TRADES THAT KILL

Stonecutters who work on sandstone seldom live to be more than fifty

years of age and nearly all of them die of lung disease due to the inhalation of

mineral dust. Another class of workers who succumb to lung troubles are those

who prepare feathers for trimmings and ornaments. They inhale the floating,

feathery particles, and in three years disease has a firm hold on them. The

grinders and polishers of cut-glass rarely live beyond the age of forty. They

too die of lung trouble. The average death rate for consumption is reckoned at

about sixteen per cent. of the total mortality from disease. But among flint-

workers that percentage leaps from sixteen to eighty per cent.; among needle-

polishers to seventy per cent.; and among file-cutters to sixty-two per cent.

These facts and figures force upon our attention the delicacy of the lungs and

the other organs of respiration. It is impossible to be too careful of the lungs,

and the very first symptoms of weakness in these organs should be at once met

"Four years ago I had a bad spell of sickness," writes Mrs. Mollie Jacobs, of Felton, Kent Co., Del. "Was taken with a terrible cough; coughed and spit blood until I grew. weaker eyery day; had chills and night-sweats; not much appetite; bread tasted like dry wood or no taste at all. I had three doctors in during the time I was sick; they all told me I had consumption. I am of a consumptive family—my father and one brother having already died with it—so I thought I must go the same way. I was in a terrible state of health, and my mind was worked up considerable. I thought I must die soon, but I did not want to—I wanted to live to care for my little children until they were able to take care of themselves. About that time a friend of mine advised me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and so I did. The first bottle did me good so I kept on taking it. Took sixteen bottles altogether, and I believe that God and Dr. Pierce's medicine saved my life. When I commenced to take the medicine I could not pump a bucket of water and could only carry half a bucketful. Was so weak I could not sweep a floor with a carpet on it; in fact, could hardly walk. Since taking Dr. Pierce's

in consumption.

on it; in fact, could hardly walk. Since taking Dr. Pierce's medicines I have done the washing and all the work for five in family, picked berries and worked in a canning factory. Any invalid wishing to know about my case may send a stamp for return reply and I will answer."

It is agreed to-day by physicians that consumption is not inherited, but is communicated from one person to another. It is, however, true that in some families there is a tendency to lung weakness, which greatly increases the liability of its members to to that dreaded disease. The use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery by those who have "weak" lungs, will result in the strengthening of these organs, and enable them to resist or throw off disease. "Golden Medical Discovery" cures deep-seated coughs, bronchitis, bleeding of the lungs and other forms of disease which if neglected or unskilfully treated may find a fatal termination

"I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery," writes W. S. Long, Esq., of Frankfort, Sussex Co., Del. "After recovering from a spell of pneumonia, I was taken with a terrible cough, and nothing seemed to do me any good until I began taking the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Before I took the medicine I was very weak and nervous, with no appetite, and could not sleep at night, and my friends felt sure that I had consumption. Before taking one bottle my appetite improved greatly, and after taking four bottles I was completely cured. I think there is no medicine equal to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and strongly recommend it to all similar sufferers."

If you are suffering from an obstinate, lingering

If you are suffering from an obstinate, lingering

cough, if your lungs are "weak" or delicate, or if

you have developed lung trouble, and are weak and

emaciated, you may take Dr. Pierce's Golden Med-

ical Discovery with the assurance that in scores and

hundreds of cases like your own the use of the "Dis-

covery" has resulted in a perfect and permanent

Persons suffering from disease in chronic form are

invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All cor-

respondence is held as strictly private and sacredly

confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo,

Don't be fooled into trading a substance for a

shadow. Any substitute offered as "just as good"

Address: Dr. R. V. PIEROE, Butfalo, M. Y.

and overcome by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

These are some of the trades that kill.

