

# Right at Last

"Thanks," said Bertie, with a smile. "I'll accept the loan of your coat. We aristocrats, as you call us, don't pretend to be as good as a workman, but we do our best," and leaving the man to think this over, Bertie made his way through the crowd and went home.

Then, still begrimed and blackened, he fell into a chair and gave himself up to thought.

He had seen her, found her at last, and he had saved her life!

He thought sent the blood thrilling through him at lightning pace.

And so Ida Trevelyan, the beautiful popular idol, was the girl who had run away with Stuart Royce! Ida Trevelyan, and she knew Mordaunt Royce! He had taken her away as if he had been her brother, or—Bertie's heart throbbed with a sudden pain—as her husband or lover? Why had Royce never spoken of her when her name had been mentioned? Why had he so carefully concealed all knowledge of her?

It was very strange and mysterious. Bertie sat and pondered, leaning his hot and weary head upon his hands, but the more he pondered the deeper the mystery seemed. This only was clear, that Royce was a close and intimate friend of hers, and he had taken her from Bertie that night.

He sat and thought over all the incidents of the sad and terrible scene; her face came back to him as she had stood and looked at him with her dark eyes full of fearless emotion, at the moment when she had refused to leave him.

"I am not so fond of life," she had said. Why had she spoken so sadly? Why had she been so ready to die? She who was at the zenith of her popularity and fame, before whom stretched a long career of triumph and renown. "I am not so fond of life."

The words haunted Bertie even when, at length, he had had his bath and had fallen, worn out, upon the bed.

In the morning he rose, feeling half persuaded that the scenes of last night were but a dream, but the morning papers soon impressed him with a sense of their reality.

Under the heading of "The Beginning of the Coronet" was a graphic account of the fire and the rescue of Miss Ida Trevelyan.

Bertie found himself landed to the scene that of a hero. He had saved Miss Trevelyan's life at the risk of his own, risking it not once or twice, but several times, during the awful night. The Coronet was burned to the ground, but so long as the site stood the heroism of Lord Bertie Dewsbury would be remembered, and the least of the authorities could do in the way of acknowledgment would be to see that his lordship received the society's medal for saving life.

Bertie read the account, half amused, half ashamed at the glowing periods which described his conduct, and then went and put on his morning coat. His valet was much distressed at his lordship's appearance, for Bertie's yellow hair had got scorched in places and his moustache burnt, and there were cuts and bruises on his handsome, boyish face which the man declared would take months to heal.

But Bertie laughed.

"Never mind the moustache, Simmonds," he said. "That will grow again. I was too busy last night to think of it."

Then he put on his hat and walked out.

The newspaper had said that Miss Trevelyan had been "taken home to her home in 'Vernon Crescent,'" and calling in a cab, Bertie told the man to drive him there.

When he got out and knocked at the door of the modest little house, his heart beat wildly, but he tried to speak in an ordinary voice as he asked the neat maid-servant how Miss Trevelyan was.

The girl looked at the scars on his face, and her eyes glowed.

"Miss Trevelyan is very well, sir—oh! are you Lord Dewsbury?"

"That's my name," said Bertie, blushing.

The girl's face lit up.

"Then will you come in, please, sir, my lord?" and, eyeing him at every step he took with eloquent admiration, she showed him into the tiny drawing-room.

Bertie looked round him with a strange feeling.

It was in this room that she sat sometimes. He seemed to be conscious of her presence, and every chair grew precious in his eyes as the possible one which might be hers.

And she had given orders that he should be asked in! Did she mean to see him?

The door opened and he stepped forward eagerly, but it was not Ida Trevelyan, but a little girl with long yellow hair and a sharp, pretty face.

She paused a moment, then came forward and seized his hand.

"Oh, my lord! Oh, Lord Dewsbury!" she cried. "I am glad you have come! I was coming to you! I would have come last night only they wouldn't let me. They said you'd be tired and worn out. Oh, how brave you are!" Emily's voice broke and the tears came into her eyes. "How brave you are! And—and I meant to thank you, and now I can't say a word!" and she sobbed.

