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Gold Medal Haarlem Oil is put up in two forms, in CAPSULES and BOTTLES. Capsules 25c. and 50c. per box. Bottles 15c. and 35c. at all druggists. Be sure you obtain the Gold Medal Haarlem Oil.

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WESTERN CANADA

What Governor Deneen, of Illinois, Says About It:

60 ACRES

FARM IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

125 Million Bushels of Wheat in 1909

Western Canada field crops for 1909 will yield to the farmer \$170,000,000.00 in cash. Free homesteads of 160 acres, and pre-emption of 160 acres at \$3.00 an acre. Railway and Land Companies have land for sale at reasonable prices. Many farmers have made their land out of the proceeds of one crop. Good roads, excellent facilities, low freight rates, water and lumber easily obtained.

For pamphlet "Last Best West," particulars as to location and low settlers' rates, apply to the Canadian Govt. Agents, Mr. F. H. Brown, 515 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn., and Mr. J. H. Macdonald, Box 116, Watertown, South Dakota. (Write address nearest you.)

Phone any where you see this advertisement.

For Asthma, Bronchitis and all Throat Troubles Take

PISO'S CURE

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

The relief is as quick as it is certain. Pleasant to take and guaranteed absolutely free from opiates.

All Druggists, 25 cents.

Fowl Taste

GOOD while you're eating it XMAS TIME—bad—awful bad in YOUR MOUTH the day after if you fail to take a CASCARET at bed time to help nature remove the over-drinking and eating load. Don't neglect to have Cascarets with you to start the New Year right. They simply help nature—help you.

CASCARETS are a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

Fatal Oversight.

Achilles had discovered that he was vulnerable in his right heel.

"It's nothing," he said; "I'll pickie that before I go into action."

But he put it off too long, and Paris one day shot an arrow into it.

A NOTRE DAME LADY'S APPEAL.

To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism, whether muscular or of the joints, sciatica, lumbago, backache, pains in the kidneys or neuralgia pains, to write to her for a home treatment which has repeatedly cured all of these troubles. She feels it her duty to send it to all sufferers FREE. You cure yourself at home as thousands will testify—no change of climate being necessary. This simple discovery banishes uric acid from the blood, loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood, and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and tone to the whole system. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Sammers, Box 3, Notre Dame, Ind.

Unfortunate Habit.

Patience—She says she never forgets a face. Patience—No wonder she's subject to nightmare.—Yonkers Statesman.

DON'T NEGLECT THAT COUGH

It certainly rages your system and may run into something serious. Allen's Lung Balm will check it quickly and permanently. For sale at all druggists.

Most spiders have poison fangs, but few are dangerous to human beings.

The danger from slight cuts or wounds is always blood poisoning. The immediate application of Hamlin's Wizard Oil makes blood poisoning impossible.

Revised Upward.

One evening at family prayers the head of the house read that chapter which concludes with, "And the wife see that she reverence her husband." After the exercises had closed and the children had gone to bed, the New York Evening Post says, he quoted it, looking meaningly at his wife.

"Let us see what the Revised Version says on that subject," said she. "I will follow the new teaching, if you please."

The Revised Version was produced, and her chagrin may be imagined as the head impressively read, "And let the wife see that she fear her husband."

DODDS' KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

BRONCHITIS, RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE

75c "Guaranteed"

The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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CHAPTER XIII.

After wandering aimlessly about the city for a while the half-crazed gambler turned his footsteps toward home. He entered, both hoping and fearing that Peepeta would be asleep. He had a vague presentiment that he was on the verge of some great event. The guilty secret so long hidden in the depths of his soul seemed to have festered its way dangerously near to the surface, and he felt that if anything more should happen to irritate him he might do something desperate.

So quiet had been his movements that he stood at Peepeta's door before she knew that he had entered the house, and when he saw her kneeling by her bedside he stamped his foot in rage. The worshiper, startled by the interruption, although she was momentarily expecting it, hastily arose.

She smiled him a welcome which revealed her love, but did not conceal her sadness nor her suffering, and, approaching him, extended her hands for an embrace. He pushed her aside and flung himself heavily into a chair.

"You are tired," she said soothingly, and stroked his hair.

He did not answer, and her caress both tranquilized and frenzied him. She placed before him the little lunch which she always prepared with her own hands and kept in readiness for his return.

"Take it away. How often have I told you never to let me find you on your knees when I come home?" he asked, brutally.

"Oh! my beloved," she exclaimed, "you will at least permit me to kneel to you! See! I am here in an attitude of supplication! Listen to me? Answer me! What is the matter? Do you not love me any more? Tell me! Will you never love me again?"