NO OTHER WAY. By SIR WALTER BESANT.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Mrs. Isabel Weyland, a widow, is threatened with the debtors' prison. Her chief creditor, Mrs. Brymer, suggests a way out of the difficulty, marriage with an imprisoned debtor, who, for a paitry sum, will assume Mrs. Weyland's debts also. In company with Mrs. Brymer, Mrs. Weyland visits the debtors' prison and finds there a young Irish attorney of the name of Machamara, who admits that while he owes but £25 he is absolutely hopeless of ever paying it. His case is desperate and Mrs. Brymer proposes to make it more so by saddling him with Mrs. Weyland's debts. During an interview between Mrs. Weyland and Machamara the woman sympathizes with the man.

CHAPTER II-(Concluded.)

On the Poor Side.

(Copyrighted, 1961, by Dodd, Mead & Co.) "Sir. stay. If you were free tomorrow,

what would you do?" "What should I do if I were free?" His eyes suddenly lit up. "If I were free! I her stupidly. "Sir, farewell. Or not farehave never dared to ask the question. If I were free! Why speak of impossibilities? "Sir," the lady placed her hand upon his

sniffed violently to show her disapproval of methods quite obsolete in business. "Mrs. Brymer," said her debtor, "there will be no business done between this young

gentleman and myself." She rose and held out her hand to the prisoner. "Sir, I am sorry that I mistook your condition and your station. Forgive, I pray you, the nature of the proposal that was made to you. Meantime"-she pressed his hand with encouragement. "Hopedream of freedom-let your thoughts at least return to the temple.

"It is but an advance-a trifling advance," she dropped her voice to a whisper, "till who is so free with his kisses and his you hear from me again." She replaced the mumbling and mouthing over ladies' mask. "Now, Mrs. Brymer," she said, "you bands, and his kisses-aye--to flog him from have still another way. Let us lose no other way-my heart has now become like on with a will joyfully, I would-joyfully, or in ten years' time!" adamant for bardness. Do not fear for me any more. Like steel or adamant or the nether millstone." As they went out she turned back. The prisoner was gazing after

The girls cannot marry-pay, they cannot and envied; now they sit unconsidered on the benches among the charity children and the almswomen and the servants. ashamed and scorned. Madam," she her already and he knew the errand on stopped and took breath, "you know not. believe me, how dreadful a thing bankruptcy is to a respectable tradesman of the city, nay how it drags down him and his family and makes them the most miserable of mortals. You have compassion for that young gentleman in the King's Bench; you have given him money and -I declare, madam, truthfully, that I should like to flog that young gentleman

I would." In this mood she continued while the hackney coach rumbled over the narrow way of London bridge and presently down

fore them. They must become servants all, other court, because smaller. Here were their lives, unless they 'list and follow the about a dozen men and boys in frons colors or got out to the plantations, where clanking up and down the stone pavement. they will be little better than negro slaves. Their visitors-some twenty or thirty in number-had brought them beer and food; learn housewifery; they are sunk beneath they were mostly drinking. None of them the notice of honest tradesmen and are yet seemed in the least impressed with their above the craftsmen; they are exposed to awful position. There was not the least the dangers and temptations of the wicked sign of dejection, penitence, remorse of town. Think of them when they go to terror .- Had they been sheep, with no church. Formerly they had their own pew souls to be saved or lost, they could not and walked out after the quality, respected have approached the shambles with greater insensibility.

The turnkey nodded to Mrs. Brymer; he nodded and laughed because he had seen which she came.

"We are tolerably full just now," he said 'Ninety, we tried the other day-twelve are cast for execution-here they are-your man among them, madam. By the Lord! a fine fellow, too-to be atomized by the hangman."

