Hetty, or The Old Grudge.

By J. H. CONNELLY.

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CHAPTER L

Notably strange formation, among the scenic beauties of Western Pennsylvania, from dampness, was a strip of oiled silk, is the wall-like hill locally known as the Devil's Backbone, which is thrown half across the Raccoon Creek Valley. Though its elevation is hardly more than tive hundred feet, the abruptness with which it rises out of the meadow lands, the perhaps, its number. Engraved upon the straightness and length of the lofty line its summit makes against the sky and the absence of near rival eminences cause it to seem, when viewed from the valley, a real mountain. Its top, for a length of about two miles, is level and straight, and is traversed by a road, one of the most charming drives imaginable, and not by any means so difficult of access as might be expected, since the slope at the end of the hill is so gradual that teams, drawing loaded wagons, ascend it with little difficulty. Through an alley of tall trees it runs, their boughs arching overhead and their dead leaves carpeting Smaller trees and shrubs fill the spaces between their great trunks, and make a wall of foliage on either side, through rifts in which, here and there, glimpses are afforded of blue sky and fleecy-white clouds drifting across it. Nowhere is the summit more than four or five rods in width.

One flank of the hill is steep, but not beyond a skillful and daring climber's scaling. The other, however, is like a stupendous wall. Denuded of its mask of foliage, that rocky face would be seen scarred, seamed and wrinkled by ages of passive resistance to the destroying forces of nature. Rain, frost, sunshine and wind have graved deeply their traces upon it. But, while the summer lasts at

least, it is fresh and fair. During all the season of foliage and bloom, one looking up from the valley ean descry nothing of that time-furrow ed face, but only its vivid mask from the summit down to the base; where the crystal creek has updermined it and where by the cattle plashing fishes, alarmed among the gravel on the farther side of the pool, dart across the reflected sky and through the inverted forest to find refuge among the never-lifting black shadows far beneath the rocks. All the nooks and crannies in that rugged wall are full of life Foxes have their hiding places inthe caves; birds build their nests in safety in spots accessible only to things with wings; chipmunks and squirrels frolic and bark among the branches; snakes sun themselves on exposed points of rocks; owls blink and ponder in the deepshadows; bees store their golder sweets secure from all despoilers; myri-

ads of Nature's wild children here find

homes, safe from each other and from the common enemy, man Late in the afternoon of a short autumnal day, John Cameron, returning homeward from hunting in the distant hills. strode along the Devil's Backbone toward the valley. A big bunch of gray squirrels upon his right shoulder showed that he had had good success; but evidently his hunt was not yet over. He moved almost noiselessly, his rifle lay ready on his left forearm, and he was keenly alert for any sight or sound betokening the presence of game. To his ears came the eigh of the forest, that is never hushed, and, through it the impudent barking of foolish squirrel that, having caught sight of him, must needs proclaim the fact to the universe, instead of prudently scampering away in silence to a place of safety. The crack of John's rifle sounding strangely small and sharp away up there where there was nothing to echo it, put an abrupt stop to the barking, and a little gray, furry lump tumbled from the top of a hickory tree to the ground, at the very brink of the precipice, and lay motionless. In the very act of stooping to pick up his game, John's keen eye caught sight of a thin, dirty-white, cotton string. tied to a little bush, close to the ground.

posed it. Why should anybody have tied a string chere? He laid down his gun and proceeded to investigate, hauling in two or three yards of the slack of the string which dangled over the face of the cliff. Then it broke.

It had been covered by leaves, and would

have remained unseen, had not the squir-

rel's body knocked them away and ex-

"What the mischief is at the other end

r it?" muttered John to himself. He laid down, and, thrusting his body out perilously far over the edge of the precipice, tried in vain to see, among the rocks and bushes below, what held the other end of the string. Fifty feet below a large hickory tree seemed to be firmly rooted in a ledge of earth among the rocks, and one of its strong branches was only a few feet beyond his reach. He calculated that if he could get hold of that branch he might safely swing down by it to a dogwood tree of smailer size, on the ledge he wished to reach. Of course, if his hold gave way, or the branch broke, he would go on down to the bottom of the precipice, and probably break everything frangible in his anatomy. But if he did not take that risk, he could not learn what was at the other end of the string. That settled the question of his making the attempt. Having in view a possible shot at a fox or rattiesnake when he got down there, he lowered his rifle by the string, to the ledge he purposed reaching. Then, by means of a long forked stick, he drew in to him the hickory branch, clutched it, swung off, and made the descent he had planned in safety. But the elucidation of the mystery had not yet been attained. The string continued on, still farther down. passing through a crevice in the rock, into which it had doubtless been blown by the wind when dangling free and he had to make a second descent, even more perilous than the first, to reach a still lower ledge. This, too, he effected safe ly, having first sent his gun down shead of him, as before, and at length he found

