

FROM SUNNY ORANGE GROVES.

The Twice-Told Experience of a San Bernardino, Calif., Man.

From Sunny San Bernardino, in the midst of orange groves, writes Lionel M. Heath, of 188 Eighth Street; "For fifteen years I suffered with pains in my back, frequent calls to pass the secretions, dropsy, rheumatic aches and other symptoms of kidney trouble. I could get no relief until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me five years ago, and this is twice I have publicly said so. The cure was thorough."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

PERHAPS A NATURAL MISTAKE.

Physician Had Reason to Think He Had Lost His Patient.

Henry Grimm, who was formerly one of the prominent members of the German-American society, tells a story about a German friend of his who was taken ill.

For many days the German was close to death, but after a time he showed improvement in condition. The doctor told the German's wife that her husband might have anything to eat that he liked.

The German expressed a desire for Limburger cheese, and the wife, being a generous woman and pleased at the improvement, and in order that her husband might have a nibble at any time he had a taste for it, put some cheese in every room in the house. It is easy to imagine the aroma.

The next morning the doctor called at the house, and as soon as he opened the door he asked:

"When did he die?"—Hartford Post.

HE COULD BE TRUSTED.

Youngster "Made Good" Before Temptation Was Put in His Way.

A train from the north pulled into the station at Charlottesville, Va. An elderly man thrust his head out of a window of a day coach and summoned a little colored boy. The following colloquy ensued:

"Little boy, have you a mother?" "Yassuh." "Are you faithful to your studies?" "Yassuh." "Do you go to Sunday school?" "Yassuh." "Do you say your prayers every night?" "Yassuh." "Can I trust you to do an errand for me?" "Yassuh." "Well, here's five cents to get me a couple of apples."—Success Magazine.

Loosing a Tenant.

A landlord in the Highlands of Scotland had a "crofter" tenant, who paid him ten shillings a year as rent for the little farm. At the end of the second year the tenant came to the landlord and said that he was not able to pay more than five shillings a year, as crops had been poor. The landlord agreed to this.

At the end of the third year the tenant appeared before the landlord again and complained that things were going so poorly with him that he was not able to pay any rent. The landlord agreed to let him remain rent free. At the end of the fourth year the tenant once more appeared before the landlord, and said:

"Colonel, if you don't build me a barn I'll have to move."

John D.'s Eagle Stone.

John D. Rockefeller pretends that he is not and never was superstitious; still he carries in his pocket an eagle stone. It is a perforated stone of great antiquity, found in an eagle's nest, and is supposed to be a charm against disease, shipwreck and other disasters. It is of a brownish tint and about the size of a pigeon egg. When shaken it rattles as if another stone were inclosed within it. A ribbon passed through the hole perforates it to possess more virtues than even John D. himself. When the old gentleman wants to confer a particular favor upon some one he gives a few inches of this ribbon.—New York Press.

The Thunder Cloud.

Dr. Rev. Chauncey B. Brewster, D. D., bishop of Connecticut, told an interesting story not long ago of a colored clergyman, who was far from being a brilliant preacher, and had the habit, when exhorted by his brethren, of shouting in a very loud tone of voice. The bishop thought he reproved him, so suggested kindly that perhaps his sermons would have as good an effect if delivered more softly. But the colored minister replied: "Well, you see, it's this way, bishop, I has to make 'em thunder when I lacks in lightning."—Harper's Weekly.

No Trouble to Show Goods.

Old Gentleman (to beggar)—What do you do for a living? Beggar—I make post holes, sir. Old Gentleman (absent-mindedly)—Yes? Well, I never give charity; bring me along any you have on hand and I'll buy them from you.

Who Likes Lemon Pie?

You should try at once "OUR-PIE" Preparation for delicious Lemon pie. A lady says: "I will never again try to make Lemon pie in the old way while I can get 'OUR-PIE' Preparation." Try it and you will say the same. At grocers, 10 cents. Put up by D-Zetta Co., Rochester, N.Y.

Didn't Want to Pay More.

"You are fixed ten dollars for contempt of court." "I'm glad, judge, that this is not a higher court."—Harper's Weekly.

It Cured White You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

There is no evil that we cannot either face or fly from, but the consciousness of duty disregarded.—Daniel Webster.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. You pay less for cigars not so good. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Power, be it ever so great, has not half the might of gentleness.—Hart

Mr. Barnes, American A Sequel to MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK. By ARCHIBALD CLAVELING GUNTER. DODD PUBLISHERS, 1907.

SYNOPSIS.

