READ AND YOU WILL LEARN

That the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice endorse and recommend, in the strongest terms possible, each and every ingredient entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia, catarrh of stomach, "liver complaint," torpid liver, or biliousness, chronic bowel affections, and all catarrhal diseases of the complaint, and the complaint of the complaint of the complaint. affections, and all catarrhal diseases of whatever region, name or nature. It is also a specific remedy for all such chronic or long standing cases of catarrhal affections and their resultants, as bronchial, throat and lung diseases (except consumption) accompanied with severe coughs. It is not so good for acute colds and coughs, but for lingering, or chronic cases it is especially efficacious in producing perfect cares. It contains Black Cherrybark, Golden Seal root, Bloodroot, Stone root. Golden Seal root, Bloodroot, Stone root, Mandrake root and Queen's root—all of which are highly praised as remedies for which are highly praised as remedies for all the above mentioned affections by such eminent medical writers and teachers as Prof. Bartholow, of Jefferson Med. College; Prof. Hare, of the Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago; Prof. John King, M. D., late of Cincinnati; Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., late of Cincinnati; Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D., of Hahnemann Med. College, Chicago, and scores of others equally eminent in their several schools of practice.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only medicine put up for sale through

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only medicine put up for sale through druggists for like purposes, that has any such professional endorsement—worth more than any humber of ordinary testimonials. Open publicity of its formula on the bottle wrapper is the best possible guaranty of its merits. A glance at this published formula will show that "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no poisonous or harmful agents and no alcohol—chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine being used instead. Glycerine is entir.ly unobjectionable and besides is a most useful ingredient in the cure of all stomuseful ingredient in the cure of all stomach as well as bronchial, throat and lung affections. There is the highest medical anthority for its use in all such cases.

The "Discovery" is a concentrated glyceric extract of native, medicinal roots and is safe and reliable.

A bcoklet of extracts from eminent, medical authorities, endorsing its ingredients malled free on request. Address

dients mailed free on request. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Our Greatest Arsenal. From the Four-Track News

During the civil war Rock Island was called into unexpected service. At the very outbreak of hostilities the island suggested itself as a suitable place to care for the pr'soners of war, and extensive bar-racks, were constructed, with a hospital, officers' quarters and other necessary buildings. Over 20,000 confederate prisoners were confined there.

Horace was indeed wise when he coun-

seled to prepare for war in times of peace, but that advice was disregarded, and when, in 1898, war was declared with Spain, it found us unprepared, but the Rock Island arsenal promptly responded to the call. The force of workmen was in-creased from 500 to nearly 3,000, and the necessary articles were poured out in like proportion. Even then it was 114 days be-fore the soldiers could be made ready for

Had Spain been in a position to take advantage of the delay, our victory might have been less decisive.

It is not the object of the arsenal to encourage war, but to prepare for it when it becomes inevitable; in the words of Washington: "To be prepared for war is the most effectual means of preserving

WASTED TO A SHADOW.

But Found a Cure After Fifteen Years of Suffering. H. Stotts, messenger at the State

Capitol, Columbus, O., says:
"For fifteen years I had kidney troubles, and though I doctored faithfully,



could not find a I had heavy backaches, dizzy headaches and terrible urinary disorders. One'day I collapsed, fell insensible on the sidewalk, and then wasted away in

bed for ten weeks. After being given up, I began using Doan's Kidney Pilis. In a couple of smooths I regained my old health, and now weigh 188 pounds. Twelve boxes did it, and I have been well two

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co. Ruffalo, N. V.

They Practiced What He Preached. "When Eilison Capers, bishop of South Carolina, was rector of Christ church, in Greenville he would often go to other cities to preach, for his powerful eloquence

made him sought after."

The speaker, a resident of Columbia, smiled and resumed:

"Bishop Capers in those days had an incisive way with him. One Sunday he preached in a parish where he chose for his subject, 'Economy.'