With a violent and convulsive effort he pushed her away and exclaimed fiercely, "Leave me! Do not touch me! I hate you!"

"Hate me?" she cried, "hate me? Oh, David. You cannot mean it. You cannot mean that you hate me?"

"But I do!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "I hate you. You have ruined me, and now you expect me to go on as if I had never known you. From the time that I first saw you I have never had a moment's peace. Why did you ever cross my path? Could you not have left me alone in my happiness and innocence? Look at me now. See what you have brought me to. I am ruined! But I am not alone. You have pulled yourself down with me. What will you say when I tell you that you are involved in a crime that must drag us both down?"

"A crime?" she cried, clasping her hands in terror.

"Yes, a crime. You need not look so innocent. You are as guilty as I, or at least you are as deeply involved. We are bound together in misery. We are doomed."

"Doomed! Doomed! What do you mean? Tell me, I implore you—do not speak in riddles!"

"Tell you? Do you wish to know? Are you in earnest? Then I will! You are not my wife! There! It is out at last!"

Peepeta sprang to her feet and stood staring at him in horror.

"I deceived you. You were married to your beast of a husband lawfully enough; but as you would not leave him willingly, I determined that you should leave him any way. And so I bribed the justice to deceive you."

"You bribed the justice to deceive me?"

"Yes, bribed him. Do you understand? You see now what your beauty has brought you to?"

She stood before him white and silent. He had risen, and they were confronting each other with their sins and sorrows between them.

"This, then," she said, "is the clue to all this mystery. The tangled thread has begun to unravel. Many times this suspicion has forced itself upon my mind; but it was too terrible to believe! And yet I, who could not endure the suspicion, must now support the reality."

"Well," he said, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Do?" she said, do? Must I do something? Yes, you are right. We cannot go on as we are. Something must be done. But what? Is it possible that I must return to my husband? How can I do that—I who cannot think of him without loathing! What is the matter? Why do you tremble so? Is it then as terrible to you as to me? I see from your emotion that I am right. And yet I cannot see what good it will do! How can it undo the wrong? It will be a certain sort of reparation, but it cannot bring him happiness, for I cannot give him back my heart. Oh! David, why have you done this? And yet I see my duty! If he is my husband, I must go back to him. A wife's place is by her husband's side. I do not see how I can do it, but I must. How hard it is! I cannot realize it. The very thought of seeing him again makes me shudder! And yet I must go!"

"It is impossible," gasped the trembling creature to whom she looked for confirmation.

"Why impossible?"

"Because, because—he—is—dead," he whispered, through his dry lips.

"Dead? Did you say dead? Peepeta cried. "When did he die? How did he die?"

"I killed him," he shouted, springing to his feet and waving his hands wildly. "There! It has told itself. I knew it would. It has been eating its way out of my heart for months. I should have died if I had kept it secret for another moment. I feel relieved already. You do not know what it means to guard a secret night and day for years, do you? Oh, how sweet it is to tell it at last. I killed him! I killed him! I struck him with a stone. I crushed his skull and turned him face downward in the road and left him there so that when they found him they would think that he had fallen from his horse. It was well done, for one who had had no training in crime! No one has suspected it. I am in no danger. And yet I could not keep the secret any longer. And now that I have told it, I feel so much happier. I am like myself again. I feel as if I should never be unkind or irritable any more. The load has fallen from my heart. Come, now, and kiss me."

Extending his hands, he approached her. As he did so, the look of horror with which she had regarded him intensified and she retreated before him until she reached the wall, looking like a seabird hurled against a precipice by a storm. Such dread was on her face that he dared not touch her.

"What is the matter?" he said. "Are you afraid of me?"

"Forgive me," she said, "for seeming even for a moment to despise and abhor you. It was all so sudden. I do not mean to condemn you. I do not mean to act or feel as if I were any less guilty than you are in all this wrong. But when one has to face something awful without preparation, it is very hard. No wonder that we do not know what to do. We are both guilty. David, I think that it is because I have had a share in this that I cannot now feel towards you as I think I ought. It is true that you have injured me terribly and irretrievably. It is true that your hands are stained with blood, and yet I love you! My heart yearns for you this moment as never before since we have known each other. But there is a voice within my soul that tells me that we must part. We could not respect and therefore we could not truly love each other. Into every moment of our lives this guilty secret would intrude. No, it is impossible. I see it clearly. Every passing moment only makes it more plain."

"We shall not part!" he cried, springing towards her and seizing her by the wrist. "We are as firmly linked by vice as by virtue. This secret will draw us together! We cannot keep away from each other. Let the dead past bury its dead! Let us be happy."

