Then, after ten minutes or so, she came



(Copyright, 1901, by S. R. Crockett.) CHAPTER XV.

Fairlie Takes Up the Tale. (Manuscript written by Fairlie Glenden-

ning, additional to the first MSS of John Sorely against my will I write down these

things. But one in whose judgment I trust has shown me the need of it, so as best I may I set to my task. Properly I ought to begin with the first coming among us of Mr. Rupert Glendonwyn. But that I need not do, for it has been told already by a more practiced pen than mine.

Nevertheless it dwells in my memory strangely, for I seem to have grown up

For the rest all that follows came out of Mr. Rupert Glendonwyn's meeting with me that night, following me home, because (as he said afterward) he "thought me innocent and pretty-too good for John"-which eventuated in the love he professed (and I think had) for our Kate-I mean for my

It began, as I say, from that very first night. Yes, I can see it all now, and wonder how I can have been so blind. But the truth is I was thinking of other thingsselfish things. For the school and my work there were especially interesting about that

that Kate thought a great deal too much ment. about Mr. Rupert Glendonwyn. She disliked him, she said, and that in itself was a sign. Before she went out she whispered to me the fire till it burnt her.

father and I stood looking after them. "There gangs a Glendonwyn like to nane I ever set eye upon," he said, "but my father used to tell me tales of one such."

"Oh, tell me about him, father!" I cried, clapping my hands. For anything that concerned the Glendonwyns pleased me at that time-because we were really of the same family, that is,

"It would little conduce to edifying! he said, sternly. "Get thee to thy bed, lass, and give God thanks for thy ignorance! Where is that besom Kate-already nested, I warrant, the slug-a-bed!"

This was my father's ordinary way of showing his love for us, which, indeed, we

Then, when I went upstairs I began prattling like a foolish child about the brothers while I was letting down my hair. And Kate was cross, saying from her pillow, "If you are going to speak nonsense, take pray do it like a Christian."

Whereat, thinking that perhaps she was when I waxed silent with the rebuff, she which, indeed, it is not difficult to do as burst out again, crying that I was unkind any time. to her and that everyone was unkind to her, and that she would not speak a word without its being misunderstood.

So I went and kissed her again, whether she would or no, putting my arms about her and brushing her. And in another moment she laughed, and pretended that she just did it all to tease me. But I knew better-Oh, so much better. I know exactly why she did it, and how she felt-but there is no good in setting it down here. A man could never understand if one explained for a year. And no woman would need to

"Talk all you want to talk about your great, foolish John," she said. "He has as much romance about him as a plate of por-

Now that provoked me. For I had always liked John Glendonwyn. And of late (why need I hide it?) I had begun to respect him. He was so kind about carrying my books for me and about the Latin.

So when I retorted on Kate that John was worth a thousand of people who curled their hair and made eyes and were forever paying compliments, Kate sat up in bed

"How you can compare them," she said "I cannot think. John is well enough. He is, as I say, like a plate of porridge and has about as much flavor. But Mr. Rupert is a traveled gentleman. He looks just like one of the old crusaders who carried the Glendonwyn arms on their knightly shields to Palestine and died charging into hosts of Saracens-upon the plains of-well, upon some plains, anyway."

At that point I could not help smiling at Kate's enthusiasm. "Oh, you need not laugh-I am not speaking for myself," she cried. "I did not like

him at all at first, and now I hate him. Yes, absolutely. But yet one cannot help seeing brig end. that he is very different from the other | And at this Kate was very angry and

And so on, till I could not help saying: "Well, Kate, you are not asked to have not like him) only laughed his rippling John Glendonwyn that I know of. He does laugh (which was like a hand running not trouble you much!"

very affectionate nature really) and, crying, would go and see my father.

humor again.

My poor, poor darling Kate-often, often in the weary days that were coming have I thought over these things and wondered if lack of romance and mystery to all the romantic and mysterious things which happened to us. But I will own that she never said so, and even when far away was never tired of joking me about my "plate of porridge," as she was pleased to call the truest and most loyal of friends.

