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# Sweet Norine

CHAPTER XXI.

For a moment Norine stood thus. Then without a word the girl turned and fled from their presence.

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They had not seen her. It was better so, she told herself, adding that they should never see her again-never while the sun shone or the stars gave light. She could never again look upon a hu-man face until she had settled beyond doubt that her old grandfather had in some way misunderstood her lover. He could not have denied his love for her. Ah, there was some awful, cruel mistake somewhere. To doubt her lover would be to die, she sobbed, clutching her hand tightly to her heart, moaning pitcously: They say you are false, my love, but. I'll still believe you true."

And with these words on her lips, all regardless that she was without hat or wrap, Norine fled out into the coldness and darkness of the awful night, turning her face in the direction of Barrison

Had the old couple not been so deaf. they would have heard the light footsteps on the crisp, crunching snow without. As it was, they talked long and earnestly by the kitchen fire, trying to devise some plan by which Norine should be made to forget the handsome lover upon whom she had set her heart.

"If I could but have seen her the wife of Joe Brainard, I would have died happy," sighed the old blacksmith, adding in a broken voice: "Ah, Betsey, I fear some terrible fate has overtaken the lad. I will never believe that he took the money and fled with it, not even if an angel cried it out trumpet-tongued from heaven. He was an honest lad, was Joe. He would not have touched a farthing that was not rightfully his, and there was another reason equally as powerful why he would never have left Hadley."

have gone from Norine?" whispered his old wife, tremulously.

Daniel Gordon nodded.

"Nothing but death could ever have torn him from Norine. The lass did not care for him, but he loved her with all his heart; he would have given every drop of his life's blood for her. He loved her with all the intensity of his soul, poor lad."

"Do you think he will ever come back?" queried Betsey.

"If he is living, he will return, depend

upon it; if he be dead, he cannot, plied the old blacksmith, rubbing his rough sleeve across his eyes.

After a moment's pause he went on: "I can never understand how it happened that poor Joe and the mysterious veiled woman disappeared together from the stage-coach during the driver's absence. No one has ever yet been able to unravel the mystery. No one will be able to until he comes back and explains

"I should hate to see him come back just now, while the villagers are in such a fury," old Daniel went on slowly, "for the townsmen would never wait for the lad to explain, they are so fierce and hotheaded."

"You mean that they would lynch him?" murmured old Betsey, her lips quivering and the tears springing o her dim eyes, for, like her old husband, she loved the lad-ay, loved him so well that, like Daniel, her one great longing was to see Norine his wife ere they should pass away.

But even while they were talking thus of Joe they heard a great commotion outside-a clattering of hoofs as a horseman dashed up to the cottage door, shrilly blowing a horn-a village signal to denote danger.
Old Daniel Gordon and his wife sprang

to the door with one accord and flung it open wide.

Before they had time to utter the

words the man on horseback cried ex-

"Convey your wife and granddaughter to the town hall quickly, Mr. Gordon. We have word that there has been an awful outbreak among the Indians at last, and a score of bands of Cherokees and as many Pawnees are moving to-



ward Hadley, vowing vengeance, and that vengeance means the burning of Hadley village and the massacre of every man, woman and child in it.

"Bring whatever ammunition you can get hold of to the town hall. We shall make that our fortress, and place our women and children there to protect them, or sell our lives dearly for them. I am riding from house to house to arouse the villagers to immediate ac-

And like a flash the excited horseman had wheeled about and was lost to sight in the impenetrable darkness beyond. Daniel Gordon turned slowly and gazed for a moment long and anxiously into his old wife's face. The hearts of both were too full for utterance.

They knew full well the terrible meaning in those awful words an Indian massacre for they had experienced one, surely the most terrific that had ever occurred on the western plains. Not a house had been left standing, and the few settlers who escaped had a most exciting time of it in evading the say-

It had been by the greatest effort that Daniel Gordon had induced his few followers to return to the scene of carnage and horrible devastation and begin life

Both Daniel and his old wife lived over in that one moment as they gazed into teach other's faces that awful scene of bloodshed

As though reading her thoughts, he said bravely: "I am not as young as I was then, Betsy, and my sight is not as good; but as long as I can lift an arm in defence I am willing to take my place among the rest of them, and I can lead them to victory, for I know but too well the ways of the cussed redskins, and how they fight.

