and puffed away in silence for a time. When he spoke again it was not as

'Dick, my lad, I am like to fight

That you shall not, Jack," he assert-

(Continued Next Week.)

To Cut Sandwiches.

knack and experience in the husiness

bread and meat to fill a tin pail. Tha is the secret of cutting sandwiches-

to avoid waste. There is such compe-

cutting corned beef and ham, too, so

than forty-eight hours.

tican.

ly failed.

"I must be a-gallop now to

Falconnet's next friend

"What you have told me puts a new face on the matter, Jack. Sir Francis may find him another second where he can. If he has ought to say, I shall tell him plain he lied to me about the quarrel, as he did. Now who is there

to see fair play on your side, John At the question an overwhelming sense of my own sorry case grappled me. Fifteen years before, I had left

# A VISIT TO UNCLE ED.

Washington Star: "It's interesting to have a preconceived notion smashed once in a while, but, then, I don't like to have the job done too violently," remarked an official of the government who returned recently from his deferred vacation. 'We are all liable to run into things that amaze us when we break away from our own firesides and get out of our own little ruts, but-

Well, anyhow, I went out to Wisconsin to visit my little old mother a few weeks ago, and on the day when I was scheduled to start back this way she got me into a corner and told me about one of her brothers whom she wanted me to visit on my way back to Washington.

"I had never seen this uncle of mine, nor had I even heard very much of him, except that he was rather a wild and reckless lot when he was growing up, and that he had departed from be-neath the lintel of the family wickleup under a bit of a cloud, owing to some boyish devilty, several years before he had attained his majority. "'Ed never was a bad boy,' was the way my good mother put it to me, 'and

he was always so fond of me, too. I'd be very glad if you'd stop off and see him, just for my sake. He's in a roll-ing mill, or something, in Pennsyl-vania. Homestead is the name of the place. I suppose the poor boy has toiled his life away all these years. You needn't spend more than half a day with him and his family, but I wish you would do that, so that you can write me all about him when you arrive in Washington. You can put up with poor Ed and his family for half a day s visit for my sake, can't you?' "Well, Homestead, Pa.-that's the

place where they had the great strike and the riots, and all that, about fifteen years ago, you'll recall-wasn't very much off my route on my return trip, and so I promised my mother that I'd fall off there and have a peek at Uncle Ed and his layout.

Uncle Ed and his layout. "I arrived in Homestead about 9 o'clock on a Thursday morning, a cou-ple of weeks ago. I didn't suppose there'd be any use in asking anybody where Ed Jorlins—the latter part of which isn't exactly his name—lived, and so I hunted up a Homestead directory. "The only Ed Jorkins in the direc-tory had his name registered in the book in big, heavy faced type, and so. book in big, heavy faced type, and so, naturally enough, I thought there must be some mistake.

"But no. It read, 'Edward Jorkins, superintendent So-and-So's rolling mills, residence Such-and-Such terrace,' rolling and, not a little puzzled over the big type, I started for the residence on the terrace.

'Say, when I found it it wasn't a house at all—it was a chateau, with cor-nices and gables and minarets and spires and dinky furbelows all over it and had three or four acres of splendid grounds around it.

grounds around it. "Said I to myseif, "This Uncle Ed of mine can't be living here. Probably he's eking out his pay as a rolling mill hand by doing the gardening, or some-thing of that sort, for the prorietor of this mansion." But I trapsed up the gravel walk leading to the swell main entrance to the obvious to find out entrance to the chateau to find out.

'A fine looking man of fifty or something like that, with a clearcut coun-tenance and grayish side whiskers, was standing on the porch smoking a cigar and fooling with a thoroughbred colie dog.

'Is there any man around here,' I asked him, 'by the name of Ed Jorkins?

"'Well,' said he, smiling, 'I believe I'm the only man in this section who packs that name around.'