I did not notice much that went on between Mr. Rupert and my sister till John went away back to college on the morning of the 15th of January. I remember the date because I had worn all my pretty things during the first fortnight of the year (we were preparing for the examination) and Kate lent me a pink bodice of hers that she had only worn twice. I said that I might be robbing her. And she answered, "Oh, you are welcome to it, Rupert does

And then stopped short in confusion. I looked at her in amazement, but did not say anything then. For I wanted to be down at the school early that morning-before the coach started, indeed, when John would come into the school to say goodby to the rector. I had promised him and I knew that he would be dreadfully disap-I could see, however, even that first night pointed if I were not in the infant depart-

So I put on Kate's bodice with the sash John liked, and went off, but in my heart I hoarded her words concerning Rupert not to leave her alone. Yet for all that and meant to speak to her about them at she went to the stable door and held the night. For, though it was very well for lantern for him while he got his beast John to be fond of me, it was not at all the ready. I think now that she was afraid same thing for his brother to make love to of him, and yet, never having felt afraid of Kate. And afterward I found out that John any one before in her life, she wanted to had said just the same things to Mr. Rupert find out what it meant and so played with Glendonwyn that I meant to say to Katewhich is a strange thing, and shows how Well, when at last they were gone, my the mind of two such friends as we were may run upon the same lines.

John did come into the infants' department. I was getting down the maps, which were always rolled up from Friday night to Monday morning. I always liked well enough to roll them up at the week-ends, but the days never seemed so long as when I was taking them down on Monday morn-

I observed in John's old diary the entry for the 15th of January runs thus: "Found F. in the school room. Helped her unroll

I did speak to my sister that night, and, though she was at first inclined to be haughty with me, I found that Mr. Rupert Glendonwyn had been at the Flower cot three times-each time, curiously enough, choosing (or by accident happening upon) a time when my father was absent. Then I remembered that on two of these days a message had come from the new English the hairpins our of your mouth first. I doctor at Kilgour, saying that he wanted hate your Glendonwyns, Jack-master and some improvements made on his study and Jack-man. But if it pleases you to talk, greenhouse. And once my father had walked into town with me to see about these. Dr. Warner made up to us on the way, a tall.

Such a thing would have driven Kate by working all the time could she get rid do to help it. of the feeling that any one was looking

steadily at her. But with me it is different. I am more of get through the world easier and with much less trouble, both to themselves and to other folk. So I did not mind a bit about Dr. Warner's eyes. He might stare me through and through if he liked. I only joggled my father's arm, called "Goodby, old dear," and trotted me to school with the gimlet eyes following my back hair up the street I cared. I was going to buy some brandy balls for my little favorite, Johnny Colstoun. He had met me the night before,

from his eyes. "All mine bwandy balls is done! Miss Dron 'Donin he gave me lots. I'se offul sorry he's gone-isn't you, 'Teatzer?" Dear little man, so full of feeling!

somewhat ostentatiously wiping the tears

CHAPTER XVI.

The Hearts of Women, After John went away I saw Mr. Rupert once when Kate was out, when I arrived

round and came upon them standing close together on the wood edge, talking very earnestly. I walked straight up to him and asked if Mr. Rupert had come to see father about

anything. For, if he had, he would find him on the Kilgour road talking to his friend, Mr. Warner. For that I had passed them a hundred yards on this side of the

young men who come here. And what a bade me go indoors to my own business. But Mr. Rupert, who was always exceedingly polits (though he knew that I did lightly over the upper keys of a plane) Whereat she turned quickly (being of a and said that my idea was a good one. He

"Why, Fairlie!" she kissed me into good; And so he did, and was asked home to discuss all about the Trinity and the doctrine of transsubstantiation, concerning which it appeared he could give my father many new points, being intimately acyou yourself would not have preferred the quainted with the doctrine and practice of the Roman church abroad. Or at least so

> As he came in through the door he nodded and said laughingly: "You see, I have done your bidding, Miss Fairlie." And that night he bode till nearly midnight, keeping us all hanging on his words, nearly so much at Kate as usual, so much Veronica's sympathy, or the breast of the old defiant self, speaking almost like one

sat down on the bedside and petted me and said pretty things about me. It is so nice when women love one another like that. It does not always last, but it is nice at the time. And that day when I needed it Vera was certainly just as nice as she could be, till after a while my headache went altogether away. So I kissed her and thanked her for being so good to me.

been good-very good to me.' And I did not know at the time that she was thinking of what had slipped out about Mr. Rupert, or I should have thought of some way of making her understand without telling about Kate. But I did not know, and so things got all sort of tangled

"No-no," she said, "it's you who have

up between us somehow."

