THE ATHENS REPORTER, APRIL 17, 1912.

Sybil's Doom xxx &

MANANANANANANANANANANANANANANA

all red cuts with that brutal whip. I'm so sorry! Here, take this, and tell me I'm your name. "My name's Joe Dawson, and I don't

want your money, miss, thanky." "Never mind; keep it, Joe Dawson. Oh, won't I tell papa of this when he comes home! Joe, I'd-I'd do anything for you if you would only tell me what you said to Mrs. Ingram."

"I'm very sorry, miss, but I can't tell you. I must go, if you please; he'll be aiting

Who'll be waiting?"

"Mr. Macgregor, miss." "What!" Gwen eried, "are you Mr. Macgregor's new servant? Did he send you here?'

"Yes, miss." "With a message?"

"With a note, miss."

"To Mrs. Ingram?"

"Yes, miss." "Was it the note that made her so angry-that made her horsewhip you? "No, miss."

Something you said to her yourself?" "Yes, miss." "Did she answer the note?"

"Yes, miss. She tore it up, and told me to tell him so. And I must go, miss." eried out poor Joe, frantically. "I must get back before nine."

He fairly broke from the baronet's daughter, and rode rapidly home. The silver stars were all sown broadcast in the deep blue August sky before he reached the Retreat. His master was eaning over the low thicket, enjoying the moonlight and his inevitable eigar. "Well, Joe," he said; "and you saw

the lady? Yes, sir."

"And delivered my note?"

Yes. sir.

"What's the answer, my lads" "Sae tore it up in little pieces, and told me she defied you, and you might

do your worst!' 'Humph! She did, did she? Little devil! Joe, my boy," laying his nand suddenly on his servant's shoulder, "did you know her?"

'I did, sir," Joe answered, very quietly

"And she knew you !"

Joe lifted his head and took off his cap. The moonlight fell full on the grisly marks of the horsewhip. "Look here, sir." he said, huskily. "I

book here, sir, he said, hiskily, "I told her who I was; I showed her the picter. She threw it into the fish-pond. She snatched the whip out of my hand, and she gave me this," "Good God!' Macgregor said, abso-

lutely tarning white with norror, "your mother did that, Joe !"

"She called me a liar and a hound; she did this. I don't mind the pain, sir isn't that-

it isn't that-" The lad's voice broke down, and he sobbed outright.

"Joe. Joe, my poor fellow," his master his own eyes humid.

said, his own eyes humid. But Joe Dawson turned abruptly sway, and plunged into the woodland. "It is over!" Macgregor said, between his clinched teeth. "By the Eternat! she shall reap as she sows. She has sown the wind—she shall reap the whirlwind. You have gone the length of your tether, Mrs. Ingram. Now beware of Angus Macgregor!

An hour after, following guardedly in the direction Joe had taken, he came upon him lying on the grass, face down ward still as a stone

CHAPTER XXIII.

The pretty widow at Chulleigh Chase, besides the virtues of beauty, elegance of things as we? Bah! the best of us and grace, had the additional virtue of are cosmetiqued and crinolined babies being a constant attendant at divine worshin

Twige et ery Sunday, rain or shine you

You poor fellow! Just see your face, | church, may be mentioned Colonel Tre vanio On the day following that little horse

Whipping scene, the pretty widow, float-ing up the aisle and into the big state pew, burying her face in a perfumed cob-web of lace handkerchief, saw yet very distinctly Cyril Trevanion watching her with burning eyes from his place in the

chance!. She was alone this Sunday. Sir Ru pert was in London, and Gwendoline had openly mutined. Plantagenet would not be there.

"No, I won't go!" Gwen said, tossing saucily her red-brown curls; "I won't pretend to be a Christian on Sunday and horsewhip poor defenseless servant-boys on Saturday. You may go to church, and pray for forgiveness-a dare

say you need it-but I shall stay at It was the first time her pupil had

openly rebelled. The widow grew pale with anger. "Miss Chudleigh, how dare you? You

forget yourself. I shall repeat this inso lence to your father." "I know you will," G.ven retorted

with a second toss; "and more, too, if necessary. I've got a little story for him also-that charming scene where the elegant Mrs. Ingram horsewhips poor Joe Dawson. J'il ask Mr. Macgregor to Dawson. J'il ask Mr. Macgregor to make a sketch of it for me, and I'll hang it up in my room and relate the adven-ture to all your numerous admirers." "You impertinent-" The widow made

as though to box her audacious pupil's ears, but Miss Chudleigh drew herself

suddenly up, with flashing blue eyes. "Don't you lay a finger on me, Mrs. Ingram! I am Sir Rupert Chudleigh's daughter and heiress. You are—what daughter and heiress. You are-what are you, Mrs. Ingram? I wonder if that poor Joe Dawson knows?"