"They don't seem to mind it. food-it is very well; you are not in trade though you wouldn't think so. But what's the use of sniveling? What tries them most —they find it out then—is when the irons are struck off and the rope ties their elbows behind their back. But now it's all beer, and they swagger and swear, crying the temple to London bridge and back 'Who the devil cares?' and 'Every man must time. Let us go at once and adopt that again I would do it myself-I would lay it die once, and what edds whether it's now

> "Oh!" Isabel was overpowered with the terror of the place. Indeed, it seemed to her as if Death himself, a frightful skeleton with grinning jaws, carrying a dart in his hand, was stalking up and down the court. sentinel over the prisoners and that they saw him plainly, but pretended not to see save that now and again their faces would suddenly become pale and serious, their ribald voices would become silent, and a cold and clammy moisture would break out upor their foreheads-yes, then they saw him; then they could not choose but see him It is a terrible place-Oh, Mrs. Brymer,



It is not impossible. Say-again-if you

"If I were free-ob, if I were free!" A sudden flush of color flew into his cheeks. "If I were free! I should go back to the Inner Temple. Where else could I go?"

"And then?" "I should wait on fortune. There are many chances for a barrister. Why, I am a scholar as good as most of them. 1 know as much law as any of those who are beginning. I can speak-I learned to speak at Trinity. All Irishmen, they say, can speak. I should make, somehow, a start and-and-aud-Oh, God-I am a prisoner, on the Poor Side. My brain is on fire. It dream of king's counsel and of judges!" The tears crowded to his

down the cheeks. "Sir," she repeated. "I will not, I say do you the injustice we contemplated. Meantime-let me-" She placed a purseher long silk purse with gold at both ends -in his hands-"let me-against the time when you are king's counsel and have taken silk and are sergeant-at-law-ad-

vance you a small sum." He stood silent. The purse lay in his hand-he was transfixed. His eyes filled all your debts. There was a chance!" with tears. "Madam," he gasped at length, speaking in a manner, at random, as one who knows not what to say. "It is too much. You are an angel. The prison has become a pool of Bethesda. Its waters, be sure, are always troubled. The takes the prisoners out of troubled waters. It is not quite the He collected himself. "Madam," he said, "how shall I-madam, you over-

whelm me. "Then show your sense by taking the money. Indeed, sir, you must. It is necessary for you to return to the other side, to be once more habited as becomes your proare for the time your companions. Sir, it gentleman." you refuse you will insult me. I shall believe that you mean to insult me. Sir, what have I done that you should insult a stranger?" She took up the purse and again placed it in his hand.

'Madam, I place my honor in your hands when I take this purse. Perhaps-nay, I know not how, or when, if it is possible, kind heaven may one day give me the opportunity. Your honor is always safe in your own hands, but there may be a time · · · there may be once a mouse de-

livered a lion-" "Sir, I am sure that if such a time were to come I should be able to depend upon you. Remember that on many occasions a woman has been saved by a gallant knight." He received the purse, but unwillingly. To take the lady's money was to lower himself in her eyes. Yet he was poor and in rags and had no means of buying the next meal; no bed and no blanket; no books and no occupation.

"If, madam. I must take your money-at least let me know-"My name? No, sir, best not to know.

I have learned yours. Let me watch your course, myself unseen." "Then let me, only for once, see that lovely face. I know that it is lovely be-

cause it is the home of pity. For once let

me look upon it, if only that I may grave it upon my heart." The lady lifted her mask. The young man was right. Truly, it was a lovely face. And now it was glowing with pity and blushings, with the shame of being found out in a kind action; her eyes, downcast, were full of tears; she looked like the very

goddess of pity. The young man sank upon his kness, he forgot his rags and his poverty, he forgot his bare legs and his bare feet, his stubby beard and his unkempt wig: he was a gentleman once more, and a gal lant, and a worshiper of the sex. He took her hand and bent over it and kissed itas a grateful gentleman should. Just then Mrs. Brymer opened the door

"May I come in?" she asked. The young man rose and retired a step. The dress-maker, however, saw him on his knees; she saw the purse in his hand, the lady without her mask, the tears in her eyes and the newly born look of hope and joy in the face of the prisoner from the Poor Side.

