YMY Sybil's Doom YXX X

"Cyril Trevanion sleeps his last sleep under the mighty Pacific. On this earth he will trouble us no more. This man Macgregor may have known him, may have seen my portrait. But what can he really do? He can't have me tried again deed done nineteen years ago in Leamington Wood. A stolid British jury ed jurymen brought in a verdict of not guilty. And except that once I never left myself amenable to the majesty of the law. No, I may safely defy this Mr. Angus Macgregor, I think, in spite of his knowledge—and he can't be positive as to m yidentity: He may tell the baronet all he knows—that I am an improper person—a murderess"—she shuddered slightly at the word—"the intriguante who entrapped Cyr.l Trevanion into mar-riage—a wicked, worthless adventuress. But will the baronet believe the monstrous tale? Cyril Trevanion is here. Let him ask Cyril Trevanion if I am the dreadful creature he married so many years ago. I will deny all, and Cynt Trevanion will deny all, and I defy the clever author to produce pro fs. Perhaps the present-is not the Cyril Trevanion of the preesnt is not the Cyril Trevanio nof the just, and in that case, I fancy Sir Rupert himself will be the first to set him down a madman. Suppose I take the initiative and concect some clever story for the baronet to-morrow? have staked all upon the last throw o dice, and I am willing to abide by the issue. I will never go back to the old life-to that horrible region where

of fate and Angus Macgregor!"
She arose at last. It was past three
by her watch. The fire had smoldered out-the wax-lights cast flickering, fantastic shadows upon the dusk oak paneling, and the widow shivered with a sense of chill. She walked over to the toilet table, and began to remove her jewels and laces, looking angrily at the haggard face her mirror showed her.

il the women are false as their painted

faces, and all the men are knaves and brutes. I will be Lady Chudleigh in spite

"What a faded wretch I look!" she thought. "And if I lose my beauty, what have I left? In a few years I will he an old woman-old, ugly, wrink'ed, and-great heaven! what will become of

Mrs. Ingram disrobed, and leaving all the candles burning, went to bed. It was years and years—so long, she shuddered at the dreary retrospect—since she had dared to sleep in the dark. For a dead man's face rose up in the spectral gloom, pale, menacing, terrible—to haunt her remorseful dreams. She nestled down among the yielding pil-lows, to-night, with an unutterable sense of weariness and misery, and aw-ful dread of the future...
"I begin to believe that sad old Ara-

bian proverb," she thought bitterly, "Man is better sitting than standing, lying down!" down!"

The breakfast hour was late at Chudleigh Chase, and Sir Rupert's guest met Sir Rupert at that matutinal m. al with a face as bright and cloudless as the sunlit August sky. The white cash-mere robe, with its cherry-colored trim-mings, corded about the slender waist, seemed even more becoming that the many-hued silks and moires she donned in the evenings. It was a tete-a-tete breakfast this morning. Miss Chudleigh had been up and off for a breezy morning gallop over the golden Sussex downs long before father or governess thought

opening their eyes.
"And how do you like my friend Macgregor?" the baronet asked, putting the very question the widow was wishing to hear; "very clever fellow, Macgregor, though he does support the most farthough he does support the most far-fetched theories and deny the most palstable facts. Very brilliant conversa-tionalist, isn't he?"

The widow raised her dimpled, sloping shoulders, and arched the slender black brows.

Dear Sir Rupert, will you think me the dullest of heretics and recusants if I say I don't like Mr. Macgregor? And will you permit me to ask you a few questions concerning him?"
"A whole Pinnock's Catechism, if you choose, madame."

"Then did you ever know Mr. Mac gregor before

gregor before he appeared in Speck-haven, two or three months ago?"