Mrs. Ingram stood white to the lips with intense rage, yet powerless before this impertinent little girl. "You sing quite a new tune of late,

Miss Chudleigh," she said, with a sneer "It is well to have good blood in one" veins, even on one's father's side. Or has the licutenant, Michael Cassio, the great Dobbs, proposed; and are you and he t to make a moonlight flitting of How delighted Sir Rupert will be about to find the Tallow Candle of the haugh

ty Dobbs added to the Chudley quarter With which parting shot Mrs. Ingram who let very few people ever get th

better of her, swept away to church alone. And when service was over, she found herself surrounded by a httle throng of devoted admirers in the porch. She had a amile, and a word, and a not or a touch of the exhand for all, and, as she the exquisitely kidded looked into the haggard face and blood shot eyes of Cy-ril Trevanion, she pressed into ins palm a tiny note. As she drove away in the dainty fitter way phacton, with its high stepping ponies

she arched her slender eyebrows with a half-pitying, half-contemptuous smile. "Poor wretch! how drearily miserable he does look, and how absurdly he is in

he does look, and now abstrary he is in fatuated with me. Thank Heaven, I have never known what love meant since I was a moon-struck girl of fifteen. A lovesick woman is, of all the sicken-ing idiots upon the earth, the most sick ening, except a love-struck man, and he is worse. Why do men-magnificent fellows that they can be, a little lower than the gods, great in war, great in the Senate, with the world and all its glor

ies at their feet-why do they even to lose their chade for such dots stoop to lose their chads for such dots of things as we? Bah! the best of us

of a taller growth, with souls no higher than our ringlets and ribbons, and and just strong enough to tear each reputations and bonnets to tatters without morey. Half imbeciles make one woman never knows mercy for an the's to be pitied, too.' But we -oh, Heaven help the poor victim left to the tender mercies of her own sex! The note which Mrs. Ingram had left in the grasp of her haggard worshiper bore neither date nor signature, and was written in a feigned hand. "Don't come here to-lay. Be at the en-trance of the deer-park to-morrow night at half past nine. Have a pony-chaise in waiting and fetch a dark Destroy this." lantern

windows, and sleeping a good deal. He went nowhere—he had nowhere to go, indeed, for he was universally disliked, and he had the pleasure of seeing his arch-enemy, Macgregor, sauntering arm in arm, beneath his casement, with Col-onel Gaunt and young Lord Racer, of the Royal Rifles.

Monday night came, chill for August, Monday night came, chill for August, with an overcast sky and a raw, com-plaining wind fresh from the sea. As the late dusk fell, Colonel Trevanion rat-tled away from the Silver Swan in a pony-carriage, the dark lantern be-neath the seat, to keep tryst with the widow. He secured the chaise just with-out the orates and walked up to the out the gates, and walked up to deer-park, shivering slightly, partly the with

deer-park, shivering slightly, partly with nervous dread, partly with cold. Physi-cally and morally the man was craven to the core; and the weird shadows cast by the trees, the sough of the gale in the woodland, the scampering of the red deer and rabbits through the open made his teeth chatter like a hysterical girl's. The houd voiced clock over the cibles The loud-voiced clock over the stables olemnly tolled nine as he took his sta-

"Half an hour to wait," he thought, discontentedly; "and this place is dis-mal as a church-yard."

He struck a lucifer and lighted a cigar -man's "best companion" in sorrow, in joy, in shadow and sunshine. He leaned against a vast old oak—a dryed pat-riarch—and smoked and watched the clouds scudding wildly across the stormy sky, and the dull diapason of rising ind and sea.