"At the end of the service, a couple of prominent vestrymen congratulated the

Your sermon on economy, sir,' they said, 'was a very sens'ble discourse.'
"'Thanks,' said the bishop. 'It seems to have been appreciated, judging from the appearance of the collection.'"

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 inflamed condition 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, the cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

dirion of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Ture. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Women.

From the Minneapolis Journal. Japanese women gild their teeth. In Greenland women paint their faces blue and vellow The ladies of Arabia stain their fingers

and toes red. In India the women of three high castes

paint their teeth black.

Borneo women dye the hair in fantastic colors—pink, green, blue and scarlet.

A Hindu bride is anointed from head to foot with grease and saffron.

In New Holland scars, made carefully with shells, form elaborate patterns on

the ladies' faces. In some South American tribes the women draw the front teeth, esteeming as an ornament the black gap thus made.

In New Guinea the ladles wear noserings, piercing the nose in the same fiendish way that civilized women pierce the

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Con-sumption cured me of a terrible cough.— Fred Hermann. 209 Box avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. Sept 24 1901.

Stopped Car to Save a Dove. From the New York Sun. The passengers in a crowded Twenty third street car the other day felt the brakes applied with such suddenness that only a few of the straphangers withstood the jar. Then they saw the motorman jump from the platform and kneel in front of the car. Those who could make their way out did so, and were surprised to see the motorman stroking the feathers of a mother dove that sat near the trolley slot with a little one under her wing.

"I've never taken a life yet," he explained as he placed them on the curb, out of harm's way, "and I don't propose to start with a tame dove."

Wanted to Save Interest.

Daniel Webster, the famous American statesman, once dined with an old Boston merchant, and when they came to the wine a dusty old bottle was carefully opened by the servant and passed to the host. Taking the bottle, he filled Webster's glass and handed it to him. 'Then pouring out another for himself, he held it to the light and

"How do you like it," Mr. Webster "I think it's a fine specimen of old port."
. "Now can you guess what it cost

e?" asked the host.
"Surely not," said Webster. "I only

know that it is excellent"
"Well, now I can tell you, for I made a careful estimate the other day. When I add the interest to the first price, I find that it cost me the sum of

just 5 shillings per glass."
"Good gracious! You don't say so!"
cried Webster. And then, draining his
glass, says a biographer, he presented

it again, with the remark:

"Fill it up again as quick as you can, for I want to stop that confounded

Convincing Evidence.

Winthrop, Cal., Nov. 20 .- (Special.) -A plain and straightforward story is always the most convincing. And that is what has impressed us most in reading the testimonials in regard to Dodd's Kidney Pills. The experience told by Davis Lewis of this place bears the ring and stamp of truth upon it.

He says: "I was troubled for six months with dull, heavy pains in the small of my back; sometimes it passed into my stomach, at other times up between my shoulders. When it was in my stomach I was doubled up, and hardly knew what to do for the pain. I was advised to take all kinds of remedies, and did so, but without getting any relief. Then some one told me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I got a box and began taking them. The first few doses gave me relief: by the time I

A Queen's Cradle. From the Minneapolis Journal. The recent sale of relics of Mary Queen of Scots reminds one of many other memorials of the beautiful and ill-fated queen which have survived to our time and which are most jeal-ously treasured. It is not long since a harp which had once been hers excited the proposition to Ediphyrish and keen competition in Edinburgh and was purchased by the Antiquarian museum authorities for \$4,250. Of this harp Miss Strickland tells an interest-ing story. When on a hunting excur-sion in the highlands of Perthshire in sion in the highlands of Perthshire in 1503, Mary, then a radiant girl of 21, offered her harp as a prize to the musician who could play most skillfully and sweetly on it, and when the verdict was given in favor of Miss Beatrix Gardyn of Banchory the young queen presented the prize to her with the pretty compliment: "You alone are worthy to possess the harp you touch so well."