the other end of the string." It was tied to a small but heavy parcel, closely wrapped in a cloth that, as he un-rolled it, seemed to bear blood stains. Eleven solid silver spoons and a gold

watch were in the package. Carefully wound around the watch, to protect it two feet long and three inches wide, upon which he made out the initials, "W. S.," scratched as if by a pin-point. The watch was well worn, but had no marks by

> W." or any other possible combination of those three letters. "Mighty!" exclaimed John. "If 'finds is keeps,' as the boys say, it was worth

> which it might be identified, excepting,

spoons, in florid, interlaced lines, was a

monogram that might have been "R. B.

while climbing down here. Thrusting his prize in his pocket, and seeing no sign of a fox or any other game, he begun casting about for means to get back to the top of the cliff. It is generally easier, in hill climbing, to ascend than to descend safely, and, knowing this, he had not until now troubled himself about how he should return; but all rules have their exceptions, and he quickly realized that this was an exceptional case. Even if he could have got back to the first ledge, which was doubtful, the dogwood and hickory trees would no longer serve him. He could not swing upward. A shimmer of Raccoon Creek was visible so far below him that he thought he was just about half way be-

tween it and the moon. to it, and the man who put it there!' he

muttered. The ledge upon which he stood was hardly ten feet long and not more than a yard in width. He sat down and cogi-

"So long as I keep still I'm safe enough; and if I yell long enough, somebody on the road will hear me and help me out of this scrape, but that may not be for two or three days, so few go by this way. When the sun goes down, it's going to be colder than Greenland's ley mountains up here, and if I move around in my sleep, as I'm pretty sure to do if I'm cold, I'll fall far enough to bu'st a hole in the solid crust of the earth. It behooves me to yell."

Standing up and bracing himself for a stentorian effort, he shouted, at the top of his voice: "Hello-o-o-o-o! Hello-o-o-o!"

A feeble echo, that seemed to come up from the meadow, was his only answer. "Dern the man who tied that string and dern me for seven kinds of a fool!" he ejaculated, again sitting down, with

his back against the rock. ered, would be often enough for him to let off a shout like that. No casual way farer on the road could get by in the in tervals without hearing it. Just in front of him, an opening among the branches enabled a view of the valley, and he thought it had never before seemed so fair, possibly because it was-for the present, at least-so impossible of attain-

Beyond the green, low-lying meadow land on the farther side of the creek stretched broad fields, irregularly after nating golden russet stubble with the black, fat loam, upturned for winter wheat sowing. Amid the gray indefiniteness of an orchard, away across the val ley, he could just make out a roof and chimneys, from which smoke curled, and knew the spot as home-home that he might, perhaps, never see again. Still farther off, the Indian summer haze deepened into an amethystine veil, in which the elevated horizon line of forest melted by exquisite gradations of tint into the evening sky.

CHAPTER II.

"Dern all strings!" grouned John, bit terly, as he straightened himself up for another shout. But help was nearer than His first "Hello-o-o-o." he imagined. was responded to by a shrill, boyish treble: "Hi-i-!" from the summit of the hill. and the same voice, a moment later, inquired: 'Where are you?"

"Down here on the face of the bluff!"

"Thunder! How d'ye get there?" "No matter about that. I want to get

"No matter about that! Stay where you are!"

"Go and get a rope and tie it about a tree for me to climb up by.' "Who was your nigger afore I took the

'Ain't you Danny Mulveil, up there?" "Maybe, and maybe not. Who are you, down there?" "John Cameron."

The boy emitted a prolonged whistle expressive of his surprise. "Gosh!" he exclaimed. "I want to see you where you can't help yourself nor

get at a feller!" In his eagerness to enjoy that spectaele he threw himself down and crawled to the edge of the cliff, carelessly dislodging, in his haste, a shower of loose small stones and earth that, rattling down about John's ears, caused him to utter a loud, apprehensive shout of:

"Hi! Look out what you're doing up there, or you'll be down on top of me!" The boy chuckled. A brilliantly mischievous idea suggested itself to his mind where its kind were always welcome.