Bertie blushed and smiled as she clung on to his hand.

"Don't mention it!" he said, awkwardly.

"Don't mention it!" retorted Emily, almost angrily. "Oh, no! That's the way of the world! A man saves the life of the one being dearest to us, and we do not say a word for it! But, oh, my lord, I do thank you. I never can thank you enough. I know now why we women come down to meet you when you've been saved. There is no repayment possible." She took his hand and pressed it, then she said, gently,

have been strong enough to manage the rope," said Bertie, smiling.

"Yes, that's the way you put it, of course!" said Emily, scornfully. "Do you think she hasn't told me all you did for her? How you thought even of her face, and shielded it—"

Bertie flushed.

"And how you risked your life a dozen times over! But never mind, I can't say all I want to say, and I've been trying to make up a speech all the morning, too. But thank you, thank you, Lord Dewsbury!"

"I think I've thanked a great deal too much already, Miss—"

"Montessor," said Emily; "Miss Trevelyan's dearest friend!"

Bertie bowed.

"Why, every man there will wish to Heaven he stood in your shoes!" said Emily, sharply. "And you weren't hurt?" she asked, looking at his scorched hair and moustache and the sundry cuts which marked his face and adorned it in her eyes.

"Not in the least," he said. "But Miss Trevelyan—"

Emily grew grave.

"She is not hurt. She was terribly shaken. There is scarcely a woman in the world who has gone through what she went through last night. But she is all right."

"Thank Heaven!" said Bertie, fervently.

"And she will come and see you directly," said Emily. "They told her you were here, and she insisted upon coming down. She is finishing dressing now."

"Oh, don't let her trouble!" said Bertie, beginning to tremble, lover-like. "She—I'll call on you again."

As he spoke the door opened and Joan came in.

She was dressed in a morning gown that seemed to lend itself to every line of her graceful figure and accentuate every movement.

Her face was pale, and on one side, close by her ear, was a red mark, caused by a blow from one of the falling slates. Her hair had been scorched near the temples, but the shortened pieces had curled upon the white brow, and her beauty was not lessened, but heightened, in his eyes.

She came forward with both hands held out, as she had held them last night, and a soft, half sad, wholy grateful smile rested on her lips and shone in her eyes.

Bertie's heart leaped at sight of her, but all power of speech forsook him. He could only take her hands and press them.

"How good of you!" she said. "You came to see whether I was hurt? I have come down to show you how completely you saved me!"

"I—I am sorry you troubled to come down," stammered Bertie.

Joan smiled at him.

"Emily and I meant to come to you to-day, to inquire for you!" she said.

Then she let her grace rest upon his face for a moment, and took in the scars which the fire had made.

"What an awful night! You don't want me to thank you again. I can see that in your eyes!" she said, with her characteristic naiveness.

"No!" he said.

"But I am brimming over with gratitude! They tell me that what you did last night was more than heroic! It was miraculous! They say that only a giant or a madman could have managed the rope as you did!"

"Perhaps I was mad; I think I was," said Bertie; "but don't think any more of it, please!"

"Not think any more of it!" said Joan, with a slow smile. "If I live to be a hundred I shall not cease to think of it!"

"I give myself a hundred and fifty!" exclaimed Emily, leaving the room, and shooting a grateful glance at Bertie as she went.

"And you are sure that you are not hurt?" said Bertie.

"Quite," said Joan. "I am a little scratched and bruised"—she laughed softly—"and that is all! Poor Mr. Giffard!" and her voice grew grave, "it will be a heavy loss for him!"

"Yes!" said Bertie.

He was not thinking of Mr. Giffard. All his thoughts were for her, and she stood before him in the graceful morning robe, her beautiful eyes fixed on his face.

"Yes, I suppose so," he said. "He will take another Jeanne."

"Yes," said Joan, thoughtfully.

