Elizabeth.

I know a little lady—such a very stately dame!
he's queen of all the lassies, and Elizabeth's her name.
I also know a damsel made to romp with and caress;
So I keep a welcome ready for my darling little Bess.
And mother shows me working, just as quiet as a mouse,
A pleasant little girl named Beth, the helper of the house;
And sister shows me Lizzie, who goes with her to school,
Who sometimes gets a lesson and sometimes breaks a rule.
I'm acquainted with another child I'd rather never see;
For this young girl, named Betsey, is as cross as she can be.
Now, would you ever guess it? These five are but the same
Kaleidoscopic lassie! And Elizabeth's her name.

A BARITONE'S DEVOTION;

OR A TALE OF SUNNY ITALY.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"Look pale, Nita; I am afraid the fright of last night has done you harm," said Carlo, coming into the Merlinos' private sitting-room. "It is just as well that the damage done to the theatre will prevent our keeping this engagement. They say the place is to be closed for a fortnight, and after the horrors that went on in the crush last night it is only decent."

"The wonder is that more were not killed," said Nita, with a shudder. "Oh, I am so glad not to have to sing again to-night; I should always be hearing again that horrible cry."

"Do not dwell on it; think of something else; it has made you look quite ill," said Carlo, debating whether he should talk to her of his own happiness, but coming to the conclusion that she seemed too sad, and that it would be better not to touch on the subject.

"It is not the fright that has made me ill," she said, at length. "I must tell you, Carlino, all about it. Comerio has been here."

"Here this morning!" he exclaimed.

"Yes"—she shivered from head to foot—"and I made him own that Mademoiselle De Caisne knew nothing of that advertisement. He got her to write the letter easily enough, for you know she was vexed with you, and he made her believe that it was Miss Flora Britton whom you were in love with, and then he posted the letter for her, and put in the cutting from the *Times*. Just think of his boasting to me of the cleverness of the trick!"

Carlo, with a muttered ejaculation, paced hurriedly to and fro, trying to keep his indignation within bounds.

"He told me how he had got it printed," she continued, "and expected me to praise him for it."

"And you?" asked Carlo, with dawning hope in his tone.

"I told him that I would never speak to him again," said Nita, trying in vain to repress a sob. "But, Carlino, I am afraid of him—so terribly afraid. He looked as if he could have killed me, and just went away without another word. Oh, if only I had never seen him! If only I had believed, like you, that nothing is impossible, and had resisted from the first! But he was always so strong, and I so weak and friendless."

"But you have resisted now," said Carlo, trying to comfort her. "And as to fearing what he may do, I would try not to trouble about it, for, depend upon it, he values his own safety too much to do anything desperate; besides, if evil is strong, good is more strong."

"It doesn't seem to be in this world, at any rate," said Nita.

"Do you think not? Perhaps it doesn't always conquer here at first, but that matters little, if in the end it wins."

"You will not leave me?" she pleaded. "If you leave the company my last chance is gone. Ah, do you remember how I hoped at Birmingham that you would go, and that Comerio would take your place? If he had spent those two years in America with us I should have been in his power now."

She shuddered, for something had shown her that morning the true nature of the man whom she had loved.

"I will never leave you," he said, quietly.

"An English gentleman to see you, signor, in the *salotto*," announced a waiter.

Carlo's heart beat quickly as he went down-stairs, yet he was less embarrassed than Captain Britton, who met him with an overpowering shake of the hand, and then relapsed into silence.

"Francesca is none the worse for the fright, I hope?" asked Carlo, anxiously.

"Indeed, I think she is all the better for it," said the captain, smiling a little.

There was another silence.

"The fact is, Donati," resumed Captain Britton, dragging his chair forward with a business-like air, and planting both elbows on the table, "there is no use in beating about the bush; I have come here to ask you a plain question, and I hope you'll give me a plain answer. Do you still care for my child or not? Just answer me, yes or no."

The bluff speech of the old sailor nearly took away the Italian's breath, but if Captain Britton really expected him to answer in a monosyllable to such a question he was disappointed.

His face glowed, his eyes shone, yet, spite of the passionate eagerness of his tone, there was a dignity in his manner which appealed to the Englishman.

"I love her, sir, with my whole heart!" he said. "I love her, and must always love her. We belong to each other, and, though we may have to go through life apart, yet she is mine and I am hers, and nothing can come between us."