The very cradle in which James V.'s "lovely and luckless" child was rocked as an infant is still in existence. For nearly a century this cradle of carved oak was completely lost to sight, and it was naturally assumed that it had

been destroyed.

About the year 1820, however, a collector of antique furniture chanced to see a woman rocking her child in a very ancient and dilapidated cradle in a cottage near the ancient palace, "What are ye doing?" he exclaimed to the woman, "jumbling your bairn's

to the woman, "jumbling your bairn's brains in a thing like that?"
"Eh, mon!" the mother answered proudly, "do you ken that was once the queen's own cradle?"
"Ye'll be askin' a lot for it?" con-

tinued the collector. "Indeed, I wouldna tak' a poun' not' for it," was the decisive answer; and before long the priceless relic had changed hands, at a price, however, considerably in excess of the pound de-

PASSING OF PORRIDGE.

Makes Way for the Better Food of a

Better Day. "Porridge is no longer used for breakfast in my home," writes a loyal Britain from Huntsville, Ont, This was an admission of no small significance to one 'brought up' on the time-honored stand-by.

"One month ago," she continues, "I bought a package of Grape-Nuts food for my husband, who had been an invalid for over a year. He had passed through a severe attack of pneumonia and la grippe combined, and was left in a very bad condition when they

passed away. "I tried everything for his benefit, but nothing seemed to do him any good. Month followed mouth and he still remained as weak as ever. I was almost discouraged about him when I got the Grape-Nuts, but the result

has compensated me for my anxlety. "In the one month that he has eaten Grape-Nuts he has gained 10 pounds in weight, his strength is rapidly returning to him, and he feels like a new man. Now we all eat Grape-Nuts food, and are the better for it. Our little 5-year-old boy, who used to suffer pains in the stomach after eating the old-fashioned porridge, has no more trouble since he began to use Grape-Nuts, and I have no more doctor's bills to pay for him.

"We use Grape-Nuts with only sweet cream, and find it the most tasty dish in our bill of fare.

"Last Monday I ate 4 teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast, nothing else, then set to work and got my morning's work done by 9 o'clock, and felt less tired, much stronger, than if I had made my breakfast on meat, potatoes, etc., as I used to. I wouldn't be without Grape-Nuts in the house for any money." given by Postum Co., Battle Creek.

Mich. There's a reason, Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in page.

THE MASTER OF APPLEBY

By Francis Lynde.

CHAPTER XLI.—Continued.
"That we cannot; 'twill be over the horses' ears. The beasts will drown them-

selves and us as well."

How we should have argued it out I do not know, for just then Jennifer's horse, scenting the troop mounts on the farther shore, cocked tail and ears, let out a squealing neigh, and fell to curveting and plunging in a racket that might have stood for the splashings of an advancing

army.

In a twinkling the outpost camp was astir and a bellowing hail came to us across the water. Having no answer, the troopers began to let off their pieces haphazard in the darkness; and with the singing zip of the first musket ball, Richard went battle mad, as he always did in

the face of danger.
"At them!" he thundered, clapping spurs to his jaded beast and whipping out the great claymore; and so we charged, the forlornest hope that ever fell upon an

enemy. How we came ashore alive through the gun-fire is one of those mysteries to which every battle adds its quota; but the poor beasts we rode were not so lucky. Jen-nifer's horse went down while we were yet some yards from the bank; and mine fell a moment later. To face a score of waiting enemies afoot was too much for even Richard's rash courage; so when we were free of the struggling horses we promptly dove for shelter under the upstream bank.

Here the darkness stood our friend; and when the redcoat troopers came down to the river's edge with torches to see what had become of us, we took advantage of the noise they made and stole away upstream till a shelving beach gave us leave to climb to the valley level above.

Richard shook himself like a water-

soaked spaniel and laughed grimly. "Well, here we are, safe across, less and well belike to freeze to death,'

he commented. "What next?"