Bertie fingered his hat nervously.

"I will go now," he said. "I am very sorry that you should have taken the trouble to come down and see me! I think you ought to have rested all day to-day."

"Do you think I was too tired to come down and see the man who—who had saved my life?" Joan said.

"You think I did that?" Bertie responded, gravely.

Joan's eyes filled.

"I do not think, I know!" she answered, fervently. "Last night was our second meeting! The first you saved me from—myself! Last night you saved me from death, Lord Dewsbury! It is little wonder that I cannot find words in which to thank you."

Bertie stood looking at her. His heart was throbbing wildly. The impulse to throw himself at her feet and tell her all that he felt almost overmastered him.

"If there were only some way more eloquent than words in which to thank you," said Joan.

Bertie drew nearer to her.

"Are you so very grateful?" he said, constrainedly.

"Grateful!" and she looked up into his face.

"You think that—that I have been of service to you, and—you would like to repay me for it?" he said, scarcely knowing what he said.

"There is no repayment possible," she said, gently.

"But—but suppose that I said there was; supposing I showed you the way to repay me a thousandfold," he said, his voice trembling.

Joan looked at him, and her brows contracted thoughtfully. She had no guising of his meaning as yet.

"Supposing," said Bertie, his blue eyes shining with a fervent light that ought to have told her what he meant, "that I said, 'If you are grateful for what I did last night—not that I think I did anything for you to be grateful for; nothing that any other man in my place would not have done—but if you are grateful, there is a way of repaying me which lies before you, what—what would you say?'"

Joan smiled at him.

"Show me the way. What is it?" she said, with eager warmth.

Bertie paused, his heart beating wildly, his color coming and going.

It seemed a wild, daring thing he was going to do, and his courage astounded himself. Was he going to tell her that he loved her?

Well, he did love her. He loved her as well as ever a man loved woman, and he would be proud to own it; he would stake all upon the hazard of the die—stake and win or lose all.

"Can you not guess?" he said.

Joan shook her head.

"No; why should you? It seems so sudden—and—" stammered Bertie.

"But it is true, all the same," Miss Trevelyan, do you remember—forgive me for taking your thoughts back to that time—do you remember the first time we met?"

Joan's face paled. Instantly her thoughts flew black to the morning when Stuart Royce had left her and Bertie came and opened her eyes to her intended ruin.

She saw all the scene before her, remembered the look of the rooms, Bertie's voice, the very tune the organ outside was playing.

"I remember," she said, in a low voice.

"And I remember it, too," said Bertie. "I have never ceased to think of it. You—came into my life like a beautiful dream, came and vanished, leaving nothing but the remembrance behind."

Joan started, flushed, and looked at him in mingled surprise and pain.

"I have thought of you ever since," said Bertie, stumbling on hurriedly, his handsome face pale and anxious, his voice thrilling and eager. "I did not know it until, I don't think I quite know it until last night, but I know now that—that I love you!"

Joan's eyes filled with a yearning expression of sorrow and regret.

"Oh, why did I let you go on? I did not know—" she faltered.

Bertie winced.

"There is no hope for me?" he said, with a little catch in his voice. "Well, I don't see why there should be. Who is that you—you who are so beautiful and clever and famous—should give a thought to me?"

"Oh, it is not that—not that," murmured Joan.

"But it is," said Bertie, firmly. "I don't see why I should have been mad enough to hope that you would listen to me, or—try and care for me. But I did hope, I suppose, or I shouldn't have spoken. And now I have told you, and it is all over, and—and—I am sorry if I have worried you."

"Oh, no, no," murmured Joan, her eyes fast filling with tears; she knew the worth and the nobility of the heart he was laying at her feet.

"And—and now I will take myself off," he said, smiling ruefully. "I ought not to have spoken as I have done and wound you to-day, after all you went through last night, but—but—well, it's the first time I have been in love, and—and you must excuse it and forgive me."

