

Work Weakens the Kidneys

Many occupations weaken the kidneys, causing aching backs, urinary disorders and a dull, drowsy, discouraged feeling. Work exposing one to chills, dampness or sudden changes in temperature, or positions: work amid the fumes of turpentine; constant riding on jolting vehicles, is especially hard on the kidneys.

Taken in time kidney trouble isn't hard to stop; neglected it is dangerous. As a kidney tonic, there is no other medicine so well recommended, so widely used and so universally successful as Doan's Kidney Pills.

A South Dakota Case.

"Every Picture Tells a Story" J. R. McConnell, Sioux Falls, S. D., says: "My back pained me all the time, especially at night. I couldn't sleep well. I often got so weak I had to lean against something for support. My kidneys were in bad shape and nothing helped me until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. They removed all the ailments and I have never suffered since. Doan's Kidney Pills are certainly a fine cure for kidney ills."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.
Genuine must bear Signature
Brentwood

Pettit's Eye Salve QUICK RELIEF FOR ALL EYE TROUBLES.
That Dark Brown Taste.
Yeast—They say that dark brown is to be one of the fashionable shades next fall.

Titles and Taxes in Spain.
In Spain titles of nobility are taxed in the same way as houses or land. Moreover, each separate title is taxed, and for this reason certain members of ancient families in which a number of titles have accumulated drop some in order to save money. Owing to the system long prevalent in Spain by which women of noble birth transmit their title not only to their children but to their husbands—so that a plebeian marrying a duchess becomes a duke, Spanish titles rarely become extinct unless the holders deliberately discard them.

Two Classes Barred.
A successful agricultural show is carried on each year in a certain village in the south of Ireland. Among the many competitions for the encouragement of thrift and cleanliness is one for the best turned out donkey cart. The prize for this was usually won by either the local doctor or the local solicitor. After one year's show the farmers and working classes protested that it was not quite fair to expect their hardly used animals to compete successfully with the well-cared-for and well-groomed animals of those who generally win the prize.

In consequence of this protest the following proviso in connection with this competition appeared in the show placard the following year:
"All legal and medical doctors excluded."

LEARNING THINGS
We Are All in the Apprentice Class.

When a simple change of diet brings back health and happiness the story is briefly told. A lady of Springfield, Ill., says:
"After being afflicted for years with nervousness and heart trouble, I received a shock four years ago that left me in such a condition that my life was despaired of.
"I got no relief from doctors nor from the numberless heart and nerve remedies I tried, because I didn't know that coffee was daily putting me back more than the doctors could put me ahead.
"Finally at the suggestion of a friend I left off coffee and began the use of Postum, and against my expectations I gradually improved in health until for the past 6 or 8 months I have been entirely free from nervousness and those terrible sinking, weakening spells of heart trouble.
"My troubles all came from the use of coffee which I had drunk from childhood and yet they disappeared when I quit coffee and took up the use of Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Many people marvel at the effects of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum, but there is nothing marvelous about it—only common sense.
Coffee is a destroyer—Postum is a builder. That's the reason.
Look in plgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."
Postum comes in two forms:
Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.
Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.
The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.
"There's a Reason" for Postum.
—sold by Grocers.

A Romance of Extraordinary Distinction THE MARSHAL

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews
Author *The Perfect Tribute, etc.*

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CHAPTER XXXV—(Continued).

"Lucy! oh, Lucy!" a voice called from the lawn, and in a moment more the colonel was upon them. "Lucy," he began, "somebody must arrange about the new harnesses; my time is valuable to be taken up with details. Uncle Jack says they are needed at once. It has been neglected. I do not understand why things are so neglected."
"I have seen to it, father. They will be ready in a week," Lucy answered. Then the colonel noticed Francois. "Good day, Chevalier," he spoke condescendingly. "Ah—by the way"—he put his hand into one pocket and then another of his linen coat. "They gave me a letter for you, Chevalier, knowing that you would be at Roxanoke house today. Here it is, and Lucy saw a light leap into Francois' eyes as they fell on the English postmark. "About those harnesses, Lucy. Why did you not ask my permission before having them made? I do not understand how you can take so much on yourself."
And Lucy spoke quietly again. "I did not ask your father, but you did not see to it and they were necessary. So I did it. And then: 'Chevalier, read your letter. I see it is a foreign one.'"
"Will mademoiselle pardon?"
At that moment an uneven step came down the steps and Francois flashed a smile at Harry Hampton and retreated to the other side of the summer house with his letter; while the colonel, murmuring complaints about harnesses, went strolling up the shadowy, bird-haunted lawn.