"Say!" he demanded. "Ain't you mighty sorry now that you ever walloped a boy for findin' a watermelon in your patch?"

"Aha! Now I know it's you, Danny, No; I ought to have given you twice as much as I did. It would have done you good. Hi, there! Stop that! You young limb of Satan, stop it!" he cried, as another shower of stones and earth, heavier than before, fell upon him.

Danuy rolled among the dead leaves and kicked up his heels in an ecstasy of

"Say!" he resumed, gathering another pile of small missiles in readiness. "If a boy was to set his dog on your dog, would you larrup him like Sam Hill for it again?"

"It doesn't make any odds to you whether I would or not. You go and

fetch a rope or get somebody to help me. | fears were realized. Hi, there! Quit that! Gol dern ye!"

The freckle-faced, red-headed little imp. laughing with such abandon that his by his bullet. Who she was he could not tears blinded him, was digging earth tell; but that did not matter. His deed from the edge of the cliff with a stick and tumbling it down.

catch you!" yelled the angry man down | than be hanged.

"Oho! You will? Then I'd best break yours first, while I have the chance." And he recklessly let fall a hatful of stones that John had no little difficulty in dodging, and which excited him to such a vocal tempest that the hearing of it filled Danny's cup of happiness to

"I don't suppose," cried the thoroughly exasperated young man, "that it would be possible to kill you with a builet, for you were born to be hanged; but I'm a goat if I don't try to wing you with a snap shot, once for luck, anyway."

Danny laughed more heartly than ever at his fury, and sent down another lot of stones, some of which struck John and bruised him severely. Goaded to seriously attempting what he threatened, to save himself from being brained, young Cameron snatched up a flat stone and hastily fixed it in the fork of a small tree rising in front of the ledge upon which he stood, so that a bullet fired against it would ricochet to where Danny was operating. Then he caught up his rifle, cocked it and waited, saying to himself between his set teeth;

"I'll pop him the first time he chirps." But he walted and listened in vain for the imp's "chirp." Danny, inspired by a new idea of mischlef, had suddenly decamped. campering swiftly up the road, he met his sister Hetty-a tall, graceful, handsome girl-who, with an ax upon her shoulder, was leisurely approaching.

The lad was not at all bad-hearted. He simply wanted fun. Unfortunately, that which commends itself as fun to the mind of a vigorous lively boy is generally characterized as deviltry by older persons, and Danny had a widespread reputation as an incorrigible imp. But he really "Consarn the string and all belonging | meant no harm. He had a little spite against John Cameron, who had had occasion to switch him a few times as almost every man in the township had, more or less-but his spite was not enough to prompt a desire to do any real injury. It demanded nothing more than the exquisite fun of searing John and getting him wild with rage. That enjoyment achieved. Danny would cheerfully have gone a long way, if necessary, for help to rescue him. But in the midst of his mischief, he conceived the idea for a sprightly variation upon it; nothing less than putting his sister in his place, and diverting John's wrathful objurgations to her innocent head, to the mutual confuslon of the pair. So he ran to her, and with a good simulation of excited horror,

> "Oh, Hetty! John Cameron has fallen over the edge of the cliff!"

> "John Cameron?" exclaimed the girl. hoarsely, turning very pale and catching the boy's shoulder to support herself. 'Are you sure?"

"Yes; if you crawl to the edge and look over you may see him on a rock a good ways down. Herry with difficulty repressed a femi-

nine desire to shrick. She was trembling, and her teeth chattered as if with cold. 'Where is he? Show me!" she gasped. "Just beyond that little red oak. Watch where I pitch this stone. There!" She watched the flight of the little

ston, marking where it dropped just beyoud the edge of the hill, and did not notice how Danny, behind her, hugged himself and grinned in enjoyment of the reflection that, small as the missile was it would be certain to keep John lively. "You can find him, easy, I'm going for help," and the lad was off like a

Hetty stood hesitating, wishing to go forward, yet so filled with dread and horear that her limbs seemed to weaken and become powerless to obey her will. Of all the men in the world, must it be John Cameron to whom this dreadful thing should happen! John Cameron, so strong and handsome! John Cameron, who would never know now how she would grieve for him! How willingly she would have offered herself to fate in his stead! Her great brown eyes, wide staring in anticipation of the horror they were to see, had no fears in them, for her tears were in her heart, swelling it to bursting, but a low moan that ended in a sob welled from her lips. Near the brink of the abyss, she dropped upon her hands and knees, and crawled forward to look over the edge.

