### CARDOME.

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE CHAPTER XXVI

The sun was several hours high The sun was several hours high when Clay Powell came within sight of the tall cedars and pine trees that shaded the broad lawn of Willowwild. The horse's step was weary, and the beautiful black neck and shapely head were drooped dejectedly, for he had travelled hundreds of wilss in the past week.

ly, for he had travelled hundreds of miles in the past weeks.

"A few more steps and you will find rest and food, my good horse," said the master, as he caught sight of the familiar evergreens. And then, from a narrow lane, a company of home guards poured into the road before him. A guddan malanase. before him. A sudden paleness showed under the bronze of Powell's

showed under the broke of rowers face. He leaned low over the borse's black neck. "Kyrat!" he called, somewhat scothingly, but with a note of command thrilling his tones. The horse started, lifted his head, stopped. The master bent lower, passed his right hand along the lossy neck, even until it reached he smooth cheek, and said: "Kyrat, ny beautiful! never had man horse my beautiful! never neu like you, since the steed whose name you bear lay down to die in the shadow of his master's tent in Koordistan! Look, there on the road be fore us they wait, my enemies. Yonder is home. Once more, my Yonder is none.
good steed, your master trusts his
life to you! Once more, your fleet
feet must save him! One dash, my feet must save him! One dash, my Kyrat, and we are safe. Ho, Kyrat!" The horse was now trembling with

mad impatience. As the last words fell on his ears and he felt the slight pressure of the knees against his ebony sides, he made a wild leap to the right. It carried him over the pasture land, his steel shod feet striking the earth with thuds that came to the earth with thits that came to the ears of the advancing men like the sound of distant thunder. For one moment they paused, watching horse and rider.

"The devil's in that horse!" cried one; while the leader shouted:

"The rat's making for its hole! To Willow wild! and the one that can reach the gate before him gets all

With a shout they turned their horses' heads toward the fence. Half pursuers was still strong. The advantages were all theirs, for their horses were fresh and their position left them nearer the gate by half a

Powell knew that the men had seen his break for liberty, knew that they were striking across the field to intercept him. But he never turned his head. His eyes were fixed on the cedars of Willow-wild. The rein lay loosely in his hand, nor did he speak Kyrat had never failed his master. He would die, or save him now. His pursuers swore fast and furious at their horses, accompanying the oaths with cruel kicks from their spurred heels. But off in the distance, sweeping like a swallow over the level blue grass field, went the black orse, with never a sign of failing, never a swerve from the straigh line home. Nearer he came to the dark cedars with each bound of the small, hard feet. Now the rider could distinguish trees instead of a wall of green. . . Now the out-line of the sweeping low boughs. . . the birds singing
Then the fence was reached. The gate of Willow wild swung open, and closed behind the horse and rider with a clash. As if he had not made the race of his life, the black horse went up the gravel drive in a light canter and e the many pillared white port-

Powell swung himself out of the saddle, and stepping forward took the horse's beautiful head between his hands. He kissed it once on the white star set between the great liquid eyes, and said softly, as he would speak to a friend "Kyrat, I tove you. The race was not in vain, for come what will to me, my peer-less steed, you are safe!" He led him to the stable, ungirthed the saddle, removed the bridle, and with a look of sad farewell closed the stall door and made his way back to the In the vard he met Mr. Davidson's

one woman servant.

"Is your master at home?" he asked, and as he heard the negative reply, he bowed his head for a moment, as he thought: "Oh! to Shackelford's gentlemen soldiers and then be captured by such cravens!" But he quickly raised his head and said to the

Open up the parlor and library and then send Job to me." He leisurely retraced his steps and, crossing the tall pillared portico, entered the house, which, since its foundation until fifteen years before, had been the home of the Powells. He looked around the spacious par-lor, now flooded with the golden light, then passed into the library, and seated himself in the armchair in which his grandfather had died.

"Is there a fresh horse on this place?" he asked Job, as the boy, called from his nap in the kitchen,

No. Colonel, dah yain't a t'ing on de place, 'ceptin' a paar uv mules."
"How is Lieutenant Todd's horse?" "He fell lame 'ithin a mile uv home an's in a bad fix."

"And Vindictive?"

"He yain't lame, but dat's all de diffunce dah's a'tween 'em. Dey's bose played out, suh."