"A wild night," the watcher thought; "the storm will be with us before mid-

What was that? A shadow flitting along in the cloudy moonlight-a shad-ow not of deer or rabbit. A thin, cold hand grasped his wrist and held him as in a vise. The man absolutely cried out, so unexpected was it, so nervous was he

-a.sil-"Faugh!" said a scorning voicevery voice be knew, which yet had a hard, metallic ring; "don't show the white feather so soon. It is I, Cyril Trevanion, and not a ghost, as I sup-pose you take me to be. Have you been long weiting?" long waiting?" "Half an hour," sulkily. "You might

have come sooner.

"Yes, I might have come at midday, if I choose, but I didn't. Have you the chaise and dark lantern?' What do you "Yes-just outside. want them for?"

"You will want them present-not I, if your-ahem!-constitutional caution is not greater than your love for me, your desire for revenge and riches. The chaise is take you to Monkswood Priory and the lantern is to light you on your way to the lost will."

"To Monkswood Priory, to-night?"

"Yes; a terrible ordeal, is it not? You may meet the prior's ghost, awful and grim, and you're sure to be frightened into fits by whole legions of rats and beetles. I feel for you, really; but, unfortunately, it is 'nothing venture, noth

She snecred as she looked up in his face. She despised him thoroughly as all women, good or bad, are pretty safe to despise the most virtuous and most learned of men if a coward. As we were in the days of which Homer sung, we will be to the end of the chapter: blind adorers of what few of us possess physical courage and strength

"What is it I am to do?" Cyril Tre-vanion said, stung by her taunting tone. "If the will is to be found, I will find

"Spoken like a man! Let me see you act like one. The will is hidden in the Priory, and"—she lowered her voice to a thrilling whisper—the dead body of General Trevanion with it!"

Rose Ingram could feel her lover's convulsive start and recoil as she held him thus. "Swear!" she hissed in his ear-"swear by all you hold dear on earth and sacred in heaven, to keep the secret 1 am about

to reveal-swear! She shook him unconsciously, in her fierce excitement.



Sama Section 1

PILES CURED

Writing from Poplar, B.C., Mrs. C. Hanson, proprietress of the Commer-cial Hotel, says: "I suffered for years with bleeding piles. The pain was no bad at times that I could hardly walk, and ordinary remedies seemed utterly and ordinary remedies seemed utterly unable to give me any ease. Finally I decided to undergo an operation, and went to the Sacred Heart Hospital in Spokane. There they performed an operation. For a time I was certainly better, but within twelve months the better, but within twelve months the piles became as painful as ever. I tried liniments, hot poultices, various 'pile cures,' and indeed everything I could think would be likely to do any good, but still I continued to suffer, and the shooting, burning, stinging o pains, the dull, aching, 'worn-out' feeling that the disease causes con-tinued as bad as ever. .

"One day I read about Zam-Buk and thought I would try it. The first and thought I would try it. The first one or two boxes gave me more ease than anything else I had tried, so I went on with the treatment. In a short time I began to feel altogether different and better. Well, I went on using Zam-Buk, and by the time I had used six boxes I was delighted to find myself entirely cured. That was three boxes are and those here here no ears ago, and there has been no

Zam-Buk is a sure cure for piles, ema, ulcers, abscesses, eruptions. happed bands, varicose sores, burns chapped hands, varicose sores, burns, scalds, bruises, inflamed patches, and all skin injuries and diseases. Drug-gists and stores everywhere, 50c. box, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.



in her eyes—those wild, wicked black eyes—and she will take the will! I am afraid of her. It is not safe under my pillow. And what will Cyril say to me when he comes? Hah!'—he started

The when he comes! That! — he started up in bed suddenly—there is the Prior's Cell. She will never find it there!' "His eyes were wide open, glassy and staring. I declare to you I turniled all over with fear as I looked at hum. He never saw me, though I stood up b fore him. He flung down the

fore him. He flung down the bed-clothes, slowly arose, and stood before me, like a galvanized corpse, in his long night gown and death-white face. Les, he arose and stood on his feet in his sleep-that dying man, who could not have lifted himself in bed to save his

soul alive, in his waking moments. "He took the will out from under the pillow, walked unsteadily over to the table, and lifted up a candle burning there beside the dim night-lamp. He made no noise: and if he had, Cleante and Mrs. Telfer slept a great deat too soundly to be disturbed by it.