You mean he would never willingly the rust of years is upon them, but I can handle them still to some purpose, thank God.

"Go quickly to Norine's room and arouse the child, and bid her dress in all the situation to her, for every moment is more precious than gold.

"If it should happen that any one of these bands of Pawnees should come by that road between here and Barrison Hall, it would be impossible to pass the savages and get to the town hall." "You are right, Daniel," she answered.

"We have not a moment to lose." Putting aside all the terrible fears that assailed her, the good old soul hastened as quickly as her trembling limbs could carry her to the little attic room above. When she reached the door she called

"Norine, Norine, dear, arise. I-I want you."

Within all was silent. No sound even of the girl's breathing could be heard. "How deeply youth sleeps," murmured the old grandmother, "and age sleeps so lightly.'

"Norine, child" she called again, more loudly this time. !"Do you hear me?" Still there was no response from within the little chamber.

She pushed upon the door and groped her way into the room and up to the ning her wrinkled hand lightly over the pillow.

But no curly head met her loving touch. She started back with a cry of horror. Norine was not there! Her cry soon brought Daniel to her

side. Even before the gasped out the words that Norine was not there he seemed to divine intuitively what had happened-that their darling had gone. For the first time in her life the poor old soul was incapable of speech a candle, quick!"

He complied with all the haste he was capable of. One glance around the little apartment showed that their fears were with their burden caused great enthusbut too well grounded. Norine, their darling, the child of their old age, was missing.

The little cottage was so small that they had little difficulty in searching it carefully through in a very few mo-

Again, and yet again they searched it, calling loudly, tearfully, despairingly her name, but there was no response.

The aged couple forgot the terrors that menaced their cottage home ay, their very lives, in their fear over the girl's unaccountable disappearance.
"Where is Norine?" they asked each

other, with pallid brow and trembling lips. But they could find no answer. She had parted from them in anger for the first time in her young life, and in anger she must have fled from the roof that had sheltered her. But where had she gone? The howling winds, tearing with demoniac fury around the little

cottage, gave them no answer. "We will search for her," muttered the old man, hoarsely. "If—if anything has happened to Norine, I—I would not care

"Something tells me that Norine has fled to her lover," moaned the old grandmother, pressing her hands tightly over

her heart. "If she has fled toward Barrison Hall,

she has fallen into the hands of the advancing tribe of Pawnees," groaned Daniel Gordon. "Better far that she were dead than that."

CHAPTER XXII.

Leaving the inhabitants of Hadley in their intense excitement, every man of them cursing Joe Brainard from the very depths of his heart for being the cause of their woe, we will return for a few brief moments-you and I, dear reader-to the thrilling scene in which we left poor, hapless, noble Joe, and learn his fate, for much that happens in

the following chapter hinges upon it. When Clifford Carlisle thrust his victim bodily over the precipice, he supposed that he was consigning his victim's body to the rocky chasm a thousand feet below, and where it would never afterward be found to mutely reveal the ragedy which had taken place.

But in the hour of his deadly peril Heaven guarded Joe Brainard.

The spot at which his antagonist tossed him over the cliff had a wide, shelving rock jutting out from it but a few feet down, and upon this Joe landed, lying at full length, motionless, like one

Death must soon have overtaken him from the intense cold had he lain there long. Fate ordained it otherwise. He had landed directly at the feet of two half-breed Indians, who were crouching on the rock waiting for the stagecatch to From their position they could hear

the scrimmage which had taken place above, but could behold nothing owing to the intense darkness, and being too low down. One thing they did know however, and

that was that one of the combatants was Joe Brainard, the express agent, for both of the half-breeds had recognized his voice. It so happened that both of these par-

ticular men had a grievance against Joe, which made them his sworn enemies. One because he had been discharged from the express office by him because of his dishonesty, the other because the young express agent had given him, once upon a time, a most severe thrashing for abusing a little lad on the village street.