There are old people living in England today who remember hearing their fathers and mothers speak of a young Frenchman of uncommon personality, constantly seen with Prince Louis Napoleon during the last days of his life in London in the year 1840. Lady Constance Cecil nicknamed this Frenchman "the Prince's bright shadow." There seemed to be a closer tie than brotherhood between them, and the tradition runs that the mystic Prince had a superstition that his luck went with him in the person of the Chevalier Beaupre.

The days of that summer month were full of the conspirators. On the stairs, as if he had been seen of the world and to throw the world off its guard, was a steady round of gaiety; at one brilliant function after another the peasant Francois shared the honors and the honing of the Prince. Because his eyes were gazed through things of tinsel to realities, the things did not dazzle him. He gazed at the butterflies of the world who fluttered about him and saw people with kind hearts. And the butterflies that they responded so tenderly but that they responded to the whole and loving kindness which he held out to them. Few human telegraph stations fall utterly to take the message when the great universe wireless of reality sounds the note. So that Francois, not suspecting it, gained in a few weeks on many English hearts a hold whose memory has not yet died away.

Beyond this evident social side of the London life lay the hidden life of preparation for the event to come—the attempt to escape to London. And both the prince and his close follower and friend really breathed and had their being. There was constant excitement, constant labor, constant anxiety. Once, toward the end of the time, Francois was sent on a flying trip to France, to make arrangements to escape to the continent, for the prince's affair. While on French soil he found time for a two hours' visit to Viqueques and saw his mother and Alixe and the general. But Francois, who cannot go before Wednesday, Harry Hampton cried out. "We cannot be married without you."
And Francois considered. "No, not before Wednesday," he agreed.

That last French lesson in the summer house on the banks of the smooth flowing James river was on a Saturday. On Monday the Chevalier Beaupre rode over from Carnifax and asked to see Miss Hampton.
"Mademoiselle Lucy," he said, "I have something to ask of you."
"What is it, Chevalier? You have news—what is it?" the girl cried.
For a moment he could not speak. Then, "The prince has sent me news," he said. "The prince has sent me. And I am well and fit to go. I have lived for this time; yet I am grieved to leave you and Harry, my two old friends."
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So that the prince's secretary sped back to England, sore in heart to miss the good fight to come, yet so wholeheartedly ready for the work to be anything but an eager sword in the prince's hand. The day for which he had longed all his life was at hand. The general had a long talk with him, and he gripped it to his chest, and then turned his face to the west without a word. It was always Francois who was the hero.

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hope had not died. And now his letter had gone and the consequences must follow—after the fight. Everything must go till after the fight. Alixe had the letter before he saw her this last time in Viqueques; he was sure of that as he thought back and remembered each word, each look of those short hours. But she would have it soon; in fact she had it now, sitting at her feet, fast—she knew now that she loved her.
A knock came at the door of the room in the London lodging where he sat with Lucy Hampton's letter before him. Fritz Rickenbach stood there; his highness would like to see the Chevalier. All personal thoughts were locked swiftly into the drawer with Lucy's letter and "the prince's bright shadow" went to the prince.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE THIRD WISH.

On the day when Francois in London read that letter of Lucy Hampton's which had awaited his return from France, a letter from Lucy Hampton reached Alixe at the chateau of Viqueques. She carried it to Pietro's room where he sat in a deep chair at a window which looked over Delesmont valley and the racing Cheulte river, and the village strung on the shores. His elbow on the stone window sill, his chin in his hand, he stared at the familiar picture.

Alixe, coming in without knocking at the open door, stopped across and stood by him, and he did not yet lift his head, his listless eyes did not yet shift their gaze from the broad landscape. Alixe, looking down at the black head with its short curls set in their locks—after the manner of the curls of Praxiteles' Hermes—was startled to see many bright lines of gray through the dark hair. Was every body getting old? Francois was in a deep chair at a window in his half—now Pietro—big little Pietro, who had come to them and learned to ride Coq and played with them. Was Pietro getting old and gray?