John Cameron's keen hearing caught the rustling of her movements among the leaves, and naturally supposing the sound made by his tormentor, preliminary to another hombardment, hastily aimed at the stone in the tree and fired, exclaiming as he did so:

"There! Gol dern you!" A woman's shriek answered the report of his rifle. Then succeeded silence only

He stood as if petrified by astonishment, holding his breath to listen, while gradually a white horror overspread his face. The voice was surely a woman's, He huskily shoued:

"Hello, up there! Are you hurt?" There was no answer, not a sound of any kind but the violent beating of his own heart. The suspense quickly became unbearable. At one end of the ledge upon which he was perched grew a large tree, rooted among the rocks, but so insecurely, as it appeared, that its own weight threatened to tear it loose and precipitate it into the valley. Its upper branches were on a level with the hill top, but several yards away from the cliff, owing to the angle at which the trunk projected. Under ordinary circumstances, John would as soon have thought of jumping down to the creek as of climbing that tree, for the enormous leverage of his weight, among those upper branches might very well prove too much for its scant hold upon the earthto bear. But in his present state of anxlous excitement, approaching desperation, he did not even think twice of the danger. He recognized it, but that was all. Up the trunk he went, almost as nimbly as a squirrel could, feeling it quiver and crack, but caring nothing for those danger signals, so long as he might reach a point high enough to see what his bullet had done. His climbing was necessarily done with his back toward the cliff. When he felt that he had attained a sufficient altitude, he stopped; but then a sudden dread of what he was about to see suddenly overpowered him that for a

his head nad look. At length he did so,

and almost fell from his perch. His worst

among the leaves, lay the body of a woman motionless-scant doubt, dead-killed was a murder, anyway; and he felt that the best thing he could do would be to "I'll break your back the first time I let go all holds and drop. Better do that

(To be continued.)

HIS COURTSHIP WAS BRIEF

Real-Estate Man Tried Business Meth-

ods and Met with a Rebuff. One day last week a little South Side widow called upon a real-estate man who has charge of some of her property. They engaged in some earnest conversation relating to business matters. The widow's telephone rang the next morning, and the real-estate man said that another call at his office would be necessary. In the course of the second risit a jest or two interrupted the talk on rentals and taxes. The widow has a gay little laugh, and it sounded like music to the weary ears of the man. He asked if he might not bring co.ta.n facts which he would glean during the next twenty-four hours to her person ally. In other words, he wanted to cal. and, being a good-natured body, to widow said he might. He went, h saw, and he proposed.

"And this is how he did it," the widow explained afterward. "I certainly am in love with you," he said. "When you came into the office I said to myself, 'My, but she's a fine piece of furniture. She would be an ornament to my house.' Now I am going to go at this matter right, and what I've got to say I'll say quick. You suit me. Your clubs and societies must go, for I must be all, I want to marry you to-morrow. Any time after 10 a. m. will suit me. What do you say? Here's my hand. Is it a go?

The astonished woman replied: "Why,

don't know you.' "Oh, that's all right; don't let a little thing like that stand in the way," the man said. "You just come down to my Journal. "As a little child she charmoffice to-morrow morning. I'll take you over to the bank, then I'll introduce you to some of my friends. That's no trouble. Will you be there?"

"Why, the very idea!" said she, "No." he wasn't appreciated.

"That's like a woman," he growled. Never knows when she's got a good thing."-Chicago Inter Ocean.

Satisfied with the Choir. When Lord Alverstone, the new Lord Chief Justice of England, was Sir Richard Webster, Attorney General and Tory member for the Isle Wight, he used to sing pretty regularly in the surpliced choir of Kensington parish church. One of his constituents, who did not know him by sight, thought he would like to see his member in this uncommon position for a great lawyer. So, when next in London, he attended morning service one Sunday, and asked a verger which of the choir was Sir Richard Webster.

"Well," replied the official. "that's the vicar, those are the curates, and I'm the verger; and so long as the choir gives satisfaction it is not my business to inquire into the antecedents of any of them, man or boy."-London M. A. P.

Victims of Seasickness Confer.