"Tut—tut," she said. "This is very un-business-like, madam," she stopped and whispered. "Take back your purse. Let earn anything. The grudging relations deal with him. Five shillings a weekand he will be dead in six months-and you will be free. Oh, you have suffered your- their respectability. They have lost their on the other. Twas like a grave and the do they matter? Courage, madam." self to pity him! Shame! Shame! Busi- friends. The boys cannot be apprenticed, air was such as one would expect in a

well. To our next meeting. Perhaps, after Cheapside and Fleet street till it came to

all, you may save my reputation. CHAPTER III.

A Strange Marriage.

In the coach as they rolled away from is your wine and your compassion. And I to her ill-humor and disappointment. "I came to be talked about. And he would be been better, if it read? Then ask for Parson Gaynham. Tell what I own I could not have hoped to ac complish. I found for you that young fellow, born and brought up as a gentleman though as poor as Job, consuming away in the starvation and misery of the Poor Side, and he will be dead in a few monthshe cannot possibly live longer. The place husband who would have left you a widow

"And what did you do? Cried over him Gave him money. Gave him cold beef and wine. That's what you did. It takes the heart out of a body. And what's the good madam, for a time. Let the thing blow when all's told? He will spend the money over." and then the starving will begin. No one else will ever give him any. No one goe to visit him-he told you so; he has no he will die; then he will be laid in St. BOTTY.

"You said you had another way, Mrs. fession, to live if you must remain for a Brymer. The thought of that other way

"Poor young gentleman!" Mrs. Brymer snorted and sniffed. "Poor young swindler! Poor young thief! Poor young footpad! guineas without any means of paying, and now the unfortunate tradesman must suffer. And you say, 'poor young gentleman!' "

"You will acknowledge that putting him into prison does not increase his power of paying it. Would it not be better to let the money and pay as soon as he can?" "Madam, the man who does not pay his

bills ought to be locked up for life. It is the least and the fairest punishment due to such a crime; why—it is not half enough the cart's tail; he ought to be sent to the plantations; he ought to be hanged-every week we hang poor wretches not half so bad as this man who will not pay his debts! No punishment is bad enough for such an one" -all the shopkeeper appeared in her angry words, in her flaming face, in her hot wrath. "For the tradesman, look you, is dependent on the credit he gives. He must give it; he must trust his customers' honor. If that fails him, do you think he will find grace or favor with them who have trusted him, the wholesale merchants, the gentlemen in black velvet and gold buttons who ook so pious and talk so smug? Not so. Not so. They will exact the letter of the law. Why did I write to you? Why-but on account of those who press me? There's no friendship, I tell you again, in business; no compassion and no consideration.'

"But I am not in business, Mrs. Brymer. Therefore I may have compassion-on myself, as well as on that young man."

She went on, regardless of the interrup-"The tradesman must pay. He must tion. pay, and on the day, else he must go bankrupt. When he is bankrupt, what is there for him but the prison? No allowance, no excuse, no granting of time, any more than for the lying gentleman who hath brought him to this dreadful pass!

"Would it not be better to let him remain outside, to earn some money and to pay where he can?" Mrs. Brymer went on, without replying

o this pertinent question: "Think what bankruptcy means. The man in prison-he cannot earn anything. The wife, with her helpless children-she Mrs. Brymer touched her arm. earn anything. The grudging relations dole out every shilling with words of reproach and contempt. The family have lost with buildings on one side and a high wall

Newgate. "Well," she said, when at length the coach stopped before the heavy portals of They'd marry the devil, and joyfully, for a the jail, "there is one more chance for guinea. Here, you boy!" he called to one you. I purpose soon to marry you to a of the lads, who sat stupidly waiting for the villain who will be hanged in a week. It pot to be finished and taken back to the is a comedown; to marry a broken lawyer tavern. "Do you want to earn a shilling? the king's bench Mrs. Brymer gave vent of the temple would have been better, if it Run around to the Fleet market. Can you had done for you, madam," she grumbled. have been dead in a few months. Dear, or drunk call another. Come back with a tear! He would have been dead so soon And you must spoil all by your compas "But you promised it should not be talked

about," cried Isabel in alarm. "It shall not. But certain things must be done; your creditors must be informed kills all but the poor wretches accustomed of the transfer; they must learn that the to rags and beggary. I found you, I say, debts are now due by one who is condemned to die. They will rage; they will curse and in six months—and free—quite free—from | swear; they will weep; poor wretches! They will weep and wring their hands. Perhaps they will seek your lodging in order to upbraid you. Yet you are within the law and can defy them. Change your lodging.

