Saved From the Sea

"There's a woman at the bottom of that, of course," said Morley, shrewdly.

"There's a woman at the bottom of most men's lives, isn't there?" retorted the younger man, with a passionate movement of the slender right hand to his brow that made the costly diamond ring upon it flash a dazzling ray across the money-lender's eyes. "There is misery and wrong enough without my piling up more."

Morley glanced sharply at him, and said, beginning to fill up the papers before him:

"Well, well, but still you're young, and you have some memories, not all dark to look back upon—some lines marked in white letters."

"Have I? What are they—for I don't know."

"You have saved life at the deadly risk of your own—in face of its almost certain loss.'

"That's nothing; I have done that a good many times in my career; there's no merit in risking a life one does not care to keep. And, by the way, I never told you even as much."

"I hear, or notice, little things, you see," returned the money-lender, smiling, "and others I put two and two together. For instance, that wreck off Brighton last September—over eight months ago. I knew that you were at Brighton that week, and came up to town the very morning after—for you came to me to meet a bill. I knew you well—that you would be out in the gale and head straight for any danger — also that you would not choose to be lionized, etc., for a daring seacue, such as the unknown there perpetrated—ergo, between ourselves I've been certain that you are the man who played that part last September. Am I not right now? Confess you saved that stewardess—I forget the name."

St. Maur laughed slightly.

"Yes, I did; and perhaps I did her no service after all; who knows?"

"You do, perhaps," said Morley, lifting his keen eyes suddenly and straight to the handsome face.

Falconer met the gaze as straightly.

"No, I don't," he said, coolly. "I read your thought, and if it had been correct, you would not have trapped me that way. I know nothing at all about her, except that she was young, a slight, girlish form in my arms—a lady by her hands; but if that same stewardess stood here now I should not know her. I never even saw her face, and as I went abroad directly, I heard little more of the wreck. You're too clever by half, Ken, I give you my word of honor."

"This time, perhaps," said Ken Morley, quietly. "Now your name, please, on this bill, and here is the cheque."

St. Maur came to the table, bent over, and, taking the pen, signed his name, pushed the bill to its owner, and took the cheque.

"Don't lose hundreds out of that to-night," said Morley, as Falconer put the costly paper into his pocketbook.

"No fear of that, mon ami!" was the answer, with a careless laugh and his foreign shrug. "And just at present I'm bound for the Vaudeville—new piece on there to-night. I wonder what my boy Snowball will think of it?"

"What, that Indian servant—factotum of yours?"

"Yes; I've sent him to the pit, and told him to get just behind my stall, which is in the last row—he's happiest in my visionage."

"I expect so," said Morley, "for even in the few times he has been here from you it is evident that he half—or quite—worships the sahib. You'll think me a very curious, inquisitive old fellow, but I've often wondered—and meant to ask you—why you keep that darkey instead of a European valet, and how you picked him up and got such devotion."

"Enfin," said Falconer, smiling amusingly, though a slight color crossed his bronzed cheek, "you think that thereby hangs a tale—perhaps one of your lines written in white letters. Well, it's simple enough, since you care to know, and your questions are soon answered. Why do I keep Rahmnee?—primarily, because we are attached to each other—he to an extent of devotion and dog-like faith, that I believe even a hint of parting would break his heart—in fact, he would probably kill himself—or me—I don't know which. To me he is invaluable, lad of fifteen or sixteen only though he is, clever, untiring, faithful—there is nothing he won't do for me, though he is of good caste, and well taught at one of the schools established for the natives, up till just before I chanced across him; that is three years ago, when I was in India and up at a settlement. One day in the cool I had ridden out and carelessly got rather nearer a jungle than I should—and so it proved had somebody else, for I suddenly heard, some hundred paces off, close to the jungle, the awful cries of mortal fear and agony of a native—a child, too. I turned, to see a very large tiger cub standing over something, and plainly an arm close to the shoulder in its jaws."

