

A GIFT OF A SOUL

CHAPTER I.

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Dr. Davidoff, aminspired look lighting up his rugged and strongly marked countenance, turned toward the guests of Prince Patrizzi and let tall in the midst of the discussion the following remarkable words:

"Do you believe, then, in the power of suggestion, arged with the sharpness of persistence of a gimle:'s point, to make a thought enter your mind? Do you believe that this thought can influence your moral conditions to such a degree as to after your physical condition? You concede, ao you not, that the moral nature exercises a potent, an irresistible influence over the physical?

"We do," tranquilly responded the Neapolitan. "And for this reasonand here is the ground on which I propose to meet you-it would be necessary to conclude-"

This response to the Russian dector's question, which seemed to promise a lengthy discussion, was succeeded among the men and women who had just finished dining in the salon of the tiotel de Paris, on the terrace at unfathomable. The invisible world re-Monte Carlo, by a moment of stupefied silence. Around the table, sumptuously laid, and on which the flowers were dying, asphyxiated in the heat of the lights and the smoke of the eigarettes, glances of astonishment and ennui were interchanged. Then a storm of remonstrances and exclamationsthe indignant protest of these worldly people, compelled to ahandon for a nent, the habitual frivolity of their sourse to listen to the dry details hope: scientific discussion, broke forth. "We have had enough of physiol-

"We are here to drink, to make, to laugh."

"This is a dining-room, not a clinic."

"Bah! The doctor is crazy:" "Listen, gentlemen, I beg of you; it

is very curious!" "These lauies are getting bored."

"Open the windows, this smells of "For my part I would rather be at

the Casino. I dreamed last night that red turned up thirted times -"That was a suggestion of the crou-

"Don't you want to come and

"Oh, Laura, come to the piano and play for us." Well, my children, go where you

will, but let us have peace." "How rude you all are!"

Several of the guests arose noisily and asked their wraps from the maitre d'hotel, who hastened to get them. Patrizzi remained seated, looking with a smile at the beautiful women, who with coquettish gestures shook cat their skirts, and gave a few touches to their bodices. He extended his hand nonchalantly to his friends, saying:

'Let every one follow his own incliuation. Go on before us. In an hour we will join you." Then turning toward the painter, Plorre Laurier, his friend Jacques de

Vignes and Dr. Davidoff, who had not moved-"Co dn, my dear fellow," he said to

the doctor, "you interest me amazing-

The Russian doctor threw away the cigarette he was smoking, lighted another, and looking at his three listeners with an authoritative air, he continued the recital that had been abruptly cut short by the interruptions of those who had just withdrawn.

"I confess that the story I had begun to tel' our friends is strange enough, and that to skeptical minds it if his gaze, piercing beyond the clouds may seem improbable, although in our had been arrested by sudden splen-

is foggy and gloomy, and which seem the native land of spectres and phantoms, it would not have awakened the least incredulity. Half of our compatriots are unconscious Seedenborglans, who believe with the great philosopher but without examination, in the phenomena of the invisible world; and if you should state in their presence as I state now, the astonishing fact that the soul of a dying per son may enter into a living body, through the will of the person about to die, you would see them turn pale and tremble indeed, but they would not dispute its truth. In our country we believe in vampires who issue from their tombs as soon as the first ray of moonlight falls upon the stone; we believe in apparitions that announce an approaching death. And by the sole fact of believing in these miracles they are rendered possible. A strong conviction is the most powerful of forces, and spiritualism requires as its first condition unquestioning belief. 'If you doubt,' the adepts will tell you, 'do not seek to penetrate our mysteries; they will remain, for you, veals itself only to those who desire ardently to have a knowledge of it. Scofefrs and skeptics will find it forever closed to them.'