He held out his hand as he spoke, and there was a suspicious moisture in his eyes that seemed to indicate that the hero of the Times was pretty near the crying point.

Joan put her hand in his, and her fingers closed over his in a way that startled poor Bertie.

"I am sorry, sorry," she said; "and you have only seen me twice! Oh, if you would only believe that I am not worthy such a love as yours."

"It would take a great deal to make me believe that!" said Bertie, ruefully. "That I am not worthy," she repeated. "But I ought to have stopped you. I ought to have told you that—that what you wanted could not be. I could not be your wife, Lord Dewsbury. I have promised to be the wife of Mr. Mordaunt Royce."

Bertie nodded once or twice dully.

"Mordaunt Royce, Mordaunt Royce!" he repeated, in a wooden kind of fashion. "Yes, he is a good fellow. I know Royce well. Yes, yes."

"He has been very good and kind to me!" said Joan, quietly.

"Yes," said Bertie, staring at the carpet. "I ought to have known by the way he spoke of you last night, but I didn't think of it this morning when I saw you. I—I hope you will be happy, Miss Trevelyan. Royce is a good fellow. I—I don't say I don't envy him, because I do. I would give all I'm worth, all the world, if I had it, to stand in his shoes. But that can't be, can it? I think I'll go now. Good-by, and—thank you for listening so patiently to me."

Joan put both hands in his.

"Good-by!" she murmured, sorrowfully, sweetly. "You see how unfair Fate is. You saved my life, and I—I cannot even attempt to repay you in the poor fashion you want! Good-by!"

Bertie held her hand and looked at her wistfully. Something in her eyes seemed to understand the request in his and to grant it.

He raised her hand to his lips and kissed it fervently, passionately, and then found himself outside.

Well, it was all over! He had dreamed his dream, and had come to the sudden and rude awakening.

After all, what could he have expected, even if he had been free? And yet he had hoped against hope. But it was all over! She was not only not his, but even could not be his, for she was to be the wife of Mordaunt Royce.

He let himself in at the house in Piccadilly, and throwing himself down on a chair, lit a cigar and gave himself up to his misery.

She was the only woman in the world he had ever loved; he had loved her the first moment he saw her.

# VERY SHORT AND RIGHT TO THE POINT

## Frank Miller Tells Why He Recommends Dodd's Kidney Pills.

He Used Them for Rheumatism, Heart Disease and Lumbago, and They Went Right to the Root of His Troubles.

Elkton, B. C., Feb. 6. (Special)—Frank Miller, section foreman on the railroad here, whose work exposes him to all kinds of weather, has discovered that Dodd's Kidney Pills are a sovereign remedy for those kidney ills that almost invariably follow neglected colds.

"For four years I suffered from Lumbago, Heart Disease and Rheumatism, brought on from a cold," says Mr. Miller. "And I got the very best results from using Dodd's Kidney Pills. I freely recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to anyone suffering from these diseases."

Short and to the point, that statement isn't it! But it is just like Dodd's Kidney Pills. They go right to the point. They cure the Kidneys. Healthy Kidneys strain all the impurities out of the blood. Pure blood means good circulation and renewed life and energy all over the body.

Thus Dodd's Kidney Pills not only cure disease. They tone up the whole body and make a man feel that he has been given a new lease of life. That's why people all over Canada are shouting the praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

He knew it now; he had known it last night when she came upon the stage; he knew it with a dead certainty when he carried her through the fire, and her sweet, lovely face had reposed upon his breast.

And she was to be the wife of Mordaunt Royce!

Why had Royce been so secret and mysterious about it?

He, Bertie, had always considered himself Royce's most intimate friend, and yet he had not even admitted that he knew Miss Ida Trevelyan.

It was very mysterious and perplexing. But at any rate one thing was clear that she could never be his.

"And the sooner I get her out of my mind the better," he muttered. "I can't get her out of my heart, I'm afraid; but I must get her out of my mind. And the first thing to do is to put her beyond the reach of my eyes!"