"Horrible!" said Morley, shuddering; "go on; I am deeply interested; you ——"

"I was on the ground in a second, revolver in hand," continued St. Maur, "and crept forward swift and silent. I am, as you know, a dead shot; but here, as I saw at once, the difficulty was to drop the beast without killing its victim. I fired, but thus hampered, wounded the cub badly; it dropped the boy, and with a roar of maddened pain and rage went for me—such a bound!—caught my left arm, too—and gave me a mark of its favor I shall carry to my grave. I sprung aside, and in the very second it tore my arm shot it through the head dead as a door-nail!"

"Horrible beast! And the boy then ——"

"Ah! poor little chap; he was fearfully lacerated, and as much hurt by terror as the wounds—a pretty, slim lad of thirteen. I bound up what I could, carried him to my horse, put him up before me, and got him to my own digging at the settlement, and obtained medical aid. I learned that his mother was a widow, who had evidently found my poor little charge in her way, since two days before she had callously abandoned him to starve, and gone off with a merchant to Calcutta. For Rahmnee it was touch and go for weeks, between his injuries and the fever that set in; but he pulled through, you see."

"Yes, I do see; you nursed him night and day yourself."

"Well, of course; my dear fellow, what else could I possibly have done? it was nothing but sommon humanity."

"H'm—yes—no doubt," said Morley, dryly. "But I'm thinking it's a 'common humanity' that a good good many men, far better, and more creditable members of society than you, would just have relegated—if that—to the hired attendance of some careless native. I fully understand the boy's attachment and gratitude now. And he's been with you, then, ever since?"

"Yes; I wouldn't leave the brat to starve. I had got fond of him, too; and, faith, he wouldn't have left me, I believe, if I had wanted it. Yes, he has followed me, like a faithful dog, ever since; even sleeps on his mattress in my room, or dressing-room, as he pleases," added Falconer, laughing. "A complete case with him of Ruth over again: 'Where thou goest, I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God.' There, Ken, you know the whole story now, and I really must be off. Good-night, and thank you."

He stretched out his hand, and the money-lender held it for a moment—held it even closely—and wrung it hard before he dropped it.

"Good-night," he said—"good-night, St. Maur—and thank you."

He went out with him to the door, watched the light, supple figure spring into the hansom waiting for him; watched it dash off down the quiet city street, and returned to his room, to sit down with a heavy sigh.

"Yes," he muttered; "I am as sure of it now as I am that there is such gold in him still; there's a woman at the very core of his life; and if any hand can ever save him from that accursed passion for play, it will be only that one woman's hand—no other. Heaven help them both!"

CHAPTER IV.

Ten minutes to eight, or thereabouts. Pit, gallery and circle at the Vaudeville were filled; but the stalls and boxes, except the "paper" people—who had come in before—were only just beginning to receive their occupants.

One of the stalls in the last row before the pit was still vacant, and for the holder of that stall one person, standing up now in the place exactly behind it, watched with an eager anxiety that could scarcely have been surpassed by a girl watching for her lover. It was not a girl, however, but a youth, though the height, slight build of form, and delicacy of feature were more feminine than masculine from a European standard—not from an Eastern standard, though; for one accustomed to judge of Indian natives would have pronounced the young Hindoo one of the best types of the higher castes of his race. Erect, well-built, with that bright look and freedom of movement and bearing so totally different from the cringing servility and furtiveness of the coolies and other low castes; very handsome, too, this son of India, albeit an even unusually swarthy specimen of a very dark race. His attire was a kind of compromise between East and West, for, though his trousers were, if rather loose, European, his headgear was a red fez, and for a coat he wore a dark-blue tunic long enough to cover the knees, ubttoned from throat to hem, and circled round the middle by a shawl-sash of very deep red like the cap.

More than one curious and admiring glance rested on the picturesque figure, as he stood up, with his gleaming, black eyes fived on the stall entrance, till suddenly a quick breath, a flash of light over the swart face, told that he had caught sight of the tall, graceful form he sought, and a man next to him whispered to his wife on the other side of him:

"See, that's the one he's looking out for—that handsome, bronzed fellow coming this way. He's been in India, plainly, and this India ngentleman knows him evidently—yes, sure!"