Jacques de Vignes was here taken with a violent fit of coughing, which caused a deathlike pallor to overspread his handsome and melancholy countenance. He recovered his breath with difficulty, and turning to the doctor, as if encouraged by a secret

"And you yourself were a witness the occurrence?" he asked, in a choking voice. "You saw this young the age in which we live. Materialism girl re-born into existence, recover into her undiminished?"

"I do not discuss the question whether the material fact occurred," responded Davidoff, "I give you solely and simply its psychological consequences. Wladimir Alexievich, seeing Maria Fredorowna, whom he adored, expiring gradually, as the flame of a lamp expires for want of oil, sought in vain, by turns, the help of every physician in Moscow, and having sent for me to St. Petersburg,-me, who am now speaking to you-only to hear from my lips her sentence of death, conceived the idea of directing himself to an old Tongouze sorceress who had brought with her from Nijni-Novgorod the reputation of being able to work miracles. He went one evening-Christmas eve it was -to the wretched hovel outside the city which she lived, to consult her. The witch, after performing in his persence her terrific incantations, gave him in a wooden cup a strangely smelling beverage to drink. As he hes-

itated to drink it she looked at him with threatening air and said: You pretend to love a woman, and to desire to save her life, even at the expense of your own, and yet you are afraid to drink a liquid because the nature of it is unknown to you, and you think it may be poison. Oh, man! son of man a coward like ail men,

suffer and shed tears like a man, since you are not able to elevate yourself above humanity!" As she spoke, Wladimir Alexievich, touched with shame, emptied the rude goblet at a draught, and felt as if seized with a sudden intoxication. A delicious warmth pervaded his frame and he felt himself become lighter and lighter, until it seemed to him as if he were floating in air. His eyes

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breezes. Little by little he lost the consciousness of terrestrial things, and in the midst of a divine transport, an ecstatic heatitude, he saw advancing toward him a celestial shape, a shining and wondrous apparition, which in a voice, sweet as the song of angels, thus addressed him:

"Do you wish to purchase the life of her you love? Then give your own in exchange for it. Your soul in her lody, and your body in the cold earth you will have nothing to regret, tince you will dwell in her, and in her happiness will be your joy."

The celestial phontom vanished in luminous mist, and Wladimir Alexievitch regained consciousness. He found himself in the hut of the Tongouze, near a fire of spruce wood. The old woman was muttering confused words, without seeming to take any notice of her guest of an hour. Terrifled by what had been revealed to him, the young man tried to collect his thoughts, and get some clear idea of his strange adventure. He saw before him only a commonplace and filthy hag, who had placed him en rapport with the spirits, as the doorkeeper of a temple opens to the worshiper the sanctuary of the shining gods. He laid his hand on the old woman's shoulder. She turned toward him a dull glance, and in sardonie accento said:

"Well, have you learned what you desired to know?" "By what means did you deprive me

of consciousness of the external world?" he asked. "What was it you gave me to drink?" "What does it matter to you? Did

you behold the spirits?" "By what sorcery did you make them visible to me?"

"Ask that of them! They are here -all around you. Do you doubt it? Remain then without hope. Trust in them, and supreme delight awaits tuov!

The sorceress seemed to grow in stature. Her countenance was ennobled with a rude dignity, and pointing to the door she said to Wladimir "Do not tempt Heaven. Go! And

believe; believe! He dropped on the floor his purse, which the old woman pushed disdainfully toward the hearth with her foot. She extended her arms as if about to make a final invocation, and ner countenance glowing with an inspired light, she repeated in accents that vibrated in the breast of Wladimir Alexievich:

"Believe! poor child! In that is safety. Believe!" He left the hut, returned to his

house, wrote far into the night, and on the following day was found dead in his room. "And did his betrothed recover her

health?" asked Pierre Laurier. "She recovered her health," replied Davidoff, "but although she was beautiful and adored, she would give her hand to none of her suitors, and remained married, as if she had desired to remain faithful to a mysterious and secret love."