"Was he presented by any friends of yours, or did you pick hinf up, as Sairy Gamp would say, 'promiscuous'?" Gamp would say, 'promiseuous'?"
"I picked him up promiseuous. I saw

he was a most intelligent and agree-nble fellow, and intelligent and agree-sble fellows don't hand on every bush, like blackberries. A gentleman can tell another gentleman when he meets him on hand to repeat the invariable formula, 'Sir Rupert Chudleigh, allow me, my estimable friend, Mr. Angus Macgregor, eelebrated traveller, distinguished author, etc., etc.' No, Mrs. Ingram, I picked the hermit of the Retreat up, and a very delivinful and social hermit I find

"And yet—you 'damn him with faint praise,' my dear lady. And he 'chooses to call himself Macgregor,' does he?- Pray, what they ought he call himself, and what on earth do you know of the ran Mis Ingrand.

nan, Mis. Ingram?"
"Sir Rupert," the lady said, earnestly, I recognized Colonel Trevanic's ten-ant, last night, as a person i met in Vienna many years ago. A man—it sounds incredible, I fear, but it is true a man sane on all points but one—mad on that. In short, a monomaniae. It was during my husband's life-time; busi-ness had 'alen him to Vienna. I acness and alen him to Vienna. I accompanied him, and one night, as some socia, assembly, I met this man. I really forgot the name he bore then, but it certainly was not Maggregor. His monomania many and maggregor with the social section of the social section. rectainly was not Macgregor. His mono-mania was well understood among his Viennese friends—it was in mistaking identities. For instance, he would meet you and be suddenly struck with the idea that you resembled some person he had seen before. He would brood over the idea a little, and finally insist that you were the person. I heard many most laughable aneedotes of his hallnein-ation at first but it came home to mental the process of the school room, ation at first but it came home to mental the school room, attended to the school

ballet-dancer he had known in England Last night, at first, I hardly knew him; the vast beard alters him greatly; but when he mounted his old hobby-horse and told me I was like that—I forget what he called her—and Colonel Tre-vanion the very image of a galley-slave in Toulon—I remembered him at once It sounds strange, I admit, but it is posiit sounds strange, I admit, but it is posi-tively true; the man, sane and intel-ligent, and talented in every other way, is mad on this subject. And yet, it is not so very remarkable, either. Phy-sicians narrate more marvelous cases of mania every day."

The widow paused. Had she not had so much at stake, she would have laugh-

so much at stake, she would have laughed outright at the baronet's face. Blank bewilderment, incredulous surprise, dense dismay, were written irresistibly in his astonished features and wide-open

eyes.

"My dear Mrs. Ingram! Good heavens! What an extraordinary declaration. Macgregor mad! The man that can handle every topic of the day, from the destinies of nations to the coloring of one of Etty's flimsiest sketches; the man who can beat me in an argument—yes I own it, who can beat me at chess yes, I own it, who can beat me at chess yes, I own It, who can beat me at chess and ecartee vingt-et-un and whist; the man who writes the most readable books of the period, who—Mad! My dear Mrs. Ingram, you'll excuse me, but that is all nonsense!"

nonsense?"
"Very well, Sir Rupert," the widow said, perfectly unruffled. "I don't want to shake your faith in your friend. Believe him sane as long as he will allow you. I am very willing. Only if the mania does show, if he does insist upon mistaking me for all manner of improper and unpleasant persons, I look to you for protection. Perhaps I am silly, but I really don't like to be told silly, but I really don't like to be told I am the living image of 'a woman so vicious and unprincipled that he would not let her caress a dog he cherished.' He said as much last night, you remem-ber. And I don't think Colonel Trevanion felt flattered when told he so vividly resembled the galley-slave at

Toulon."

Again that look of perplexity and dismay overspread the baronet's face.

"Gad!" he said; "you're right; it can't be pleasant; and it's rather odd of Macgregor. I allow; yet, as to being mad, my dear Mrs. Ingram, it's impossible for me to credit that."

Mrs. Ingram bowed. "As you please, Sir Rupert. We will wait and see. Do you wish me to answer those letters for you you spoke vesterday?"