Into the vacant stall came Falconer St. Maur, with a smile and a nod as his attendant bent forward with a hand to his forehead in salute, and low, glad:

"Ah, sahib, time not long now!"

"Did you think I was lost, Rahmnee? It is long to wait, but you chose this yourself, instead of the circle, to be near me. Seen anyone I know yete"

"No, sahib; not one."

Often the two spoke Hindoostanee; but Snowball could speak thoroughly good English and French, and was proud of the former especially, only, when much moved or excited, it was apt to become rather broken, and helped out with native words.

Now the band ceased, the curtain rose, and the audience hushed its hydra-tongues, and settled down to attention.

MADE IN CANADA

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

Best Yeast in the World

Sold and Used Everywhere

E. W. Gillett Co., Ltd. Toronto, Ont.

CORNS CURED IN 24 HOURS

You can painlessly remove any corn, either hard, soft or bleeding, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor. It never burns, leaves no scar, contains no acids; is harmless because composed only of healing gums and balms. Fifty years in use. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists 25c. bottles. Refuse substitutes.

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

The play was a new one, and opened fairly well; but St. Maur had little heart for it now. The interview with the money-lender had opened old, deep wounds, never more than skinned over, all the deeper because self-inflicted; roused up bitter memories, never more than half slumbering, and knawing remorse, never quite silenced under the most absorbing interest or most reckless excitement. His physical eyes were fixed on the actors therein. His bodily presence was here, leaning back in the lliff was here, leaning back in the stall with folded arms; but his soul—the man's own very self—was far away—back, back, through the vista of eight long years—back to a time when, far from stainless though he might be, he had still not sinned so deeply against himself and against the young life, scarce numbering sixteen summers, that he had bound up in his own.

And where was it now? What had he done with it?

The act drop fell, and the man came back to the present, to where he was, with an absolute mental wrench. It was an effort to lift his eyes and look over the house, the boxes; but a moment after his glance was arrested at one of them near the stage on the second tier.

"By Jove!" he muttered, "what two lovely girls! And fine-looking fellow with them, too—their father?"

He watched the party with a half-languid interest—partly because the girls were so fair and animated as they talked to their father, partly because he laughed, nodded, and turned to speak to some one on his right, half hid behind the lace curtain—a lady, Falconer could see, through that vexing veil, young and slight, and of graceful pose—quite enough in itself to rouse St. Maur's attention.

"You're attentive to her, my friend," he thought.

Just then the lady put the obnoxious lace quite aside, and bent forward, full in view, resting one rounded arm carelessly on the velvet ledge before her.

She was young, barely four-and-twenty, and, oh! how beautiful! what a superbly handsome woman! And as Falconer St. Maur gazed, every drop of blood suddenly left cheek and lips, and rushed back on his very heart like one fierce, burning stream of liquid fire.

"Found!" he muttered between the clinched teeth—"found—found at last! But how? Death! what is that man? I can not forget her, or be mistaken!"

There was no outward start or movement; but within, wild joy, mortal agony, the passion of jealousy—each and all swept this man's soul and throbbing, tortured heart in a very tempest.

He never took his eyes off that box, noting everything with a minuteness that was plain in itself—going back once more through years—seeing again the winsome, trusting child of sixteen he had first known and fettered, then the girl of eighteen he had last seen, and now this superb woman, of whose glorious beauty even the girl's loveliness had been scarcely more than a forecast.

How changed she was in these six years! How he could trace in the proud face the lines of suffering, the deep undercurrent of trouble never absent, and knew whose hand had written it all in letters of dark dye—indeed, he who had

'Asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above—
A woman's heart, and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love."

All that he had held—his very own—slighted it, wounded it, and cast it aside; not daring then to seek it again, for very shame's sake, when the mad, short-lived infatuation was over, and the dazzling fruit proved but the Dead Sea apple.