"And do you believe in this miracle?" asked Jacques de Vignes, with an effort. Davidoff shock his head, and an-

swered in a tone of raille "Doctors do not believe in much, in has many advocates among my colher strength, her health, as if the leagues. Yet magnetism has, in these vitality of her betrothed had passed latter days, taken on strange forms and opened new horizons to our gaze. We walk side by side with spiritualism, which testifies to the existence of the soul. And, to admit the influence of mental suggestion over subjects in the hypnotic sleep, is not this coming very near to a belief in a superior principle which directs and, as a consequence, governs matter?" "You philosophize, my dear feilow,"

> answer. "On, as for you, Patrizzi," said Pierre Laurier, laughing, "you believe in Saint Januarius, and in serious cases you invoke the aid of the Madonna; you carry branches of coral as a protection against the evil eye, and you turn pale when you see a knife and fork laid crosswise on the tablecloth; you are, consequently, Liready a convert to the juggleries of Davidoff. But Jacques and I, we are tougher, and we need some proofs to convince

responded the prince, "but you do not

"Yet it would be pleasant to believe in a mysterious influence that could restore me to health," murmured the sick man. "Ah, to be able to cling to some supreme hope! would not that itself be health? Has not confidence half the merit in effecting a cure."

"Parhieu! Those are the most reasonable words that have been uttered for the last two hours," cried Pierre Laurier. "To the devil with your witches, your Swedenborgians, your Luar apparitions, and your souls that pass from body to body, like the ferret of Bois-Joli. To give a sick person the assurance that he will recover, is almost sure to cure him; that is the truth! So, take my friend Jacques de vignes here present, who has had himself ordered south because he has taken a cold, make him understand that his malady is purely imaginary. that his lungs are not affected, that be commits a great mistake in thinking that they are in a word, prove to him that he has only a slight ailment, of no consequence whatever, and doing away with the cause you do away with the effect. The aforesaid renounce his languid speech, his languishing airs, his Wertherian glances. a beefsteak, a digar, a pretty woman

"Alas!" murmured Jacques, a severe

friendly voice said:

You do not believe me when I tell you that you are not seriously ill; you do not believe Davidoff, who has expleasure. You make your mether wretched by so-doing, and you cause your sister to shed tears. Is there nothing, then, that will convince you? mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for

to give it to you some night, in a fit of spleen, it would not be a very splendid present. But one should not look a gift-horse in the mouth, and the important point is that you should live, you have everything to make you happy, you who are loved, you who would be regretted. Whilst I-I might throw myself this moment from the terrace of the Casino into the sea and who would regret the fool called Pierre Laurier, the artist powerless to grasp his ideal, the gambler growts

game, the lover scoffer at by his misress, the vivenr weary of life!" He made the table shake with a blow of his clenched hand, his face distorted by a painful emotion and his lips curled in a bitter smile.

indifferent to the emotions of the

"I am stupid indeed to persist in istence I curse every night! To the soreness goes, and you then know that Kingston, Canada. devil with it! Jacques, to you want my

"Come," said Jacques, "you have had another quarrel to-day with Clem-"As if I could!" cried Pierre, grow-

ing very pale and pressing his hand to his forehead, which suddenly grew clouded. "Beat her, then," said Patrizzi, tran-

quilly.

"If I only dared!" cried the young man, his eyes flashing. "But I am the slave of that girl. She does with me whatever she wishes. Her vices, her folies, her infidelities, 1 put up with them all. At times I would like to kill her. And it is I myself I would strike in seeking to escape from her tyranny. Ah, I am cowardly and base. I know that she betrays me. I surprised her the other day in a meeting with an insignificant Italian baritone. She ruins me, she degrades me,

self, yet I have not the strength to break my chain. I am indeed very unfortunate!" "It is ten o'clock," said Jacques de-Vignes. "The carriage must be in

she lowers me more than she does her-

waiting for me. I am going back to Villefranche." "Wrap yourself up well," said the prince; "the nights are cold."