As soon as the coach had rumbled on its way the two half-breeds made haste to light their lantern, which they had extinguished, to see which of the two combatants had been vanquished.

Their amazement and intense gratification upon learning that it was Joe Brainard was intense. "We will dash him over the cliff!"

cried one of them, a demoniac whoop of delight issuing from his lips. "No, no," returned the other in his gruff, guttural voice, "we can make bet-

ter use of him. We will make him tell just how many men there are in the viland how they would be likely to oppose us in a massacre. He shall tell us, and truly, or we will roast him to a stake." "He is more stubborn than a mule," returned the other "He will not open

"Wait until the fagots are lighted open his lips freely then and tell us all that we would know." the other.

form of the unconscious man upon it; then lifting it to their stalwart shoulders, they proceeded to cross the tain with their helpless burden.

It was indeed a pitiful hour for Joe Brainard when he fell into their hands. Death would have been a thousand haste. Do not stop to explain much of times preferable, more merciful, for they discussed their plans freely together concerning their prey as they trudged along the steep, narrow path, where none save those with the red, daring, hazardous blood of the Indian in his veins would have dared to climb. The twenty miles or more which these men traversed were as nothing to them, used as they were to the mountain vastness. The highest point of the mountain was reached by a circuitous route, so densely covered by forests of heavy underbrush that it was considered impassable for man. Toward this point they bent their steps with alacrity, and in much exultation. It was so far out of the reach of travel that no one in Hadley was aware that on the height of the mountain the Pawnees, who refused to take advantage of civilized conditions, had a large tract of ground on which they lived, depending upon the wild animals that roamed the forests for sustenance.

Twice had this revengeful, warlike tribe swooped down upon the thrifty inhabitants of the village of Hadley, massacring men, women and children alike, within the last five and twenty years, little bed that stood in one corner, run- and now they only awaited another opportunity to repeat their horrible, savage depredations.

They had only been kept in peace by the utmost diplomacy on the part of the agents of the Indian reservation. and it needed but this affair at the Great Bear Mine to cause them to break forth in all their revengeful fury.

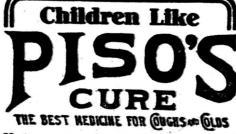
The two half-breeds clambered onward and upward, and an hour later reached their destination, the clearing on the mountain, where the rude shelter action, save the terrified words, "Bring of the tribe was plainly visible from the fires that were burning fitfully here and there. The entrance of the two half-breeds

iasm.

Joe, still unconscious, was thrown hastily into one of the tents upon a pile of skins, and his captors sought the chief of the tribe to talk over the situation

Meanwhile the night wore on, and at last a faint streak in the sky heralded the approach of a new-born day, and with the dawn consciousness returned to out hapless hero.

For a moment he lay as though stunned, gazing at his rude surroundings, and the canopy of dried skins over his



It is so pleasant to take stops the cough so quickly. Absolutely safe too and contains no opiates. All Druggists, 25 cents.

CORNS CURED
You can painlessly remove any corn, either hard, soft or bleeding, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor. It never burns, leaves no sear, contains no actids; is harmless because composed only of healing gums and haims. Pifty years in use. Cure guaranteed. Bold by all druggists me, bottles. Refuse substitutes. PUTNAM'S PAINLESS

CORN EXTRACTOR head, and the bundle of them upon which he found himself. He quite believed for an instant that he was in the midst of a realistic dream, from which he could not seem to awaken. But little by little his senses returned to him, and all at once he remembered allstarting out upon his perilous journey, carrying the wages of the half-breed miners, the accident to the stage on the mountain road, the veiled woman who had been his companion, the bandit of the mountain, whom he had recognized by his voice, disguised as it had been, as the handsome stranger whose horse Norine sweet, tender little Norine had

tall: about ever since. With a wild cry of horror Joe attempted to spring to his feet, and as he did so he clapped his hand over his breast pocket.

shod, and whom she had never ceased to

Great God in heaven! The money was gone; and with this horrifying discovery came the knowledge that he had been terribly injured, for the effort to reach his feet caused him such a terrific pain that he fell back almost fainting upon his rude pallet, unable to move hand or foot in his excruciating agony.

