Loss of Power

and vital force follow loss of fiesh or emsciation. These come from impov-erished blood.

Dr. Pierce's

Golden Medical Discovery enlivens a torpid liver enriches the blood stops the waste of strength and tissue and builds up healthy fiesh to the proper body weight. As an appe-tizing, restorative tonic, it sets to work all the processes of digestion and nutrition, rouses every organ into natural action, and brings back health and strength.

Can anything else be "just as

One touch of weather makes the whole world sit up and talk about it.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teching, softens the gums, reduces inflamma tion, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

When an actress dies or is sued for divorce her real name comes out.

SEEDS—Alfalfa \$6; timothy, blue grass & cane \$3; sweet clover \$9. Farms for sale & rent on crop paym'ts. J. Mulhail, Soo City, Ia.

Put off until tomorrow the worrying you might do today.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS Your druggist will refund money if PAZO 01NT. MENT fails to cure any case of liching. Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 60c.

And a woman either poses, supposes or imposes.

SK FOR ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE. the Antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes. Relieves Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nalls, Swollen and Sweating feet, Blinters and Callous spots. Sold everywhere, 250, Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE, Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N.Y. Adv.

Matter Easily Explained.

Two lawyers met on the street. "I've been wondering about you," said one "What were you wondering about me?" "Well, I've heard you address me?" a jury and I thought that you were the most eloquent man in Cleveland. Then I've heard you make an after-dinner speech at a banquet and you werepardon me-pretty rotten. Now, how "I'll tell you. When I'm is that?" talking to a jury my dinner depends on my speech. When I'm talking to a bunch of diners I've already had my dinner."

Was Much Impressed.

A little girl who had acted as ring bearer at a cousin's wedding was inclined to view her part of the impressive ceremony with great seriousness. One day some time afterward the child heard her grandmother talking of her possible future marriage.

You know, I'm half married already," the child earnestly remarked. "Half married already? What do you mean, child?" asked the surprised

grandmother.

"Why, don't you remember when I carried Cousin Carrie's wedding ring?'

Perfectly Clear.

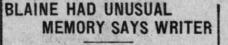
"I wonder why so many trains are late?" said young Mrs. Torkins as she watched the man chalk up the figures on the blackboard. "Well," replied her husband, "for

one thing, traffic is much heavier than it used to be." "Of course! And the heavier a load

is, the harder work a locomotive has to pull it!"

Practical Mald.

She-Of course, I'm much honored by your propo but 1 mu few days to think it over. He-Well, when may I come for my



Brand Whitlock, in the American Magazine.

For a young correspondent who had an eager curiosity about life, it was an an eager curtosity about fife, it was an interesting experience to go on a jour-ney. I remember my delight in being assigned to a little trip down through Indiana with James G. Blaine. He was then secretary of state in President Harrison's cabinet, and unhappy, as most men are and to be in mubile nost most men are apt to be in public posi-tions though a sort of cruel and evil fascination will not let them give up

the vain pursuit of them—vainest per-haps when they are won. When I reached the station Mr. When I reached the station Mr. Blaine was already there, walking up and down the platform arm in arm with his son Emmons. He was a gray man, dressed in gray clothes, with spats made of the cloth of his habit, and there was about him an air of vague sadness, which in his high countenance became almost a pain, though just then in the companionship of his son he loved, there was for a little while the expression of a mild happiness, maybe a solace.

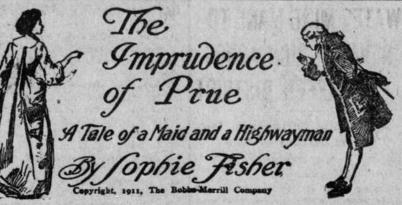
solace. a solace. William Walter Phelps, then our minister to Germany, was traveling with him, and on the way down to South Bend the constant entrance of

with him, and on the way down to South Bend the constant entrance of plain citizens from the other coaches into our car filled Mr. Phelps with a kind of wonder. Commercial travelers, farmers, all sorts and conditions of men came and introduced themselves to Mr. Blaine, and he sat and talked with them all in that simplicity which marks the manners, even if it has de-parted from the spirit, of the republic. "It is a remarkable sight," said Mr. Phelps to us reporters, "a sight you would witness in no other country in the world. There is the premier of a great government, and yet the com-monest man may approach him without ceremony, and talk to him as though he were nobody." With my interest in the tariff ques-tion, which then seemed to me so fun-damental, I did not lose the opportunity to ask Mr. Blaine about his reciprocity project: but after a while the conver-sation turned to more personal sub-jects. When he learned I was from Ohio, he asked me suddenly if I could name the counties that formed the sev-eral congressional districts of the state. I could not, of course, do that, and I supposed no one in the world could do it or ever want to do it; but he could, and with a naive orde in the accom-plishment he did, and then astounded me by saying that he could almost match the feat with any state in the union.