The artist helped his friend on with his overcoat, wrapped a plaid around him, and at the foot of the stairs said to him in a voice that still vibrated with his recent emotion: "Good-night. And remember-count

upon my soul." Dr. Davidoff put Jacques de Vignes into the carriage, closed the door, and gave the coachman his orders. Then, after listening for a moment to the noise of the carriage-wheels rolling on the sand, he slowly returned to the artist, who was looking at the stars while he waited for him.

"Shall we go to the Casino?" asked Patrizzi. "What for? The night is so beauti-

ful, let us walk." "Which way do you go?" "Toward Mentone."

"And you will pause three-quarters of a mile from here, at the door of a villa of which the gate is covered with

"And you will come out in a moment, furicus with others and with vourself. Do not go to see that giri." "And where would you have me go? If obedient to your wishes. I return to my hotel, in the selitude of my cramber, I shall think only of the woman you bid me shun. She holds complete sway over me-I confess it, and the ties that bind me to her must be strong indeed, since, notwithstanding the desperate efforts I have made, I have not been able to break them. After each effort I return to her, weaker and more enslaved than before, and I hate and despise myself for it."

"It is an easy matter, nevertheless, to leave a woman." said the Neapolitan, smiling. "Unhappily one does not find it out until it is too late. But one should make the effort, at all events. It is easy, however, to counsel philosophy to those who are suffering. Good-night, gentlemen. I am going to break the bank."

He lit a cigar and went away. Davidoff and Pierre Laurier continued their walk through the gardens bathed in the moonlight. The air was mild

SPRING REMINDERS OF RHEUMATISM

Raw, Damp Weather Starts the Pain. But the Trouble Lies in the Blood.

Spring weather is bad for rheumatic sufferers. The changes from mild to cold, the raw, damp winds start the aches and twinges, or in the more extreme cases, the tortures of the trouble going. But it must be borne in mind that it is not the weather that causes rheumatism. The trouble is rcoted in the blood-the changeable weather merely starts the pains. The only way to reach the trouble and to cure it is through the blood. The poisonous rheumatic acids must be driven out. Liniments and rubbing may give temporary relief, but cannot possibly Jacques de Vignes will be obliged to cure the trouble. The sufferer is only wasting time and money with this kind of treatment and all the time the He will return to a love for life, for treuble is becoming more deeply rooted harder to cure. There is just one speedy cure for rheumatism-Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They act directly on the impure, acid-tainted blood. They purify and strengthen it rheumatism. Here is strong proof of The painter laid his hand on the the above statements. Mr. J. Routley, shoulder of the sick man, and in a Sydney, Man., says: "I was so badly crippled with rheumatism in my hips and linees that I could hardly go about. I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which I took steadsenined you. You desire, in spite of illy for a couple of months, by which everything, to nurse your uneasiness, time all traces of the trouble had disand to torture yourself, as if for appeared. I can most strongly recommend the Pills to all rheumatic suf-

Sold by all medicine dealers or by Must I de for you what Windimir \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Alexievich die, and give you a seed Co. Brockville, Ont.

the felt himself frameworked into the continue for yours. I have only less rections of light, and his not of much account. Come, if I were the less Breaths fluit Year Side to give it to give it to give it in the count. Rub Screness Away With "Nerviline"

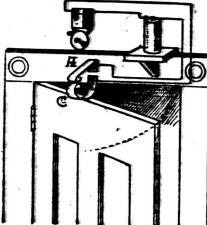
Prompt Action Often Prevents, Nerviline has probably saved you from Pleurisy or Pheumonia

Do long breaths hurt you? Try it, in the home saves the family from loss and see. If you notice a wheeze or a of fills and suffering. A large bottle

rubbing of the back, chest and sore isy stiff neck, sore muscles and enlarg-side with "Nerviline." This wonderful ed joints. liniment sinks into the tissues where it is far more economical than the 25c the pain is seated—gives instant relief. trial size. Sold by dealers everywhere beginning anew every morning the ex- That catch disappears, all sense of or direct from the Catarrhozone