At any rate, i did feel very much better when I left the manse of Kilgour and walked back to the school. My headache was quite gone and I felt quieted and at with his adventures and experiences in peace with the world. I do not know angry."
many lands abroad. Also he did not look whether it was the good cry I had had or All ti

eyes something so hunted and desperate staters-I was quite proud that I knew in them that I shivered. Yet there was a certain strange pride and pleasure in them back, bright and brisk as if she had been as well. I thought she was not going to for a sea bath, carrying a dainty little speak to me, so I cried again, holding her

place of chicken breast on a plate with by the arm: "Kate-tell me-speak to me! What are creamy potatoes and salad-just what I you doing dressed like this? Where are Then old Vera (she was not old really) you going?"

She answered me in one sentence, still fixing me with that fascinated, half-unconscious gaze. "I am going away to be married to Ru-

pert Glendonwyn!" "Married!" I cried. "Kate-and you never told me! Oh, Kate!"

"He would not let me," she answered I was coming back tonight. No one is to "And our father," I said. For he

never could abide either of us long out

"My father is gone to Drumfern on business," she said. "He will not be back tonight. I have left a note with Will telling him I had gone out to see a friend. and that the tea was in the teapot and everything ready for you and the boys. Why could you not have stayed till your

All this she said without a touch of her

usual time? I could have got back with-

out anyone knowing. Rupert will be so



THANK GOD, I WAS NOT TOO LATE. THERE WAS KATE, STANDING IN HER CLOAK AND HAT, A LITTLE BANDBOX AT HER SIDE."

tired, with her baking and spinning. I dark, spare young man, with eyes too close clined to suspect him, said to me: "I at any rate, I was a different girl, went to the bedside to kiss her. When, together, piercing like gimlets and with a so that our poor old Will, who was in- chicken-perhaps a little of all three. But lo! she would not let me, but pushed me slight cast in them. He stood gazing fixedly after our Kate, but I see I have mistaken pettishly with her elbow, telling me not at me, trying to make me look at him all him. He never looks at her-more at you, to worry her. And then again in a minute, the time he was holding my father in talk- if anything. Fairlie. Mind what you are

Alas, poor boy, he little knew how much crazy. She was all on pins and needles if they were to be talked about before all any one did a thing like that to her. Only was done, and how little he or anyone could

Well, then, it was the next day, the 18th of January (I think, for it all happened so close together) that I went to the school the plate-of-porridge type, who, I dare say, as usual, and started my work under the influence of strange depression.

I was cross with the children. They were, indeed, more than usually tiresome and I slapped my dear little Johnny Colstoun for nothing at all. He cried promptly and I was glad that I had some confiscated candy in my desk, with which and a kiss he was comforted. But all the forenoon till I turned the corner. But it was little the weight of something-I knew not whatof foreboding and brooding fear kept deepening and deepening upon me.

During these last days I had made great friends with Dr. Caesar's Vera. Hitherto university of Aberdeen for a book he had I had always thought her distant and haughty and had been a little afraid of her. She came to see me at the school, though made up by the Germans. Martin also told she has ten times as much to do at home me that we would have to say "Doctor" as I have at the academy, without being Colstoun now, just as we did to Dr. Caesar,

paid a penny piece for it. Well, Vera Caesar had made me promise to come and lunch with them at least one day in the week-indeed, whenever I was twice or thrice at my father's house and at the rector's. So I went the day I was so dren were taking it already. It was a depressed and as soon as I got upstairs warning to me to see how quickly strictest sooner than I had been expected. I went into Vera's room what did I do but burst descipline may be overturned. Fir the whole

out crying like a great baby. And at this Vera looked queer for a moent and then took me to her arms, making me lay my head on her shoulder and putting cau-de-cologne on my head and petting me. to be a doctor now and keep the nastiest

The strange thing was that she thought it was because-because John Glendonwyn had gone away that I was crying. However to speak to Mrs. Colstoun, to kiss her and ask her! she could have imagined that I do not know. At any rate, she did, and she was going on got an opportunity. But she only smiled and to say all sorts of nice things about him said: (erying herself a little bit, too), when I told least difference. He will just be as tire- at me. her that it was not that at all which was some as ever! Men are like that. Only making me unhappy.