The Next French President.

The Next French President. From Harper's Weekly. From his first day in the popular chamber Raymond Poincare showed the wonderful union of force with tact which marks all he does. Conscious of his own force, he set himself quietly to work, making himself effective rather than conspicuous, thus winning friends without arousing enemies. "He friends without arousing enemies. He aroused no enthusiasm and was not anxious to create any. This was his first power. Then he called forth no envious hatred. This was his second power. And little by little Poincare revealed himself. He spent no hour profilesely: every word every gesture profitiessly: every word, every gesture made for the realization of the plans which he thenceforward held, plans for which he thenceforward held, plans for the gradual growth of his personal force. Never to scatter his forces, this was his first principle; he always sought to bring them to a focus. And his second principle was always to be engaged in effective work, devoting his force to practical alms." fresh energies to practical aims." There is a certain resemblance here to Gladstone's early parliamentary life. Both were men of imagination, born Both were men of imagination, born orators, writers, yet both first made a mark in the field which seems least favorable to eloquence, the department of finance. Gladstone became the au-thor of budgets. Poincare became the critic of finance ministers. "His elo-quence was as limpid as his subject was obscure." One of the chief internal questions

was obscure." One of the chief internal questions which he and his colleages have had to face is the new militant policy of the revolutionary socialists, the policy associated with the words "syndical-ism" and "sabciage." which means colassociated with the words "syndical-ism" and "sabotage," which means col-lective violence and destruction applied as a weapon in "the struggle between capital and labor." We have had il-lustrations of the spirit of this new movement in this country. We shall in all probability have still further, il-lustrations of it. And when we realize its full scope and its mease to the very elements of personal and national freedom we shall be better able to understand the work which has al-ready been done in France to conquer it by men like Georges Clemenceau, Aristide Briand and Raymond Poin-care. care.



SYNOPSIS. In the time of Queen Anne, Lady Pru dence Brock, widowed at 16 and still a widow at two and twenty, while journey-ing in a coach to London with her cousin Peggy, is accosted by a highwayman who, however, takes nothing from her except a kiss. The two girls live with their grand-mother, Lady Drumloch, who, despite her reduced circumstances, maintains and says

The two girls live with their grand-mother, Lady Drumloch, who, desplie her reduced circumstances, maintains a gay social position in the court circle.

She turned to Robin's faithful hench-man with a wan smile. "One woman is enough for you to take care of; and you, Peggie dear, will watch for me, so that when I return I can get in without rousing the house. Belleve me, dear," she went on firmly, as Peg-gie was about to remonstrate, "what I have to do can be better done by my-self alone; and I am not timid, as you know." Prue is small, gay, delightful, daring, ex-travagant, and always in debt.

She is perpetually pursued by creditors and just now is in deep water for want of a few guineas with which to buy a new gown by whose aid she hopes to win back the queen's favor, very recently lost by one of her mad pranks.

She decides to visit Aaron's, a notorious money lender, and asks him to take care of her debts on the strength of her ap-proaching marriage to Sir Geoffrey Beau-desert.

Aaron informs her, however, that Beau-desert is himself head over heels in debt and while Prue is still in his office Sir Geoffrey arrives.

Prue at once secrets herself in a closet and to her astonishment overhears Sir Geoffrey ask for advances of money, also on the strength of their engagement.

Prue reads in a paper an account of the trial and sentence of Robin Freemantie, the highwayman who had kissed her on the moors, and that he is to be hanged at Tyburn the following Monday.

Suddenly she recalls that according to legal custom the debts of a widow "are buried in the coffin of her husband."

She conceives the whimsical idea of marrying Robin in order to escape her debts.

Accompanied by Peggy she visits New-gate prison and Robin, who is already in love with her, consents to the ceremony.

Afterward Prue asks to be alone with him for a few minutes and allows him to kiss her again and feels pity for his ap-proaching execution.