"A franc-and-a-half is nothing to what I felt just at that moment. conwhat I felt just at that moment, con-trived to introduce myself to my uncle, however, and he gave me a cordial greeting—the greeting of a well bred man—and began to ask me all about everybody, especially about my mother,

# GREAT MED

## BRINGS HEALTH TO THREE MEM-BERS OF SAME FAMILY.

Cures a Wife's Debility After Malaria, L Husband's Rheumatism, a Daughter's Nervous Prostration.

"I have recommended Dr. Williams" Pink Pills to many people," said Mrs. Gossett. " because I have seen such good results, time after time, right in my own family. There are three of us who have no doubt about their merits. We do not need to take anybody's word on the subject for our own experience has taught us how well they deserve praise.

"It was just about ten years ago that I first read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and bought my first box. I was at that time all run down, weak, nervous and without ambition. I had been doctoring all summer for malaria and stomach trouble. Everybody thought I was going into consumption, as my mother had died of that disease.

"Thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I am now alive and hearty. I began to improve as soon as I began to take them, and when I had taken three boxes I was a well woman. Everyone wonders how I keep so well and am able to care for my home and six children without help. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills explain it.

"My oldest girl's health began to fail when she was about fourteen. She was nervous, complained of sharp pains in her head, would get deathly sick and have to leave the school room to get fresh air to revive her. I gave some pills to her. She took only a few boxes, but they cured her troubles, and caused her to develop into a perfect picture of health. Then my husband took them for rheumatism and found that they would cure that too. So you see we have all got great good from using them, and that is why we recommend them to others."

Mrs. Minnie B. Gossett lives at Uhrichsville, Tuscarawas Co., Ohio, and is well known, as she has resided in the same neighborhood for more than thirteen years. Her story shows that a medicine which makes the blood sound and the nerves strong, overcomes a variety of diseases and should be found in every household. Dr. Williams'Pink Pills are sold by all druggists everywhere. They have cured anaemia, and all forma of weakness, also the most stubborn cases of dyspepsia and rheumatism. They are indispensable for growing girls.



My doctor says it acts gonly on the stomach, liver and kidneys and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called "Lanc's Ten?" or

LANE'S FAMILY MEDICINE

All druggists or by mail 25 cts, and 50 cts. Buy it to day. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels cach day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Address, O. F. Woodward, Le Roy, N.Y.

### CHILDREN AFFECTED.

By Mother's Food and Drink.

Many babies have been launched into life with constitutions weakened by their babes. The experience of a Kan- I would a vermin of any other breed.' sas City mother is a case in point:

"I was a great coffee drinker from a child, and thought I could not eat a meal without it. But I found at last it was doing me harm. For years I had been troubled with dizziness, spots before my eyes and pain in my heart, gallop back to town on an empty stomto which was added, two years ago, a chronic sour stomach. The baby was born 7 months ago, and almost from the beginning, it, too, suffered from and I made haste to shout for Darius, sour stomach. She was taking it from me!

"In my distress I consulted a friend of more experience than mine, and she told me to quit coffee, that coffee did not make good milk, I have since ascertained that it really dries up the milk.

"So, I quit coffee, and tried tea and at last cocoa. But they did not agree with me. Then I turned to Postum afterward, though the evening was no Coffee with the happlest results. It proved to be the very thing I needed. It not only agreed perfectly with baby and myself, but it increased the flow of my milk. My husband then quit coffee and used Postum, quickly got well of the dyspepsia with which he was troubled. I no longer suffer from the dizziness, blind spells, pain in my heart or sour stomach. Postum has cured them.

"Now we all drink Postum from my husband to my seven months old baby. It has proved to be the best hot drink we have ever used. We would not give up Postum for the best coffee we over drank." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason.

Get the little book, "The Road to north." Wellville," in each pkg.

not seem too eager. "I might say that I have no unsettled quarrel with Captain Falconnet," 1 de-murred, when I had read the challenge. He spoke slightingly of a lady, and I lid but-

answer, Captain Ircton!" Your quoth my youngster, curtly. "I am not empowered to give or take in the mat-"I am not ter of accommodations."