"But you said that no one would know. "No one of any importance. This draper of Ludgate Hill will run round and tell the friends; then he must sell his shoes and other shopkeepers. What will they care if stockings again; then he must starve; then we owe them nothing? Your name will be heard and forgotten. They have lost noth-George's churchyard, and you not a whit ing. Do you think they feel any pity for the better. Madam, you make me sick and an unfortunate brother in trade? Not so. Madam, again, there is no friendship, there is no compassion, there are no excuses in business. If one goes under there is one while in this place with the gentlemen who softened my heart toward the poor young the fewer among the rivals. What matter how the poor man talks? No one will heed. no one will listen, and then he will shut his shop and send home his apprentices and he will sink and be no more seen. A man Why, the fellow has got credit for 35 who is a bankrupt is like a stone dropped into a pond. There is at first a circle around the spot where it fell. Then the circle rolls away and there is nothing. If your draper becomes a bankrupt he will make a circle, talk for a day or two; then there will be silence. From the depths. him out and to trust to his honor to earn from the starying garret, from the prison, there is no more sound or utterance than from the grave. Madam, you are quite safe, No one will know."

Isabel shuddered. Her conscience smote her sore for the mischief she had done. -he ought to be whipped once a week at Despite the scourge of conscience she had to save herself. She looked out of the window at the dreary portals of the prison. The door, studded with square, iron nails stood wide open, as if to admit a whole army of felons. A stream of people was going in and coming out; they were chiefly of the lowest kind-foul in clothes and con versation, ragged and dirty and uncombed. These were the friends of the prisoners. Mrs. Brymer gave the name of the prisoner she wanted to see-one Adolphus Truxo. The turnkey looked at the masked woman with some curiosity and smiled. Perhaps he knew very well the errand on which she came. They passed through the gate and found themselves in a small room, where a woman felt their pockets-it was a mere form-and let them through. They were now in a corridor, from which a grated door opened into a square court crowded with people-the prisoners and their friends. There was a strangely cold, damp and clammy feeling in the air, with a sour and sickly smell. Mrs. Weyland looked through the grating upon the crowd. A few of the women were crying; some of them were laughing; some of them were staggering about, drunk with beer; some

sat on the stone bench that ran around the wall, huddled up in misery and despair; hey were waiting for their trial, which would probably mean removal to the condemned cell; they had no friends to bring them food and drink; they were halfstarved on the prison pittance of a penny loaf a day. . Isabel looked through the grating; she would have spent the whole day gazing at the miserable crowd, but "Come."

she said, 'our man is not here.' They passed along the corridor and presently arrived at a long and narrow court, here, you are free in a week. As for the not engaged, though my notice was

take me away. Must we stay here long?" "Not long. I thought you would be afraid. Why, child, there is nothing here can hurt you save the horrible stench and reek. I told the parson I would wait for him if we wanted him." She spoke to the turnkey, who grinned.

"Aye, aye," he said. "That is what you want, is it? I thought so-well-one of their visitors will run your errand for you." Mrs. Brymer wrote a few words on a paper. 'Yes, yes-we all know the parsons of the fleet. If one won't come another will. parson and you shall have the shilling. Run, ye young limb-I'll look after your pot. 'Tis Truxo, is it? Well, he'll be hanged next week. A lusty fellow! Pity to hang a man so strong. There's one who won't snivel at the last, and he won't bluster and swagger-I know his sort. He'll go in the cart without a smile or word. Looks like the devil-I think he verily is

first cousin to the devil." Mrs. Brymer turned to her companion. 'Madam." she said, "it is but a step to the Fleet Market. The parson is always ready. Best sit down and recover your spirits. Isabel trembled and shook. cannot hurt you. Pah! The place and the company are alike foul and stifling. What does it matter if they are all to be hanged next week? A good riddance, truly. "Which is the man?" Isabel asked, gazing

around her more curiously, as she became accustomed to the scene.