"So it seems," said the captain, rather ruefully. "Well, I frankly tell you that I would rather see my daughter married to a plain working-man than to an opera-singer; but I have talked the matter over with my brother and Miss Claremont, and since your love has stood the test of a three-years' absence, and since Francesca will not lend an ear to any other proposals, I am bound to consider what is most for her happiness, though I can't candidly tell you that it is such a match as I should have chosen for her."

"Indeed," exclaimed Carlo, with a lover's genuine humility, "I know I can never deserve her, but—"

"Nonsense," interrupted the captain; "I meant nothing personal of that sort! You know well enough, Carlo, that I am very fond of you, that I can never forget that you saved her life—" He began to feel choked and broke off abruptly.

"As to that," said Carlo, smiling, "it was nothing at all. We only sat still when others were running away, and I really think we forgot fire and danger altogether at first."

"Let us speak out plainly once for all," said Captain Britton, clearing his throat, "and then have done with it altogether. I dislike your profession, but I understand that you have a great future before you in the musical world, and I suppose nature meant you for an opera singer, and that there is no use in running one's head any longer against a stone wall. After all, a man need not be affected by his work, and perhaps dramatic talent was meant to be used. I don't deny that there's something in that argument. And the great thing is that the stage doesn't seem to have spoiled you, and that I know you'll make my child a good husband."

Between his rapture of happiness, his anxiety not to irritate the Englishman by allowing his feelings to appear too plainly, and his dazzling visions of the future, Carlo found his powers taxed to the utmost. But with an effort he forced himself to enter into a sober discussion of the case, recalled to Captain Britton's memory the fact that Uncle Guido's inheritance had gladdened the hearts of the Little Sisters of the Poor, and then told him plainly just how matters stood with regard to Anita.

The captain was touched by his simple yet very graphic way of telling a story. He began faintly to perceive the rare beauty of his character.

"You are going to Naples now, at once, did I understand?" he asked, when at length Carlo paused.

"We thought of going there now, since the theatre will be closed after this panic, and our engagement at the San Carlo will soon be beginning. My brother-in-law is going to take a fortnight at the baths at Lucca, for he has not been well lately. I shall go home to Naples with Nita and her little boy."

"Then come with us in the Pilgrim," said the captain. "My brother begged that you would do so, and Sibyl will be enchanted to have the little boy as a playmate."

After Nita had been consulted, and the matter had been a little more discussed, the invitation was accepted, and by the evening a general dispersion had taken place. Merlino had gone off to his course of baths; Sardoni and Domenica had started joyfully on what they called their second wedding-tour to the Italian lakes; Carlo, Nita and Gigi were welcomed on board the Pilgrim; and, in advance of all, Comerio, with hatred in his heart, was making the best of his way to Corsica.

"I had heard nothing of you for two months," said Francesca, as again, to make their present brighter by contrast, they talked over the troubles of the past; "but that was better than having false news. You have had the hardest part, darling, and yet you'll never know how bitter it was to me in one way."

"What way?" he asked, tenderly.

"I couldn't tell you at Merlebank, but it was knowing that you were so poor, and having money myself, and not being able to help you. Ah! you'll never know how hard it was to be able to give to any one in the world except to the one you loved best. There is a little matter-of-fact bit in 'Aurora Leigh' which I used to say for comfort."

"What was that? Say it to me now."

"'Let us be content in work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To frets because it's little.'"

"I did fret, though, for, after all, we are most of us like 'Alice in Wonderland'—very fond of giving ourselves good advice, but seldom taking it!"

They laughed a little, and now it was the trouble that seemed like a dream, and the happiness that had become true and real and indisputable. And together they paced the quiet deck, while below Nita's sweet, clear voice sang the familiar air of "Oh, dolce Napoli," which Francesca loved because of its happy associations.

"See Naples and die!" said Carlo, smiling. "I often thought, over in America, that I would gladly have done so; but now I think not, *carina*, much as I love it. Let us hope people in real life don't die of joy."

CHAPTER XXXV.

Carlo had landed at Naples late on the previous evening, and now, after the midday breakfast with the Ritter household and a long talk with his old friend, was making his way back to the Palazzo Forti in the cool of the afternoon. He was in the best of spirits and had just been giving Enrico the account of all that had passed during the last few weeks.