Clay Powell set his teeth in a determined line. There was no escape. All that was left for him was to meet his fate like a soldier and a gentle-

coming to take me prisoner," he said, calmly to the nego. "You must find Mr. Davidson and tell him what has happened to me." Here a terrific knocking sounded on the hall door. "They have come. Go and answer them," he concluded, leaning back in his chair and lifting his eyes to the marble bust of Shakespeare which surmounted one of the exquisitely carved bookcases.

Job obeyed the command; but as

his eyes fell on the company the inherent insolence of the negro returned. He stood holding the door, and after a moment's silence, during which he treated the leader of the guards to a contemptuous survey, he

"Yoh want to see somebody ?"

"None of your pertness here, you imp!" shouted the leader. "We've come for that man."

"Oh, yoh want to see Mistah Davi'son's man?" questioned Job.
"Yoh'll fin' him in de reah, sah," and

he made a move as if to close the interview and the door.

"Do you want me to lay this across

your brassy black face?" cried the man, lifting his riding whip.
"I sut'nly do not, sah," said Job, not at all intimidated, however. "But not at all intimidated, however. "But who's yoh mean we'n yoh say 'dat man'? Dah yain't but two men on dis place, me an' Mistah Davi'son's man," and Job's face was like an

bony mask.
"Gentleman, then. Do you nov

understand? but the cutting tropy
of the voice was lost upon Job, whose
face brightened as he said:
"Oh, Mistah Davi'son yoh want to
see? Sorry, sah, but Mistah Davi'son
yain't at home, an' we doan know w'en to spec' 'im. Good mawnin,' "
and he stepped back as though he
considered the business was des-

patched; but the man, with an oath, crossed the threshold, and shouted:
"You know who I mean well enough, you d—d nigger! and if you don't tell your master to come here and if he doesn't come when I send for him, I'll search this house from cellar to garret; and if I can't find him then, I'll smoke him out, like the number refused to take it. Yet rat out of his hole. Clay Powell is with this division the force of the here, and I'll not leave without him here, and I'll not leave without him, whether I take him with me dead or

alive."

Job stood undisturbed under th wild talk, and when the words ceased from sheer want of breath, he said in the even tones of the perfect servant:

"Yoh want to see Cuh'nel Powell? Yes, sah, he's in. Die way, please, sah, and with ceremony he conducted the company to the parlor. He then stepped to the arched open doorway and said to that straight, still figure

in the tall-backed chair :
"Cuh'nel Powell, some pussons i de pahlah to see yuh," and Howard Dallas, who was one of the number of "pussons" felt an insane longing to order the insolent negro shot where he stood. Powell rose and advanced to the parlor, now filled with armed men. He had carefully arranged his dress before calling to see Virginia, and save for a light coating of dust, the gray uniform set off with its fine gold trimmings looked fresh, and he wore it with the grace of the ideal soldier. He paused at the doorway and looked over his visitors without a glance of recogniamong them. Then the fence tion for one, and under his grained, separating the pasture from the rude grew angry, the fine-grained, white road was crossed. The goal sahamed. He continued to look on white road was crossed. tion for one, and under his eyes the them in that proud silence until the We've come to take you to jail.

Better give yourself up without any We've got you completely trouble. caged, for all your good running."
He treated the speaker to a glance

then, as though he had not heard the worde, said :

"I suppose I see before me the Georgetown Guards? I may be absolved from vainglory, if I conclude that I must indeed have a name for prowess and daring when it was thought necessary to send out the entire force to capture me;" and for an instant the rare smile lighted the handsome face. "But I have no desire to detain you longer," he said But I have no 'It there is a gentleman in the crowd will he please come forward, as

desire to give myself up to him ?" "I am here, sir !" cried Howard Dallas, sparks of anger shooting from his small hazel eyes.

So I perceived on entering the room," replied Powell. Then he glanced around and said: "I repeat my question."

Howard Dallas sprang forward with his hand seeking the ever ready weapon, but an elderly man stepped before him, saying authoritatively

to the man, who, however, refused it with a quick gesture.

"Don't attempt to touch that gentle man, Mr. Dallas! Remember he is an officer in the enemy's army and now a prisoner of the United States Govrnment, to which we are accounts ble for his life and personal safety."
Then he turned and said to Clay Powell: " If to you what constitute gentleman are wealth and high standing, then I can lay no claim to the title you wish he shall bear to whom you surrender yourself; if them away. I ask you, gentlemen, however, you believe he is one who lifting and replacing, as it were, s desires, at all times and under all notebook in his pocket, "it that is circumstances, to respect the rights of his fellow-men, and ever tries to faithfully perform his duty, then I am a gentleman." He finished with quiet dignity, and Clay Powell came a step forward and held out his sword to the man who however tries of first honors at Cambridge!"