"Goodness gracious, then, child-what is it?" she cried, quite startled. "It is about his brother!" I blurted out both pleased and proud-especially when

before I thought, and then Vera's face Dr. Caesar arrived with his fine cout and flushed and she stopped petting me and began to laugh. Though, heaven knows, I olation a great deal more if I town. His wife looked across at Mr. Colhad been fretting for Mr. Rupert than if it stoun then with something that glittered had been about old John. However, it did very brightly in her eyes. not strike Veronica Caesar that way.

"Fairlie-my little Fairlie," she cried instead, quite joyous in a moment, "this is you are. I am glad that I am just plain old

Vers Caesar, whom nobody troubles." "And the brother—yes, I had heard that it was the brother who was going to your house so much much oftener than John. But for all that. I had thought your slater is very pretty and clever, is she not?"

In this way wamen talk in half con-tences, understanding each other by the help of looks and intenations—oftener still, by sheer instinct. And so, after that (be-cause, of course, I had no right to tell her Ente's secret), I am afraid Vera Cassar misunderstood about Mr. Rupert and was cross with me for misleading her. But I have written it down exactly as It havpened and when she reads it she will forgive me. For I do not see how anyon could have acted otherwise than as I did. instead of taking me down to the groun, where the doctor sat at the talle brad like a benevolent judge pres ding over the trial and condemnation of legs of mutton and belied fowls, and a losen children clung about their cident sister, clattering plates and talking. Ve-ronica made me lie down on her bed, and secked use in with a book while she than off to ogree and serve "Caesar's Tenth legion," as and sailed her brothers and

Kate-our independent Kate-so proud and disdainful, lifted up her hands in a frightened fashion and cried: "Oh, Fairile, Fairlie-what will Rupert say?"

CHAPTER XVII.

Clandestine.

But when I got near the school a new,

and at the moment, pleasant surprise

I found the children, big and little, cheer-

ing and shouting, hiving in uproarious

throngs about the rector and immediately

scattering and reuniting as soon as he sent

them away. It appeared a perfect miracle

to me, who had never seen such conduct

rector was a man apart to us-teachers and

taught-and even that priggish Martin

Frazer, the little boy dressed up in the

long coat with the ridiculous tails, was

cheering along with the others. The poor

lad at that time did me the compliment to

imagine himself very much in love and,

though he hardly ever spoke to me, was ac-

customed to stand apart and glare at those

who were less bashful. But now he came

running, as hard as he could, shouting that

Mr. Colstoun had got a degree from his own

written-all about Roman history and prov-

ing it wasn't history at all, but something

but that the rector was another kind of

So, of course, there was to be a half-

holiday at the academy. Indeed, the chil-

of the children, without any dismissal or

waving their schoolbags and shouting, to

tell their parents that the master was going

kind of physic in his desk instead of taws.

tall hat on and made a little speech about

the honor it was to the academy and to the

I went slowly back then through the

pleasant winter's afternoon. It was still

early, and when I got home-lo! there was

no one to be seen! I called Kate as I came

through the gate to tell her the news, and

wondered that she did not answer. I ran

bout and found her work-a-day dress on a

chair, and the hanging cupbeard open where

Then a wild fear came over me. I held

to the mantelpiece and steadied myself,

praying for strength to withstand, for knowledge to judge what I must do. Some-

thing told me to go down to the woodside, where in a field a hundred yards from the

high road was the old walled cemetery of

Without removing my hat or waiting a

moment I ran down the side of the hedge,

crossed over at the stepping stones and

took through the wood like a hare. Thank God, I was not too late. There was Kate

standing in her clock and hat, a little

bandbox at her side. She did not hear me

"Where are you going, Kate?" I gasped, breathless with my fright, though, indeed,

I knew all too well. But even then my res-

she kept her Sunday frock.

the Glendonwyns.

I stayed a little, waiting for a chance

doctor and wore a different hood.

durable.

We had not long to walt for what Rupert said. A carriage came along with the windows up and stopped a hundred yards

opposite the clump of great, neglected trees which had grown up about the neglected burying ground of the Glendonwyns. "That is the signal," she said. "I am to go to meet him now."

She lifted her bandbox, and turning toward me she opened her lips as if to make a last appeal. "I wish you would go home, Fairlie," she

cried. "I am afraid that Rupert will be a disappointed. "Let him," I answered, hoping to stir her out of her strange insensibility by sharpness. "If he is ashamed of getting you for his wife, he is not worth having for a hus

band." "Ah, you do not know-you do not know!" she said earnestly, laying her hand on my since I first went to the academy. For the breast. "He is all that is noble and good. And I love him!"