And so, with laughter and friendly teasing, they walked through the busy streets until they came in sight of the dingy old palazzo, at the door of which a hostler was holding a beautiful, cream-colored horse.

"Come in and see Anita," said Carlo; "she will have had her *siesta* by this time."

And Enrico, though he detested Madame Merlino, consented to go in to please his friend, and made himself very amiable to her while Carlo opened a telegram which had arrived for him during his absence.

The message was sent from Pozzuoli by Captain Britton, and was to this effect:

"We hope you will dine with us to-night. I have ordered a horse to be sent round for you. Do not fail us."

"Nita, should you mind if I went to Casa Bella?" he asked. "The captain seems to want me over there, for he has even taken the trouble to send a horse for me. I will be back, of course, to-night."

"If that was the horse we saw waiting outside you will get there in no time," said Enrico; "it beats your old Arab."

But this Carlo would not allow, and amid much lively discussion as to his old favorite, he nodded a farewell to Nita and Gigi, and ran down stairs, his heart beating fast at the prospect of seeing Francesca again so soon.

"*Auf wiedersehn!*" said Enrico, as he watched his friend ride away. And the bright look and gesture in response kept recurring to him as he walked back to his office.

He had ridden about two miles beyond the grotto, and had nearly reached the cross-road which leads toward Agano, when he was roused from his dream of happiness by his horse shying violently at the sudden apparition of a man rushing across the road. All his attention was needed to quiet the animal, and it was only when he found himself surrounded by four formidable-looking ruffians that he realized another danger. There was just time for him to give his horse a smart stroke over the shoulder which made it bound forward; but the effort was useless, for one of his assailants instantly caught the reins in a firm gripe, and the next moment he was dragged from his seat. With all his might he struggled to free himself, but it was only for a minute or two that he could even keep his footing; a hand held his throat so tightly that to cry out for help was impossible, to breathe at all difficult; and, though he fought gallantly, and by adroitness and agility rather than strength, managed to give his captors some trouble, it was inevitable that he should succumb. Bruised, shaken, half choked by the relentless gripe on his throat, he at length felt his strength overborne, and, struggling to the end, was forced down on to the dusty road. Then came a moment's breathing-space, for the hand at his throat relaxed its hold, and another and a coarser hand was substituted for it. One of the men broke the silence, speaking in a low, hurried voice.

"Now then, Lionbruno, the blow—quick!"

"*Accidenti!*" broke in a much younger voice; nothing of the sort, I tell you. Comerio has had to pay a good price for his pretty *prima donna*, but he has not given us a *lira* too much for this business—it was a risky thing in full daylight. *Sacramento!* the fellow is coming to himself!"

The mention of Comerio' name had brought back everything to Carlo's remembrance, and the intolerable words which followed filled him with an anguish which, for the time, made the physical pain non-existent. He started forward, found his feet unfettered, and began to writhe and struggle in a vain effort to free his arms. Instantly strong hands forced him down again, and heavy boots kicked his shins into unwilling stillness.

"Be so good as to use your common sense, signor!" said the young voice at his elbow. "You are our prisoner, and wholly at our mercy. Your life is in no danger at present, but if you resist we shall put an end to you to save ourselves trouble."

"Bravo! bravo!" cried another voice, stifling a laugh. "Lionbruno is such an orator that we shall soon have him as a deputy, and then he can travel free of cost!"

There was a little more stifled laughter, then silence again, broken only by the sound of the horses' hoofs and the rumbling of the wheels

At length the carriage stopped, and Carlo was dragged out. The rough handling made him tingle from head to foot, and with all his might he resisted, for he knew that at present he stood on a road where there was at least a possibility of meeting with help, and to what these brigands were hurrying him he had no idea.

"No use, signor!" said the voice at his side. "We are four to one, and you only make matters worse for yourself."

Something in the tone of the speaker appealed to Carlo. His blood cooled a little, and he allowed himself to be led through what he felt sure must be a thick wood, for he could hear the rustle of the leaves as they forced their way on, and could feel boughs brushing against him. As to the distance they walked he could not form the slightest idea. At last he was so worn out that it was all he could do to drag one foot after the other, the craving for air and light became more and more keen, and, had it not been for the iron grasp in which he was held, he would have fallen to the ground. Some one tore off the bandages which had kept him blind and dumb for so long, and then, dazzled and confused, he looked around.

