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We have letters from thousands besides these who have been cured by Magic Foot Drafts. Simple and harmless, being worn on the feet as shown above, covering the large foot pores and nerve centers. Try them. If fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us One Dollar. If not, we take your word and don't ask you to pay. We trust you. Will you try them? Just send your name and address to the Magic Foot Draft Co., 238 S. Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Write today.

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Dr. Blosser Offers to Mail a Liberal Trial Treatment of His Catarrh Remedy Free to Sufferers.

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A postal card with your name and address sent to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 567 Walton St., Atlanta, Ga., will bring you by return mail the free trial treatment and an interesting booklet, so that you can at once begin to cure yourself privately at home.

MARK STILES' SECRET

(Continued from Page 8)

"Did you do it?" she asked, her face strained and white. "O! I am so sorry—so very sorry for you."

Something in her voice touched him to the quick. She was young and innocent. What a gulf was fixed between them. "Do you pity me?" he faltered. "Then do something for me. Take this!" He detached something from his watch chain with shaking fingers. "Take this locket to 2, Mayfair Square. Ask to see Miss Molyneux. Tell her, for her sake, I shall be a wanderer over the face of the earth till I die."

Without another word he tore at the door bell and was gone. And while Clara gazed stupidly after him, she was confronted with the burly form of a policeman.

"What's wrong here, miss? Someone's shouting from the window above!"

Clara stood aside to let the man pass in. But she said not a word about the fugitive who had just passed out to commence a lifelong struggle that winter's night, branded upon his brow with the mark of Cain.

III.

A prettily decorated drawing-room was all ablaze with light, and amongst the people assembled there was none handsomer than the beautiful Fedore Molyneux, the young hostess.

She wore a simple white dress, soft and filmy with lace. A border of holly encircled the hem of the gown, and a small wreath her golden hair.

She was the life of the party—here, there, and everywhere she flitted. Not a single juvenile was forgotten, and when the huge Christmas-tree was lighted she was in the thick of the fray. It was a pretty sight to see her surrounded with the poor little mites, who probably had never seen a Christmas-tree before. For they were no rich folks' children, but those drawn from back streets and byways. Yet, for all her seeming absorption in her task, every now and then she looked eagerly towards the door. And each time that she heard the knocker or the door-bell her face was bright with hope and joy.

But disappointment after disappointment succeeded each other. Nine o'clock struck, then half-past, then ten. Some of the children were fetched away by their parents, others left by themselves, the rooms grew emptier and emptier, yet the crowning joy of Fedore's birthday-party had not yet arrived.

Julian Horley had forgotten his promise. He had not appeared to help her with the "kiddies' party," as he had himself termed it.

Mrs. Molyneux noticed that the bright face was getting gradually paler, and that a tired weary look was clouding it. She insisted upon Fedore's going to bed the instant that the last little guest had disappeared.

"You are tired out, my dear; besides, it is getting late. No other visitor will come now."

Obediently Fedore left the room and sought her own chamber. But she did not at once go to bed. She only took off her pretty dress, and wrapped herself in her warm dressing-gown. Then she sat down beside her fire to examine over and over again a little gift she had that morning received. It was a small gold bangle—a costly trinket—for inscribed upon the outer surface in tiny diamonds were the words, "A Happy Birthday."

She knew who was the donor, though there was no note enclosed. And to-night she had been expecting someone to seal with his own lips the half-promise she had given him a few days ago.

"On Thursday night, Fedore, I shall ask you a very important question." These had been Julian's words. Yet the evening had come and gone, and he had never come at all. What did it all mean? Something—something unexpected must have detained him.

She started up as a sudden thought flashed through her. Of course! He was ill—that was it—and unable to come!

But as suddenly the consolation faded from her. Had this been so, would he not have written, or have asked his cousin Ferdinand to write?

She disliked Ferdinand Horley more than she cared to allow even to herself. She had shown him plainly many and many a time that she would have none of his attentions, and she fancied there was a sinister look upon his unpleasant face and a scornful curl of his lip the day that he had met them at the station.

Could it be that he had conceived some plot to separate her from Julian? But then common-sense came to her aid, and she laughed at the idea. Why should Ferdinand Horley have any spite against his cousin? No; she would not be foolish, but get to bed and try and sleep. Perhaps to-morrow would see the problem solved.

She was late for breakfast, and when she arrived in the morning-room she saw that her mother hastily hid the paper she held, also that her voice was a trifle unsteady when she wished her "Good-morning."

"What is it, mother dear? No, you can't deceive me—there is something the matter."

Instantly her intuitive sense told her it was something connected with Julian.

"My dear child, I hardly know how to break it to you—but a very terrible thing has happened. It concerns Julian Horley."

Every particle of color deserted the girl's face. She was as white as a statue as she stretched out her hand for the paper.

"He—is dead!" she gasped.

"My dear, I almost wish it were so. That would be better than disgrace!"