Just try Nervillne for chest tight ness, coughs, aches and soreness it's a wonderful liniment, and when heat catch in your side, then be sure trouble small, and can be depended on as a reliable and mighty prompt cure for Proper action consists in a vigorous rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, pleur-

A REAL BURGLAR ALARM; HERE'S ence Villa. Give her up, my poor friend, since she makes you suffer so HOW ANY OF YOU BOYS CAN MAKE IT



The above diagram shows how simply the open-door alarm is constructed. use of screws would be preferable to nails.

(By an expert electrician.)

"Burglars! Somebody's breaking in through the back door!"

your door with the automatic bell, and cuit automatically.

if a burgiar ever does attempt to break into your house thereafter.

Or, if you don't think your house needs a burgiar alarm, there are sereral other uses for the devise here described. You can put it on your father's office door or on the kitchen door so your mother can leave it unlocked and yet be warned when the delivery boys come in.

It will cost you only about 70 cents for a bell and a dry battery. You'll need also two strips of tin, 1-inch wide by 5 long, which you can probably get for nothing at the tinner's or the hardware store, and a little bit of copper wire.

The two pieces of tin (A and C) are fastened by nails or screws to the door frame and under each is se-In fastening the strips of tin, the cured the bare end of a bell wire, which connects, as shown, to a bell and battery. Brass may be used in place of tin if desired.

By shaping the strips as indicated, the top of the door strikes the lower tin, closing the circuit for only a mo-That's the alarm which will ring ment. As the door opens farther, the out to your ears, boys, if you equip strips spring apart, breaking the cir-



BRUCE'S GIART WHITE FEEDING SEET.—The most valuable Field Root on the market, combines the rich qualities of the Sugar Beet with the long-keeping, large size, easy-harvesting and heavy-cropping qualities of the Mangel. 1/1b, 10c, 1/21b, 1/2b, SRUCE'S MAMMOTH INTERMEDIATE SMCOTH WHITE CARRET—The best of all field Carrots. DRUCE'S CHART YELLOW INTERMEDIATE MANGEL - Very close second to our Giant White.

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PREE Our handsomely illustrated 112 page catalogue of Vegetable,
Farm and Flower Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Poultry Supplies,
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and gragrant. They left the town, and and other valuables found on the streets to their right at the base of the rocks of Toledo of the along the shore they could see the National Association of News sea, shining like a silver mirror. The night was so bright that the lights of the vessels in the distance shone red of good in the and tremulous They descended the portunities for usefulness ought to all the rest of us.—C. llier's to all the rest of us.-Callier's, moment near a clump of mastic and cactus bushes, their glances piereing As long as 1641 an English travinto space, and oppressed, as it were, by the expanse tefore them. A sudden noise, as of an animal rising alruptly from a thicket, arrested their attention and a moment later they saw

aeclivity a man carrying a gun that glittered in the mocnlight. "What is that?" asked Davideff, in surprise.

running up the path on the side of the

Pierre Laurier looked at the man attentively, and then answered: "A custom house officer." They paused. The man continued to

ascend the hill. Arrived on the flat, he looked at the two pedestrians suspiciously. The spot was deserted, although they had left the last house not more than two miles behind then, But the whole coast is a wild one and favorable to the enterprise sinugglers.

"Lo yeu take us for contrabandists" said the artist. "No. sir," replied the officer, "not below that I see you near by: but below now that I see you near by; but below

there, when I saw you stand motionless, I thought you had just given some signal." "Are there smugglers in the country, then?"

(To be Continued.)

MAN WHO BEFRIENDED THE TOLEDO NEWEBOYS.