At that moment a shadow darkened the doorway of the rude tent, and raising his agonized eyes he beheld the tall, brawny figure of one of the half-breeds, whose face he recognized instantly.

"So, so, you know me?" sneered the fellow. "I told you when last we parted that an Indian never forgets an injury, and sometimes waits long for his revenge; but it is sure to come. You had me discharged from the express office for taking a ham, and that was the worst hour's business you ever did. It was your turn, then, Brainard, but it is my turn now, curse you!

"I suppose you are wondering where you are?" he went on grimly and insolently. "I will tell you. You are in the hands of the Pawnees, the most deadly enemies of the palefaces, the tribe whom all your Government agents have never been able to bring into subjection by threats or treaties."

Joe tried to speak, but no sound came from his lips. This intelligence, coming so quickly upon the heels of the horrible discovery that the money intrusted to him was gone, rendered him fairly speechless. Indeed for the instant his very reason tottered.

"You do not answer," returned the lage, how much ammunition they have, half-breed, "and it is well, for at the slightest outery a score or more of Pawnee braves would be here to riddle you with their arrows, for they have all heard of your treatment of me, and are thirsting for revenge."

"You did not tell them that when I was the village schoolmaster I taught and the flames begin to scorch. He will you to read and write-ay, even to speak as well as the white man," cried Joe, at last finding his voice, hoping "Perhaps, but I doubt it," returned against hope that this reminder would waken some tender feeling in the heart Making a rude litter, they placed the of the brawny half-breed for Joe had

## THE SUFFERING **WOMAN ENDURES**

Can be Banished by the Rich, Red Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

Behind the veil of her modesty and silent patience nearly every woman endures suffering that casts a shadow over half her existence. An aching back, tired limbs, attacks of faintness, and headache upon headache need not be part of a woman's life. Such trials indicate plainly that the system requires the new blood that is supplied by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, These Pills are valued by suffering women, who have used them, about all other medicines, because they make the rich, red blood that makes women well, bright and at their best. This is the secret of the great success of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Geo. C. Wadden, Wadden's Cove, N. S., says: "A few years ago I was completely run down. At times I would be so weak that I was unable to do my housework. I suffered from severe headaches, pains in the back and dizziness, and at times I felt as though life was scarcely worth living. I had tried several medicines without getting relief, when I finally decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. After using two or three boxes I noticed a change, and after taking the Pills about two months I was again enjoying good health, and have since been well and strong. I ean confidently recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all weak and rundown women."

You can get this great blood-building, health-restoring medicine from any dealer in drugs, or the Pills will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville Ont.

Wildcat's Attack on a Woman.

A remarkable story of an attack by wild animal has reached this city from Pinos Altos, a mining camp north of here. While Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Campbell, an aged couple, were sitting in their home about noon a wildcat emerge from a nearby thicket, dashed through the open door and attacked the

woman. Mrs. Campbell, who is nearly blind, was terribly clawed and scratched by the ferocious beast before it could be beaten off. It was finally driven under the bed, and when it emerged to renew the attack, Mr. Campbell, who had hastily secured his rifle, put a bullet through its body.

Mrs. Campbell was so badly injured that it was found necessary to place her in the Ladies' Hospital of this city, where she is receiving medical treatment.

It is very unusual for a wildcat to attack a person unless cornered, and the remarkable action of this one is hard to account for. The woman would undoubtedly have been killed but for the presence of her husband.-Silver City correspondence El Paso Times.

#### AVIATION.

#### Achievements by Aviators in the Last Year.

In an article entitled "The Evolution of Aerial Navigation," by J. E. M. Fetherstonhaugh, which appears in the Canadian Magazine for rebruary, the fol-lowing list of achievements of the most noted aviators is given:

3 November, 1969-M. Henri Farman, on his own biplane, 4 h. 22m. 27 August, 1909 Farman, 3h.4m. 56s. 25 August, 1909-M. Paulhan, on a

oisin biplane, 3h. 3m. 7 August, 1909 M. Roger Sommer, or Farman biplane, flew for 2h. 27m. 15s. 21 December, 1908 - Mr. Wilbur

Wright, 2h. 20m. 23s. 4 August, 1909 Sommer, 1h. 10m. 18 December, 1908-W. Wright, 1h. 54m. 53s.

l August, 1909 Sommer, lh. 50m. 7 August, 1908 Paulhan, on Voisin machine, 1h. 32m. 45s.