I made him a bow. "You are on my demesne of Appleby Hundred, Captain Jennifer, and it shall go hard with us if we cannot find a fire to warm a guest and a horse to mount him withal. Let us go to the manor house and see what we can dis-

He entered at once into the spirit of the jest, and together we trudged the scant mile through the stubble fields to my old roof-tree. As you would guess, we looked to find the manor house turned into an outpost headquarters; but now we were desperate enough to face anything.

not to rush blindly into the jaws of a trap, we first routed out the old black majordomo at the negro quarters; and when we learned from him that the had finished them all the pain was gone and I have been well ever since." great house was quite deserted, we took possession and had the black make us a rousing fire in the kitchen arch. Nay, more; when we had steamed ourselves a little dry, we had old Anthony stew and

grill for us, and fetch us a bottle of that madeira of my father's laying in.
"A toast!" cried Richard, when the bottle came, springing to his feet with the glass held high. "To the dear lady of Appleby Hundred, and may she forgather with the man she loves best, be it you, or I, or another, Jack Ireton!"

We drank it standing; and after would sit before the fire, havering like two love-sick school boys over the charms of that dear lady to whom one of us was less than naught, and to whom the other could be but naught whilst that first one lived. You will smile, my dears, that we should come to this when, but a short hour before, one of us had been bent upon slay-ing the other for Mistress Margery's sake But the human heart is many-sided; not-ably that heart the soldier carries. And though I looked not to live beyond the

setting of another sun, I was glad to my finger tips to have this last loving cup with my dear lad. I thought it would nerve me bravely for what must come— and so it did, though ot as I prefigured. We were still sitting thus before the kitchen arch when the dawn began to dim the firelight, and the work of the new day

confronted us. Pinned down, old An-thony confessed that some two or three horses of the Appleby Hundred stables had escaped the hands of the foragers of both sides; and two of these he fetched for us. Of the twain one chanced to be Blackstar, the good beast which had car-ried me from New Berne in the spring; and so I had my own horse betwixt my knees when I set Dick a mile on the road to Salisbury, and bade him farewell. His last word to me was one of generous caution.

'Remember, Jack; 'haste, haste, post haste' is your watchword. There will be other couriers in from the battle field at King's mountain; and you must hang and fire your news-petard and vanish before

they come to betray you."
"Trust me," said I, evasively; and so we parted, he to gallop eastward, and I to charge down peaceably upon the British outpost we had set abuzz in the small hours of the night.

XLII.

IN WHICH MY LORD HAS HIS MARCHING ORDERS.

Though I had passed out of the British lines less than a week before in decent good odor, save for Colonel Tarleton's ill word, I met with nothing like the come at the outpost camp that a king's ourier had a right to expect. The captain in command was not the

one who had passed me out. He was a surly brute of the Yorkshire breed; and when he had heard that I was an express rider from Major Ferguson, he was pleased to demand my papers.

To this I must needs make answer that

I carried no written dispatches; that my news was for the commander in This I told my Yorkshire private ear. pig, demanding to be sent, under guard if he chose, to the headquarters in Char-

But Captain Nobbut would hear to no such reasonable proposal. On the con-trary, he would hold me in arrest till he report me and have instructions from his colonel.

Knowing what a stake it was I rode for, you may imagine how this day in durance ate into me like a With ordinary diligence the who carried the news of me should have gone to Charlotte by way of Queensborough and returned by noon: But being of the same surly breed with his captain, 'twas full three of the clock before he came ambling back with an or-der to set me forthwith upon the road to headquarters.

Once free of the camp of detention you may be sure I put Blackstar to his best paces; but hasten as I would it was coming on to evening when I passed the inner safety line and galloped down the high street of the town.

As luck would have it, the first familiar, face I saw was that of Charles Stedman, the commissary general. On my inquiry he directed me straight.