"Well," I said, "it is high time for him to show his goodness and nobility now. My sister is not going to be married without having me for a bridesmaid! So much is

very clear to me." All the while we had been walking toward the old mausoleum, the white walls of which gleamed above the trees. Kate stepped aside, turned sharply round the trunk of a tree, which in the course of years had pushed its way through the wall and then noldered partly away, leaving a narrow passage, by which it was easy enough to enter the enclosure. I followed her toward the little chapel by a trodden path, and, lo! there on a stone seat in the deep embrasure of the porch sat Mr. Rupert Glendonwyn, smoking a cigarette and apparently dream-

At our approach, however, he threw down a little bit of lighted paper and sprang to his feet. I think he was just going to clasp the very reason why I can not trust you at Kate in his arms with a rapturous cry when he caught sight of me on the path a step or two behind. His arms dropped promptly leave given, ran off out of the playground, to his side, and he turned upon my sister with a look half savage, half inquiring: "I knew it-I knew it," she cried, knit-

ting her hands piteously. "I told Fairlie so. could not help Fairlie coming. Do not be angry. Rupert! She will go back if you

tell her how happy I was. And at last I She laid her hand on his arm as she spoke. He touched her cheek lightly with in Kilgour. "Ah, my dear, it won't make the his lips, and then looked over her shoulder

"Your company does us an unexpected getting hardened to them makes them enhonor, mademoiselle," he said. But I would not be put down, least of all by Mr. Rupert Glendonwyn. But secretly I could see that she was "Not more unexpected than the honor

you have done me, sir!" I said. "What do you mean?" he asked, a frown gathering between his handsome brows. "I mean the honor of taking away my sister from her family to cheat her with a claudestine marriage!" I said, boldly. "The honor of meeting her here, when you have reason to know that my father and I have

I think that as I said these words to him Mr. Rupert Glendonwyn blushed for the first and only time in his life. He looked upstairs. She was not there. I looked at me and I stared back at him. "Mademoiselle," he said, "you do m

wrong. I will tell you in a word how mat-

ters stand with us. I love your sister-love

been hoodwinked and got rid of."

her as I never thought to love a woman. (She drew near to him as he spoke and he put a protecting arm about her waist). But I dare not-cannot marry her openly at present. Yet to marry we are resolved. We will not chance losing one another. My father wishes me to marry for money. My careless folly before I had this to live for (he patted Kate's cheek) has crippled the family estate. My father has sacrificed a large sum (and it may be more than that) to save me from ruin. I cannot in justice make his efforts vain. In a year or so the need for concealment will pass away-indeed, things will be better as soon as my brother is settled in his parish. Kate will then be my wife before all the world as

till I was quite close upon her. And then she started and turned, dropping the box and thrusting out one hand as if to prevent me from taking hold of her. adoring eyes. I stood in wonderment. It this fascinated, love-sick girl I could no

today I am going to make her in law and in

## PERIODS OF PAIN.

Miss Gertrude Williams, Chaplain of Woman's Christian Association of Detroit, and Two Other Women,

Tell How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cures Periodic Suffering.

While no woman is entirely free from periodical suffering, it does not seem to have been the plan of nature that woman should suffer so severely. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most thorough female regulator known to medical science. It relieves the condition which produces so much discomfort and robs menstruation of its terrors.



\*Dear Mrs. Pineham:—and dear friend, for such your medicine has proved to me; 'a friend in need is a friend indeed.' For several years I suffered from Menorrhagia, or profuse and painful menstruation, until my vitality was well nigh gone, and as a last resort I took six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and was restored to health, to the surprise of my friends, and I now sing its praises. Gratefully yours, Miss Gerthude Williams, 75 Columbia St., West Detroit, Mich."

Two More Sufferers Relieved.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: - I had been a sufferer of suppression of the menses from girlhood, always appearing after time and causing great pain compelling me to keep my bed. I tried a number of doctors but without relief. Having read so many testimonies about the good Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done, I decided to try it.
After using only one bottle I felt
much better. I continued its use and
the health and strength that I have to-day I feel I owe to you."-Mrs. CHAS. B. GILL, 1012 Winter St., Philadelphia, Pa.