Lord Beaucombe also visits Robin and Robin tells him that he has proof that Beaucombe is not the legitimate heir to the title and threatens if he is not re-leased to see that proof of this fact gets to Beaucombe's enemies.

On Monday is Peggy suffering keenly because of her belief that Robin, now be-ginning to be a hero in her eyes, is about to be hanged she is astonished at seeing him enter the house and is told that he has been reprieved and set at liberty.

For his freedom Robin, whose real name is De Cliffe, agrees to make over to Lord Beaucombe a paper conveying his claim to the title and estate to him.

He has no sooner done this than Lord Beaucombe treacherously tries to capture him. Robin by cleverly disguising him-self in a borrowed coat and hat and using Lord Beaucombe's horse, escapes.

At a rout at Mariborough House the queen loses a diamond necklace and as it is known that Robin in a red domino has been present he is suspected of the theft

Prue, who has learned where he hides, goes to him, confesses her love for him, and persuades him to give up the neck-lace which she restores to the Duchess of Mariborough for the queen.

CHAPTER XXV, Continued.

Having skillfully wrought her up to ly possessions, and left her nothing for the consolation of her declining years but unrecognized devotion to the most ungrateful of dynasties. Too excited to think of bed, the cous-"And Captain de Cliffe," she inter-posed.

refuse a favor that is so hard to ask

Beachcombe laughed unpleasantly. "Come, dear Viscountess." he said, and his tone, though bland, was tinged with insolence. "I know of old your thirst for adventure, but surely it has been slaked by the romantic episode of the oueen's necklace and the mysterious queen's necklace and the mysterious spiriting away of your cavalier—your knight of the road—by Barbara Sweeting! The excitement of the affair has evaporated; its novelty has staled. Waste no more of your enchanting wiles on so sorry a subject. I have made up my mind, and even for the sake of the most charming of women. I will not charge it"

will not change it." "Yet I think I may induce you," said "Yet I think I may induce you," said Prue, undountedly, "because to my cer-tain knowledge Captain de Cliffe has a wife and those precious papers are in her possession. She knows their value, too, and will only give them up on her own terms. If you will not grant me this gentleman's life as a favor-will you make a bargain with her?" Astonishment and doubt struggled with Lord Beachcombe's self command, but he kept an unmoved face, although an inkling of the truth began to force

an inkling of the truth began to force itself upon him. Not the whole incred-ible truth, of course, but enough to make him suspect that Lady Prudence Brooke was more than commonly in-terested in the subject of their discus-sion

"And what might be the terms of the bargain?" he demanded, after a brief

know." "But, Prue-what on earth can you do for Robin, by going to Lord Beach-combe in the middle of the night?" Peggie urged, in desperation. "That remains to be seen," said Prue, with a smille of mystery. I think I can make Lord Beachcombe set him free, and be grateful for the chance. Come, Steve," and wrapping her mantle

Steve," and wrapping her mantle closely round her, she drew the hood well over her face and went out with a resolute step into the street, already

"And what might be the terms of the bargain?" he demanded, after a brief hesitation. "You had better settle them with Captain de Cliffe," ahe said. "and I pledge my word that his wife will agree to whatever will satisfy him." "I will make no terms with him," said Beachcombe, sullenly. "If I listen to any proposition it is entirely for your sake. Lady Prudence, and must come from you and be carried out by you alone." "She reflected a few moments, while he watched her intently. "This is my proposal," she said, at last. "That you will liberate your cap-tive, giving him such time to reach a place of safety as he considers neces-sary. And then when you have re-ceived the packet you will engage not to take any steps to prevent his leav-ing the country. In return I promise that his wife will consider the whole matter at an end and regard the claim as though it had never existed." "And when I have liberated him and given him every opportunity to elude justice, what security have I that srowing gray in the early dawn of the May morning. The court yard of Rodney house was

given him every opportunity to elude justice, what security have I that those papers will be delivered to me?" he demanded.