"My lord is at supper at Mr. Stair's, lave you news, captain?" I drew breath of relief. Happily the loss

of the day had not made me the bearer of stale tidings. So I made answer with proper reticence, saying that I had news, but it was for Lord Cornwallis' ear first of all. None the less, if the commissary general were pleased to come with me-

I the house, and who took on himself the responsibility of breaking in upon

party in the supper room.

I shall not soon forget the scene that fronted us when we came into my lord's presence. The supper was in some sort a gala feast held in honor of my lord's accession to his earldom. The table, lighted by great silver candelabra which I recognized as Ireton heirlooms, was I recognized as Ireton heirlooms, was well filled around by the members of the commander-in-chief's military family with the earl at the head, and Mistres Margery, bedight as befitted a lady of the quality, behind the tea urn at the foot.

At our incoming all eyes were turned upon us, but it required my lord's sharp question to make me leave off dwelling upon my sweet lady's radiant beauty "How now, Captain Ireton? Do you bing us news from the major?"

I broke the fascinating eyehold turned slowly to face my fate 'I do, my lord.'

"Well, what of him? You left him has-ening to rejoin with his new loyalist levies, I hope?" I drew my sword, reversed it and laid it upon the table.

"May all the enemies of the common-weath be even as he is, my lord," I said, quietly.

Now, truly, I had hanged my petard well and 'twas plain the shock of it had gone far to shatter the wall of confidence our enemies had builded on the field of Camden and elsewhere. Had a handgrenade with the fuse alight been dropped upon the table, the consternation could carce have been greater. To a man the tableful was up and thronging round me; but above all the hubbub I heard a little cry of misery from the table foot where y lady sat.
"How is this, sir?—explain yourself!"

thundered my lord, forgetting for once his mild suavity.

'Tis but a brief tale, and I will make t as crisp as may be in the telling," "I came upon the major some miles this side of the crossing of the Broad. He was marching to rejoin you, in accordance with his orders. But when had your lordship's command to stand and fight, he obeyed. "My command?-but I gave him no such

order! "Nay, truly, you did not-neither in the original nor in the duplicate, my lord. But when we had waylaid Lieutenant Tybee for what you had not done and made his stand to await the upcoming of the over-

mountain men.' For a moment I thought they would hew me limb from limb, but my lord quelled the flerce outburst with a word. 'Put up your swords, gentlemen.

shall know how to deal with this traitor.' he said. And then to me: "Go on, sir, if you please; there has been a battle, as I "There has, indeed. The mountain men

came up with us in the aftermoon of the Saturday. In an hour one-third of the major's force was dead or dying, the major himself was slain, and every living man left on the field, was a prisoner." Again a dozen swords hissed from their scabbards, and again I heard the little cry of misery from the table foot. I bowed

my head, looking momently to pay the penalty; but once more my lord put the "Let us have a clean breast of it this time, Captain Ireton," he said. "You know well what you have earned, and nothing you can ray will make it better or worse for you. Was this your purpose in making your submission to me?"

"And you have been a rebel from the

I met the cold anger in the womanish eyes as a condemned man might. "I have, my lord-since the day nine years agone when I learned that your king's minions had hanged my father in

the Regulation.' "Then it was a farrage of lies you told me about your adventures in the western mountains?

"Not wholly. It was your lordship's good pleasure to send succors of powder allies, the western sayages. I and three others followed Cap-tain Falconnet and his Indians, and I have the honor to report that we overtook and exploded them with their own powder cargo. "And Captain Sir Francis Falconnet

with them?" "I do so hope and trust, my lord." "I do so hope and trust, my lord."
He turned short on his heel, and for a moment a silence as of death fell upon the room. Then he took the Ferar from the table and sought to break it over his knee; but the good blade, like the cause it stood for, bent like a withe and would not good.

ot snap. "Put this spy in irons and clear the room," he ordered sharply. And this is how the little drama ended: with the supper guests crowding to the door; with supper guests crowding to the door; with my lord pacing back and forth at the table head; with two sergeants bearing me away to awalt, where and how I knew not, the word which should efface

XLIII.