"Til hide it in the Prior's Cell,' he muttered again. 'She will never find it there

"He crossed the room, carrying candle and the parchment in his left hand, straight to the figure of Eve. You the 'Adam and Eve' room, of know course, and all that intricate carving of fierce exercent and the window there is a figure of Eve and the window there is a figure of Eve and the window there is a cluster of roses, in no way remarkable from the other carved work of the walls. ed by our own workmen, and carries a

LAVING CABLES 3 MILES DEEP.

Ey arrangements of the British Post master-General, the rates for cablegrams have been greatly lowered during the night time. It is believed that as a resuit a greatly increased number of cablegrams will be sent.

Few people know what a tremendous work is the laying of a submarine cable extending for many thousands of miles Each mile of the cable in the deep sea will weigh somewhere about a ton and a half, while each mile of the shore ends weign as much as twenty-eight

tons. Special ships are used for laying the cable, which is always paid out at a greater rate than the ship travels in or-det to cope with the irregularities at the bottom of the sea. More than this, when the sea is deep quite a consider-able time elapses before the cable reach-es the end.

det to cope with the irregularities at the bottom of the sea. More than this, when the sea is deep quite a consider-abe time elapses before the cable reach-es the end. When the sais is steaming at its usual rate over two and a lai' heurs before the cable reaches the bed of the sea. At that there a point of the cable which was on the ship two and a balf hours prov-icusly will be twenty-five miles in the rear of the vestel. The paying out process requires great care, as if the ropp great confast the whole cable would out through butter. Hence special brakes are applied and retarding wheels are used. All the time the cable is being paid out electricians are carefully testing it in a little labor-tory on the vessel. Should anything go wrong the'cable is hauled back again. The cables themselves are specially sheathed in stout from in order to protect the precious wires which convey the cur-four of the vessel. Should anything go us ong the'cable is hauled back again. The cable and so run it. In such a case a layer of brass taps is placed around the external from wires. The cable and so run it. In such a case a hayer of brass taps is placed around the external in wires. The shore ends are always made con-siderably stouter than the deep sea por-tion, so that they may not be damaged in such are applied againstic. The shore ends are always made con-tion so that they may not be damaged in such cases linked armor is used. The shore end side at the fastened for a mile or two from the shore, and the two ends are spliced together. As soon as an end is found all right, is spliced on to a place of good cable, the other end of a buoy. Then the other end is fished up, and if found all right, is spliced on to a place of good cable, the other end of which is spliced on the end of the is cable in the start for two ends are spliced together. As soon as an end is found all right, is spliced on to a place of good cable, the other end of which is spliced on the end of the is cable were bang to the end of the scather the shore is

ered. On the next attempt a man-of-war con-taining half of the cable, nearly went to the bottom in a storm owing to the

the bottom in a storm owing to the weight. A few miles were paid out, however, when again the cable snapped. The work was started again, but after forty miles had been laid out another irceak occurred again. Still another attempt was made, which did not come to an end until a hundred miles had been paid out, and the enterprise was abandoned for the time being.

being. It will be seen that laying an Atlantic cable is by no means a light task.



sarety-thus ran the chivalric code, and therefore each knight who drew near king or emporer swept off his hel-met, showing that he dared to stand un-covered. Helmets, as time went on, were exchanged for less warlike forms of headgear, but the custom, becoming general outlived all changes and rec-On Friday, March 15th, we commence ed our anneal slaughter sile of all used instruments in stock. This year sees instruments in stock. with double the number we ever upon several customs. Sword, helmet, gauntiet-the fact that these were once had. Some eighty-five instruments are offered and among them organs bearpart of the necessary equipment of knight or gentleman colors our habits ing names of such well-known makers as Bell, Karn, Thomas, Doherty and Dominion. The prices of these range Dominion. The prices of these range from \$15 to \$60 at the above terms The pianos bear such well-known names of makers as Decker, Thomas, Herald, Weber, Wormwith and Heintzman & or pointeness, but when attack, it was necessary to have the sword arm free. Co. Every instrument has been repair-

RESULTS HE GOT WERE PERFECT

Sam Mallette's Bright's Disease

Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

He Suffered Tortures and the Doctor

Boxes Cured Him.

well.