"Madam, does it matter which is the man? have already spoken to him. Believe me, you will have no trouble with him. He is ready and eager. Only, madam, I entreat you; not a word of pity-if you please. It is your only chance. Remember that you must be free, that the fellow is a wretch of the deepest dye and that he has to be hanged on Monday. You will only meet him this once; just to go through the ceremony with him. Then we shall come away. The parson will give you the marriage cer tificate, which you must keep carefully, because you may possibly want it. Don't I shall never be able to think of Tyburn trouble about anything else. For the rest, I charge myself. I will go to Ludgate Hill shame of it!" and inform the draper that the debt is transferred to one Adolphus Truxo, now n Newgate; you need but to change your lodging for a while, as I said before, to prevent a visit from the unfortunate man. as for me, you must pay me the whole of your debt to me, and I shall ask nothing more of you-save the continuance of your custom-which I shall have the right of sking-after all I have done for you. There is not another dressmaker in London pure kindness.'

would have taken all this trouble out of Isabel understood very little of this disourse. She sat down on the stone bench at the end of the court and trembled, feeling sick and faint and sorry. She could not keep her thoughts from the man who had implored her to pay his bill, nor from the bankruptcy and the misery brought upon a whole family by her own extravagance and folly, nor from the ruined home and the loss of all that makes life happy to the mother and the wife, nor from the cruel fate of the children deprived of their advantages by such a blow. It would have been well had she understood at the outset what her extravagance might mean to these poor people. And before her this group of wretches masqueraded with their terrible callousness, sodden with drink and maintaining a ghastly show of merriment as if they were in a tavern parlor. Her heart sank low; had she seen any way of safety short of that one way she would have jumped at the deliverment. Alas! she was constrained to save herself by the ruin of the man who had trusted her, by the ignoble and infamous method of transferring her debts to a miserable wretch who was waiting for execution. She sighed heavily. Under her mask the tears flowed down her cheek. They were tears of shame and of a drugget waistcoat, with sleeves; he wore self-reproach. "Yes," said Mrs. Brymer, watching her

and divining her thoughts, "it would have looked better to take the lawyer. This plan is undoubtedly the safest; the lawyer might have lingered on for a year or twothough we could have kept him short and so brought him to an end. Now, by coming place and the creature and the means, what abrupt.

thority, with a loud, full voice; in his voice, indeed, there was a kind of rich and mellow fruitiness which made one think, I know not why, of old port, milk punch and muled claret. He knew the turnkey and nodded familiarly; he would, indeed, presently share with him a portion of his fees: he looked around the court with an eye of superior contempt-as if he expected something better than the general run. He whispered to the turnkey and laughed when unfortunate gentlemen is the happy—the he had an answer. He was accompanied fortunate—the thrice fortunate swain?" by his servant, who walked after him, carrying two books. The varlet had an impudent lear in his eye and a permanent grin upon his ugly face, which he had acquired by touting in Fleet Bridge and Lud-

without feeling that I belong to it. O! The

"Nonsense, madam. The freedom of it!

And here comes his reverence. Bear up

now and behave with courage." The clergy-

man was dressed as an ecclesiastic in pros-

perous circumstances Indeed, his fees

constant request, especially for those who

would make a clandestine marriage in

order to escape the wedding festivities.