Yes, he noted these sorrowful traces—her manner to her companions, and theirs to her; her dress and ornaments, even.

How exquisitely picturesque that robe of pearl-gray satin, with the plain gold ornaments, and white lace at the open throat, the soft gray and white relieved-ed by just one touch of color—one rich, full-blown moss-rose in her bosom!

He noted that, as the evening wore on, the delicate petals curled, drooped in the incongenial atmosphere, and started when he saw the wearer glance down at its withered beauty with, ah! such a sad smile and a little shake of the head, that for him spoke a volume.

He had been in the east; he knew much of the poetic language of flowers; and it was one more stab of remorse to read this withered moss rose—love slighted, neglected. Had not hers been so, cruelly, and by him?

In the interval before the last act, he leaned back, and half turning his head, said very low, in Hindoostanee:

"Rahmnee, do you see that box to our left on the second tier, the second from the stage, with that very beautiful woman in it?"

"Yes, sahib; I saw before!"

"Listen, then: Leave before the crowd, get to the grand entrance, watch for those people, and follow them; find out where they live, who they are, everything you can; above all, who and what that lady with the rose is. I must know that," he said, between his teeth, "or I shall go mad!"

"Rahmnee is the sahib's slave, he will obey," was the Indian's answer; and the moment the last word of the play was spoken, he rose and glided out through the crowd like a serpent.

At the same time his master went out, threw himself into a hansom, and was driven off to his chambers in South Audley street.

He locked up the cheque in a drawer of his secretaire, took up some letters which lay on the table, flung them down unopened, and paced to and fro the spacious drawing-room—travelled to and fro. To be still a moment was impossible; his blood was at fever heat, his heart on fire.

Who was that man?

His manner had been attentive but familiar—as from an elderly friend to a young and beautiful woman not his daughter; or just such as an elderly husband some time married, and naturally in public avoiding the suspicion of elderly lover, might show, or so it seemed to this miserable man's tortured brain and heart.

"How dare he treat her so!" he said, fiercely. "Look at him, laying his hand on her shoulder to call her attention—perhaps this very evening he will call her wife, take her in his arms, kiss her lips. Heaven above! the very thought maddens me. She cannot—cannot have quite forgotten me—believed me dead. She is mine only—more beautiful than ever dreams could be—yes, mine in spite of all, and I will get her back here to my arms on my own terms, as of old—my love—my love through all. Ah!"

He flung himself on the couch, exhausted with the very force of his passoins, and only started up, with hot, flushed cheek and flashing eye, when noiselessly the Hindoo entered and glided to his side with a low salaam.

"Well?" demanded his master, with feverish excitement, "what news—quick, boy—who are they?"

"Sahib, the gentleman is a rich retired physician—one Doctor Clifford—and he lives in Hyde Park Gardens, No. —; the two younger ladies are his daughter and niece; and the beautiful lady, sahib, lives with them to take care of the young ladies—Mrs. Errington she is called. I picked all up in the stables close by."

"Are you sure—sure, Snowball? She is not his wife, then?"

"No, no, sahib! only lives there to—"

"For him to make love to at his pleasure. By Heaven!" Falconer blazed out, fiercely, starting up again, "when she is mine—all mine! It shall not be."

"If the sahib only chooses say go," said the Hindoo, quietly, but with a gleam in his black eyes, "Rahmnee kill man and bring beautiful lady to the sahib!"

Comedy and Tragedy are indeed twins, and the nature that is dramatic enough to be fully alive to the latter is also keenly, even painfully, alive to the former.

The flash of such comedy in this cool, perfectly meant offer of darkest tragedy struck the hearer through all the tempest of passions with irresistible force, and he broke into laughter.

"My dear, faithful boy," he said at last, "you are an invaluable jewel—but we are in England, and I could not spare you to the gallows. I will get back the lady myself before long, or—well, no matter how, yet. Go to bed, Snowball, and"—lifting himself—"remember this: I love her, and loved her years ago!'