IN WHICH I DRINK A DISH OF TEA Being without specific orders what to do with me, my two sergeant balliffs thrust me into that little den of a strong-room below stairs where I had once found the master of the house, and one of them mounted guard whilst the other fetched the camp armorer to iron me.

The shackles securely on, I was left

to content me as I could, with the door ajar and my two jailers hobnobbing be-fore it. Having done all I had hoped to do, there was nothing for it now but to wait upon the consequences. So, hitching my chair up to the oaken table, I made a pillow of my fettered wrists and presently fell adoze.

I know not what hour of the night it was when the half-blood Scipio, who was Mr. Gilbert Stair's body-servant, came in and roused me. I started up suddenly at his touch, making no doubt it was my summons. But the mulatto brought me nothing worse than a cold fowl and a loaf, with a candle-end to see to eat them by, and so tried, with similar results. Metallic a dish of hot tea to wash them I knew well enough whom I had to thank for this, and was set wondering that my lady's charity was broad enough to mantle even by this little my latest sins against the king's None the less, I ate and drank gratefully, draining the tea-dish to the dregs— which, by the by, were strangely bitter.

I had scarce finished picking the bones of the capon before sleep came again to drag at my eyelids, a drowsiness so masterful that I could make no head against it. And so, with the bitter taste of the tea still on my tongue, I fell away a second time into the pit of

forgetfulness.
When I awakened from what seemed in the memory of it the most unresting sleep I ever had, it was no longer night, and I was stretched upon the oaken proper reticence, saying that I had news, but it was for Lord Cornwallis' ear first of all. None the less, if the commissary general were pleased to come with me—

He took the hint at once; and he it was who procured me instant admittance to settle in that same lumber garret where I had been bedded through that other night of hiding. So much I saw at the waking glance; and then I realized, vaguely at first, but presently with startling emphasis, that it was the

westering sun which was shining in at the high roof windows, that the shackles were still on, and that my temples were throbbing with a most

skull-splitting headache. Being fair agasp with astonishmen t this new spinning of fate's wheel, sprang up quickly—and was as quickl glad to fall back upon the pallet. Fo with the upstart a heaving nause: came to supplement the headache, and for a long time I lay bat-blind and sick as any landsman in his first gale a

The sunlight was fading from the high windows, and I was deep sunk in a sick man's megrims, before aught came to disturb the silence of the cobwebbed garret. From nausea and racking pains I had come to the stage of querulous self-piety. Twas monstrous, this burying a man alive, ill, fettered, uncared for, to live or die in utter solitude as might happen. I could not re motely guess to whom I owed this dis mal fate, and was too petulant to spec ulate upon it. But the meddler, friend or foe, who had bereft me of my chance to die whlist I was fit and ready, came in for a Turkish cursing—the curse that calls down in all the Osmanli variants the same pangs in duplicate upon the banned one.

It was in the midst of one of these

impotent fits of malediction that the wainscot door was opened and closed softly, and light footsteps tiptoed to my bedside. I shut my eyes wilfully when a voice low and tender asked: "Are you awake, Monsieur John?" I hope you will hold me forgiven, my dears, if I confess that what with the

nausea and the headache, the fetters and the solitude, I was rabid enough to rail at her. 'Twas so near dusk in the ill-lighted garret that I could not see how she took it; but she let me know by word of mouth.

see how she took it; but she let me know by word of mouth.

"Merci, monsieur," she said, icily. And then: "Gratitude does not seem to be amongst your gifts."

"Gratitude! Mayhap you will teli me what it is I have to be grateful for. All I craved was the chance to die as a soldier should, and some one must needs spoil me of that!"

"Selfish—selfish aways and to the

"Selfish—selfish always and to the last," she murmured. "Do you never give a moment's thought to the feelings of others, Captain Ireton?"