His cassock was of silk, his wig was well

kept and recently out of the barber's hands.

his ruffles were clean and white, if not of

such costly lace as adorns the wrists of a

bishop; his hands were spotless. His face,

to be sure, was not marked by those out-

ward signs of piety which we find in some

clergymen, yet their absence is not in it.

self so rare as to be remarkable. Truth

to say, it was a red face-even, at times,

purple; in figure he was a big man, tall

and stout, even corpulent; he rolled as he

walked; he moved with the dignity of a

city rector; he spoke as one who had au-

pen was stuck behind his ear and an inkhorn was in his waistcoat pocket. He had no hat, but the time was June and the day was warm. Mrs. Brymer rose to meet the divine. "Sir," she said, "I am glad that you were

gate Hill for his master; he was dressed in

safe.

you safer. As for engagements, I have many; this very day I have to preach at St. Paul's. The lord mayor and the aldermen and sheriffs will be there." It will be understood that strict truth

as "Golden Medical Discovery" is a shadow of that medicine. There are

cu. es behind every claim made for the "Discovery," which no "just-as-good"

VALUABLE MEDICAL WORK FRIST

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser contains more

than a thousand pages of information and advice, and has over

700 illustrations. It tells the plain truth in plain English. It

treats of biology, physiology and hygiene in a common-sense

way. It tells what to do whon accidents happen and how to do

the right thing at the right time. This great work is sent FREE

on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing ONLY. Send

31 one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound vokume, or only 21

stamps for the book in paper-covers.

medicine can show; therefore, accept no substitute for the "Discovery."

"But when a lady-a lady-is in the caseyou-Mrs. Brymer-or another-" The dressmaker indicated her companion were abundant and his services were in 'Ah! I understand-I feared at first that the bridal of my old friend, Mrs. Brymer-Ah! yes-very good. Where this lady, I say,

was not one of the virtues of his reverence.

is concerned, the dean and chapter-naythe lord mayor, the aldermen, the sheriffs and the common council may go hang. Such, madam, is my respect-my devotionto the sex."

"We shall not keep you many minutes sir, in this stinking place."

"The fee." croaked the clerk in a grating ice, "is one guinea, paid beforehand." "I understand," the parson continued, that a hasty marriage-a marriage of love -is to be contracted at once between-this "The certificate is 5 shillings extra"

from the servant. "This is the lady. We will proceed at once," said Mrs. Brymer. "The clerk's fee is half a crown," added the servant.

"Sir, if you will come with me we will ase one of the cells. I will at once bring you the-the bridegroom." "Faugh! How the place stinks! I doubt we shall all get jail fever. Come, madam, let us dispatch. Which of these gallant but

(To be Continued.)

Order of the American Wine Co. of St. Louis if your grocer don't keep Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.

She Knew a Thing or Two

Detroit Free Press: "Seems to me that his own hair, cut short and sticking out upon his head like a scrubbing brush; a the rising generation is rising pretty fast," said the bachelor, who expects soon to become a benedict, after his friends had given him up as hopeless. "I was out walking with my intended the other day and her small niece, a girl not over 7 the conversation, owing to the near ap-With you, at least, we shall be proach of our wedding day, took a turn that was interesting to two of us but not

no pity." She stood up and like their father and their grandfather be- grave, closer and more fetid than in the famy of a man that I must call husband. quite safe—not the archbishop could make "Finally I turned to the young lady who ceeded in catching my breath."

Fur Trimmed

ADIES REMEDY APIOLINE (CHAPOTEAUT) Superior to Apiol, Tansy, Pennyroyal or Steel. Sure Relief of Pain and Irregularities Peculiar to the Sex.

Apicline Capsules for three months cost \$1 Druggist or P. O. Box 2081, New York. is soon to be my bride and said with

smile: "'I suppose all this talk is over the

little one's head?" "Before she could reply the nose of the 'little one' went up several degrees and years of age, accompanied us. Naturally, she answered, icily, her words falling like

so many halfstones on a tin roof: 'Oh, don't mind me! I know what it is! I've been in love myself!"

"It was several minutes before I suc-