He got up as he spoke, and unlocking the bureau, took out the picture; and he stood and gazed at it long and fixedly.

"For the last time!" he murmured; "you don't belong to me now, sweet, sad face. You are to be the wife of Mordaunt Royce! I would not be right for me to look at you, and talk to you, as I have done in the past. No, you and I part to-day, my dear!"

As he spoke he tore the edge of the frame from the picture, and dropped it into the fire. He did so reverently, slowly, as one would perform part of a sacrifice.

Slowly, bit by bit, he removed the frame, and the picture fell out of its case.

He was about to drop the case in its entirety on the flames, when a folded paper fell from the back of the picture, to which it had become pressed, and dropped to the floor.

(To be Continued.)

## MAJ. GEN WILLIAM P. DUVAL

U. S. army commander in the Philippines, who has personal charge of the Jap spy investigations.

Spent Four Hundred Dollars

"I have been a chronic sufferer from Catarrh in the nose and throat for over eight years. I think I have spent four hundred dollars trying to get relief. I have spent but six dollars on 'CATARRHOZONE,' and have been completely cured, and in fact have been well for some time. Catarrhozone is the only medicine I have been able to find that would not only give temporary relief, but will always cure permanently. Yours sincerely,

(Signed) William Ragan, Brockville, Ont.

Refuse any substitute for Catarrhozone, 25, 50c and \$1.00 sizes, at all druggists.

## STOOD THE TEST.

(Chicago Tribune.)

The hour was 1 a. m.

Inside the dimly lighted hallway stood Mrs. Dorkins with a grim smile on her face.

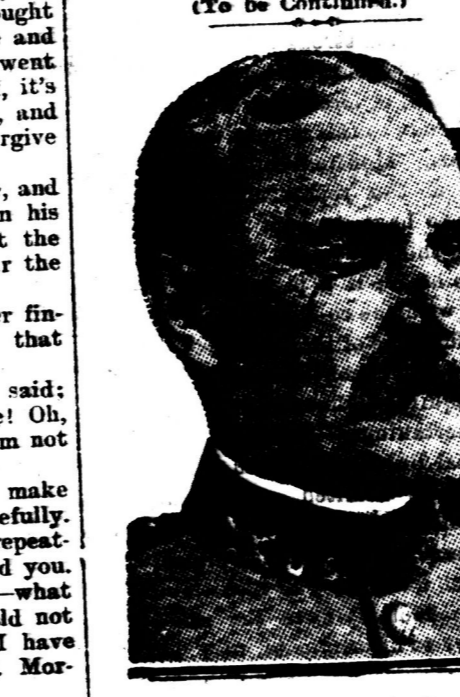
The front door was bolted.

"John," she said, in cutting accents, "you have been dissipating at the club again!"

"Marie," spoke a voice outside, rapidly, clearly, and distinctly. "he blew indignantly on the blowing bugle!"

Instantly she unfastened and opened the door.

Mr. Dorkins had not been dissipating.



MAJ. GEN WILLIAM P. DUVAL, U. S. army commander in the Philippines, who has personal charge of the Jap spy investigations.

Wisdom, like remorse, generally comes too late to do us any practical good.

Shiloh's Cure  
25 cents.

# UNCHRISTIAN LUXURY.

## Marion Pastor Hears That They Outdo Ancient Rome Downtown.

On "Luxury and Christianity" the Rev. Frederick Lynch, pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational Church in Harlem, said in his sermon on Sunday evening:

"There are many of us who are worshipping over the awful growth of shameful extravagance and luxurious living in New York. Some dinners given here in the last fifteen years equal anything given in ancient Rome. It has been no uncommon thing to hear of dinners costing \$10,000, \$20,000 or even \$40,000. A lesser horde of imitators of these so-called society people spend hundreds of thousands of dollars on extravagant gorging of themselves and their guests. At New Year's Eve thousands of gluttons sit in our hotels and cafes spending huge sums on eating and drinking, these suppers often being in the nature of real orgies and bacchanals. Thousands are wasted on rare flowers and entertainers of a very ultra sort, often half-naked dancers.