"No," she answered, calmly, "it is impossible. You need not argue. You cannot change my mind. I see it all too clearly. We must part."

"Oh! pity me," he cried, falling on his knees. "What shall I do? I cannot bear this burden alone. It will crush me. Have mercy, Peepeta. Do not drive me away. I cannot endure to go forth with this brand of Cain upon my forehead and realize that I shall never hear from your lips another word of love or comfort. Pity me."

"But, my beloved, I am not acting for myself. It is not my mind or heart that speaks. It is God speaking through me. I feel myself to be acting under an influence apart from myself. We have resisted these voices and this influence too long. Now we must obey them."

"But, Peepeta," he continued, "you do not really think that you have the power to suppress the love you feel for me?"

"I shall not try," she answered.

She smiled on him with unutterable tenderness, and with her eyes still fixed upon his haggard face began to move slowly toward the door. He did not stir; he could not move, but remained upon his knees with his hands extended towards her in supplication.

Like some exalted figure in a dream he saw her vanish from his sight; the world became empty and dark; his powers of endurance had been overtaxed; he lost all consciousness, and fell forward on the floor.

CHAPTER XIV.

A month of dangerous and almost fatal sickness followed. When at last, through the care of a faithful negro "mammy," the much-enduring man crept out from the valley of the shadow of death, he learned that Peepeta had secured a little room in a tenement house and was supporting herself with her needle, in the use of which she had become an expert in those glad hours when she made her baby's clothes, and those sad ones when she sat far into the night awaiting David's return. On the morning of the first day in which he was permitted to leave the house he made his way to Peepeta's new quarters.

"And so this is to be her home," he said with a shudder as he looked up to the attic window. Every day this pale young man was seen, by the curious neighbors, hovering about the place. As for the object of his love and solicitude, she began at once to be a bread-winner. The delicate girl who never in her life until now had experienced a care about the necessities of existence began to struggle for bread in company with the thousands of poor and needy creatures by whom she found herself surrounded. The only hunger she experienced was that of the heart. She soon became conscious of David's presence, and derived from it a pleasure which only added to her pain. She avoided him as best she could, and her determination and her sanctity prevented him from approaching her.

He wrote her a letter in which, after passionately pleading for her love, he asked her to give him a sign of willingness to take him once more back into her life. "If I may cherish hope of your ultimate relenting," he wrote,

"place your candle on the window sill. I will wait until midnight, and if you extinguish it then, I shall accept your decision as final, and you will be responsible for what follows. I am a desperate man, and life without you has become intolerable."

Having thrust the letter under the door, David fled hastily down the stairway and into the street, where he began to pace back and forth like a sentry on his beat. Never did a condemned felon in a cell watch for the coming of a messenger of pardon with more wildly beating heart than his as he gazed at that window up in the wall of the gloomy tenement house. Never did a mariner on a storm-tossed vessel keep his eye more resolutely fixed on beams from a distant light-house.

Finally, and after what seem uncounted ages, the great clock struck the hour of midnight. One, two, three—he stood like a man rooted to the ground—four, five, six—his heart beat louder than the bell—seven, eight, nine—the blood seemed bursting through its temples—ten, eleven, twelve—the light went out! The universe seemed to have been instantaneously swallowed up in darkness. He could not see the figure that crept to the window and gazed down upon him from behind the drapery of the curtains. He did not know that Peepeta had fallen—his knees in an agony deeper than his own, and was gazing down at him through streaming tears. In those few succeeding moments the sense of his personal loss was displaced by a sudden and overpowering sense of his personal guilt. The full consciousness of his sin burst upon him. He saw the selfishness of his love and his wickedness in a light brighter than day.

"What next?" he said aloud, as if speaking to some one else. Receiving no answer, he turned instinctively toward his gambling house, and went stumbling along through the deserted streets. What is a man, after all, but a stumbling machine? Progress is made by falling forward over obstacles! The poor stumbler tottered across his own threshold into that brilliant room where he had always received an enthusiastic welcome, but which he had not visited since his sickness. If ever a man needed kindness and encouragement it was he; but his sensitive spirit instantly discovered that all was changed.

His superstitious companions had not forgotten the broken glass, and had heard of his subsequent calamities. With them the lucky alone were the adorable! The gods of the temples of fortune are easily and quickly dethroned and the worshippers had already prostrated themselves before other shrines.

The coldness of his greeting sent a chill to his already benumbed heart and increased his desperation. He was nervous, excited, depressed, and feeling the need of something to distract his thought from his troubles, he sat down and began to play; but from the first deal he lost—lost steadily and heavily. Within a few short hours he had staked his entire fortune and lost it. It had gone as easily and as quickly as it had come.