May morning. The court yard of Rodney house was all astir when Prudence, clinging to Steve Larkyn's arm, stole through the great gateway, and under the deep shadow of the arcade that flanked the main entrance. That was closed, but from a low door a few feet away, a flood of light poured upo a traveling carriage with four horses and a group of mounted men. Without a moment's hesitation, Prue darted past them, ran down a few stone steps and found her-self in a large, bare basement hall, where Robin, his dress in disorder and his hands tied behind him, stolidly confronted Lord Beachcombe in a white heat of fury. At Prue's sudden apparition a couple of servitors interposed to stop her and Lord Beachcombe, in a voice hoarse with rage, shouted, "Who are these people? What the devil do they want? Turn them out-" Prue's silvery laugh rang out. "Not so fast," she cried, flinging back her hood. "I have business of the utmost importance with Lord Beachcombe," and she swept him a mockingly cere-monious curtsey. No lady of the court, not even the the demanded. "I myself will be hostage for him. Send Steve with him and when he re-turns, having left his master in safety. I will hand you the packet. Does that satisfy you?" Robin, sitting on the corner of a table, a little apart, could only guess from a word here and there that arose above the low voiced colloquy that Prue was making terms for him, the conditions of which it was not difficult to divine. Cruelly as it irked him to see her plead-ing with his bitter enemy for his life. Cruelly as it inked him to see her plead-ing with his bitter enemy for his life, he resisted the strong temptation to interfere, as he certainly would have done could he have known that she was offering to remain a hostage to this unscrupulous man until his safety had heen nurchased by her seknowland she swept him a mockingly cere-monious curtisey. No lady of the court, not even the great Duchess Sarah herself, was bet-ter known than the beautiful "Widow Brooke." The sight of her familiar face seemed to para-tyze every one present. The had been purchased by her acknowl-edgment of their marriage. She was too well aware of that to admit him to the conference.

to the conference. Lord Beachcombe, sullenly balancing pros and cons, found it no easy matter to decide between the gratification of his revenge upon Robin and the fear of losing what might be his last chance of securing the coveted documents. It is impossible to say how long he might have fluctuated between two de-sizes equally importunate but it was lyze every one present. The lackeys fell back abashed, Robin gazed at her speechless, and Beachcombe's sallow face flushed with a purple that sallow face flushed with a purple that suffused even his eyeballs. "Viscountess Brooke!" he stammered. "What in the name--" "You are surprised?" she interrupted. "To be sure, my visit is somewhat un-timely." She came close to him and lowered her voice almost to a whisper. "Did you find what you expected when you searched Captain de Cliffe?" she inquired insinuatingly. "How do you know I searched him?" demanded Beachcombe. "Why, when one sees a man with his might have fluctuated between two de-sires equally importunate, but it was at last borne in upon the sluggish cur-rent of his intelligence that the cer-tificates were possibly that moment in the possession of Lady Prudence Brooke, who certainly would not hesi-tate to use them for his humiliation if he exasperated her. "What will you do if I refuse?" he said at last.

demanded Beachcombe. "Why, when one sees a man with his hands tied behind him and his pockets inside out, it is not unreasonable to suppose that he has been searched. Yet I'll venture to say, Lord Beachcombe, that whatever you found, it was not what you were looking for!" "How can you know anything about the superstance of the said at last. "Then," said Prue, with spirit, "I shall go straight from here to the duchess of Mariborough and lay the whole story-including the documents to capture to say request I make of her.

CONSTIPATION

Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are unlike all oth er laxatives or cathantics. They coax the liver into activity by 2231 gentle methods, they do not scour; they do not gripe; they do not weaken; but they do INVON -PAN start all the secretions of the liver and stom-D ach in a way that soon Man puts these organs in a healthy condition and

healthy condition and corrects constipation. Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood instead of impover-ishing it; they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. Price 25 cents. All Druggists.

"improved" Bull Fight. A bull fight in Tokio is quite as much excuse for a gala day as a bull fight in Madrid. Business men leave their offices, and women and children their homes, to hurry to the arena. Stripped of all the less exciting, or less horrible, preliminaries which characterize the Spanish bull fight, the animals are brought in and sent at each other at once. So the battle is shorter, and two or three more fights will follow in quick succession dur-ing the course of an afternoon's "entertainment."

URGING GREAT SALE

OF CANNED FOODS

ORGINE GREAT SALE OF CANNED FOODS The serves and the serve of March Statistics of the serves of Statistics of the s

Like an Old Fool.

Sillicus-What is the age of discretion?

Cynicus-There isn't any. I know a man over seventy who married his fourth wife the other day.

A man's children, like their mother, are apt to ask a lot of embarrassing questions.