This is the day of specializing and the last note of specialization in journalism takes the form of a Journal for the Seasick, says a London newspaper. Naturally enough, it was a Parisian who conceived this sprightly idea, which has for its main purpose to discover a specific for sensickness. All the travelers of the universe are invited to write all they know about every symptom, remedy, alleviation or aggravation of seasiciness, and the reading thereof should contribute to ease the depression which usually accompanies that terror of the landsman affoat. For the man who discovers the 'specific' there is a prize of \$20,000.

Big Families in Berlin.

The Municipal Year Book of Berlin, just published, shows that one woman in that city, 41 years old, is the mother of twenty children. In 1896 there were five families with nineteen children, sixteen with eighteen, seventeen with seventeen, thirty-two with sixteen, sixty-three with fifteen, eighty-three wih fourteen, and 126 with thirteen. Two hundred pairs of Berlin parents counted a dozen children each, the mother in one case being only 26 years old. A mother of eighteen offspring was 35 years old, while women of 23 and 20 had borne eight and five children, re-

Now a Two-Hours' Journey. In this rapid transit period few people can appreciate the fact that within the memory of many old inhabitants it required a day and a half to make a journey from New York to Philadel-

A Toned-Down Declination. Clinton-And so you finally got up

courage to ask Miss Pelton to have you? And did she say no? Dumleigh-No, she didn't go so far as that. She merely said the idea was absurd.-Boston Transcript.

Socialistic Experiment by Swiss The city of Berne, Switzerland, is making the socialistic experiment of imilding free or practically free workshops for artisans.

Our Cotton Export It was only 100 years ago that we began exporting cotton in quantities to

the demands of England. It is said that a Texas murderer asked that his execution be postponed because of his poor health.

minute he could not nerve himself to turn Admit one absurdity and a dozen others will demand an entrance.

FARMS CAN BE MADE TO PAY.

fe May Be Prolonged and Comfort

Secured Though Money Is Lost. A professor in Cornell University has been discussing in print the question whether a farm can be made to pay. He thinks it can, but with some mental reservations on the subject of what it means to have a farm "pay." He says

"Half of country life is in the living. it is in the point of view. It is in the way in which we look at things. Thoreau rejoiced when it rained because he knew that his beans were happy. One day my man was agitated because the woodchucks were eating the beans. He would go to town at once and buy a gun. I asked him how many beans the woodchucks would probably destroy. He thought from one-eighth to one-quarter of an acre. Now, one-quarter of an acre of field beans should bring me a net cash return of \$3 or \$4. I told him that he could not buy a gun for that money. It he had a gun he would waste more time killing the woodchucks than the bean would be worth. But the worst part of it would be that he would kill the wood chucks, and at daylight morning after morning I had watched the animals a they stole from the bushes, sniffed the soft morning air and nibbled the crist young leaves. Many a time I had spent twice \$4 for much less entertainment My neighbor thought that I ought to cut out the briers in the fence corner I told him that I liked to see the briers there. He remarked that some folks are fools. I replied that it is fun to be

Beautiful Madame Le Vert.

"To no other woman of the South were there accorded so often the tributes of poetic and romantic fancy that clustered around the name of Octavia Walton, or Madame Le Vert as she was known after her marriage," writes William Perrine, in the Ladies' Home ed Lafayette with her brilliant conversation-she spoke the purest of French -and later she was the friend of Clay, Calhoun, Washington Irving, and, in fact, of nearly all the prominent peo-Then he was very indignant and felt pie of her day. Nor was her eleverness unrecognized in Europe when she made the first 'grand tour.' It was there at a State ball in Buckingham Palace, whither she was escorted by Joseph R. Ingersoll, the American minister at London, that she was presented to Queen Viictora. Presentations on given her nephew up, she insisted that the occasion of a State ball were not frequent, and the Southern beauty was delighted over the unexpected compliment. When the dances were over, and the Queen was again seated, the Lord Chamberlain waved his hand and her, approached and was presented. Victoria advanced and graciously gave greeting, smiling sweetly as the American courtesied low before her, and then passed to the group that encircled the throne. About 2 o'clock in the morning the Queen bade adieu to her guests. Then one of the noblemen escorted Madame Le Vert around the picture and sculpture galleries and presented ner to many eminent persons."

Stopped Cattle-Stealing.