Rahmnee knew that already; he salaamed almost to the ground, and went out of the room.

(To be continued.)

FINDS HIS WORK A PLEASURE NOW

Dodd's Kidney Pills cured the Postmaster's Kidney Disease.

Alberta Man Tells How His Troubles Vanished When He Used the Old Reliable Kidney Remedy.

Seona, Alta., April 25.—(Special—"I can now do all my work without pain and with pleasure." Those are the words of Postmaster Andrew B. Nelson, of this place. As all the postmaster's friends know, he has been troubled with Kidney Disease for several years past, and has been doing everything in his power to find a cure for it. He has found the cure. It is Dodd's Kidney Pills. Yes, I tried all kinds of medicines for my Kidney trouble," the postmaster joyfully states. "None of them seemed to do me any good till I commenced to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. Two boxes of them cured me completely. I highly recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all sufferers from Kidney Disease. I would not be without them."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all diseases of the kidneys, from Backache to Bright's Disease. They also cure all diseases caused by disordered kidneys failing to strain the impurities out of the blood. That's why they cure Dropsy, Rheumatism and Heart Disease. If you haven't tried them yourself ask your neighbors about them.

SNAPPING TURTLES.

Taken in Nets and Shipped in Gunny Sacks.

There are a good many turtle catching outfits at present throughout the country. They use nets constructed on the fike principle and are set near shores having grassy margins and in water of moderate depth. The nets are baited with soft fish, such as suckers or the flesh of small turtles having no selling value.

The bait must be renewed every few hours or it loses its power to attract. The nets must be raised every twelve hours at least, especially when the water is warmest, or the catch will drown and be worthless.

They are shipped alive in gunnysacks to the large cities and often sell at six or seven cents a pound live weight. The snapping turtle is the marketable variety, and sometimes specimens are caught weighing upward of fifty pounds.

Frog catching is another summer industry, says Fur News, lasting in northern States four months or more. They are caught with hook and line baited with angle worm or a bit of red flannel, and are also speared and sometimes shot. By far the larger number are speared, for certain frogs refuse to take the hook. Some of the large bulls are very wise and wary and are difficult to approach with the spear unless hunted by torchlight at night, when they are very tame.

The large bulls are found mainly in ponds and the muddy inland lakes, among the lily pads and bogs, and if hunted by day no means of taking them is so sure as to use a shotgun made to use a .44 calibre shell and loaded with No. 8 pellets.

Frog saddles sell at from 15 cents a dozen for the grass frog up to 25 cents for large meadow frogs, 40 to 50 cents for small bulls and 75 cents to $1 a dozen pairs of legs of the large bull. That is about the price in Michigan. In the large eastern cities they bring more.

The fellow who doesn't allow an alarm clock to interfere with his morning nap illustrates the triumph of mind over matter.

Threatened With Diabetes!

HAPPY ESCAPE FROM KIDNEY TROUBLE.

The life of a man on the road is not all sunshine. Late travelling, excessive use of rich and sweet foods at hotel tables, too much smoking and the strain of getting business makes it a strenuous life. This is the experience of Mr. H. F. Hardy, written from his home in London:

"Late last spring I noticed I was losing strength. I had a great thirst for water and my kidneys were unduly active Some months earlier I had suffered vague pains in the small of the back, was more or less sleepless, and my nerves were more or less on edge. I started to build up—took a box of Ferrozone, which quickly made me feel so much better. I cut out sweets, sugar and starchy foods, and took Ferrozone tablets with each meal. The results were surprising. A renewal of my health and vigor started up that was quite surprising. I lost that intense thirst that made me crave for water all the time. I wasn't laid up a single day, and attributed my success and robust health entirely to 'Ferrozone.'"

When a man is run-down, nervous, feeling blue, and out of sorts, when he lacks power to stay at things, and the sight of a good meal fails to excite his appetite—these are the surest signs that his condition demands two Ferrozone Tablets at meals. No other tonic is so strength-giving and invigorating—try it, 50c a box, six for $2.50, all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

SKYSCRAPERS.