He found himself in a domed building, which seemed to him a smaller edition of the old Roman bath at Baja, known as the Temple of Mercury. It was lighted only by two torches, which, however, shed a pretty strong light on the strange group beneath. Half a dozen rough, ill-clad men were clustered together close to a stone bench, on which was seated the leader of the gang, a powerful-looking man, whose rugged face and uncompromising mouth instantly checked all the hope that rose in Carlo's heart when he found himself capable once more of seeing and speaking.

Brancaleone was not at all the ferocious and cruel-looking brigand chief of his boyish fancies; he was much more like an officer of the martinet type, but his face was as hard as a rock, and he was evidently a person from whom no quarter was to be expected.

"Successful, you see, in my first enterprise, pauvre mio!" said the young fellow who had been addressed as Lionbruno.

Carlo looked at him, and saw that he could not have been more than eighteen at the outside. Undoubtedly he was the same picturesque figure whom he had noticed yesterday by the water-seller's stall; and now, as he stood beside the chief, bowing respectfully yet speaking with the freedom of a son, the likeness between the two faces was quite noticeable. In twenty years' time, if he lived the same lawless life, the young face would be probably an exact reproduction of the old.

Brancaleone turned his haughty gaze upon the prisoner.

"Your name, signor?" he inquired.

"I am Carlo Poerio Donati," he replied.

"For what purpose have you brought me here? If money is your object, I am as poor as any man in Naples."

The chief did not answer, but ordered one of the banditti to search the prisoner. The man obeyed, and handed the contents of Carlo's pockets to the leader, who at once singled out the watch and chain and handed them to Lionbruno.

"This is your share, my son; you have done well," he remarked.

The rest of the things he pushed collectively toward the three men who had helped in the capture; they snatched eagerly at the purse, and grumbled much to find so little in it.

Meanwhile Carlo stood motionless. Sometimes it seemed to him that the whole scene must be some wild imagination of his own brain. A horrible giddiness seized him—the result, probably, of the blow he had received and the exhausting walk which had followed. He staggered a little, but recovered himself, and once more turned to the chief with the same question:

"For what purpose have you brought me here?"

"You bear a name, signor, that I once revered," said the chief, coldly; "and for the sake of that I will answer you, though I am not usually questioned by my prisoners. You came here to replenish my purse. There are those who were willing to pay well for my son's little escapade, and your stay here will be quite free of cost to yourself."

"I will double the sum if you will release me at once!" said Carlo.

But the chief shook his head.

"In the words of the proverb, signor, '*E meglio aver oggi un uovo che dimani una gallina*,' nor do I ever turn from my word. Rocco, make haste with the irons!"

Again that horrible, giddy confusion rose in Carlo's brain; he was very dimly aware of what happened during the next few minutes; but the paroxysm passed, and he found that they were leading him through a catacomb, and that Lionbruno, torch in hand, headed the procession. The passage ended in a sort of rude cell which showed signs of habitation, and here his guards left him, with Lionbruno only as sentinel. He noticed that his arms had been unstrapped, but that there was a chain round his waist to which one foot and one hand were attached, and the weight of iron was so great that he could only move with difficulty.

"I am your prisoner," he said gravely, "and wholly at your mercy, as you reminded me just now; but we are fellow-men. Do not keep me any longer in the dark! Tell me what Comerio means to do!"

"What is that to us?" replied Lionbruno. "For the present our share of the work is done, and for the rest who cares? In any case, Brancaleone will get his money. As for your fate, I don't care a fig about it one way or the other!"

"Can you not speak plainly? Do you mean that my life depends on Comerio's whim?"

"Not on Comerio at all, but on your sister. Look here, it is all as orderly as a ceremony on a *festa!* Comerio goes to her to-night, wins her consent to leave the country with him, and exchanges a white handkerchief with our Neapolitan agent, who on Wednesday night will pass it on to us, and from that moment you are a free man once more. Or, on the other hand, Madame Merlino refuses her lover's suggestion definitely, Comerio disappears from the scene, having dropped a red handkerchief with our agent, and on Thursday you look your last on this world. That is the matter in a nutshell, signor."

Carlo's heart gave a bound, then a cold chill ran through him; he had indeed grown pretty well accustomed to the idea of possible violence at the hands of Comerio; he knew the Corsican's nature too well to expect him to behave, for instance, like an Englisman or an American; but, although he had never been lacking in courage, it appalled him to think that for two days and two nights he must wait in this dismal cell, and at the end of the time be murdered in cold blood. Yet what was the other alternative?

