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GILLETTE'S RETURNED LYE



FOR MAKING SOAP,
SOFTENING WATER,
REMOVING PAINT,
DISINFECTING SINKS,
CLOSETS, DRAINS, ETC.
SOLD EVERYWHERE
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

THE DEAREST GIRL IN THE WORLD

"I shall await the result, anxiously," answered Lord Wedderburn. "This is the most astonishing thing I ever heard of. This man was the person that performed the marriage ceremony! He is a minister. There is not a doubt of it, and your marriage is legal as I thought, notwithstanding all of Maylor's arguments to the contrary. Then there is a great deal depending on the recovery of this man. He is the only person that can set your mind at rest as to the whereabouts of your wife for I have not the slightest doubt but that he knows."

Lord Wedderburn had not recovered from his excitement. He lay back in the corner of the carriage with a ghastly pale face. Mr. Miller was silent for a time. Then he roused Lord Wedderburn from his reverie. "God! But I believe I have found something beside the other matter. Do you remember that we received a letter from a man who thought signed Bingham or something? Boughman is the writer of that letter, and we could not read the signature correctly. This man's recovery will bring you disaster if he tells the truth. He can find your wife, but he may lose your estates for you."

"If I have kept some one out of their just rights, it's about time I made reparation. If he can tell me of Dorothy I can easily forgive the rest."

Mr. Miller eyed him in astonishment. "God! But I am astonished. I did not know that Lord Wedderburn was so sentimental. Well, my boy, I admire it. It was nobly spoken. The world may laugh and scoff at sentiment, but the world is a great liar. Those who repeat it are evil in themselves, at least I have found it to be so. I will let you know about the man from time to time."

"Thank you. There was another matter I wished to speak of. You will remember the circumstances of my being wounded some time ago?"

"Certainly."

"Last night I walked down to old Leathill in the moonlight, and a man played me with a dagger. Fortunately, he missed his aim. I forced him to the ground, and he begged for mercy, and said it was a mistake of some kind, and I let him off. His name is Marrotti, and he is an Italian. I found this letter, which is the must have lost in the struggle. Read it and tell me your opinion of it."

"The solicitor took the letter Lord Wedderburn drew from his pocket, and read it carefully. 'You asked my opinion,' asked the solicitor, coolly.

"Yes, I wish your candid opinions and advice."

he heaped such abuse on me—when I present you to the sweetest little niece," he said, kissing her "good bye."

"Whenever you do that, I will apologize."

"I shall demand a retraction then," he said, with a laugh, as he left her.

Lord Wedderburn started at the sound of his own voice. He had not laughed for so long, his voice sounded strange to him. He felt full of hope, yet he could not tell why, unless it was the mere thought of finding the wreck of John Boughman; still he was in some way a tie between him and his Dorothy. He felt happy even for this, yet the man was demented, and could not tell him one thing, or in any way point out his way to him.

It was almost twilight, and when Lord Wedderburn alighted from the railway carriage he saw Miss McRay had driven over to meet him. As soon as he saw her, a great pain came in his heart. How could he bear to wound her by telling her of his hopes, this woman that loved him so tenderly?

"I shall demand a retraction then," he said, with a laugh, as he left her.

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Her heart gave a great bound of pleasure. She saw that the old happiness was come back again, and that though he was happy even more in his love for Miss McRay. What a happy thought that she had selected her!

Miss McRay and her son had stopped with the music and he seated her beside his mother and left her.

"How can I show my gratitude to you for bringing such happiness to my son's face—there is a light in his eyes that I have not seen there for many years." Her own face beamed with happiness.

"I am thankful to see him happy," she answered, vaguely. She could find no other reply. She could not tell his mother his secret, and the words wounded her dreadfully. She gave no sign of the pain she suffered, but was led away by some one else soon after. After a time Lord Wedderburn seated himself beside his mother—his face beamed with happiness.

"What has come over you, mother, your face glows with beauty and happiness!"

"It is but the reflection of your own," she said with a smile.

"That's not fair, mother—a compliment like that from one's own mother," he said with a laugh.

"Then take it in pay for the one you paid me awhile ago," she said, laughing heartily.

"You are a couple of gay deceivers," said Lady Ely, seating herself beside them.

The conversation went on in merry jest. Sir Peter Pirley had returned from his tour around the world, and had joined them an hour since. Lady Home saw this and felt somewhat uneasy until she saw the happiness on her son's face there still.

Miss McRay passed leaning on his arm. She looked at Lord Wedderburn's face for a moment and a gleam of pleasure brightened her own. She had been victorious in her fight with love, for she could see happiness on his face, and rejoice with him.

CHAPTER XI.

SKIN SUFFERERS

Do you realize that to go through life tortured and disfigured by itching, burning, scaly and crusted eczemas, or other skin and scalp humors is unnecessary? For more than a generation, warm baths with

Cuticura Soap

And gentle applications of Cuticura Ointment have proved successful in the most distressing cases, of infants, children and adults, when all else had failed.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a liberal sample of each, with 22-page booklet on treatment of skin and hair, will be sent post-free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 9M, Boston, U.S.A.

"Such a fright we have had," exclaimed Lady Agatha Somerville Drake, who was eldest.

"Indeed it was," said Lady Angeline. The three maids waited outside, and they filtered to themselves.

"Who can be the trespasser?" exclaimed Lady Agatha.