" DEAR MRS. PINEHAM : - I write to let you know how thankful I feel toward you and your remedies. Words cannot express the benefit I have received from Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound. I had been troubled with my periods being very irregular and painful, also suffered with my back and kidneys, but now I feel like a new woman. I cheerfully recommend your remedies to any one suffering as I was."MRS. JAMES COX, 528 Washington St., Camden, N.J.

Women who are troubled with painful or irregular menstruation, backache, bloating (or flatulence), leucorrhœa, falling, inflammation or ulceration of the uterus, ovarian troubles, that "bearing-down" feeling, dizziness, faintness, indigestion, nervous prostration or the blues, should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences, and be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound, and then write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mas for further free advice. Thousands have been cured by so doing.

REWARD. — We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, \$5000 which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonial letter are not gammine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special per mission.

Lydis E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

But none knows till the thing is tried how

clambered up to the box seat in love will take any woman when it comes to her once for all. "So much the better for you, Warner!"

Of course, when I heard these things ! had nothing more to say, save that I would go with them to be Kate's witness and bridesmaid, as we had always promised each other should be the case. To my surprise, Mr. Rupert Glendonwyn

made no objections. He only said: brought Warner with us to drive. I think you have met him. You will in that case have no objections to a little of his society It is true, we need a couple of witnesses. Where is the marriage to take place?" asked, and, at the question Mr. Rupert, who was walking in front, with Kate on his arm, half turned his head and smiled quizzically over at me. "Trust me," he said, "see how Kate

trusts me! Take a little lesson, I pray you, mademoiselle, from your elder sis-"Nay." I answered sharply, "that is just

all-not one inch farther than I can see you! "In that case I can only ask made

moiselle to do me the honor to wait and be convinced!" he replied, and in another noment he had passed out of the private pathway leading from what had evidently been their lover's trysting place into the open roadway. The brougham was a small one, seated for two inside. It had been a conundrum. hired by Dr. Warner from a coach builder

Mr. Rupert handed Kate in with the air of a great and courtly gentleman, which he was. Then he turned to offer ms the vacant place by her side. "Since you are resolved to honor us.

mademoiselle!" he said, "voila." But I had another spirit.

"No, indeed, I thank you." I answered. "I am coming as an uninvited guest will git by-the coachman!"

And suiting the action to the word. I

said Mr. Rupert, laughingly, in French. He waited a moment beside the carriage, adjusting the driving apron, to keep me . warm. And as the afternoon was closing in I drew my cloak up about my throat and brought the cape of it over my head, so as almost to conceal my face. Mr. Rupert

nodded a bright approval! "For a young lady with so marked a dislike to concealments and strategems. he said, "I must say that you adapt yourself to them with much natural aptness."

The Wonderful Stork.

(To Be Continued.)

Philadelphia North American: "And why, may I inquire," said Senator Burrows to Senator Penrose, "did you introduce that amendment to the proposition to elect senators by the direct vote of the people?" "Merely to make it more difficult," said Mr. Penrose.

"That reminds me," said Senator Depew,

of the Englishman who had been at several club gatherings in this country, where wits were assembled, and thought it incumbent on him to do something for their entertainment next time they met. He sat down and with much labor composed

"Next time he got to the club he aired his production. 'What is it,' he asked, 'that has feathers, a long beak, builds its nests on chimneys, stands on one leg in tha water and barks like a dog?"

"Nobody could guess. Then the Englishman gravely announced that the answer

"'But,' one of the hearers said, 'a stork doesn't bark like a dog." "'I know that,' he replied. 'I only put that in to make it more difficult."

When the back begins to ache, don't delay-Don't wait till backache becomes chronic-"Till serious kidney troubles develop-

'Till urinary troubles annoy you day and night-

## "Till the cure is costly and uncertain. Doan's Kidney Pills

Cure the aching back. Cure all kidney ills. Cure bladder disorders. Here is Omaha evidence to prove it

Mrs. Alex Long of 1913 Oak street, says: "I had kidney for many years, suffered severely, was annoyed a great deal from too frequent action of the kidney secretions and had of ments often little understood, but which are caused by di I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised and had my get them for me at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store. They did me good that I continued the treatment and after finishing two felt like a different woman, even at my advanced age. Doan's Kidney Pills to every one at every opportunity, for a reliable kidney remedy.

sution was coming upon me. this fascinated, love-sick girl I could not fine stood tooking at me with wide, shiny see our swift, nervous, free-spoken Kate. All druggists -50c. Foster-Milburn Co., Bu