Only One "BHOMO QUININE" That is LAIATIVE BHOMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day, Ourse Grip in Two Days. Sc.

Untold agony is what a woman suffers from tight shoes.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigor-ate stomach, liver and bowels and ours coa-stipation. Adv.

Too Much. "My feelings have been lacerated."

1

"Did it take?"

answer? She-Let's see. Monday, there's the

washing; Tuesday I must put up clean curtains, and Wednesday I must make some jam. Come on Thursday.

His Contribution.

"Did old Closefist give you anything for the charity benefit fund?" "Oh, yes; he gave me his candid opinion of it."

The Degrees. "Love opens one's heart."

"Yes, and marriage opens eyes."

A Jolly Good Day Follows A Good Breakfast Try a dish of Post Toasties

tomorrow morning.

These sweet, thin bits made from Indian Corn are cooked. toasted and sealed in tight packages without the touch of human hand.

They reach you fresh and crisp-ready to eat from the package by adding cream or milk and a sprinkling of sugar, if desired.

Toasties are a jolly good dish-

Nourishing

Satisfying Delicious Another Menace.

From Wallace's Farmer.

From Wallace's Farmer. The other day a notice was posted at the Y. M. C. A. rooms and dormitories which read: "Members of the Y. M. C. A. and visitors to the association building will please refrain from playing or sing-ing music of the following kind in or about the buildings: 'Hitchy Koo,' Row, Row, Row, 'Everybody's Doing It,' etc. Such songs are suggestive and not at all in keeping with the ideals of the associa-tion."

in keeping with the ideals of the associa-tion." The country is being flooded with trashy music. If the air is catchy, children are allowed to sing the song though the words may be objectionable, and in this way are taught sentiments which would horrify the parents if they appeared in less at-tractive guise. We need to watch the mu-sic as well as the reading of our children. The trashy funny papers are spoiling the eye for the normal and beautiful, their slangy, liliterate speech spoiling the tongue; if we add to these the vulgar pop-ular song to spoil the ear we are doing our children a wrong for which they will have every right to censure us when they forget that there are other than physical hurts which come to children, and that we need to guard against vulgarity in word, thought and deed as we guard against fire and accidents.

Burma, the Woman's Paradise. From the Christian Herald.

Carrie Chapman Catt is the first Mrs. round-the-world woman suffrage mis-slonary. She is the first world's evangelist of woman's political equality. During her globe-encircling tour of 1911-12, as presi-dent of the World's Woman Suffrage Alli-ance (in which 28 countries are now rep-resented) Mrs. Catt has visited three conresented). Mrs. Catt has visited three con tinents and has planted the nuclei of Women's Enfranchisements groups in a dozen nations.

It was a great surprise to Mrs. Catt on her arrival in Rangoon, the metropolis of Burma, to find that women in Burma have had the municipal vote for years. Parsee, Hindu, Mohammedan, Chinese and Budd-hist women are alike on the electors' rolls and actually vote. The Burmese women have been in complete enjoyment of the right to control their own property from time immemorial; men and women are equal under the law.

That Wouldn't Do.

"What shall I write this young lady about her story? I don't like to de-cline it harshly." "Tell her it is too sad for our maga-

zine." "But this is supposed to be a humor-

In Clover. The suffraget parade and inaugura-tion festivities will keep Washington doctors busy for the rest of the winter.

ins were still eagerly exchanging con-fidences, when Prue stopped abruptly and listened. Peggie was hurrying on with her story, but Prue checked her with a warning hand.

"Hark, Peggie, did you hear that? Was it not someone knocking at our

Peggie ilstened, and the knocking was repeated. She threw open the win-dow, and thrusting her head out, with-drew it after a brief investigation, with the announcement that there was a man in the street, looking up at their lighted window. "Only one man?" queried Prue. "Can it be Robin?" the announcement that there was