"I wonder who?" said Lady Priscilla. Now these old repeated things did not annoy these three ladies in the least. It was the best possible thing to have been said. In fact, no fault whatever was to be found with a Somerville, whether a Drake, Marston or Heathcote. The fact of the three old ladies had, for some mysterious cause, shut up their hearts and home, admitting no strangers, until the echoes to their own words sounded good and cheerful to them.

The next morning the footman entered and presented the Lady Somerville Drake a note on a silver salver. He retired at once from the room. Instantly three golden egg-shells went up to three pairs of patrician eyes.

Three chairs were removed nearer to the Lady Somerville Drake while she read aloud.

"Dorothy Wynter would ask pardon for having trespassed on the grounds of Cliff Towers, and sincerely hopes she did not inconvenience her neighbors in usurping so pleasant a spot."

Science says worry fills the system with poison. The average ultimate consumer must be a walking drug store.

Time to Declare War On the Louse

BY A PHYSICIAN.

It is time now to talk about lice without any foolish squeamishness. The louse is a true cosmopolitan. He inhabits the heads of the world, without regard to race or color.

Typus fever is also cosmopolitan. Typhus, too, is known the world over. It is most prevalent where folks are dirtiest and louisiest.

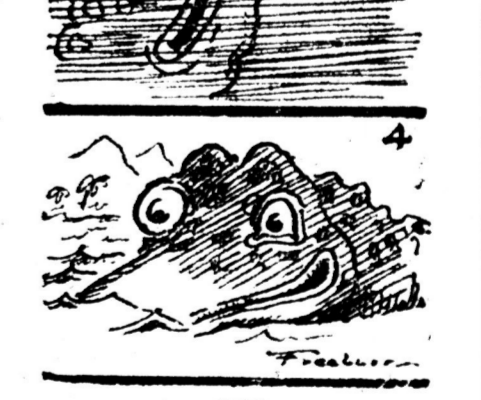
Now you will see why it is time to talk out loud about the louse. For it is well established now that both the head louse and the body louse can transmit Typhus fever. Hence the louse becomes something more serious than a mere parasite with a name to be side-stopped by nice folks. He is a serious factor bearing upon the health of the world. He is in the same class with the mosquito, bearer of malaria and yellow fever. He deserves more drastic attention than an occasional application of a fine-toothed comb.

Three years ago Nicolle, Comptes and Conseil, three French doctors, proved that the body louse could transfer typhus fever from one monkey to another. Later American doctors showed that typhus could be transferred from man to monkey by body lice. Only recently doctors in the United States public health service conducted experiments from which they draw these conclusions:

The body louse may become infected with typhus. The virus is contained in the body of the infected louse and is transmissible by subcutaneous injection of the crushed insect or by its bite.

The body louse may become infected with typhus. The virus is contained in the body of the infected louse and is transmissible by subcutaneous injection of the crushed insect, and, we believe, also by its bite.

Tropical Tragedy



When she entered the great marble hall, a maid removed her hat and she was ushered into the great gloomy drawing room. The three ladies received her cordially, but were astonished to find the mistress of Dunraven quite a child.

PILES

You will find relief in Zam-Buk! It eases the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance, with Zam-Buk, means cure. Why not prove this? All Druggists and Stores.

When you want to clear your house of flies, see that you get WILSON'S FLY PADS

Imitations are always unsatisfactory.



THE TRAFFIC IN GIRLS.
(Kingston Whisk.)

It was a fortunate day when John D. Rockefeller, junior, was called upon to serve his country in the capacity of a jurymen. He was selected by his fellows as the chairman of a contingent that had had before it some of the evidence with regard to the traffic in girls.

Mr. Rockefeller thought it his duty to call attention to the revelations and for his patriotic services was elected by the jury in quarter sessions. The grand juryman is usually allowed very great latitude in his performance of duty, and hence the surprise which followed the mild yet emphatic rebuke of Mr. Rockefeller's fellow-jurymen.

Some young men appears to have had his own ideas of the eternal fitness of things, and he was the power behind the District Attorney in the exposure of police graft without a parallel in any city. Mr. Rockefeller had no personal knowledge of what Mr. Whitman was doing, but he was supplying the funds which helped to lay bare scandals of the most revolting kind. Fancy disorderly houses maintained by a syndicate with police approval; fancy a series of brothels in which the virtue of young girls was sold for a price; fancy the existence of a clearing house by which these women and mistresses were moved about with systematic exactness; fancy the collection of toll from immorality so rank that it stunk to heaven.

By the way the white slave traffic is bound to flourish. Even in England the friends of the trade are so influential that an act cannot be enacted which will put an end to it. A law was projected, and it was rendered a nullity by an able and successful lobbyist who had been checked upon the streets by the common constable. The sergeant must make the arrest and he is unusual to the job.

Do Your Eyes Fool You?

A bird that enters his cage as you bring the paper close to your eyes. A card held vertically between bird and cage may help some if the songster proves obstinate.

Beware of Gasoline.

We must have it! And it often comes high. It, rather, the user goes high. Too few realize its explosive power. It should be used out of doors. One pint of gasoline makes 200 cubic feet of explosive mixture. Gasoline vapor is seven times more powerful than gunpowder! If gasoline must be used in the house all the windows must be open. There must be neither light nor fire. An expert says vapor has been known to jump 20 feet from a tank in the open air, wrecking all the buildings in the neighborhood.

TO SAVE HIMSELF.
(New York Sun.)
A charlatan who has caused so much suffering as Ben Tillet is no pleasant subject, but it is worth remembering that his medical "devil" was about the same as the Lord Devonport deal was inspired by the natural desire to save his own precious bacon from the anger of his disappointed dupes.