"If you will be so very good," the bar

"If you will be so very good," the baronet murmured, plaintively. "The wretched state of my health, my—"
"Dear Sir Rupert, I know. It is a pleasure, I assure you; and dearest Gwendoline's lessons can wait. Why should you fatigue yourself writing, when I am ever delighted to save you the trouble? And if you feel inclined to Esten. I will finish that treatise of Holbach's I commenced yesterday."

Mrs. Ingram know as well as Sir Rup.

Mrs. Ingram knew as well as Sir Rupert himself that there was nothing on earth the matter with him, except chronic laziness; but it suited her book very well to make herself indispensable: and when they adjourned to the library she was tenderly solitious on the sub-ject of draughts, and wheeled up his casiest of easy chairs, and arranged his footstool, and draped the curtains to shade the light, like a mother might have done by a dying child. And the pretty black face looked sweetly concerned, and the long, black eyes so ten-der and dewy, and the perfumed hair brushed his hand, as the handsome head bent over her tasks, that-oh, calm beating pulses of sixty-five! no wonder you quickened to the speed of a trip-hammer.

Perhaps Thackeray was right after are his own.

So. Mrs. Ingram sat down before the paronet, looking like some exquisite cabinet picture, and wrote his letters and read aloud while the hot August morn-ing wore on, and the birds sung in the green darkness of the mighty oaks and beeches, and the bees boomed drowsily in rose and lily-cup.

"Ir the spring a young man's fancy Lightly turns to thoughts of love,"

says Mr. Ternyson; and in the sultry heat of August, a lazy, beauty-admiring old man, with nothing else to do, and a pretty woman ever before him, may turn his fancy lightly in that direction, too. Certain it is that Sir Rupert kissed the widow's hand, with a glow on his thin. high-bred face rarely seen there, as she arose to go.

"I know you want your noonday nap, and I have finished M. Holbach," she said, gayly, "I shall go in search of my runaway pupil now, and give her music lesson. Farewell." "I shall go in search of

her music lesson. Farewell."
And then the elegant little lady sailed away and Sir Rupert closed his eyes and

picked the hermit of the Retreat up, and a very delightful and social hermit I find him."

"Yes," Mrs. Ingram said, quietly;
"Mr. Macgregor, as he chooses to call himself, is a very pleasant compation, and yet—"

"And yet—you 'damn him with faint traise,' my dear lady. And he schooses to call himself, is a very pleasant compation, and yet—"

"And yet—you 'damn him with faint traise,' my dear lady. And he schooses to call himself, is a very pleasant compation, and yet—"

"That woman is a jewel: I appreciate her more and more every day. What a those wonderful eyes—soft, luminous, melting!" The baronet smacked his venerable lips. "And her smiles make the faint of the Muscally and Sir Rupert closed his eyes and lay back in placid ecstasy.

"That woman is a jewel: I appreciate her more and more every day. What a those wonderful eyes—soft, luminous, melting!" The baronet smacked his venerable lips. "And her smiles make wenerable lips. "And her smiles make one think of the Mussulman's houris—not made of clay, but of pure musk." And she never bangs a door, and she never bores one when one doesn't wanther, and her manners are perfect, and she is post mistress of the high art of dross, and her singing in enchanting, and—in short. I have she won't take it into her head to 'better herself' by getting married, or any nonsense of that sort, for some years to come. I wish that noodle, Trevanion, would cease hunting her down, and marry his cousin, as he ought to do."

Mrs. Ingram conscientiously sought out Gwendeline and dragged her to the piano, and held her captive there for

piano, and held her captive there for two mortal hours. Then it was lunch-

ation at first, but it came home to me unpleasantly when he insisted that I make a Mademoiselle Rose -something, a Gwendoline had rushed frantically away.

leaning against the marble chimney piece, with that grayish look of worn pallor that always overspread her face when alone. The broad road may be strewn with roses at first sight; but when we come to tread it, we find the thorns pierce through the rose-leaves sharply enough. Standing there, Mrs. Ingram looked wearied of life, of the world and all therein.

"Where will it all end?" she wondered leaning against the marble chimney

world and all therein.