Burton H. Barnes, a wealthy American touring Corsica, rescues the young English Lieutenant, Edward Gerard Anstruther, and his Corsican bride, Marina, daughter of the Paoliello from the murderous vendetta, understanding that his reward is to be the hand of the girl he loves and Anstruther, sister of the English Lieutenant. The four fly from Ajaccio to Marseilles on board the steamer "The Vendetta" and as the quartet are about to board the train for London at Marseilles, Marina is handed a mysterious note which causes her to collapse and necessitates a postponement of the journey. Soon after their wedding Barnes' bride disappears. Barnes discovers she has been kidnaped and taken to Corsica. The groom secures a fishing vessel and is about to start in pursuit of his bride's captors when he hears a scream from the villa and rushes back to hear that Anstruther's wife, Marina, is also missing. Barnes is compelled to depart for Corsica without delay, and so he leaves the search for Marina to his bride's captors. Barnes is hunted for by the Corsicans. When Barnes and Marina arrive in Corsica he is given a note by the Corsicans. When Barnes and Marina arrive in Corsica he is given a note by the Corsicans. When Barnes and Marina arrive in Corsica he is given a note by the Corsicans.

But Tomasso's words make them feel they have little time to lose. Besides, Emory is always whispering with white lips: "This tower is mined!" Together they go up the stairs, carefully examining every orifice in the building, but find them all loopholes too small to permit the exit of a man. "There is nothing but to get out of the upper chamber," says Edwin. "I'm a sailor. With half a chance, a single vine, with even the assistance of our clothes torn into lengths, I can scramble down. Some way I'll do it." They have reached the upper room. Anstruther has thrown off his coat and vest, kicked off his shoes and taken off his stockings. Shoes will cling to the rough stonework better than boots. He picks up the letter and the concluding sentences seem to make him crazy. He springs to the window and a muttered oath parts his white lips, for he encounters a grillage of heavy iron so securely fastened on the outside that it is impossible for him to make exit.

But even as Edwin struggles with the grating, he utters a low cry, half of longing, half of despair. Upon the portico of the modern portion of the farmhouse, pleasant with vines and flowers, almost reclining in a hammock is Marina. Robed in white, the young wife looks like a dream of love to her despairing husband. Her face is flushed, if not hap-

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued. "Oh, hang it, what have you done to you, smarty?" growls the detective angrily. Then he cries: "Glorious halujah! Bullly for you!" for Edwin has jumped the ladder and is busy trying to unlock the iron bars of the American's legs. "They've got keys somewhere," snarls Emory. "Hang it, I think of their cheek, manning a detective." Edwin is up the ladder again. He strikes another match and on the ground story finds, after some little delay, a bunch of keys hanging on the wall. After some trouble with the locks, which are rusty, Elijah's legs are released and he ascends with Edwin, his jaws almost snapping with rage as he tells his wrongs. "I was playing the fisherman at St. Tropes," he says. "I had got onto them, all right. I knew the head devil, the elder man, Cipriano, when, like a fool, I went on board of that big, cursed fishing felucca to them, pretending to want to get a job, thinking I would find out what the devil they were driving at. That was the end of me. I hadn't more than got in the forecastle than I was covered with two long knives, and that scar-faced fellow said to me: 'The first time, you were warned to keep out of this affair. This is the second time.' They were savage enough to kill me, but they simply corded me up and threw me in the hold, and oh, what a time I had as their infernal vessel dashed about the Mediterranean after you. When they gave up chasing you they stopped here and put me away carefully in that hole down there."

Suddenly he cries: "What are you doing?" for Edwin has his hands in an iron ring and is trying to pull up another trap door in the flooring. "I want tools by which we can break enough masonry from one of these embrasures to get out!" says the sailor. But pulling up the trap door, both he and the American gaze astounded into the other vault.

Two red flaming eyes encounter theirs. "If you come to kill me, I'll die like a Corsican may testify, your throat!" cries a low, hoarse voice. Then as Anstruther lights another match, a shriek rises to them: "The husband of Marina, Madre di Dio!" "Tomasso!" exclaims Edwin, adding: "In God's name, where is my wife?"

"Diavolo, of course, you have come here to find her. At the fork of the Bastia road, I thought the 'Lucchese' captured my mistress and myself and forced us to drive toward the east. Coming over the mountains, their language told me they were not 'Lucchese,' but Corsicans. I would have told Marina, but when I got out to water the horses at the little fountain up near Pietra, two of them struck me insensible and I awoke and found myself here. But, Signore, I beg you to note one thing. Your true wife and my honored mistress believes she was rescued from the 'Lucchese' by Cipriano Danella, and she is grateful to him. Get me to the light that I may aid you." The old Corsican has faintly staggered up; a moment later he is pulled from the vault by the strong hands of Anstruther and the detective. "Edwin is old Tomasso Monaldi," says Edwin shortly, "who was supposed to be killed."