"I guess that is about all," he said, pushing himself wearily back from the table at which he had just parted with the title to his desolated home.

The sun was just rising. The first faint stir of life was perceptible in the city streets; the green-grocers were coming in with their fresh vegetables; the office boys were opening the doors and putting away the shutters; there was a bright, morning look on the faces which peered into the haggard conference of the gambler, as he crept aimlessly along, but the fresh, sweet light gave him neither brightness nor joy. His heart was cold and dead; he had not even formed a purpose.

And so he drifted aimlessly until the current that was setting toward the levee caught him and bore him on with it. The sight of a vessel just putting out to sea communicated to his spirit its first definite impulse and he ascended the gang-plank without even inquiring its destination.

In a few moments the boat swung loose and turned its prow down the river. The bustle of the embarkation distracted him. He watched the hurrying sailors gazed at the piles of merchandise, walked up and down the deck, listened to the fresh breeze that began to play upon the great, sonorous harp of the shrouds and the masts, and when at last the vessel glided out into the waters of the Gulf he lay down in a hammock and fell into a long and dreamless sleep.

(To be continued.)

Mandarin.

Mandarin is not, as is generally supposed, a Chinese word, but one given by the Portuguese colonists at Macao to the officials of the Flowery Kingdom. It is from the verb "mandar" (to command). There are nine ranks of the mandarins, distinguished by the buttons in their caps—first, ruby; second, coral; third, sapphire; fourth, an opaque blue stone; fifth, crystal; sixth, an opaque white shell; seventh, wrought gold; eighth, plain gold; ninth, silver.

Bees.

Bees were unknown to the Indians, but they were brought over from England only a few years after the landing of the Pilgrim fathers. It was more than two centuries after the first white invasion of New England, however, before modern beekeeping began. The industry of the present day dates from the invention of the movable frame hive by Langstreth in 1852.

Storks of Egypt.

Were it not for the multitude of storks that throng Egypt every winter there would be no living in some parts of the country, for after every inundation frogs appear in devastating swarms.

Took Him at His Word.

Blotbs—What's the matter with Henpecke? He seems quite depressed.

Slobbs—Oh, I made the mistake of telling him to make himself feel quite at home.—Philadelphia Record.

FACTS IN TABLOID FORM.

The Zeppelin I. weighed ten tons.

In Constantinople there are more than eight hundred mosques or temples.

Fines or imprisonment are the punishment in Prussia for keeping children away from school.

Count Zeppelin made his first ascent in 1900 and attained a speed of thirteen feet a second.

During the course of aeronautic experiments Santos Dumont altogether constructed fourteen airships.

English was spoken by 22,000,000 people at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Now more than 100,000,000 people speak it.

An eight-track swing bridge across the main channel of the Chicago drainage canal, near Thirty-first street, will be operated by electricity.

In Massachusetts tree planting is systematically conducted along the public highways. Fifteen thousand trees have been planted in a few years.

The Italian laborers who are constructing the electric railway from the Engadine to the Italian lakes get only 60 cents a day, and of that they manage to save something for their families.

Lord Strathcona, the veteran high commissioner of Canada, has returned home from London. He is 89 years old and holds the record as a transatlantic passenger, having crossed and recrossed more than 150 times.

John Pollen, president of the British Esperanto Association, bearing a green flag with a single star, which is the emblem of the association and signifies "Brotherhood and Justice Between Nations," recently arrived from Europe and will be entertained by the American devotees to that language.

Before sentencing a man at the London sessions to eighteen months' imprisonment for stealing a dog, the chairman said if he had stolen the collar which was less valuable, he could have been sent to penal servitude. There were twenty-one previous convictions against him, all for stealing dogs.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, is erecting twenty warehouses, factories and additions, eleven schools and educational institutions, twenty business and office structures and twenty-two apartment houses, several of the latter costing about \$200,000. Since the first of the year about 1,700 fine residences have also been erected or are building in the city.

Students of the Crustacea often find the cod a useful assistant collector. Thus the circular crab seems to be a favorite food of cods and rays, and it was chiefly from the stomachs of these fish that some of the oldest naturalists obtained their specimens. Another hunting ground of the naturalist is the sailing ship which has been in foreign parts.

The oldest newspaper in Belgium is the Gazette van Gent, which received the privilege of printing the Gentsche Post-Tydinghen on November 17, 1666, and which has existed almost continuously since the first number was printed on Jan. 1, 1667. The oldest copy preserved is No. 69, of Sept. 8, 1667. The next oldest newspaper in Belgium is L'Independence Belge, in its eightieth year.