Failed to Give Relief but Three

Rutter Station, Ont., April 15 .-- (Spe-

has a reason. "My sickness started from a strain,"

Mr. Mallette continues, "and for a year I did not know a well day. My

sleep was broken and unrefreshing, my appetite was fitful and my limbs would

"Then rheumatism set in and neural-

then Theumatism set in and neural-gia, backache, headache and heart trouble added to my tortures. I was attended by a doctor but he did me no lasting good. "Finally, when Bright's Disease had

me in its grasp. I decided to try Dodd'e Kidney Pills, and after taking three boxes. I was as well as ever I was in mv life. I have had no pain since and advise all my friends who suffer from kidney disease to take Dodd's Kidney Pills on the owned".

Mr. Mallette's case shows what ne-

glected kidney disease will result in and what splendid results Dodd's Kid-

EVERY DAY CUSTOMS.

Free Use of the Sword Hand-Med-

iaeval Visiting Cards.

Certain customs in vogue at the

present day, such as shaking hands or

offering the left arm to a lady, are of

considerable antiquity. It is said that

Phoenicians introduced the former habit

into Britain, and that upon the shores of

Mount May many a bargain in tin be-tween eastern merchants and Cornish-men was ratified by this method of

clasping hands. Certain other customs no less widely

bserved have come down to us from

later period, says the London Globe.

whether in salution or as a defensive

neausre-retaining the sword hand while some treaty was being arranged -must need strip off his steel gauntlet.

So at the present time men pull off heir right hand glove before shaking ands with a lady. The wearing of

hands with a lady. The wearing of glove or gauntlet, indeed, at one per-iod was something of a challenge in itself; thus no men wore gloves in the

presence of royalty, an absence which indicated also absence of hostile in-

A similar idea in all probability ac-

counts for the habit of showing court-esy by lifting or removing the hat. Only when no danger threatened would a

warrier in olden days venture to stand uncovered; in the royal presence was safety-thus ran the chivalric code,

general, outlived all changes, and re

mains unto this day the principal meta-od of showing reverence.

The age of chivalry has left its mark

Still a man offers a lady his left arm,

a practice which recalls times when es

cort was by no means solely a matter

of politeness, but when in order to

Still, when a stranger calls

In

and yet one sufficiently remote. mediaeval times he who shook h

Pills and be cured."

ney Pills give.

Mr

And he

cial).—"I got perfect results Dodd's Kidney Pills." So says Sam Mallette of this place. Ar

saw her in the baronet's great carved, | other's and cushioned, and curtained pew, her large, tender, dark eyes raised with kil- always the most tyrannically brital ling execution to the preacher's face, and task-masters; that is why, I dare say, ling execution to the preacher's face, and the dimpled chin and rose-bloom cheeks framel in some exquisite gem of a Parisian court.

was very devout, and carried book of Common Prayer, and prayed for the queen and royal family, and "us mis-erable sinners," with an unction good to hear ...

was not only very devout herself. but the cause of devotion in others: for besides half a dozen bearded adorers. who followed their dove-like divinity to church morning and afternoon, she in-sisted on fetching Gwendoline, willy-miv. Sir Rupert laughed sardomeally, nd issued a poternal built that his daughter was to ober.

don't suppose it will do her any grimly. "She'll criticise the bonnets, and eyes at those fellows from Speckhaven Barricks, or fail asteen over the sermon: but take her with you, by all means, my dear madame. Going to church on Sunday gives an air o respectability to week-day sins, and don't want her at home."

Gwendoline did criticise the bonnets, and "make eves" at the fellows from Speekhaven Barracks. I regret to sav: and, if she didn't fall asleep during the sermon, fidgetel and yawaed fearfully in

h blissful, times! Lieutenant P. S. Dobbs swarmed up the aisle in musti, with those southn spiring whiskers and heavenly eyes o his: and then the damp. stuffy old church turned suddenly to puradise, and

church turned suddenly to orradise, and Gwendoline to one of the peris. They rather boked fungat the ficuter-ant, and his frin, diffish ince his bro-ther efficients. They called him "Post-erint Dolds." In sarcastic allusion to fis-initials, and made sardonic inquires as other Miss Chudleigh had propos ed yet, suggesting that he had better write home to Mamma Dobbs to come and protect her helpless lambkin, and demand Miss C's, intentions,

They were rather clumsy and ponder ous, these mess room jokes like tokers themselves, big. florid faced, ganger whiskered, slashing, dashing, tox-hunting fellows, hard riders, hard drinkers, hard swearers, and who would have

called an archangel names. Among the train of devotees whom that fair saint, Mrs. Ingram, drew to the town, staring molily out of