"Holy smoke, the fellow who was

ply, at least excitedly. To her, speaking—the distance is too great for Edwin to understand the words, but apparently from the gestures they are those of amity—is Count Cipriano Danella, his eyes sparkling vivaciously, his costume the romantic one of Corsica.

CHAPTER XVII. Whiffs in the Air.

Some time after midday, Mr. Barnes, in pursuit of Anstruther, reaches Ponte-alla-Lecchia, where the people are now crowding about the polling house. He doesn't stop here and continues rapidly on, notwithstanding the sun is very hot, the dust is very heavy. As he climbs the high hills toward Morsaglia, he commences to find cyclamen flowers, quite faded now and having little perfume. "By Jove," he remarks, "I gave Edwin the right path. I should have turned back and followed him last night, not to-day."

This makes him hurry all the more, and his horse is quite exhausted when he descends the hill past the convent and pauses at the little inn near the famous water of Orezza. The American has heard of their curious powers, and asks for some, as he gazes languidly on the communal of the little village, around which the men are still clustering. The heat has been tremendous; his speed has been quite great; the hills have been precipitous. Barnes' face is again covered with lines of fatigue.

"This glorious Orezza water will make you a new man," chatters the landlady pleasantly; and never had the wondrous youth-giving chalybeate a better patient to work upon, for as the effervescent fluid, cold from the springs of the mountains, flies down the American's throat, new power, new vigor seem to enter each nerve, each limb. It is now quite late in the afternoon. Burton soon passes the chestnut lands of La Castagniccia, still finding a few faded cyclamen blooms to guide him on his way. But upon a little shock thrills him. He checks his horse abruptly, springs off and picks up a

bunch of the wild flowers. As he rides along examining it he ejaculates: "This is very extraordinary. This branch, which I supposed Marina dropped out of the carriage yesterday, was certainly cut this very morning." Suspicion flashes through his as he questions: "Can these flowers have been strewn in the road by Cipriano's agents to lead someone on?" and what had been no warning to the easy-going sailor becomes a danger signal to the man of the world. Yet, twist it how he will, Barnes can see no reason why Danella should want anyone near him save Marina. If the Corsican's passion for that young lady is what he thinks it is, he will prefer a free hand to deal with her alone. "And yet it is evident somebody wanted somebody to follow this cyclamen trail, and whether somebody wants it or not, I am here anyway," thinks the American grimly. "And thanks to the divine Orezza water, I am rather fit for fighting." Then carefully examining his revolver, the pistol shot remarks: "And that's fit also, thank God."

With this, resolutely but more circumspectly, Mr. Barnes continues his way over the path marked by the cyclamen branches. By the time he has come out on the hills looking down toward the Tuscan sea, it is very dark. There is no moon yet, but the light from the lone watch tower attracts him. The cyclamen flowers he occasionally picks up make him know this is the road Anstruther must have traveled. Suddenly, but quietly, he turns his horse from the path, and in the seclusion of a thicket of wild grapes, listens. Some dozen men are coming from the east; he hears one of them growl: "Why, there's no 'Lucchese' nearer than Pietra to fight, though the count ordered every man about the farm to go out and protect the vines from them."

"Well, there's some good reason for Maestro Cipriano's orders. Perhaps the Italian laborers in the Green Orezza quarry have risen up," adds another. "Perhaps with the lady he wishes not to be disturbed," giggles a third

stranger or bid him welcome. "All this the woman noted and then, as she passed along on her way, she saw a man emerge from one of the booths of the market place bearing in his hands some of the barley cakes he had purchased there. These he placed in the hands of the silent figure who rose to receive them. "Evidently the servant of the stranger," the woman thought to herself as she watched the two pass on their way, eating their frugal repast as they went.

"Have they no friends?" she asked herself, "that they thus come to Shunem and depart without anyone asking, 'whence comest thou?' or 'whither goest thou?' It was a goody face which the stranger had," she continued to herself as she went on her way. "Who can he be?" To this last question which arose in her mind came a partial answer that day as she visited the widow, for she found that the latter, while out picking up sticks with which to make a fire over which to cook the little cakes of oil and meal for herself and her children had met this stranger and his servant, and he had spoken such words of encouragement and blessing to her that she had been greatly helped, and finding that she was of a branch of the tribe of Levi, he had promised to see that her son was entered in one of the schools of the prophets, where he could prepare for the priestly service.