For a long time the ranches along the Little Missouri suffered a great deal from the depredations of cattle thieves. Finally the sheriff called the ranchowners in consultation. Among them was Theodore Roosevelt. The sheriff severely denounced the thieves, asking for the opinions of the ranchers, and Mr. Roosevelt boldly replied:

"There ought to be no great difficulty in carrying out your suggestions Mr. Sheriff, but I have a strong impression that you will not be the one to carry them out, for I am convinced, and I think every other man in this room is, that you have had more to do with the cattle stealing than any other man in the county."

The sheriff resigned his office the next day and left the country. And the cattle stealing stopped.-Ladies Home Journal.

Coral Reefs in Georgia.

To the minds of most readers the mention of coral reefs calls up a picture of palm-dotted islets girt with with white sands in a tropical sea, but geologists find coral reefs in the midst of great continents. These, of course, belong to a past age of the earth's history, but on that very account they are extremely interesting. During the past year several remarkable reefs of fossil coral have been explored near Bainbridge, on the Flint River, in Georgia. In one case a very large portion of the reef exposed consists of coral heads, some of which are more than a foot in diameter. Between twenty-five and thirty species of coral have been recognized in these reefs by T. W. Vaughan. They are ascribed to the tertiary age.

Ancient Cross Found in Canada. A solid silver cross was recently received in Montreal from Michael Cit Coi, an Indian, who had found it while digging in the Lake Lemargarningue district. A Jesuit has recognized the cross, which has two bars, as one of the fifty silver crosses presented to the Huron Indians in the early part of the sixteenth century to bribe them to fight for France against the Iroquois Indians, who were then friendly to Eng-

Welding Aluminum.

A firm of Hanau, Germany, has sucreeded in welding aluminum without the use of any metal, solder, or acid. No seam can be detected, and the welded pieces can resist blows and temperature variations as well as if there were no joint. The process is a secret one.

A fountain works when it plays and plays when it works.

If artists can only be known by their schools then the greatest among them cannot be known.

Umbrellas were unknown in this country until a few years before the Revolutionary War.

Mrs. James R. Smith, of Matinsville, Va., is the mother of eighteen chilof one of his early experiences with his dren. She lately gave birth to a set of twins.

We admire the childish candor of a St. Louis tobacconist who advertises "Imported Havana cigars of my own manufacture."

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, | as

Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Teledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cared by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Swern to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1846.

A. W. GLEASON.

BRAE Notary Public Hall's Ontarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENEY & CO...

Sold by Druggists 76c. Wanted Her Pulled Through.

The glib falsitier of a North Missouri paper pretends to have heard of the following call for professionel service sent by a local resident to a doctor in a neighdoring town:

"Dear Doctor-My wife's mother is at death's door. Please come at once and see if you can't pull her through."

From an Author's Notebook.

The following is an extract from an author's diary:

"Rase at five and had a sonnet and a glass of cold water for breakfrst. I retired early in the evening, as I feared the neighbors would be annoyed by the rattling of the knives and forks."

A Doctor This Time.

Portland, May 6th.-Dr. E. A. Rose, practicing physician, formerly of Yates Center, Kans., was on what everyone supposed was his death bed. He had Diabetes, and six of his brother doctors were in attendance and consultation at his bedside. They had done everything that medical skill could suggest to save his life, but they were at ast reluctantly forced to tell him that he must prepare for death.

His aunt had been summoned to his dying bedside. After the doctors had as a last resort, he be given a treatment of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

From the very first dose the tide turned in his favor. His life was saved, and he is hale and hearty to-day.

This ease and its cure has amazed the physicians, and is the sensation of the the company moved back, leaving a | hour. It is interesting to note that vacant place around the royal chair. While many others are being cured by physicians themselves are among the first to benefit, and that while the simpler and more prevalent forms, such as Rhenmatism, Sciatica, Bladder and Uripary Trouble and Female Weakness disappear before it, the more malignant forms, such as Bright's Disease, Diabetes and Dropsy, which have always been regarded as incurable, are yield-

> Dodd's Kidney Pills are fast superceding all other treatments for Kidney Disease, and as nearly all human sickness and suffering has its origin in the Kidneys, the use of this wonderful medicine is becoming almost universal.



Rheumatism Neuralgia Lumbago Sciatica

COME AND GO

make up a large part of human suffering. They come suddenly, but they go promptly by the use of

St. Jacobs Oil which is a certain sure cure,

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Special Excursions to Western Canada dur-ing March and April.