Professor Charles Richet of Paris has devised a means for purifying the air in rooms. His apparatus is an air filter which mechanically sterilizes air. Very fine drops of glycerine are scattered along the walls of a cylinder containing a suction fan. Each particle of air drawn in by the fan is freighted with glycerine and hence tends to drop, thereby carrying with it the germs, dust and microbes with which it may be laden.

Twenty years ago J. P. Morgan, Jr., began working as a shipping clerk with Drexel, Morgan & Co. Later he became executive head of his father's London House. He assisted in organizing the London Underground and the International Mercantile Marine Company—the so-called "ship trust." He is a director of both the above companies, of the United States Steel Corporation, the Northern Pacific Railway, Acadia Coal Company and of the North British Mercantile Insurance Company.

At the conclusion of a children's performance of Old Meldrum an elephant proceeded along a narrow road with a pall in its trunk for the purpose of procuring water from a pump. A little girl chanced to get in the animal's way, and the road being only wide enough to accommodate his substantial body, the elephant laid down the pall, picked up the child with his trunk and gently lifted her to a place of safety, afterward resuming his journey to the pump for the water.—Westminster Gazette.

A recent traveler in that land of dikes and windmills has been at pains to make notes of the names bestowed by the Dutch merchants upon their country houses. Here are a few examples translated: "Our Contentment," "Joy and Peace," "Leisure and Happiness," "My Desire is Satisfied," "Friends and Quiet," "My Wife and I," "Not so Bad." To say the least, any one of these would seem to indicate more of the genuine sentiment of the householder than can possibly be expressed by the "Belle Vue" and "Cedars" of Suburbia.—Westminster Gazette.

VITALIZER

There is Hope

RESTORES LOST POWERS. A weak man is like a clock run down. MUNTION'S VITALIZER will wind him up and make him go. If you are nervous, if you are irritable, if you lack confidence in yourself, if you do not feel your full manly vigor, begin on this remedy at once. There are 75 VITALIZER tablets in one bottle; every tablet is full of vital power. Don't spend another dollar on quack doctors or spurious remedies, or fill your system with harmful drugs. Begin on MUNTION'S VITALIZER at once, and you will begin to feel the vitalizing effect of this remedy after the first dose. Price, \$1, post-paid. Munyon, 53rd and Jefferson, Phila., Pa.

Not His.

"I don't see why Packham should make a poor mouth all the time. He commands a good salary every week of his life."

"He may command it, but his wife demands it every week."—Philadelphia Press.

A GOOD COUGH MIXTURE.

Simple Home-Made Remedy That Is Free from Opiates and Harmful Drugs.

An effective remedy that will usually break up a cold in twenty-four hours, is easily made by mixing together in a large bottle two ounces of Glycerine, a half-ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure and eight ounces of pure Whisky. This mixture will cure any cough that is curable, and is not expensive, as it makes enough to last the average family an entire year. Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure is prepared only in the laboratories of the Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Herole Remedies.

"According to this magazine," said Mrs. Biffingham, "sliced onions scattered about a room will absorb the odor of fresh paint."

"I guess that's right," rejoined Biffingham. "Likewise a broken neck will relieve a man of catarrh!"—London Answers.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation.

FASHION HINTS

Light blue chiffon broadcloth used for this charming gown of modified princess type. The bolero is embroidered in iridescent beads, and a touch of gold, as is also the band on the skirt.

Mousquetaire sleeves and yoke of deep ecree chiffon cloth.

The gown could be carried out on the same lines, much less elaborately, if desired.

CAREFUL DOCTOR

Prescribed Change of Food Instead of Drugs.

It takes considerable courage for a doctor to deliberately prescribe only food for a despairing patient, instead of resorting to the usual list of medicines.

There are some truly scientific physicians among the present generation who recognize and treat conditions as they are and should be treated regardless of the value to their pockets. Here's an instance:

"Four years ago I was taken with severe gastritis and nothing would stay on my stomach, so that I was on the verge of starvation."

"I heard of a doctor who had a summer cottage near me—a specialist from N. Y., and as a last hope, sent for him."

"After he examined me carefully he advised me to try a small quantity of Grape-Nuts at first, then as my stomach became stronger to eat more."

"I kept at it and gradually got so I could eat and digest three teaspoonfuls. Then I began to have color in my face, memory became clear, where before everything seemed a blank. My limbs got stronger and I could walk. So I steadily recovered."

"Now after a year on Grape-Nuts I weigh 153 lbs. My people were surprised at the way I grew fleshy and strong on this food."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.