"We have another prisoner to take," said Dallas, "that negro boy He is a runaway slave of Judge Tradd's."

"He is not," said Clay Powell "He is not," said Clay Powell, calmly turning toward the speaker.
"He was given by Judge Todd to Miss Castleton, who immediately set the boy free. My statement can be proven by the papers in the office of the clerk of Scott Country."

"But he is to be arrested!" cried Howard Dallas, pale with anger.

"By whose authority and upon what charge?" demanded Powell.
"Show me your authority and prove

"Show me your authority and prove his offence. Unless these are forthcoming, a freeman can not be de-prived of his liberty."

"He is enlisted against the Federal Government, which we have sworn to defend," hissed Howard Dallas.

"That is false, and you know it!" cried Powell. "The arms of the Confederacy are not and will never be borne by the negro, in its struggle for independence. The Southern white man and the black never have stood, and never will stand, on the plane of equality, which that would imply. We leave that to you, sir! The negro was Lieutenant Todd's serving man. Nothing more. To arrest him is a flagrant violation of

Howard Dallas deliberately turned his back on the speaker and said to the men standing near the door: "Go and arrest that negro and take him to Georgetown jail!" And the men obeyed.

#### CHAPTER XXVII

After their surrender as prisoners of war, General Morgan and his offi-cers were sent to the Ohio peniten-

The days of that long summer pass The days of that long summer passed wearily for the gallant leader of gallant men. At length, hope of exchange began to grow weak, and he determined to take the matter of his liberation in his own hands. When he unfolded his intention to his loyal soldiers they entered into it with enthusiasm. Many plans of escape were brought forward and discussed during those rare intervals when they found themselves relieved of the presence of the suspicious warden; but each one was abandoned, until the daring Captain Hines originated the scheme of tunnelling a way to freedom. At first sight it seemed to be too stupendous a work to be ever made possible, but Hines had used advantageously his Irish wit and intellect. He had noticed the dryness of their cells, which were on the first floor; seeking a reason for this, he concluded that under this range there must be an air-chamber. This belief was later confirmed by the warden, who, in answer to the soldier's care lessly asked questions, gave much valuable information regarding the superstructure of the prison. Then for many days Captain Hines lived almost entirely in his cell, deeply in-terested, when the warden appeared, in the study of French, with his head resting on an old carpet-bag that was thrown carelessly on the floor. But as the steps died on the corridor the bag would be removed, and while one kept watch, the Captain and a few companions would begin again their interrupted digging into the hard floor with knives which had been stolen from the table. A passage into the air chamber below was cut from Hines' cell, and then the daring soldiers found themselves oppose by a wall of stone three feet thick Morgan's officers had never been daunted by a difficulty; a block of stone could not conquer them; so, stone could not conquer them; so, while above, their chief would enrew angry, the fine-grained, ed. He continued to look on that proud silence until the criminals and the mode of punish. ment, below, his men, in companies of twos and threes, chiselled with their steel knives, until at length the cement gave way and several of

> and here their simple tools were unavailable. "Suppose we abstract a few spoons?" suggested Hal one night, as he sat in Captain Hines' cell. As the words were uttered, the face of the warden peered in upon the group of four sitting in the dim gaslight. Hal's back was to the door and Hines faced it. Without the faintest indication that he had caught sight of the man in the shadow without, the aptain broke into a merry laugh as line. he said :

the stones were removed. This brought them to the bank of earth,

' For a person who claims to have some knowledge of the English lan-guage, you make a poor attempt, Hal, at translating French into your mother tongue! Whoever heard of 'abstracting spoons?' — unless, indeed, from a Yankee general making a pillaging tour through the South Put up your paper and take this piece of advice: abandon the study of French. Nature never fashioned

you for a linguist.' Though they realized that the war den was without, none of the Con-

federates moved a muscle.

"What's the matter with my Eng. lish?" demanded Hal, bruskly. "Lis-ten," and he bent lower, as though to read from a paper on his knee "The thief said to his companions Suppose we abstract a few spoons, that is," Hal went on to explain with great care, "suppose we separate them from the family plate and carry

ried off first honors at Cambridge!"