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motherless on his arm. And suddenly a thought shook him.
"It can not be!" he gasped.
And Alixe lifted her face, and the exaggerated black lashes lifted, and the blue glances lifted and rested on the black hair bent down where the light shone on the point. A moment later she spoke again. "I want to finish telling you—and then we need never speak of it again. I did think you were—commonplace. And yet I knew in my heart you were not, for I resent your seeming so. So I urged you into danger. I wanted you to be a hero. I had that echo of a schoolgirl's romance about Francois in my mind, and I clung, all along, to the idea that I loved him and that perhaps he secretly loved me but would not say it because he was poor and a peasant; that he was waiting till his future was made. Then, one day, only the other day, he told me that he had asked three wishes of life—of the good fairies' he said. One was to make Prince Louis emperor of the world, a monarch of France; the third—she stopped.
"What?" Pietro demanded, his mouth a bit rigid.
Alixe flushed and smiled and took Pietro's hand and covered her eyes with it. "That I should—love you, monsieur. He said he had wished that all his life."

"May heaven grant him his wish," said Pietro fervently, and then, reflecting, "It seems a strange wish for Francois. You are sure, Alixe?"
"Yes, he said so," Alixe insisted. "Oh dear Francois, she went on softly, and the blue intensity of her eyes grew misty. "Dear Francois," she repeated, "it is only he who could have had those three wishes. The single one that was for himself was not because he cared for it himself, but because it was the emperor's property."
"I always thought," Pietro spoke slowly, "that it was not indeed for himself, but because it might make him, in a manner, your equal. It was for you."
"For me?" Alixe was astonished. "I never thought of that. I think you thought of it, Pietro, only because I cared for me—and thought Francois must care also."
"Yes, I thought he cared," Pietro considered. "I can not believe otherwise."
"You may believe it," Alixe was firm. "For he said that what he had wished always was that I should—love you. I did it mostly to please Francois," she added serenely.

And Pietro's response to that was apt, but not to be given here. The minds of those happy lovers were full of that third wish who had been so close always to each of them.
"Pietro," Alixe spoke earnestly, coming back to the same subject, "you know that I love Francois—of course, but you do not know in what way. I love him as if he were one of the holiest saints—but also as if he were a little child. Yet not—Pietro—as if he were—the man I love. I would give my life for him in a rush of delight, if he needed it. But I know now, whatever were my vague dreams in past years, that it is not in Francois to care for a woman as a human man. Somehow, among all his wonderful qualities that one thing was left out. He never could have cared for me so that—the touch of my hand counted, or—so that all other women should seem different. I think, indeed, that if some dear girl should have loved him out of pure friendship and gentleness, not knowing what the real love of a man to a woman is like. That is impossible to him."
"I am not so sure," said Pietro, and shook his head.

Alixe considered. "I don't think—I ever did, Pietro. Not really. I thought I did perhaps. He dazzled me—Francois—with his way of doing all sorts of things—his brilliant, and that wonderful something about him, which makes everybody love him. He believed in his star; there was around him the romance of the Emperor's prophecy and the romance of the career which is, we know, about to begin now. There was always a glamour about Francois."
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Pietro stopped, then went on with an unaccustomed eloquence.
"Whatever may be the fibers from which souls are woven, those of Francois are so adjusted from his birth that he has a glow about him, which is easy to him. It has never been an effort for Francois to love mankind and to believe the best of every one. Also, things unreal to most are his realities. He lives very close to that line over which is inspiration or madness—men call it either, according as it succeeds or falls in this world. There are questions yet to be understood, I believe, which will account for Francois' trick of vision-seeing. Perhaps a hundred years from now, perhaps 500, people will know things about the human mind which may make clear that strange gift of his. It may be that there are powers of the mind not now understood. There may be a world of mental possibility beneath consciousness."
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failed any one—not once. As Francois said, you are a heart of gold, a wall of rock."
Her voice dropped. She laid her hand against his shoulder and spoke, in a quick, cautious way:
"But all that is immaterial. I just love you—that's the point. At a moment later she spoke again. "I want to finish telling you—and then we need never speak of it again. I did think you were—commonplace. And yet I knew in my heart you were not, for I resent your seeming so. So I urged you into danger. I wanted you to be a hero. I had that echo of a schoolgirl's romance about Francois in my mind, and I clung, all along, to the idea that I loved him and that perhaps he secretly loved me but would not say it because he was poor and a peasant; that he was waiting till his future was made. Then, one day, only the other day, he told me that he had asked three wishes of life—of the good fairies' he said. One was to make Prince Louis emperor of the world, a monarch of France; the third—she stopped.
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