(Mr. Gunckel's Way) A few days ago hundreds of newsboys and other hundreds of Toledo's business men escorted an invalid from his home in men escorted an invalid from his home in Toledo to the railway depot and silently waved an affect as he was taken to Baltimore for an operation in an attempt to save his life. He was John E. Gunckel, local passawers agent at Toledo for the local passenger agent at Toledo for the Lake Shore Railroad, universally known as the "Father of the Newsboys." His career as the patron of newsboys began by taking out to dinner one or two street by taking out to dinner one or two street urchins he took a fancy to. That custom grew into a Sunday afternoon entertainment for all the newsboys of Toledo, and annually a big Christmas dinner, the funds for which Gunckel used to raise among the business men of Toledo. These gatherings led to a newsboys' association the by-laws of which boys' association, the by-laws of which prohibited the smoking of cigarettes, and swearing. The boys themselves named their own censors, and these looked after the morals of the crew. If they caught the morals of the crew. If they caught a kid smoking a cigarette or swearing or short-changing a customer on the street, they would report to the association, which assessed the punishment for these offenses. The organization finally took in the newspaper carriers of Toledo, and with the assistance of Mr. A. E. Lang, one-time president of Toledo's street-car system, they built Tolledo's famous Newsboys' Home, with swimming pools, gymnasium, reading rooms, etc., Gunkel taught the boys the strictest honor, and these wards of his have turned in hundreds of pocketbooks

during the course of a year e Toledo movement grew the had an enorm us membership. V a kindly impulse, can do so

Old Forts of Antwerp.

eler to Antwerp was impressed by the extensive character of its fortifications. "The graffs, ramourts and platforms are stupendous, writes John Evelyn in his diary. ** * But there was nothing about this city which more ravished me than those delicious shades and walkes of stately trees, which render the fortier workes of the towne one of the sweetest places in Europe; nor did l ever observe a mere quiet, cleane, elegently built and civil place than this magnificent and famous city of Antherp.

Greatness.

Genuine greatness is marked by similarity, unostentatiousness, selfforgetfulness, a hearty interest in others, a feeling of brotherhood with the human family.—Channing.

For Rheumatism

WHAT PETER F. PATTERSON _ SAYS OF DODD'S KIDNEY

Gaspe Co. Man Civos Advice to all Who Want to be Cured of Kidney

Haldimand, Gaspe Co., Que., April 12 -(Special).-"I have just opened the third box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and find they are doing me word good for the Kidneys and 13 tism," so says Mr. Peter F. Parreson, a well known resident of this, lace. "My troubles came through a cold and strain," Mr. Patterson economics, "and I suffered for many years. I had headache, backache and rheumatism. My sleep was broken and unrefreshing. I had a bitter taste in my mouth in the morning and I perspired freely with the slightest exertion. I was often dizzy; I was

was nervous and my skin itched and burned at night. "After using Dodd's Kidney Pills recommend them to everyone who wants to be cured."

troubled with heart flutterings;

Everyone of Mr. Patterson's att ments was a symptom of Kidney disease. That's why he found prompt relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills. They only cure Kidney disease.

Slav countries, where the atmosphere dors. His blood surged in his veins COUNT TEN! BAD COLD RELIEVED FIGURE THREE HOURS--COLD CURED

ozone: It Cures Completely.

Don't sniffle and sneeze with a nasty cold. Kill if at once with "Catarrhosome." It's the surest thing on colds ever known; simply knocks them out in no time. The medicated vapor of efficial action is felt instantly. Does ot matter whether the cold is in the d, chest or lungs, Catarrhosone will i it and cure it quickly.

ing of piney vapors that come from fit of coughing shaking his frame. "If the wonderful Catarrhozone inhaler.

tarrhozone is simply a magical cure for colds," writes P. F. Clement, of Augusta . "For days last winter my head was completely filled up with cold. My eyes ran water. I sneezed and coughed constantly. I took many medicines. I was sick of the sight of them. Finally, branes, stopped the successing, and

it were only possible for me to hope! hold upon it growing weaker."

love life, and every day I feel my and thus root out the cause of the