"The extravagance of some weddings is becoming abominable. Houses are furnished, not to make beautiful homes, but to spend more money than some one else. In one house we are told there is a nursery with a silver bathtub in it—the other furnishings matching it. Luxury breeds enmity, so that these vulgar people who thus arrange dinners with guests in gondolas, monkeys at table, swans creeping out of pies, costly favors, have to rush from one excitement to another so that their lives become simply a chase of wild and extravagant novelties. And so the ball goes on clear through the whole city, the poor even spending more than they have in a fever for the debased and degenerate joys of life. And many of these people are members of Christian churches.

"All this is not only unchristianly vulgar, coarse and disgusting, it not only is degrading the finer sensibilities of many of our people, it is not only turning us in our quest from ideals, literature and art to an inferior to the belly and jaded senses, but it is utterly and absolutely unchristian. This extravagance is a denial of the Lord. It has nothing whatever akin to Him. Those who practice it are bringing in a revival of paganism."

# BURN CAUSED OPEN SORE

## Zam-Buk Worked a Wonderful Cure.

Sometimes a bad burn, a deep cut, or some similar injury, sets up a more permanent injury, in the form of an open discharging sore. In such cases Zam-Buk will be found of unequalled value.

Mr. J. Nixon, of 901 William avenue, Winnipeg, a blacksmith at the C. P. R., had his foot badly burned by some molten metal falling upon it. He says: "The burn was a very bad one, and after the first few days it left an open sore, which showed marked signs of blood-poisoning. It discharged freely and caused me terrible agony. For three weeks I suffered acutely and could get no ease. At last I obtained a preparation from the doctor, which seemed to stop the discharging and made me quite hopeful, but finally the wound became as bad as ever.

"Was then advised to use Zam-Buk, and from the first application the pain gave me relief. The inflammation was thoroughly checked, and the poisonous matter cleared away in a very short time after beginning with Zam-Buk. Healing then began, and in less than two weeks the wound was thoroughly healed."

One of the main lessons of this case lies right here—try Zam-Buk first for any injury, sore, skin disease or wound. It is equally good for piles, blood-poisoning, festering wounds, chaps, sores, varicose ulcers, chilblains, etc. All druggists and stores sell at 50c box or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, upon receipt of price. You are warned against harmful substitutes and inferior preparations, which yield a bigger margin of profit and are sometimes pushed as being "just as good." Nothing is just as good.

# THE ONWARD MARCH OF THE SKYSCRAPER

More skyscrapers are in the process of construction in the lower part of the city. Where they stand there stood a row of small brick houses with their gable ends to the street in the days when old New York was young. The workmen could almost throw a stone to the spot where Fort Amsterdam used to raise its frowning battlements that citizens of New York might sleep sound out of their beds by Spanish pirates or French sailors.

From the topmost girders one can look for twenty miles over the second city of the world; the first so far as its stupendous structures are concerned. All of them can be seen from the top of the new structure near Battery Park. There the American Surety Company's building, three hundred and six feet high, with twenty-three storeys; the American Tract Society building, of the same height; the Heidelberg, four hundred and ten feet high, with thirty storeys; the Metropolitan Life Insurance building, seven hundred feet high, divided into fifty storeys; the Park Row building, whose towers rise three hundred and eighty-two feet above street level; the Singer building, over six hundred and twelve feet high, divided into forty-one storeys; the St. Paul building, three hundred and eight feet high; the Times building, four hundred and nineteen feet high; and the Pulitzer building, over three hundred and seventy-five feet high. The list of buildings which range in height from two hundred to three hundred feet is a long one, and is constantly growing. The new municipal building, when completed, will be over four hundred feet high. It seems but yesterday when a ten-storey building was regarded with amazement. At the close of the civil war a building four storeys in height was regarded as a marvellous business structure, but that was a good part of the city had spread over a good part of four counties.—The Christian Herald.