"I think not," said Peggie; "it does not seem tall enough-this man is-there is the knocking again-what shall "Someth"

we do?" "Something has happened to Robin!" cried Prue, hastily throwing a cloak about her. "I must go down and see what is the matter." "Till come with you," cried Peggie, impelled partly by curiosity and partly by the impulse to protect her cousin. They ran down together, and at the door neused to take counsel. It was door paused to take counsel. It was no uncommon thing in those days for the "Mohawks" to batter thus at quiet citizens' doors and mistreat the person who answered their summons, or even, if a woman, to carry her off, shrieking

who all were off, shricking and struggling.
"Who is there?" Prue demanded through the closed door.
"It is I, Steve Larkyn," a voice replied. "Oh! Mistress Brooke, I besech you open the door; they have taken my master!"
Prue flung the door open, and there stood Steve, ghastly pale in the broad moonlight.
"They have taken your master? Then what are you doing here, alive and unhurt?" she cried passionately.
"Mad you really hate him enough to prefer his death to your own safety?" Prue could not repress a shudder at the cold ferocity of his tone.
"What if I secure both?" he retorted, gratified by the effect he had produced.
"This man is a traitor and has earned a traitor's death. Although I may not have found what I sought, I have found papers that will send him to the gallows, and give me a claim to the sealed."

They have taken your master? Then what are you doing here, alive and unterpreter are stronger weapons than swords and with a defenseless outlaw and a weak woman. I will solw him that the has to deal with a defenseless outlaw and a weak woman. I will solw him that he has to deal with a defenseless outlaw and a weak woman. I will solw him that the has to deal with a defenseless outlaw and a weak woman. I will solw him that the has to deal with a defenseless outlaw and a weak woman. I will solw him that the has to deal with a defenseless outlaw and a weak woman. I will solw him that the has to deal with a defenseless outlaw and a weak woman. I will solw him that the has to deal with a defenseless outlaw and a weak woman. I will solw him that the has to deal with a defenseless outlaw and a weak woman. I will solw him that the has to deal with a defenseless outlaw and a weak woman. I will solw him that there rare stronger weapons than swords and biudgeons. I will solw him that the there is no cone to less coplously—but that will be the end of the trumped up claim of Captain—Freemantle."
"Well, Lord Beachcombe time to

posed. "Captain de Cliffe!"

he repeated "Captain de Cliffe!" he repeated with a bitter and disdainful emphasis. "What would you have me call him?" she bent forward and in a whisper sug-gested, "Robert-Earl Beachcombe?---is that better?" The blood ebbed from his face, leav-

ing it ghastly with fear and fury. He cast a hasty glance toward the group of men surrounding Robin, and al-though they were quite out of earshot, he flercely motioned them to a greater distance. Then he pulled himself to-gether sufficiently to force a sardenia gether sufficiently to force a sardonic

sether sufficiently to force a sardonic laugh. "Was it to play comedy that your ladyship honored me with this noc-turnal visit?" he sneered. "Not altogether," she replied. "I came to prevent your harming Captain de Cliffe, and, incidentally, yourseif. Now tell me—in confidence—not hav-ing found the documents you sought, what do you propose to do with your prisoner?"

prisoner?" "T propose," said Beachcombe slowly, "to hand him over to justice. I believe the—documents—to be lost. At any rate, I am willing to hazard the risk of their recovery in order that this man may receive his deserts as a traitor and a malefactor. After he has been hanged, there will be plenty of time for me to deal with a claim that has no longer a claimant." (Continued Next Week.)



HEN STELLMAN SAYS: THE DEST WAY TO BE SUDE WHETHER A WOMAN IS REELY HAN'SOME OR NOT. IS TER SEE WHETHER YER WIFE KNOCKS HER WHEN SHE PASSES HER.

"The duchess is no longer the power behind the throne," said Beachcombe, with a scowl. "If you rely upon her influence..." Make the Liver Do its Duty

benind the throne, said Beachcombe, with a scowl. "If you rely upon her influence—" "I do not rely upon that alone," said Prue, retaining her patience with the greatest difficulty; "I will go to the queen herself and plead with her—oh! when I show her my heart she cannot resist the appeal of my prayers and tears—" She forgot for the moment where she was and who was her lis-tener, and in imagination was already at the feet of her royal mistress. Beach-combe regarded the sapphire eyes sparkling through unshed tears and the piteous tumult of the lovely bosom be-neath the laces of her ball dress, and his puise quickened dizzly. "If her gracious majesty were a king, I think he would give you whatever you were pleased to ask," he breathed. "Ah! Prue—" Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

"Ah! Prue—" "And can you refuse me, when with a word you can secure my gratitude— my friendship—for life?" She stretched out her hands with a gesture so allur-ing, and turned upon him a look of such compelling appeal as might have melted even a colder heart than his. He could not altogether resist her, but he still sought to temporize.