Cyril Trevanion read and obeyed. He twisted the widow's note into a pipe-lighter and lighted his meerschaum as

he walked back to the Silver Swau. He had sent to Trevanion for his luggage, and the story was whispered through the town how General Trevanon's heiress and General Trevanion's son quarreled and parted. Of course, the men and the women took each their own view of the matter. "Served the beggar right," Colonel

Gaint said, at the head of the mess the town, staring moodily out of the ieuce- a sulky, underbred cur! By George! sir, it speaks ill for the old blood to see it deteriorate in this man-The Trevanions were the bravest soldiers, the most gallant gentlement that ever graced battle-field or ball room, and now look at the last of 'em!' wonder if there is such a thing as "Trevanion used to be one of the a forlorn hope or scaled a breach. By Jovel he was idelized in the regiment, and he was the dead-shot – and crack swordsman of the brigade. When I look at him as he is, and think of what he used to be-"

Caputain Harcourt shrugged his

shoulders and passed the claret. "I always knew how it would end," was the feminine verdict over the post meridian Souchong. "She has got fortune, and she throws him over, ourse. She will be presented at cour course. Sue will be presented at court next season by Lady Lemox and will marry a title and a coronet without doubt. The girl has no heart, and she has the pride and ambition of the Mil-tonian Lucion on the fibere for force for a large

onian Lucifer, or-the fierce, fearless Trevanions." Cyril Trevanion passed the period of

probation as best he might - smoking endless cigars, strolling aimlessly about the

you this. But you are not Cyril Tre-vanion, and the dead man is nothing The will is. Together we will to voit. find it, together we will share his wealth, together we will enjoy our re venge. Swear!'

"I swear."

"I swear." "Then, listen." She drew near, slip-ping her hand through his arm, and speaking in a rapid, hissing whisper, "Sybil Trevanion guessed aright when she surmised that I knew the secret of Murkement Weather and the secret of Monkswood Waste. I did not murder and carry off General Trevanion, as think she half believes I did, but I I what became of him and the will-the will. Cyril, that leaves you sole nos or of fifteen thousand a year-"Go on," he said, hoarsely, breathless

ly: "only tell me where to find that will!"

"Let me tell you the story of that night," the widow said, steadily. "Part of it you have already heard. How Sybil Trevanion left me and returned to her chamber for the second time. She gave me a rare fright, I promise am not easily frightened, either when she appeared before me, on the threshold, like a ghost, and found me in the very act of stealing the will from under the sick man's pillow. For I was about to steal it. I hated General Tre-vanion's son-never you mind why-and it lay in my power, he would never inherit his father's wealth. Some pr ence told the old man himself what was about. He started up in bed, grasp ed me by the wrist, and cried out shril ly I was about to murder him. All this you know. I glossed the thing over to her. The old man fell back in a stupor. I persuaded Sybil to return to her r nd I was again alone with the dying eigneur of Monkswood.

What I intended to do, I hardly knew. To have the will I was resolved but how to secure it without exciting suspicion was a puzzle. No doubt the master I had served so long, and who had never yet wholly deserted me in ped some plan into my head before morning, had not the old man himself saved me the trouble. It is a marvel but, though I hate to use the hackneyed -a great deal stranger, as it turned out in this case. "The sick man could not sleep; a

haunting dread of me seemed to have taken possession of him. He tossed rest-lessly, muttering to himself. I could catch a phrase incoherently here and there, and always of me and the will. "She will murder me,' he said-'I saw it ham yesterday morning."

secret spring, which moves upon th slightest touch. A pressure of this old nan's feeble fingers sufficed to set it in notion. "A low, narrow door-way slid inward

there

lot see.

was a rush of cold air that extin Hamilton. guished the candle, and a black gulf yawned before me. Where it led I could



Till Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills cured his Kidney Trouble

There are few diseases that cause mor acute suffering than Kidney Trouble and Mr. F. A. Thomas, of Sudbury Ont. is one of those who know it. Ile writes "For over three years I suffered from kidney disease. First I thought I had sprained my back, for suddenly the pain would catch the small of my back and it would be impossible for me to straighten myself up for several minutes. A dull ache across the kidneys was always pres ent, my urine was thick and cloudy, and passing it caused a burning, scalding pain. Tried medicines, but they failed. I was advised to try Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills, as they had cured my wife years before. A few boxes affected a complete cure. I now enjoy the bles-sings of rood health, which is due to this remedy."