"Not so fast, if you please." I re-ined. "I have no wish to disappoint joined. your principal, or his master, the devil. Let it be tomorrow morning at sunrise in the oak grove which was once my disease taken in with their mother's milk. Mothers cannot be too careful as to the food they use while nursing their babes. The exercise of a k-an At this Jennifer flung himself from

his saddle with a great laugh. "If you can," he qualified. "But enough of these 'by your leave, sirs.' I am near famished, and as dry as King David's bottle in the smoke Will

ach, and with a gullet as dry as Mr. Gilbert Stair's wit." fresh-hearted Dick Here was my

and for Tomas to take his horse, and otherwise to bestir myself to do the honors of my poor forest fastness as

vell as I might Luckily, my haphazard larder was

not quite empty, and there were pres-ently a bit of cold deer's meat and some akes of maize bread baked in the ashes to set before the guest. Also there was a cup of sweet wine, home-Also pressed from the berries of the Indian cuppernong, to wash them down. And

more than mountain-breeze cool, we had a handful of fire on the hearth for the cheer of it while we smoked our ced-stemmed pipes.

It was over the pipes that Jennifer unburdend himself of the gossip of the day in Queensborough.

"Have you heard the newest? But I know you haven't, since the post-riders came only this morning. The war has shifted from the aorth in good earnest at last, and we are like to have a taste of the harryings the Jerseymen have had since '76. My Lord Cornwallis is come as far as Camden, they say: and

Colonel Tarleton has crossed the Catawba "So? Then Mr. Rutherford is like to

have his work cut out for him, I take

Jennifer eved me curiously. Grif Rutherford is a stout Indian fighter: no West Carolinian will gainsay that But he is never the man to match Cornwallis. We'll have help from the

"De Kalb?" I suggested.

"Ave, and have ever since she was "Aye, and have ever since she was in pinafores, and I a hobbledehoy in Master Wytheby's school." "So long? I thought Mr. Stair was a later comer in Mecklenburg."

"He came eight years ago, as one of Tyron's underlings. Madge was even then motherless: the same little wilful Tyron's sion supplied 75,900 sandwiches at two days' notice. "It took seven men to do that job in the time allowed," he prat-a-pace she has ever been. I would you knew her, Jack. 'Twould make you knew her, Jack. 'Twould make this shiftiness of mine seem the thing at that. I paid them by the hundred, the man who did the most work getting the most pay. When they were all through there was not enough scraps of you have stayed at home "So

a-courting while others fought to give you leisure." said I, thinking to rally him. But he took it harder than I him.

"Tis just this, Jack: and I am fair amed. While the fighting kept to tition in the business that we are ob-liged to work on low margins. We arashamed. the north it did not grind so keen: but now, with the redcoats at our doors, and the Tories sacking and burning in every settlement, 'tis enough to flay ar honest man alive. God-a-mercy, Jack! f'll go: I've got to go, or die of shame!" He sat silent after that, and as there seemed nothing that a curst old campaigner could say at such a pass, I bore for that purpose. We never send out a sandwich that has been cut more him company.

By and by he harked back to the matter of his errand, making some apology for his coming to me as the

baronet's second. "'Twas none of my free offering, you may be sure," he added. "But it so happened that Captain Falconnet once did me a like turn. I had chanced to run afoul of that captain of Hessian pigs, Lauswoulter, at cards, and Falconnet stood my friend-though now I bethink of me, he did seem over-anx-ious that one or the other of us should be killed."

"As how?" I inquired. "When Lauswoulter slipped and might have spitted him, and didn't, Falconnet was for having us make the duel a outrance. But that's beside the mark. Having served me then, be makes the point that I shall serve him

now." "Tis a common courtesy, and you could not well refuse. I love you none the less for paying your debts; even to such a villain as this volunteer captain.