"Where will it all end?" she wondered drearily; "or am I to go on forever like this—stretched on the rack? Will rest never come in this world, or must I wait for it until they lay me yonder

The door opened; a servant entered.

Mrs. Ingram lifted up her wan, haggard face. "What is it, Mary?" she asked, list-

"Colonel Trevanion, ma'am. He is in the white drawing-room, which he says he wants to see you, ma'am, most par-

icular."
"Very well; I will go down."
The girl disappeared, soliloquizing, as he descended to the lower regions:
"They calls her 'andsome, they does

-master and the gentlemen from Speck-haven. I wish they could see her now. If I was to paint and powder and dress up like she does, they might call me andsome, too. She looks forty years 'andsome, too.
old this minute."

Mrs. Ingram walked over to the glass Gwendoline kept a mirror in the school room to refresh herself, amid her dryas-dust studies, by an occasional peep at her own rosy face.

"I look like a wretch," the widow thought—"old and haggard and hollow-eyed. Very well; I'll go down as I am; if may help to cure this idiot of his insane passion. He can do me no service as a tool; he is only a nuisance as a lover. I shall come to a final understanding with him and hors done with lover. I shall come to a final under standing with him, and have done with

She descended to the white drawingroom, one of a long and splendid suite, and found Cyril Trevanion pacing to and fro with his usual moody face, while he waited. He stopped as she entered, staring at her pale, worn look.
"You have been ill—you are ill," he

said, in alarm; "you are looking wretchedly. In Heaven's name, what is the matter?" Mrs. Ingram sank down in the white

velvet depths of a fautenil, and made ar impatient movement of her slender hand. "There is nothing the matter—you see me as I am, that is all. If my

wretched looks disenchant you, I shall obliged to them-for once Cyril Trevanion set his teeth, his dark

face growing darker with anger.
"You are merciless," he said. "I love
you, and this is how you meet me. 1 came here to-day to ask you to be my

Mrs. Ingram laughed-a laugh of indescribable scorn.
"Much obliged. I ought to feel flat-

tered, I suppose; but really I can't say that I do. You want a wife, do you and you want to marry me, on the principle that what won't keep one will keep two. What do you propose, Mr. Cyril Trevanion? Will we go to Monkswood, among the rats and the ghosts, and subsist on the memory of the family splendor gone by, and the bounty of our rich friends? Or shall we set up a public-house, like one's maid and valet, and call it the 'Tre-vanion Arms,' with you 'hail fellow well met' amid all the clowns in the county, and I, in a cap and ribbons, making myself fascinating behind a greasy bar, dealing out gin and water? My dear Colonel Trevanion, I know your intellect from the first to be none of the strongest; but, upon my word, I never thought you would fall to such a depth of idioey as this, much less propose it to me."

She looked up in his face, fully and boldly, with insolent defiance. And the craven soul within the man made his eyes fall, even while he ground out suppressed blasphemics between his

"Listen to me, Cyril Trevanion," the widow said in an altered tone, "and uon't be a fool, and don't be angry. I do not love you, as you very well know; yet, if the wealth that has gone to Sybil Lemox was yours, I would marry you to-morrow. But it is hers beyond redemption, and you and I can never be more to each other than friends. Your friend I am very willing to be, if you take my advice and act wisely. I know you! Don't make an enemy of me. You have one already, and a dangerous one, in that man Macgregor."

"Curse him! yes."
"He saw you at Toulon. Do you emember him?" "No-that is—do you mean to say ou believe me to be the convict he poke of last night?"

"Colonel Trevanion, don't bluster-it ever the sign of a coward. Yes, do. You are that escaped convict, and bear the brand on your arm, or shoul-der, or somewhere, if you only liked to

display it. You are an imposter and ar escaped convict. Will you tell me what you are besides?" "No, I shall not!" "Just as you piease. I'll find out for myself, then. Shall I tell you what you are? Stoop down; wails have

There was an unpleasant tightness about the pretty mouth, an unpleasant, steady glitter in the black eyes. One hand grasped the man's wrist like a steel fetter, and drew him down. He bent his head and she whispered half dozen words-no more-in his ears.

but they sent him recoiling, with a trem and we oath.