This was past all endurance.
"If I had not, should I be here this noment?" I raved. "You do make me sicker than I was, my lady."
"Yet I say you are selfish," she insisted. "What have I done that you should come here to have yourself hanged for a spy?"

"Let us have plain speech, in God's name," I retorted. "You know well enough there was no better way in which I could serve you?" "Do I indeed, mon ami?" she flashed

"Do I, indeed, mon ami?" she flashed out. "Let me tell you sir, had she ever a blush of saving pride, Margery Stair—or, Margery Ireton, if you like that better—would kill you with her own hand rather than have it said her husband died upon a gallows!"

A sudden light broke in upon me and

I went blind in the horror of it.
"God in heaven!" I gasped; "'twas
you, then? I do believe you poisoned me in that dish of tea you sent me last night! She laughed a bitter little laugh that

I hated to think on afterward.

"You have a most chivalrous soul,
Captain Ireton. I do not wonder you are so fierce to shake it free of the poor body of clay."

"But you do not deny it!" I cried.
"Of what use would it."

"Of what use would it be? I have said that I would not have you die shamefully on the gallows; so I may as well confess to the poppy-juice in the tea. Tell me, Monsieur John; was it nasty bitter?"
"Good Lord!" I groaned; "are you a

woman, or a fiend?"
"Either, or both, as you like to hold me, sir. But come what might, I said you should not die a felon's death. And

you have not, as yet."

"Better a thousand times the rope and tree than that I should rot by inches here with you to sit by and gird at me. Ah, my lady, you are haven a superson of me." ing your revenge of me."
"Merci, encore. Shall I go away and leave you?

"No, not that." A cold sweat broke out upon me in a sudden childish horror of the solitude and the darkness and the fetters. And then I added: "But 'twould be angel kindness if you would leave off torturing me. I am but a man, dear lady, and a sick man at that."

All in a flash her mood changed and

she bent to lay a cool palm on my throbbing temples. "Poor Monsieur John!" she said softly; "I meant not to make you suffer more, but rather less." Then she found water and a napkin to wring out and

bind upon my aching head. At the touch and the word of womansympathy I forgot all, and the lovemadness came again to blot out the very present memory of how she had

brought me to this. "Ah, that is better-better," I sighed, when the pounding hammers in my temples gave me some surcease of the agony.

"Then you forgive me?" she asked whether jestingly or in earnest I could not tell. There is none so much to forgive," I

replied. "One hopeless day last sum-mer I put my life in pledge to you; replied. and you-in common justice you have the right to do what you like with it." (Continued Next Week.)

Formation of Gold Nuggets.

Mines and Minerals: That gold is formed from solution is generally recognized. The miner receives the the-ory because it explains the making of gold to him, but he often wonders how it is done, so here is what has been seen: Daintree once prepared a solution of gold and left in it a small piece of metallic gold. 'Accidentally a small piece of wood fell into the solution; the solution decomposed the gold assumed. solution decomposed, the gold assumed a metallic state and collected and held to the small piece of undissolved gold, which increased in size. Another investigator heard of this and made a dilute gold solution, in which he immersed a piece of iron pyrites and left it there a month. He added also or-ganic matter, and at the month's end the pyrites were covered with a film of metallic gold. Pyrites and galena were next tried, and each was covered precipitates were tried, and while they threw down the gold as a metallic powder they did not cause it to cohere nor to plate any of the substances tried. Organic matter thus semed the necessary chemical agent. Through the wood used in these experiments gold was disseminated in fine particles. Imagine these experiments conducted by nature through ages and the result could be a nugget.

The Sunken Rock.

From Ernest Thompson Seton's "Fable and Woodmyth" in the December Century: "I positively decline to have that young Clippercut in my house again. His influence on my son

is most dangerous."

"Why, my friend, he is far from being a bad fellow. He has his follies, I admit, but how unlike such really vicious men as Grogster, Cardflip, and Ponyback!"

"Sir, the only danger of a sunken rock is that it is not sunk deep enough."