"Oh!" broke from the three listeness, and the exclamation was followed.

lowed by a laugh, during which the warden passed on.

"Great God!" muttered Hines.

"Do you think he overheard us?" whispered Hal, the beads of perspiration breaking on his pale brow.

"To-morrow will tell," replied he, and with heavy hearts the friends

separated.
The next morning, as usual, Cap tain Hines was seated on the floor one ellow resting on the carpet bag, his French book in his hand, when the warden entered on his tour of inspection. He greeted the prisoner gruffly, adding, in tones that struck fear across the heart of his listener: "That must be a very interesting

book you've got there."

"Why?" asked the Captain, carelessly, resting the book on one knee, one finger marking the passage he had been reading.

"Takes you such a 'tarnal long time to get through with it!" he exclaimed. "For a month or more I've found you sitting here on the floor every morning with that self-same every morning with that self-same book in your hand. Seems to me you ought to have finished it before this, even if you had to spell your

way through."
"Examine this book, warden," said Hines, holding the volume toward him, "and then tell me how long it him, "and then tell me how long it would take you to finish reading it." The warden took the book, glanced

at the pages, and said:
"I don't know anything about that

lingo."
"Like you, I am unfamiliar with the French language," said Captain Hines, "but I am desirous of be-coming acquainted with that tongue. It is a good way to pass some of the time, which, you understand, hangs heavily on my hands."

The warden grunted, but it was evident that his suspicions were What's in that carpet-bag that

you always keep it under your elbow?" he asked abruptly. Captain Hines drew himself up and

said, with a half laugh: Ab, warden you're a sharp fellow! Nothing escapes you. The 'powers that be' knew what they were doing when they made you jailer here. I felt that, sooner or later, you would discover my secret. Now, I am going to make a bargain with you. If you don't tell the boys on me, I will show you my reason for guarding my car-pet bag. Just look down the corridor to see if there is any one around

As the unsuspecting man went to the door, Captain Hines dexterously took a flask of whiskey from the carpet-bag, which he instantly replaced over the hole in the stone floor. "Take a drink of this," said the

Captain, "and you'll know why I am so careful of my sack. If the boys knew I had that—well, I wouldn't have it!" and he laughed lightly.

The warden availed himself of the invitation, and said, with his nearest

approach to a smile:
"Such medicine as this ought to
helpyour digestion," and he reluctantly held the bottle toward its owner.

"Have some more," said Hines courteously, and the warden com-He chatted for a few minutes long

er, and when the door closed behi him, Hines gave a sigh of relief.
When Hal and his other friends learned how effectively the warden's suspicions had been allayed their hopes were revived, though their lack of a tool was delaying their work, and with each day the possibility of discovery increased. One morning as Hal was waiting his turn at the long washing trough that stood in the prison yard, his sharp eyes noted an old broken spade that

was lying near by.
"It's plainly a gift of Providence!" exclaimed Hines, when Hal told him, after breakfast, about the spade. You must bring it to us from the yard to morrow. How? Oh! you will have to manage that part of the campaign yourself. The commander gives only the orders to his subor-

Hal sat with his head on his hands for a long time. Then he sought the company of the younger portion of the prisoners; after which he appeared to lose interest in all things mundane, as he began to develop symptoms of a severe cold. The next morning he complained of feeling too ill to go to breakfast; but the warden was inexorable, and ordered the young lieutenant, in unmistakable language, to fall into

"Corporal," Hal cried to a man of ample proportions, "will you loan me your overcoat? I've got a weak chest, and one blast of this ugly Ohio wind will send me to an un-

timely grave." The corporal complied with the request, and as Hal appeared in the yard, enveloped in the great coat, the laugh went around. But he stood apart, sad and desolate, his eyes fixed on the ground where the broken spade lay. Around, his com-panions, glad of the privilege of spending even a brief time in the

"Let's take a run to the wall and back," cried a gay officer. "And if these old fogies," indicating the line of washing men, among whom was his General, "haven't finished their bath by the time we get back, we will give them one more to their lik-ing. Look out there, Todd!"