"Who told you?" he cried hoarsely. "Are you a female devil, or what?"
"Something very like it," replied the widow, with a hard little laugh. "And you thought to outwit me? Now, shall we be friends or enemies?"

He stood glaring down upon her for a moment, with that lurid, maniacal light in his eyes that Charley Lemox had once before remarked.

"You are mistress," he said, in the same hoarse way. "What do you want" "Only your good and my own. I want you to marry your cousin Sybil and her splendid dowry, and I want—see how frank I can be--I want to marry Sir Rupert Chudleigh myself."

Cyril Trevanion broke into a harsh, discordant laugh. "Subil Lemox is a lady: she won't

marry me. And Sir Rupert Chud'eigh is a gentleman; he won't marry vou. Baronets don't marry their daughters' gov-"How rude von are"

Cramps at Night **Require Prompt Remedy**

Agonizing Pain Prevented by Keep ing Nerviline Handy On the Shelf.

A Case in Point Illustrated.

Deadly cramps—the symptoms are not to be mistaken. Suddenly and without warning the patient experiences such agony in the stomach as to con-tert the countenance and cause him to

cry aloud for help.

Then it is that the wonderful power of Nerviline can make itself fe!t—it

cures so quickly.

"Last summer I was stricker with a frightful attack of cramps. I feared the pain in my stomach would kill me.

"My eyes bulged out and the veins in my forehead stood out like whip-cords.
"My cry attracted a pickhor who my forehead stood out like whip-cords.
"My cry attracted a neighbor, who came to my assistance, and in a moment or two handed me half a teaspoonful of or two handed me half a teaspoonful of or two handed me half a teaspoonful of Nerviline in some sweetened water "It seemed as if an angel had charmed away the pain. In ten seconds I was well. Nerviline has a wonderful name in this locality, and is considered best for cramps, diarrhoea, flatulence, stomach and bowel disorders. I urge all my friends to use Nerviline.

"MANLEY M. LEGARDE.

"Williamsburg."
No home is safe or can afford to miss No home is sate or can allord to miss the manifold advantages of having Ner-viline on hand in case of accident or emergent sickness. Large family size bottles of Nervline, 50c.; trial size, 25c., all dealers or The Catarrhozone Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Can.

murmured, repreachfully. don't espouse governesses, as a rule, I admit; but I am no ordinary governess neither am I treated as such; and this particular baronet will marry me. And I am going to be the most charitable of Lady Lountifuls—a mother to the poor for miles around, and a step-mother to that dreadful romp, Gwendoline. Yes, Colonel Trevanion, I am destined to be Lady Chudleigh, and I will move hea-

Lady Chudleigh, and I will move heaven and earth to see you the happy husband of our queenly Sybil."
"What the deuce do you want me to marry her for?" the gentleman asked, relapsing into his habitual sulkiness.
"What is it to you?"
"It is great deal to me blook

"It is a great deal to me. Don't you know I hate her?" Cyril Trevanion stared. The evil glitter was very bright now in the black eyes, the evil-smile dancing on the thin

lips.
"Yes, I hate her," Mrs. Ingram said, airily, "as only one woman can hate another. You want to know why, do you? Well, take a woman's reason; I hate her because I hate her. She is younger than I am, handsomer than I am, richer than I am—purer, better, happier than I am. And I hate her, and she hates me." "And because you hate her, you want to see her my wife?"

"Exactly. I need hardly ask a better evenge. If she marries you, it will not venge. If she marries you, it will not you—the man—she marries. Is will be her own ideal, Cyril Trevanion, whom she has loved from childhood, who lies dead at the bottom of the Southern Sea. By the bye, is it indisputably certain that he is dead?"

"Would I venture here else?" I tell you I saw the ship myself burn to the you I saw the ship myself burn to the water's edge, and every soul on board perish with her. The 'Eastern Light' went to the bottom two years ago, and Cyril Trevanion among the rest."