UNDER SIDEWALKS OF PITTSBURG PERSONS ARE LIVING.

The Great Power Plants—Tremendous Aggregation of Mechanical Appliances Required for the Modern Skyscraper.

Few pedestrians who travel along Fifth avenue, Wood and other streets of Pittsburg, where the big skyscrapers are thickest, see more than the life that throngs the great buildings from the streets. Yet below the sidewalks is the ponderous mechanism in constant operation to furnish the light, heat, power and ventilation that enables the occupants of the floors above the street to exist in comfort. In the plans and specifications of one of the modern skyscrapers more attention is given by the designer to the portion underneath the sidewalk than is given to the building above the street level. The first concern is for the foundation, and after that the steel skeleton of the building. The steel skeleton must carry the entire load of the building and resist the force of the more violent winds.

With these matters disposed of and left for execution in responsible hands, attention is next given to the required mechanical equipment of the building, and here the aid and co-operation of engineering skill of the highest order are demanded. Specialists in the various lines of steam boilers, heating and ventilating apparatus elevators, electric lighting and plumbing are called in conference with the architect and with each other.

The growing tendency to extend office-buildings to greater and still greater height has naturally increased the dimensions of the mechanical equipments and taxed the skill and ingenuity of their designers. Especially has this increase in height affected the elevator equipments. When up to several years ago twenty storeys seemed to be the extreme limit in height which would be reached the then known types of elevator were entirely adequate and satisfactory for the demands of the service, but when quite recently office building towers of thirty-six and forty-five stories were projected it was found necessary to devise an entirely new system of elevator construction and to adopt a mechanical principle peculiarly adaptable to such high travel.

That the skilful engineers concerned have satisfactorily solved this problem is attested by the fact that the tenants and visiting public patronize these elevators, travelling to a height of over fivv hundred feet, with no more fear or thought of danger than when riding in the elevators of the older structures.

As in the cases of these lofty towers the area of the lot covered is proportionately very small and the unavoidable increase in capacity and dimensions of the mechanical equipment very considerable, difficulties and serious problems were encountered in disposing of the necessary machinery below. We therefore find the operating mechanism of the elevators placed at the top of the towers and the plumbing equipment subdivided into several independent systems at progressive heights.

What a great aggregation of mechanical appliences is required for the proper equipment of one of these modern office buildings may be realized when it is stated that in one recently completed building there are in constant operation elevators each requiring provision for about fifty horse-power, 18,000 electric lights, and a boiler equipment of a total rated capacity of 6,000 horse-power. The hydraulic pumping machinery installed exclusively for the operation of the elevator system is capable of delivering 28,000,600 gallons of water per day.

The electric lighting equipment would be adequate for the lighting of every house and street in a town of 5,000 inhabitants. The average day consumption of coal during the winter months is in the buildings under consideration thirty tons, and as the exhaust or waste steam from all the engines and pumps is utilized for heating the building the consumption is only a little more per day in winter than in summer. The combined distance travelled by all the elevators in a ten-hour day is 120 miles, reckoning both up and down trips.

In order to convey some idea of the magnitude of the undertaking of wiring such a great building for its light and power supply, the following statistics may be of interest: Almost 2,000 miles of electric wire are installed, all of the wires being enclosed in iron pipes, in order to ensure perfect insulation; about 300 miles of one-half inch electric conduit pipes are required to contain these wires; 13,000 electric light fixtures are fastened in place and connected with the electric wires, and 10,000 switches are installed for the control of the lights.

But the mechanical equipment embraces more than provision for elevator power and lighting. There are two thirty horse-power electrically driven pumps for operating the vacuum cleaning plant installed in the building, four eight-five horse-power electrically driven fans for the operation of the ventilating system, which takes fresh air from the roof and forces it into the engine rooms; automatically controlled pumps, also electrically driven, for pumping waste water and sewage from the lowest level up into the street sewer, and other automatically controlled pumps for the operation of seven hydraulic plunger elevators which supplement the electric elevator equipment.