But the warning was spoken too late, for in his endeavor to es the leader of the race, Hal came in stead into sharp collision with him Both were brought to the ground, while over them rolled and tumbled the following crowd. After loud groans and flerce struggling, amid laughter

culty, and walked over to the washing-trough, with a frown on his usually smiling face. A close observer would have noticed that the great coat was buttoned now, and that when he walked, Lieutenant Todd carried his right arm pressed closely against his breast. He sat very straight at the breakfast table. But all attributed his manner of walking and his stiff posture to his indisposition or to the bruises he had received. As he was leaving the breakfast hall the warden he breakfast hall the warden pproached the young man and taped im on the shoulder. Hal felt his face grow cold, but the place was dark and the sharp eyes did not notice the white of betrayal.

TO BE CONTINUED

### LOST TREASURE

The dream was over, but with its going Susan's life had hung in the balance. Skill, the wonderful skill which science has attained, saved her. She came back out of the shadowland to life, but not to its joy; to the habit of existence without its hope. No one among her own, save her husband, had dreamed that Susan could feel so intensely. Her sisters, ould feel so intensely. Her sisters, Mrs. Meade and Mrs. Carter, were astonished. It was too bad about the child; but, then, they had kept Susan! For when Susan turned from them, searching for that which she had lost, and nearly—oh, very nearly!—finding it, only then had they realized what Susan meant to them all. ized what Susan meant to them all.

ized what Susan meant to them all.

"As for the baby, she will not miss
it; she has never had it," they said.

Susan would have laughed in pure
mockery if she heard these words.
But, seated in her low wicker chair
on the sunny porch, a thick shawl
about her, and the glory of her garden stretching before her eyes, she heard nothing, said nothing; she lived her own inner life, and kept all others shut out from her.

John Harrison was heartbroken.

"Talk to her, make her talk to
you," said Father Perry, of St. Anne's.

—Father Perry who had offered his
daily Mass for her [during that troubled week in which her life hung by a single thread. "Let her rid herself of this brooding spirit by putting

words to her thoughts.

They tried hard enough, Fathe Perry himself and her husband. But in the middle of a sentence Sugar would pause and her eyelids droop wearily. After that she would say nothing.

When he could stand it no longer

John Harrison went to Dr. Phelps.
"She's not getting well," he said abruptly. "She must get well." he abruptly. "She must get vadded, with clenched hands.

"Well—"Dr. Phelps looked thought. ful. "I'll see."
"When ?" asked John Harrison. "To day," he answered. "I'll go out

to day.' He kept his word. Reaching the gate he had grown to know so well during the past few months, he opened it quietly. Susan sat up with sudden interest on her face. He was pleased, wondering. Then he saw that she was not aware of his presence—her eyes were fastened on cool green beauty stretching before

He went up the steps and stood beside her. Even then she did not see him.
"Mrs. Harrison," he said.

"O Dr. Phelps ! Good afternoon !" She was not surprised in any way. Ever so much. A little tired, but

He took the empty chair beside her and picked up her hand, holding practised fingers on her pulse. He did not speak. At last he put her hand back on her knee, and swung about, looking down the garden path. 'Mrs. Harrison," he said sharply

what do you see down there ?" She started. A pink flush touched her cheek. He felt that he had roused her. His eyes met hers. "You must tell me," he said. "No, don't look away. Listen! There

never was any hope,—never, unless God chose to work a miracle; and for some wise purpose of His own He didn't." "You mean—my baby?" Her fin

gers met suddenly and clung together. He nodded.

"You see, He did work one miracle You were able to have it baptized. That was a wonderful thing. Had it ived-by any possible chance had it lived,—a cripple on earth, an angel in heaven. Which would you choose, if the choice was yours?"

"Oh, I know!" she breathed.
"And I try so hard! But—" Her eyes drifted back to the garden. He felt that he had lost the thread. But he persisted. e!" His voice was stern

You have not told me what you She did not answer.

"Tell me !" he urged. A frown of annoyance curved her brows. That stern voice hurt, but it compelled an answer. "I see a little child," she said.

"He is playing in my garden. He builds houses of stones and pebbles." Her voice died off dreamily, and now she spoke as if all this were but a dream. "Once in a while he tires of his play, and lies down—beside the road. And his hair—his hair is a patch of light on the ground. He sits up, rubbing his eyes. Oh, they are so blue, so bright! They are like stars !"

She was trembling. "You are satisfied to sit here watch

ing him?" His tones were gentle now,—very, very gentle. "Yes, I think so. Some day, when

my feet can bear my weight, I am going down to him. I can not do so yet."