When the pope is gone, Cardinal Ram-polla will in all probability be perma-"De Kalb?" I suggested. Again the curious eyeshot. "Nay, like little enough the manmer of its nently shelved.

s lavorite sister, as ne Appleby Hundred and my native provsay ince as well befriended as the son

"He'd never had time, he told me to go back and dig up the old folks, but he was perpetually vowing to do it, all the "Then his three daughters, as pretty

a trio of cousins as any fellow would want to claim, made their appearance, and for general fluish and cleverness, let alone their grand looks, they cer-tainly were stunners. Their mothers appeared, too, after a bit, and furnished an interesting study of a refined woman

of middle age. "To me it was all a trance, for a fact. They wouldn't believe me when I told them that I'd had breakfast down town, but they carried me off to the break fast room, if you please, and had placed before me some specimens of break-fast cookery that only increased the intensity of my daze. Positively they made so much of me, and were all so genuinely fine and lavish in their spirit of hospitality, that I barely knew what to do with my hands and feet.

"Along toward noon my Uncle Ned, whom I had expected to find at a roll-Uncle Ned. ing mill, with a red flannel shirt on his back, a short clay pipe in his mouth and a big dinner bucket constantly under his eye, apologized and said he'd have to run down to the works for a bit. He was dressed like the president New York Times: "Men who cut sandwiches must have just as much of a national bank when he started. as men who open oysters on the river boats," said a man who on one occaand he was only gone about hours

When he returned he said that he was through for the day. While he was gone my girl cousins took me over the house. It was a swell house, and the house. It was a swell house, and no mistake -twenty-five rooms in it, 'olive' room, white and gold' room, and all that sort of thing: swimming pool, swell library, billiard room, gymnasi-um, smoking room-the whole thing.

"The girls played and sang for me in English, French, Italian and Ger-man, and their mother, a woman of Welsh descent, played nobly on the

harp. "At dinner that evening a butler and range with a baker for a special loaf in which there is little crust. Crusty bread makes waste in sandwiches, bea 'second man.' if you please, saw to it that we were fed all right, and, on my little pay, I don't often get such wines cause it breaks and crumbles when cut in cross sections. There are ways of and cigars as this Arabian Nights un-cle of mine set before me when the mother and girls left us to ourselves. that there is little waste in them for sandwiches. We buy particular joints "It was about as queer a sell, so to We never send out speak, the whole job, as ever I met up with. The next day my uncle took me over the works. All hands—there were several thousands of them among the employes practically doffed their bonnets and knuckled their fore-heads to him, and I got a different notion of what the word 'superintendent' meant. After I got on the train to come on to Washington I fell into talk

with the conductor, and just out of curiosity I asked him: "What is the average salary of the superintendents of these mills around

here?' "Well, he replied, 'it would be hard to strike an average, but some of then to strike an average, but some of them get right nifty wages. It all depends upon their expertness in their line of business, and their cleverness in handling men and fulfiling contracts. Now, Ed Jorkins, who lives up yonder on the terrace, gets a salary of \$20,000 or not and they say hole set set. a year, and they say he's got an in-terest in the works besides. He was a hand in the same mill twenty years Another cardinal whom I have seen confirms the statement of his colleague

"My mother out in Wisconsin must have thought me insane when she read the letter I wrote to her about her brother Ed when I got back here."

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## Cardinal Rampolla's Role. London Express: Paris.-The pope's great age and feebleness, together with certain recent happenings in France, have raised serious questions at the Vatican As a matter of fact, Leo XIII. is now very much in the hands of Cardinal

Rampolla, and the cardinal's policy has never been more subservient to French policy than during the present time of stress for the religious orders.

One of the cardinals tells me that the majority of members of the Sacred lege are indignant at what is taking place. No official protest has been heard against the dispersion of the congregations, and the diplomacy of the Vaformerly regarded as one of the most farseeing in Europe, has complete-