21 December, 1908-W. Wright, 1h. 31m. 25s. 21 July, 1909-Mr. Orville Wright, 1h.

29m. 12s. 23 July, 1909-M. Paul Tissondier, on Wright biplane, 1h. 23m, 36s, 19 July, 1909-M. Farman, 1h. 23m. 15 July, 1909 Paulhan, 1h. 17m. 12s.

11 August, 1908-O. Wright, 1h. 10m. 5 June, 1909-M. Latham on Antoinette monoplane, 1h. 7m. 37s. 10 September, 1908-0. Wright, 1h. 5m.

12 September, 1908 O. Wright, Ih.

18 July, 1909 Sommer, 1h. 4m. 9 September, 1908-O. Wright, Ih. 2m.

20 May, 1909-Tissandier, 1h. 2m. 9 October, 1908-O. Wright, 57m. 32s. 21 July, 1909-Tissandier, 56c. 32s. 17 July, 1909-Mr. Curtiss, 52m. 4 July, 1909-M. Bleriot, 50m.

13 July, 1909 Bleriot, 47m. 13 July, 1909-Bleriot, 44m.

#### CHICAGO MERCHANT A MAKES STATEMENT.

After Spending Thousands of Dollars and Consulting the Most Eminent Physicians, He Was Desperate. CHICAGO, ILLS .- Mr. J. G.

Becker, of 134 Van Buren St., a well-known wholesale dry goods dealer, states as follows: · "I have had catarrh for more

than thirty years. Have tried everything on earth and spent thousands of dollars for other medicines and with physicians, without getting any lasting relief, and can say to you that I have found Peruna the only remedy that has cured me permanently,

"Peruna has also cured my wife of catarrh. She always keeps it in the house for an attack of cold, which it invariably cures in a very short time."



MODISH COSTUME FOR RE-CEPTIONS.

This exquisite gown is composed of a velvet skirt in an old blue shade, accompanied by a picturesque little coat of gray and blue striped silk—very heavy, and in the popular "fadey" colors. Cuffs and turn-back corners are of gold cloth, and Russian sable trims the edges. With this costume is carried a sable

and embroidery muff and a picture

hat is worn. The Cat's Explanation. You ask the reason, little friends, Why cats don't wash their faces Before they eat, as children do, In all good Christian places?

Well, years ago, a famous cat,
The pangs of hunger feeling,
Had chanced to catch a fine young mouse,
who said, as he ceased equealing:

All genteel folks their faces wash Before they think of eating."

And, wishing to be thought well bred,
Puss heeded his entreating.

But when she raised her paw to wash Chance for escape afording,
The sky young mouse then said good-bye,
Without respect to wording.

A feline council met that day. And passed in solemn meeting,
A law forbidding any cat
To wash till after eating.

BUYING A HORSE.

(Lippincott's Magazine.) "You say he's a young horse. Then why do his knees bend so?" To tell you the truth, sir, the poor animal's been living in a stable too low for him, and he had to stoop!"

### Loss of Will Power

#### A Proof of Nervous Debility.

"Until I had a long siege of nervousress, I could not comprehend how percertainty in the doing of small things: I didn't know that little fears and small dreads, caused by loss of nerve tone. would force people to abandon their friends and the real pleasures of life. Too much work and worry, perhaps too little regard for healthful habits, made me nervous. I couldn't bear to be alone. I grew cross, fretful, and fearful that some ill would befall me or my family. After using Ferrosone all was changed— the old-time fears and sense of oppression left me I was braced up, given vigor, ambition, and robust good health. I look ruddy and strong, have a good appetite, sleep well, and am getting fat. I know lote of women who need Ferrezone and they would use it, too, if they only knew what a difference it makes

in the way you feel." Let your wife or daughter try Ferrozone for a month, and match the result. It's a health-winner a strength-bringer a vitalizing tonic equalled by none.