(To be Continued.)

GENERAL IN CAD AS READY LETTER WRITER.



MAJ. GEN. F. C. AINSWORTH. He was adjutant general of the army and was suspended by President Tat's orders pending discipline for writing "insulting letters" to Secretary of War Stimson and the chief of staff of the army.

SOOTHING MIXTURES DANGEROUS TO CHILDREN

Mixtures sold under the name "soothing" are usually dangerous to the life of the little ones whom they are supposed to help. They contain bpiates and narcotics and any sleep prompted through their use is false sleep—to be plainer, the little one is drugged into insensibility. The only absolutely guarnteed remedy for ittle ones—the only remedy backed by the guarantee of a government analyst to contain no opiotee managements. iates, narcotics or other harmful drug is Baby's Own Tablets. They cannot pos sibly do harm—they always do good. Thousands of mothers have learned their value. They help not only the new born babe but also the growing child. Stomach and bowel troubles: worms stomach and bowel troubles; worms, colds, simple fevers are all banished by them and they promote that refreshing sleep so helpful to little ones. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

REPARTEE.

(Youth's Companion.)

Apt repartee has not entirely disappeared from Congressional debate. During a recent discussion of the bill to creing a recent discussion of the bill to create a children's bureau in the Department of Commerce and Labor, one Senaror declared that the measure was an attempt "to put children on a level with pics." The effort to raise them to the pics." replied Senator Borah, who introduced the bill.

"I am glad to see, anyhow, that you sympathize with the under dog in this barbarous fight." "Sympathize with 'im?

Mrs. ligram Gosh. mister, al the money I've got is



NEW CAMERA FAD BRINGS OUT ALL OF HAT'S GLORY.

This is the kismet spring hat. The latest fad is to be photographed at a mirror and thus bring out all sides of an attractive hat. This style of hat has the turban effect built high in front with roses and the long stalks of the sprays of smaller flowers drooping over the back.

WHY SHOES HAVE TONGUES.

Every one that wears lace shoes knows that there is a tongue of leather under the place where the two sides of the shoe meet, but there is none in button shoes. Probably very few persons know that this is a comparatively modern idea and is not for the purpose of keep the laces from hurting the instep but is to keep out rain and snow.

and snow.

There would be no discomfort if the laces touched the sock, but no mat-ter how closely a choe may be laced up there is always a slight epace which would allow rain to reach the

THIS IS INDEED A SEVERE TEST

C. Mattesen Has Had Rheumatism All His Life.

But Dodd's Kidney Pills Have Bene-fited Him so Much He Recommends Them to Others—why They Always Cure Rheumatism.

Holberg, B. C., March 4.—(Special)— That Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Rheumatism has been proved again and again. Where the dread disease is making its first inroads into the system the cure is quick and complete. Where the rheumatism is of longer standing it takes longer treatment, but the result is always the same. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure. Probably the hard Dodd's Kidney Pills have ever been given is in the case of Mr. C. Mattesen, of this place. It is best stated in

"I have been troubled with rheuma all my life," Mr. Mattesen states, "but I am happy to tell you that I have received so much benefit from Dodd's Kidney Pills that I can recommend them to others."

Here is a case of the longest possible standing. But Dodd's Kidney Pills will surely cure it. Why? Because uric acid in the blood is the cause of rheumatism, and Dodd's Kidney Pills take the uric acid out of the blood by making the kidney of their proper parts of their parts of their proper parts of their neys do their proper work.



DR. ANNA SHAW. This photograph of the suffragette

leader was taken as she was carrying away country produce sold by the New York State Women's Suffragette Association at their fair. Dr. Shaw's 64th birthday was recently calebrated by the association

"HELLO!"

(Detroit Free Press.) Slowly but surely the word "hello" passes from the official iterature of telephone talk, and sinks into the discard. Telephone companies have long frowned upon the expression. Recently the Pere Marquette Railroad taboord it, and now the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad has done the same thing.