"Disgrace! Oh, mother, mother! what is it you mean? Read it to me—tell me—do not spare me! But the words are all swimming before me!"

Poor little Fedore sank into a chair and hid her face in her hands. She was trembling like an aspen-leaf, her mind was vainly trying to grasp the matter. Julian disgraced! It seemed so utterly impossible. "Listen, my child, and try to calm yourself. It is best you should know all. It will save you in the end."

And Mrs. Molyneux, her voice trembling with agitation, read aloud.

It was soon over, being merely a little paragraph setting forth the result of a "drunken quarrel" in a Soho restaurant, resulting in the death of Mr. Ferdinand Horley by the hands of his cousin, Julian Horley, Esq., of Southam House, Dedham, in the county of Suffolk. The murderer was still at large—so the account ended.

"It cannot be—cannot be true!" Fedore looked up with such a face of hopeless, stricken misery that her mother read all her little story, and she congratulated herself, even in the midst of all, that Julian had not spoken openly to Fedore—that there had been no settled engagement between them.

"My darling, I fear it is true, or the papers would not dare to publish it. But, to set all doubt at rest, I will send the coachman round at once. He shall find out the true state of affairs."

How Fedore ever lived through that hour of agonizing suspense she never knew. Each moment seemed like an eternity, while the clock ticked on, and the sounds of bustle and the stir of traffic came in through the half-open window.

Mrs. Molyneux watched her daughter narrowly, but she could find no words in which to comfort her.

The coachman, an old retainer of the family, came back from his errand to the restaurant looking very grave. He knew how things were going between his young mistress and the owner of Southam Hall, and this would put a stop to everything.

"Well, Smith, what news do you bring?" He stood before the pair, mother and daughter, and noticed how Miss Fedore was broken down.

"It's a bad affair, madam. But Mr. Ferdinand Horley still lives. He's been taken back to his rooms at Gower Street, and the doctor has hopes of him. But there ain't no news of Mr. Julian."

There was silence. Mrs. Molyneux wished Fedore would leave her to put another plain question to Smith. But the girl, instead, looked up and asked it.

"Do they think he did it? Speak! Don't be afraid. There is nothing worse for me to hear now."

"There ain't no manner of doubt, Miss Fedore. The owner of the restaurant came and spoke to me. It's no use his trying to deny it. They got quarreling, and drinking, too, from what I hear. And when the man rushed in, hearing a row, Mr. Julian had just dashed his cousin against the fender on the floor. At first they thought as he was dead."

A shudder went through the poor tortured girl. Was it for this that she had left the quiet retirement of her country home—to have her brightest hopes dashed to pieces, her idol broken, her heart torn asunder?

"And where is Mr. Julian?" This query came from Mrs. Molyneux. Fedore could not bring herself to frame the words.

"They don't know, madam; but the police are hot upon the scent. They don't think he will escape."

A low cry, a muffled sob, and the poor girl lay white and motionless upon the floor.

(To be Continued in the Next Issue.)

DON'T NAG

If you wish to help the world a little in your humble way,

Don't nag. Your wife, if you're a husband, doubtless has her faults, but—say—

Don't nag! You may be too busy toiling for your little bit of crust

To be able to lift others who are lying in the dust,

But you still can help in making the world brighter, if you just

Don't nag.

If you wish to give him courage who has chosen you for life,

Don't nag.

If you wish to be his helper—and he'll need help in the strife—

Don't nag.

He may have a few shortcomings—husbands generally do—

And he may sometimes sit beaten when he should have triumphed, too.

But he'll rise with newer courage and new strength if only you

Don't nag.

All around you there are others who have painful wounds to nurse,

Don't nag.

Rubbing on the raw has ever and will always make it worse.

Don't nag!

You can see your neighbor's foibles—all his weaknesses are plain—

But, then, what's the use of prodding when it cannot bring you gain?

Why add by a look or whisper to the world's supply of pain?

Don't nag.

If she has her days for fretting, oh, be patient then with her—

Don't nag.

If he makes mistakes remember it is human still to err—

Don't nag.

You may not have strength to rescue the pale ones whose burden kill,

Or to lift the weary toilers who are stumbling up the hill,

But you can refrain from making the world sadder, if you will—

Don't nag!

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Minneapolis has paid out more than \$30,000,000 already this year to the farmers of that region.

Over 110,000,000 pounds of cheese were made in Wisconsin last year, double the produce of five years ago.

WAR ON LIQUOR AND TOBACCO

The Kansas Anti-Liquor Society has adopted a new plan to fight the liquor traffic. It is mailing free a recipe for the cure of the liquor habit. It can be given secretly in coffee or food. Also one for the tobacco habit that can be given secretly. The only request they make is that you do not sell the recipe, but give free copies to friends. Their address is Room 62 Gray, Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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5286	" "	5312	Chocolates (Niggers)
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