From that time on the Shunammite woman watched for tidings of this stranger, and over the pathway which he had passed she found many a poor and humble one to tell of the deeds of kindness which he had shown them as he had passed by. So it came to pass one day that as she beheld the man and his servant passing by her own home she went forth to meet him and constrained him to tarry and refresh himself after his long and wearisome journey. This he did, and as many an one has found since then, she came to know that the entertaining of one of God's servants brought blessing upon her household. She had a great yearning for goodness and her greatest delight was to sit under the teaching of the prophet Elisha and receive from his hands that spiritual teaching which she needed. This feeling her husband came to share with her, and there was no more welcome guest in any home in all the land of Israel, not even the king himself, than was the prophet Elisha in the home of this Shunammite woman and her husband.

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THE STORY.

THERE was a certain woman of Shunem in the land of Israel who, as Scripture says, was great—great as concerned the possession of this world's goods; great as to abilities, for she was a wise woman and ordered the affairs of her husband's home after the most careful manner of the eastern housewife; great as to her womanly virtues, and the kindly deeds which she was constantly performing for her neighbors and friends; great as to her piety; but, above all, great in the burden of sorrow which rested upon her heart—a sorrow which she hid from her husband and the world, a sorrow which when it strikes deep into a woman's heart is greater than any sorrow which a woman may know—the sorrow of a childless home.

When as a bride she had come to take her place in the splendid home which her husband had provided for her it had been with the joyful thought that children would come to bless and make bright the home. To her as with all women in that eastern land, the childless home was a reproach and the crowning honor of wifehood was motherhood. But all through the long years of her wedded life this joy and blessing had been denied her, and it seemed as though her heart must break with the burden of its grief. Her husband, conscious of the yearning of her heart—for bravely as she tried she could not hide it altogether from his fond, loving eyes—sought tenderly to be not only husband but son to her, and tried to fill her life with activities and pleasures which would take her mind from her grief. And she being too true a woman to be swallowed up of her sorrow, found relief in the performance of kindly deeds which endeared her to neighbors and friends and made her name great in Shunem.

Now it chanced one day as she went about her gentle ministries that an errand of mercy took her to the other side of town, where a widow woman and her three children dwelt in poverty. In passing through the market place she observed a solitary figure sitting in a secluded spot. His cloak or mantle was drawn closely around him, but from without the folds of the garment which enveloped his head there looked a strong face, whose penetrating eye seemed to take in every detail and movement of the busy place. Knots of people gathered here and there talked in low tones and the furtive glances which were cast in the direction of the silent figure indicated plainly that it was the stranger who was the subject of conversation. But no one, moved by friendly impulse, seemed inclined to speak a kindly word of greeting to the

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOSPITALITY REWARDED. Good Comes a Step to Shunammite Woman. STORY BY THE "HIGHWAY AND BYWAY" BRANCH.

Scripture Authority — 2 Kings, 4:8-17.

SERMONETTE.

True piety finds its expression in genuine hospitality. Doors opened to admit the faithful servants of the Lord let in the blessing of God as well.

To give to supply the need of one who is engaged in God's work is to give to the Lord and such giving never goes without its reward.

God can find shelter and food for his servants in most unexpected places.

The entertainment of this plain, unassuming prophet, poor and despised, except to the few in Israel who were faithful to God, was not going to bring social prestige to this Shunammite woman, in fact her hospitality perhaps was going to cost her the regard of many of the "swell set" of Shunem. But enough of the light of righteousness and truth had shined into her heart to make her understand that there was more honor in entertaining one of the humble servants of God than in filling her house with a choice company of her rich neighbors.

To-day we need to learn the joy and blessing of true hospitality. "When thou makest a dinner or supper," said Jesus, "call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors, lest they also bid thee again and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind; and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee; for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

The good heart is sensitive to goodness in others. This Shunammite woman "perceived that Elisha was a holy man."

The good heart also delights in fellowship with goodness. It was a real joy and privilege for this Shunammite woman to receive the spiritual blessing which Elisha the prophet was able to bring to her and her husband.

If this Shunammite woman had been absorbed in the latest fashion plates, or been gadding about to afternoon card parties and social teas, or the matinee, she never would have had eyes to see this man of God as he passed to and fro by her home.