THE WEARY SMILE THAT COVERS PAIN

Women are Themselves to Blame for Much of Their Suffering.

Women are weak, yet under a smile they will try to hide pain and suffering that any man could not bear patiently. If women would only remembed that their frequent failures of health arise from feeble or impure blood their lives would be smoother and they would long

er retain their natural charm.

When the blood fails then begin those dragging backaches and headaches; un-refershing sleep that causes dark lines under the eyes; dizziness; fits of depression; palpitation or rapid fluttering of the heart; hot flashes and indigestion. Then the cheeks grow pale, the eyes dull and the complexion blemished.

Women should know that much of

this suffering is needless and can be promptly remedied. Purify and en-rich the blood through the use of or the blood through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and your suffering will vanish. Thousands of women know that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have brightened their lives by making the new, good blood of health, and so toning up all the visual organs into healthy vigorous according to the property of organs into healthy, vigorous action. Here is an instance from among many. Miss Cora A. Cornell, St. Catharines, Ont., saye: Ever since the age of fourteen I have suffered terribly with pains in my back, and severe headaches. 1 was also much troubled with indigestion and had to be extremely careful as to my diet, and sometimes did not feel like eating at all. Some two years ago the head-aches became so had that I had to give up my position, which was clerking in a store, where, of course, I was constantly on my feet. I took a position in an office, where I could be seated most of the time, but even then I suffered terribly most of the time. As the medicine I had been taking did not help med finally decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got a supply and soon felt they were helping me and I continued taking the nills for several months until I felt perfeetly well. Although my doctor advised me not to go back to my old position. I decided to do so, and have not felt any ill effect. I never have backache now, seldom a headache, and all traces of the indigestion have disappear-ed. I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I hope this letter will help someone who suffers as I

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2 50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

STARTS HER BOYS OFF TO SCHOOL, THEN PRESIDES OVER FEDERAL COURT.



"JUDGE" MABEL BELL.

ington, Ky., recently appointed a United States commissioner, is one of the few women in the United States with

judicial powers.

She presided over her first case with much dignity, in a "robe of of-fice" concisting of a white shirtwalst and a brown tailored skirt. She is small and peti:-

Mrs. Bell had been a deputy in the office of United States Court Clerk John Menzles. When the district was extended Menzles was no longer able to perform the dual duties of clerk and commissioner. It then devolved approximately the states Judge Cochranto. rpon United States Judge Cochran to name a new commissioner. The ex-perience that Mrs. Bell had gained as a deputy clerk made her eligible for the position.

As commissioner she holds preliminary hearings in all cases developing in her jurisdiction, either dismissing the prisoner, if there is insufficient evidence, or holding him to the next term of the court. Violators of the postal and internal

revenue laws, moonshiners, counter-feiters and even an occasional banker whose particular kind of "frenzied finance" may displease Uncle Sam, are brought before her. Mrs. Bell has two boys, Davis and

James. Before going to the federal building to preside over her court Mrs. Bell puts on their clean bibs and tuckers and starts them off to

Shiloh's Gure STOPS COUCHS PRICE. 25 CENTS

STRETCHING A POINT.

(McCall's Magazine.) B'rer Jasper died and the other deacons told Br'er Johnson he must say some-thing good about the deceased on Sunday night. At first he declined, but finally consented.

consented.

Surday night, when time for the eulogy arrived, he arose slowly and said:
"Bredren and sistern, I promised ter say sump'n good about Deacon Jasper tonight, an' I will say we all hopes he's gone whar we knows he ain't."

FOR PARIS' SAKE. (Exchange.)

Remain Gressier, the French aviator, was praising Paris in the saloon of La Provence. "Everybody praises Paris," he said. "Everybody loves Paris, A Vermont gentleman said to me yesterday: "Some Americans don't like Paris at first. But the taste grows on them." "Did you like Paris at first." I asked.
"Did 1? he replied. "I same home in the steerage."