# GOOD HEALTH FOR RUN DOWN MEN

## If You Are Weak and Easily Tired Try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Anemia is a state into which one falls because of lack of blood, or because the blood is poor, weak and watery. The man or woman who has not enough blood is pale, languid, easily tired and easily depressed. As the trouble progresses other symptoms show themselves, and the life of the sufferer is one of misery. Anemia opens the door to consumption, and gives victims to all the epidemic maladies, because the whole body is weakened and unable to resist the inroads of disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best remedy in the world for the cure of anemia, and all its attendant miseries. They make the blood rich, red and pure, thus bringing health and strength to weak, dependent men and women. We do not know of a single case of anemia where Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have failed to cure if given a fair trial. Mr. John Hastings, Venn, Sask., was a victim of this trouble, and found new health through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He says: "I was working on a railway driving a team and found myself gradually running down. I did not pay much attention to it at first, but soon I began to lose my appetite and it was a trial to get body in order. I got medicine from the doctor on the works, but it did not help me, and finally I got so quit, I told the foreman I would have to quit. He told me not to lose hope, that he would get some medicine for me, that would soon make me all right. That night he went to town and bought me three boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had not taken more than two boxes when I began to feel better, and after I had used five boxes I was as well and strong as ever, and could do a day's work with any man on the job. I may just add that before I began taking the Pills I was so run down that I weighed only 122 pounds, and while taking them I gained 22 pounds. I cannot say too much in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and strongly recommend them to all run down men."

You can get these Pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

# ALL AROUND THE HOME.

If the hem edge of napkins is thoroughly rubbed between the palms to remove the dressing, the hemming can be done in half the time.

Tiny corks tacked on the backs of lower corners of picture frames will prevent dark lines from forming on wall paper.

Sour milk makes the cake light and spongy, while sweet milk makes it cut like pound cake.

After getting the ingredients together before mixing a cake, always warm the bowl by pouring into it boiling water. Let stand a few minutes, then pour out and dry. It must be butter enough to soften, but not melt the batter.

When using stale bread for puddings, etc., always soak it in a cold liquid. Bread that has been soaked in cold milk or water is light and crumbly, while that soaked in hot liquid is heavy.

Rice will absorb about three times its own measure of water in cooking, and rather more of milk.

Fresh lemons if laid on a paper on a shelf with a tumbler turned over each one, will keep fresh for weeks.



## MRS. EDITH MELBER.

The Albany, N. Y., police say that Mrs. Melber poisoned her five-year-old son, leaving his body in a swamp, so that she might be free to marry again. It is said that she had led her fiancé to believe that the boy was her brother's son, and that she was going to send him back to his home. In her confession Mrs. Melber says that she gave the lad carbolic acid because she could not support him any longer. The grandfather denies this, and says that he had offered to adopt the child.

# Shiloh's Cure

quickness cures coughs, cures colds, breaks the throat and lungs. 25 cents.

## TOO NARROW.

(Pittsburg Times.)

Bishop John L. Nueces, in an address in Omaha, said of incarceration:

"These interloping people make me think of young Parson Brownlow. Parson Brownlow one Sunday morning was passing a pond when two young skaters went through the ice. The parson, a good swimmer, plunged into the cold, black water promptly, and after a deal of diving and fendering and struggling, he managed to resume the two boys. He laid their limp forms on the bank side by side and then he began to work their arms vigorously so as to restore animation, when a deep, respectful voice cried from the road:

"Parson!"

"He looked up and he beheld the frowning visage of Deacon Jones.

"Parson!" said the Deacon, "six days shalt thou labor!"

## BOREDOM'S DESPERATION.

"Is your husband playing bridge?"

"Not exactly," replied Mrs. Pittsright. "Some experts have merely invited him into a game to make it harder."—Washington Star.

Shiloh's Cure  
25 cents.