This Shunammite woman never dreamed that her kindly service was to bring to her the treasure for which her heart longed most. And yet it is not a literal fulfillment of the declaration of Scripture that if we "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, all these things shall be added unto us?"

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Pray Without Ceasing. Prayer continues in the details of the heart, though the mind be busied with outward things.

stranger or bid him welcome. "All this the woman noted and then, as she passed along on her way, she saw a man emerge from one of the booths of the market place bearing in his hands some of the barley cakes he had purchased there. These he placed in the hands of the silent figure who rose to receive them. "Evidently the servant of the stranger," the woman thought to herself as she watched the two pass on their way, eating their frugal repast as they went.

"Have they no friends?" she asked herself, "that they thus come to Shunem and depart without anyone asking, 'whence comest thou?' or 'whither goest thou?' It was a goody face which the stranger had," she continued to herself as she went on her way. "Who can he be?" To this last question which arose in her mind came a partial answer that day as she visited the widow, for she found that the latter, while out picking up sticks with which to make a fire over which to cook the little cakes of oil and meal for herself and her children had met this stranger and his servant, and he had spoken such words of encouragement and blessing to her that she had been greatly helped, and finding that she was of a branch of the tribe of Levi, he had promised to see that her son was entered in one of the schools of the prophets, where he could prepare for the priestly service.

From that time on the Shunammite woman watched for tidings of this stranger, and over the pathway which he had passed she found many a poor and humble one to tell of the deeds of kindness which he had shown them as he had passed by. So it came to pass one day that as she beheld the man and his servant passing by her own home she went forth to meet him and constrained him to tarry and refresh himself after his long and wearisome journey. This he did, and as many an one has found since then, she came to know that the entertaining of one of God's servants brought blessing upon her household. She had a great yearning for goodness and her greatest delight was to sit under the teaching of the prophet Elisha and receive from his hands that spiritual teaching which she needed. This feeling her husband came to share with her, and there was no more welcome guest in any home in all the land of Israel, not even the king himself, than was the prophet Elisha in the home of this Shunammite woman and her husband.

But goodness and kindly service never go unrewarded by God, and it came to pass as the prophet came and went the long year upon him to pour some special blessing into the life of this home whose hospitality he had enjoyed. "What shall it be?" he asked his servant Gehazi, with whom one day he talked the matter over. "Would they that I should speak to the king that he show them kindness, or to the captain of the hosts of Israel?" "Nay, not that, my master," exclaimed Gehazi, "for they dwell in security and plenty in their own land in Shunem. But verily she hath no child."

"Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord; and the fruit of the womb is his reward," exclaimed the prophet, quoting the words of the Psalmist. "It shall indeed be so in this case." A full year has passed since Elisha's last visit to Shunem, for service in other parts of the kingdom have kept him busy, but one day he turns his steps thither, accompanied by his servant, Gehazi. "Let us go up, for this Shunammite woman rejoiceth in a son," he exclaimed. "She hath shewn great kindness unto others, and God hath rewarded her in accordance with his word. Let us carry God's blessing up to the child."

And Elisha found it even in accordance with the word he had spoken, and the mother greeted him with words of rejoicing, saying: "The Lord hath made me to rejoice, for he hath taken away my reproach and hath given me a son." "May the Lord ever keep thee faithful to the sacred mission of motherhood," responded the prophet, fervently. The Beardless Man. There is a so-called "smooth-shaven" millionaire in New York who never used a razor on his face. Twenty-five years ago he was a monomaniac on the subject of saving time, and among other short cuts to fortune made up his mind to cut out shaving, a matter of 15 cents a day and about 20 minutes of precious time, if the barber made good. After a trial of various cosmetics and delipatories he decided that electrolysis was far better, though a more tedious process. In five months the root of every hair in both beard and mustache was utterly destroyed by an electric current from a constant battery. The man suffered considerably, but ever since the operation his face has been as smooth as a bald head. No power on earth could restore his beard now.

How He Did the Trick. A driver on the Avontur railway, South Africa, while staying at the Gamtoos, caught a large cobra de capello alive. The cool way in which he did the trick (says a local paper) sent a cold shiver through every one who saw it. He simply caught hold of the point of its tail, gave it a sudden jerk toward him and caught it by the back of the head. He then placed it in a biscuit tin. The snake was three inches in diameter and about four feet long.

Evil Speaking.

If you must speak ill of your neighbor, do it where only a mean man will hear it—that is, when nobody is around but yourself.

Short-Sighted Policy.

Locking the heart against the drafts of sympathy is the swiftest way of impoverishing the whole life