A Troublesome Errand

From the Saturday Evening Post. "John," said Mrs. Bassett, as they set at breakfast in their pretty suburban home, 'we must have a new hoe. Shall I order one from Moneymaker's by maid, or will

you go up there today and get one? "I'll go up there and get it, my dear. Ar hoe is rather an important implement, and

should be carefully selected." At noon, therefore, Mr. Bassett went uptown to Moneymaker's department store, and inquired of the affable floorwalker

where he might find hoes.
Street floor, third aisle to the left," was the reply, and John Bassett marched on, thinking how much more methodically a

man shops than a woman.

But when he reached the counter he saw nothing but stockings. "I beg pardon," he said to the pompa-doured saleslady, "I was mistakenly di-I wish to see hoes.'

"Right here, sir," sa'd the pompadoured one. "Twenty-five cents a pair."
"Oh," said Mr. Bassett, a light breaking in on him. "I don't mean that kind of hose. I mean that kind of hose. hose. I mean just common, ordinary hoes."

"These are the cheapest we have, sir. Twenty-five cents a pair."
"But I mean hoes; I don't want a pair.

The girl stared. "We never separate a pair of hose, sir."
'If you did, would they be half-hose?" said Bassett, unable to que'll his humorous

Again the salesgirl stared haughtily and Mr. Bassett hastened to add: "I beg your pardon, I'm sure. But I don't mean this kind of hose at all. I mean garden hoes."
"You could wear this kind in the garden, said the girl accommodatingly, and

Bassett turned away in despair.
"Look here," he said to a floor-walker, "can't you tell me where to find hoes. Garden hoes, you know, to use in the country—in a small garden."

"Certainly, sir. You'll find what you want in the basement, at the foot of these

Downstairs Bassett marched, and, after arriving at the department indicated, found himself surrounded by a fine assortment of reels of rubber hose.

"Where can I find hoes?" he exclaimed,

gazing at the clerk in exasperation.

"Right here, sir. Will you have black rubber, brown rubber, or electric hose?" "Not that kind; I mean hoes, for a gar-den, you know."
"Yes, sir. This is our best garden hose."

John Bassett looked at the clerk.

"Never mind," he said; "I've decided I don't want to look at hoes, after all. I'm going to buy a rake."

Alra. Wipslow's Scottling Strup for Children teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation of the spann, cures wind colic. 25 centra bottle

Educating Future Diggers.

From the San Antonio Express.
Governor Magoon proposes to construct forty little red schoolhouses in the canal After the canal zone has got plenty of school houses and churches and the aters and other paraphernalia, perhaps somebody may be persuaded to begin the construction of a canal, and then, in the course of time, there may be a practical exemplification of "the earth divided and the world united."

Racing Deafens Chauffeurs. From the Philadelphia Bulletin,

He had done in his 110 horse-power car a "Congratulations," said a young girl, as got out.
"What?" said he.

"Congratulations."

He smiled and shook his head. "What?"
"I said 'Congratulations.' What is the matter with you? Are you deaf?"
But again he falled to hear her.
"In a few minutes," he said, "I'll be alk right. I suppose it was the noise of the motor or the swift going—at any rate, I

am enveloped in the most terrific tumult-

a roar like the winds of a hundred stormsand I can't hear a word you say. "I am always like this after a race," he continued. "For fifteen minutes or so I am as deaf as a post. Then gradually the roaring in my ears subsides and I begin to distinguish the sounds that occur around me. I see now lips moving and mouth

a-jump, but I hear not a word.
"All men that race in heavy, powerful, 'detonating cars are deaf, like me, at their 'races' end. I am unaware, though, of any chauffeur whose hearing has been perma-'nently injured by racing."

Forgot Her Fatigue. she said, "I am weary, I cannot make my bed, Nor help with the preserving, Nor dust the room," she said. And, leaping from the hammock, She se'zed her bag of sticks, And did the eighteen holes in just Exactly ninety-six.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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