Dr. Phelps said nothing. He waited; his brows met.
"Why—why don't you laugh at me?" asked Susan, with a catch in

her throat.
She knew, then! A quick thrill of She knew, then! A quick thrill of hope shot through the listener's heart. Beneath this dreaming fantasy her sane and sensible self held sway. But how would it be later? How would it be as the days went by and the vision seemed ever more and more a reality? What then?

He reached his office late in the atternoon John Hawrison had been

afternoon, John Harrison had been waiting an hour, pacing the floor for he faced the Doctor, almost flinging himself upon him. "Well?" he demanded.

"I've done—something," said Dr. Phelps. "I've seen Mrs. Harrison and Father Perry; and now you go and Father Perry, too. If home and see Father Perry, too. If you agree, telephone Mrs. Carter to have her machine down to morrow. Your wife is hardly able to travel, yet the choice will devolve on her."

John Harrison looked his bewilder

ment.
"It is this way," said the physician. "Mrs. Harrison imagines she sees a child playing in the garden. So we'll give her a real child to care for-God knows there are enough of them in this world that need mothering. Father Perry will attend to that part

The ring of decision in the man's tones reassured John Harrison. There was hope for Susan, help for There was hope for Susan, help for her. What mattered how that help or hope came? Later on, after a comforting ten minutes with Father Perry, he felt better. He telephoned to Mrs. Carter for her car before he left the rectory; the priest insisted on it. Then he went home to Susan.

Father Perry accompanied them the next day to the asylum in the city. He was one of the brightest and happiest of mortals, and he did his very best to keep up a conversation; he confessed later, however, that it was one of the hardest things of intense relief shot across his counthe red brick building that was their destination.

"Here we are, Sister Agnes!" he cried, in his hearty fashion. "This is Sister Agnes—I mean Mother Agnes,—Mr. and Mrs. Harrison." nun's blue eyes rested on

Susan's face.
"The boys, Father Perry?" she asked now.

Yes, the little chaps," he answered.

She led them along the hall and opened a door at the rear. A clamor greeted them—instantly hushed when the youngsters, glancing up, saw visitors. Mother Agnes found chairs for them around a desk in one corner

"We must pretend not to notice," she said, with a whimsical smile "Children are never at their best with strangers. We will show them we are quite busy, and you will see

how soon they become used to us."

But Father Perry had no intention of appearing busy. There were about fifteen children in the room, and these particular children wer his particular hobby, in spite of the Anne's five years, and away from the city for that length of time. He knew each by name, and soon was the center of the entire group, listen-

ing, talking, laughing, scolding.
"Boys, be quiet! Boys, Mother will put me out : Honestly ! She won't allow me to come in again make such a racket. Be quiet now!" At which they laughed uproarious knew well they had free rein when

One by one he managed to place the children before Susan. She did not lose her listlessness, her indifference; and he saw it with an odd sinking of the heart,—just looked at

sinking of the heart, Just sign. them calmly, and made no sign. "They are very good children," said Mother Agnes at last, sorry for the disappointment she saw on Father Perry's mobile face.

Perry's mobile face.

John Harrison turned to Susan.

"Well, Susan?" he asked. Then
he sat up quickly, and followed her
glance. "What is it?"

For Susan, trembling visibly, wa ooking over the heads of the children. A little fellow had just ntered the room, and was now coming, as fast as two crutches would permit, toward the priest.

O Father! Oh, ho, Father Perry!' he shouted. "I'm coming, Father Look out for me! I'm coming!"

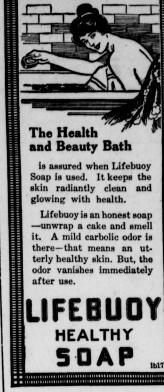
"Yes, yes!" cried Father Perry in urn. "Make way for the little turn. "Make way for the little prince, boys,—make room for Prince David !'

The children laughed good natured ly, and opened a line to Father Perry's knee. The crippled boy reached him, panting with excitement, and was perched up as if on a throne, laugh ing a joyous laugh that set all the others giggling. He was not a pretty boy. His hair was a bright red, and his skin drawn and transparent. But his eyes were surely the biggest and brightest and bluest that ever shone

in mortal face. "John," said Susan, "I want that

She was trembling. Had not Dr.
Phelps said that her baby would have been a cripple? And here was one,— crippled and motherless and with eyes—oh, those blue, blue eyes that had laughed up at her from her vision child in the garden!
"I want that boy," she said.

"Whatever you please, Susan." He turned to Father Perry, who stared at him without comp





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