To all the vast array of machinery must be added the refrigerating plant for supplying the tenants with ice water, the air compressors which operate the mechanism controlling the doors leading to the elevators, and a storage battery equipment of 142 cells for emergency service.

BEARS AS HONEY HUNTERS.

In Their Search They Destroy Apiaries of Texas Farmers.

The beekeepers of the Wharton section frequently suffer losses from the depredations of bears. Various kinds of devices are used to protect the apiaries from the invasion of these animals. The trap gun is one of the most effective guardians of the beehives. The fact, however, that more or less danger is incurred to innocent human beings who might accidentally throw the spring of a trap gun causes many of the apiarists to prefer to keep an armed guard over their beehives.

The Caney bottoms, situated a short distance from Wharton, are the natural habitat of many black bears. The animals seem to have a keen scent for honey, and they make nightly incursions into the adjacent territory in search of a feast of their favorite sweets. One bear can play havoc with an apiary in short order. He knocks the stands over one by one with his ponderous paws and quickly obtains an opening into the honey compartments. The average bear has a large capacity for honey and one of the animals has bene known to clean up a score of bee stands in a single night.

Henry Carter, who has a large apiary in the Boling neighborhood, had an exciting experience with two honey-loving bears recently. He has a pack of bear dogs, which have been used principally to guard his bees against the attacks of bruin. The kennel of these dogs is close to the hives, and no bear cared to venture close to the spot. A neighbor borrowed the pack to trail down some bears that had been giving him trouble, and failed to return the dogs at night. Mr. Carter was awakened about midnight by a noise which came from his orchard, where his bee colonies were located. He quickly divined that a bear raid was on. He grabbed a rifle and hurried out of the house toward the apiary.

He took a sudden backward jump when a big black bear rose upon its hind feet from behind a beehive and started toward him. Mr. Carter fired at the animal at close range. The bullet wounded bruin and stopped his progress temporarily. At this moment Mr. Carter noticed another bear running off from another part of the apiary. He took a shot at it, but must have missed, as no sign of blood was found afterward. The first bear which he had wounded soon regained its feet and got so close to Mr. Carter as to strike at him viciously with one of its paws. Mr. Carter bounded behind an adjacent tree, where he got in two more shots from his rifle before the bear could reach him. The bears had completely destroyed his apiary before he arrived on the scene.—Wharton correspondence Memphis Commercial Appeal.

USING PURGATIVES INJURES HEALTH

What You Need in Spring is a Blood Building Tonic.

A spring medicine is an actual necessity to most people. Nature demands it as an aid in carrying off the impurities that have accumulated in the blood during the indoor life of winter. But unfortunately thousands of people who do recognize the necessity of a spring medicine do not know what is best to take, and dose themselves with harsh, griping purgatives.

This is a serious mistake. Ask any doctor and he will tell you that the use of purgative medicine weakens the system but does not cure disease. In the spring the system needs building up—purgatives cannot do this—they weaken you still more. The blood should be made rich, red and pure, and only a tonic medicine can do this. The best blood building, nerve restoring tonic medical science has yet discovered is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine actually makes new, rich blood. This new blood strengthens every organ, every nerve and every part of the body. This is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure headaches and backaches, rheumatism and neuralgia, banish pimples and eruptions, and give a glow of health to the most sallow skin. Men, women and growing boys and girls who take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills eat well, sleep well, and feel bright, active and strong. If you need a medicine this spring—and most likely you do—try this great reviving tonic, and see the new life, new health and new strength it will put into you.

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

SAFE.

Parke—Come on, old man, I am going on a week's pleasure excursion. Don't care what I do.

Lane—But aren't you afraid that your wife will get after you?

"She can't. The servants have all left, and there is no one in the house to button her up.

Some men make friends and others expect their friends to make them.