Don't neglect kidney trouble-it's to langerous as well as too painful. Tha Indian Root Pills, has cured thousands and will cure you. It is equally effective in curing constipation and its attendant evils, biliousness, indigestion and sick headaches, and in purifing the blood. 25c a box at your druggist's. 10

A SURE SIGN.

(Detroit Free Press.) "Well, she's started housecleaning." "House all torn up?" "Not yet." "Not yet." "Rugs in the backyard?" "No, that comes next, though." "Painters and decorators on the job?" "No."

"Furniture all piled in one room?"

"Window curtains down?" "Furniture all piled in one room?"

"Window curtains down?" "No, but she's started housecleaning

"What makes you think so, if the house hasn't been distarbed?" "She bought The purpose of a journey is not only to arrive at a goal, but to fi ment on the way.-Van Dyke.

voors' marantee and as a' leino. first time he sends in his card, partly, inducement we will make an agreement to take any instrument back on exchange for a better one any time within three years and allow every cent prid. Send post card at once for complete ist, with full particulars. Heintzman & Co., 71 King street east,

PRISONERS OF INDIA.

Report Explains Their Methods-A Roman Secret Society.

Arsenic is common'y employed by the professional poisoner in India, who will poison a whole family to make sure of one victim. The reports of the Bombay Government analyst throws some light

on the methods. The poison is usually given in sweetmeats and generally by a "strange wo-man." who has been met in the street and who mysteriously disappears. This strange woman" is found in every an yst's report for the last twenty year and in circumstances so identical that would almost seem to be the same erson. Will this elusive person ever er-on.

captured by the Indian police". Atsenic has perhaps been more fremeetly used than any other poison for riminal purposes. It has been proved lentical with the "wonderful elivir" of he seventeenth century, when secret acisoning became so, frequent in Italy hat the eleggy, despite the rules of the confessional acquired Pope Alexan-ler VII, in 1648 with the extent of the soit-tice

It was found that young widows vere alumdant in Rome, and that me of the unhappy marriages were speeduly lisesolved by the death of the husband. A secret society of young matrons was discovered, which met at the house of of La Spara, a reputed witch, who sup-plied them with a slow, tisteless, colorless poison carefully calculated to kill a hushand in just the time that suited he purchaser La Spara and thirteen of her comput-ons were hanged, a large number of the culprits were whipped half nakel through the streets of Rome, while others of the highest rank escaped heavy fines and banishment .- London Chroniele.

but to find enjoy

no doubt, in order that his name and possible husiness may be made clear, but partly also because in olden days who desired entrance to palace on castle must send some token as warrant of peaceful intent.

even now.

tent.

This token was perhaps a ring or some jewel known to the lord of the castle. which would serve as a guarantee for the sincerity of its bearer; in a less artistic age the stranger who desires artistic age the stranger who desired admission contents himself with a slip of pasteboard whereon his name is printed in black letters. The visiting card indeed is the un

doubted descendant of that ring or piece of parchment which often obtained for its possessor admission into the mediaeval castle. To-day the most may be gone, the drawbridge too, and arm ed retainers no longer peer over the bat tlements with arquebus or halberd in suspicious readiness, but the front door often acts as an efficient moat and retainers need not be armed in order to prove repellent.



(Will Carleton, in Harper's Week'y)

(Will Carleton, in Harper's Week'?)
Out of the harbor she sought long ags.
Harbor that welcomed, but served not to save.
Under the clouds bending pitious and low Creat the great ship to her grave.
Not from the oattle's tumultuous breath Not from the glory of victory's morn;
But from her travall of flame and of death, Lo, a Republic was born.

Not in the arms of this Queen of the Wearles

Wrecks. Lingered the dust of her far-famous dead: Porest of palms halled the flag on her decks-Boses above her were spread. Lying in rough state mid sunlight or glocm: Now, the world's plandits each step of

the way Followed her path to the tomb.

Followed her path to the tomb. Full sixty fathoms we buried her low, "Noth the rough sea and the ne'er-charlow skies: Far from nudesting of filend or of foe. Headless of tempests site lies. Lies in the arms of the ocean waves pressed. With the wet sea-roses over her spread. While with the love of a nation cares-Arlington cares for her dead. sed.