Just one or two Ferrozone tablets to take at meals curely an easy way to regain and maintain perfect health. At all dealers, 50c. per box, six for \$2.50, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

#### Balky Horse Shows Up "Free Advice" Squad.

The mounted policeman was new, at least new to this sort of game, and the horse was a balker from the Balkons. The place of the balking was Dearborn and Madison streets at 5.10 o'clock on the afternoon, and it wasn't long before a crowd had gathered to advise the driver just how to start a balky horse. The driver didn't worry. The moment his nagehip came to a dead centre and refused to budge after three or four cuts of the whip, the man on the seat hung the lines on the hook, crossed his legs, and proceeded to roll the most ar-tistic cigarette that he knew how.

"You've got your tugs too tight," said a knowing man with side whiskers.
"You've got your horse pulled 'way back against the whiffletrees. How d'you expect him to pull anything that way?"

The driver put his cigarette in his

mouth, searched his pockets, and then spoke to the whiskered man. Said he, Got a match, brother?" A second advice merchant stepped to

"Twist his tail," said he, briskly. "Oh, mercy!" shuddered the driver, puffing away. "How could you be so cruel! Twist his tail yourself if you want to. I wouldn't do anything like that to a poor dumb brute."

No. 3 came to bat in a hurry. "Hit him around the ears," he adjured. "Hit him on top of the head. That'll make him move, all right."

"Hit your grandmother around the ears!" said the driver. "Aw, come on," protested the advisory board in general. "Let's get hold of the wheels and shove him along.

They did-got hold of the wheels. Six able-bodied and fairly energetic citizens laid hold of the wagon and shoved. The wagon was loaded with paper, but the six able-bodied ones had no trouble in moving the wagon. They shoved it smack up against the haunches of the horse and then they stopped.

"Blank blank a balky horse!" said

Next came the crossing policeman with his white gloves and the wheel of the traffic squad upon his arm. 'Come on, get out of here," he ordered briskly.

"Stop your kidding," said the driver.
"What's the matter; won't he go?" "Not at the present writing." The big officer carefully removed the

glove from his good right hand and took hold of the bridle. "Come on, boy!" he said, coaxingly. "Giddap!" And he pulled. Then he pulled some more. After a while he turned away, put on his white gloves,

and looked the other way. Then came the mounted policeman. As has been said before, he was new to this sort of a situation. A blockade of teams, of pedestrians, a fallen horse, an overloaded truck, all these he knew how to deal with. He was an energetic officer. He fancied himself the medicine

that a balky horse needed. He rode his willing steed beside the balky one, loosened the line near the bit, and took a half hitch around the horn of his saddle.

"Now," said he to the driver, "pick up your lines, put the whip to him, and we'll ail go together. Ciddap!"

The saddle horse sprang forward at the word of command. The driver used bridle and part of the harness. But the

balky horse staved where he was, solemply blinking his eyes at such unusual moved. What the -!" demanded the mount. ed man, wheeling back with the bridle.
"He's a balker," explained the driver, receiving the broken leather. "He won't

move until he's ready." The horseman grew red in the face. He looked at the sulky brute from half a dozen angles.
"Oh!" he said, meekly. And then he

rode hurriedly away. The driver put the bridle back where it belonged, returned to his seat, and composed himself for a little nap.

At 5.10 the horse balked. At 6.13 he woke up suddenly, shook himself, and pulled against the tugs as if nothing had

happened.
"Giddap!" said the driver, eleepily. The horse snorted, whisked his tail, and started up Madison street in a hurry.-Chicago Sunday Tribune.

TRUE SYMPATHY.

(Mobile Item.) "You are charged with stealing three pairs of trousers, said the judge. "What have you to say for yourself?" "I am guilty, your honor," replied the

prisoner, "but I stole them for my wife." "You are discharged," said the judge, in a tone redolent with sympathy. His honor was in the henpecked class him-

#### MACHINE HUMOR.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.) "What are you doing there?" "Tinkering up some old automobile jokes," explained the press humorist, "trying to make them look like 1916 models."