"My God!" he cried, "how can I be willing to die! It is more than man can bear!"

A wave of horror passed over him as he realized what might be happening at that very moment, and all thought of self died within him, as, in terrible reaction, he passed from the vision of perfect purity and love to the thought of impurity and sin. In an agony he prayed, willing now to die a thousand deaths rather than that Anita should sink into this black abyss, this hellish contradiction to all love and light.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"ALL GOETH BUT GOD'S WILL."

"You have passed a bad night, signor," remarked Lionbruno, glancing up from his work at the prisoner.

Carlo, who to the last retained his sense of fun, saw the double meaning which the remark might bear, and smiled.

"I have not slept," he replied. "And you?"

"I?" said Lionbruno, shrugging his shoulders, "have had to wake also, that I might keep guard."

"Do you think, then, that escape would be possible in such irons as these?"

"No, it would be impossible, even if the approach to the upper air were not well guarded. But it is one of Brancaleone's laws that a prisoner should be watched night and day.

"You seem to look death in the face calmly enough; but it is far more likely that you will be set free."

Carlo shook his head.

"If I were set free it would mean that my whole life had failed. Something tells me that is not so. Therefore, you see, I must face the thought of death. And, while we are speaking of it, just tell me how it will be. Am I to be shot?"

Lionbruno's great black eyes were full of wonder; they were very much like the eyes of some animal. He was completely puzzled by his companion, and somehow awed by him.

"No," he said; "that could not be, here."

"What, then—stabbed?"

Lionbruno shook his head.

"Poisoned, or perhaps hung?"

Again the young brigand made a gesture of dissent; then, with unmistakable meaning, he drew out his knife, and passed it lightly across his throat, glancing significantly at the prisoner.

Carlo had too vivid an imagination not to shrink a little from the picture which presented itself to his mind; he grew suddenly cold, and felt a strange stirring in his heart, and a tightening about the muscles of his throat. But he quickly recovered himself, and, with no perceptible effort, returned to the interrupted story.

"And this work of yours yesterday," continued Carlo; "it will not only end in murder, it will break hearts and blight lives. Will you be proud of doing such devil's work as that?"

"A man must live," said Lionbruno, gloomily; "I only do what I was brought up to do. As to cruelty, Broncaleone would not have the hold which he has on the hearts of the people were he a cruel chief. No prisoner has ever been ill-used by him, and if a man must be put out of the way, why, it is done promptly and without barbarity. The day for such things is past; we, too, are civilized, our plots are more refined, as well as more successful, now that we have the telegraph always at our command.

Carlo started.

"Do you mean, then, that the telegram I had yesterday was your doing? Was it a mere trick?"

Lionbruno laughed, and rubbed his hands together.

"Was it not clever? The first idea was a note of invitation from the English captain; but then there would have been the danger of the handwriting not being right. The telegram was my notion, and the sending it in English made it doubly safe; it was only because I had thought of it that I was given the charge of the whole affair, for, after all, I am young for such work. *Dio!* what sport it was! The watching for the yacht, and dogging your steps everywhere, while all the time you were so happily ignorant; then the breathless race to Pozzuoli to send the telegram, and the anxiety of the afternoon when we did not know whether, perhaps, you might not, after all, refuse to go. How happy I was when I saw you by the Grotto of Posilipo! And you, too, looked happy. Ah, I shall never again have a better bit of sport!"

Carlo shuddered; the unblushing avowal made him recoil as from some hellish thing. He did not say a word, but Lionbruno noted his expression, and never forgot it.

"Come!" he said, his tone suddenly changing, "I can't stay all day in this dull hole. We will see what the others are up to."

All the next day he was markedly civil to his prisoner. He even sacrificed himself so far as to remain in the dreary little cell, instead of insisting, as before, on spending the time with the rest of the gang. Carlo spoke little, for grief and suspense and the long-continued sleeplessness had brought him almost to the last stage of exhaustion, but what few words he did say were courteous and pleasant, and in tone not otherwise than cheerful. Lionbruno began to think more and more distastefully of the scene that would be enacted that evening, and, as the time drew near, he could bear it no longer, but summoning one of the elder men to keep guard in his place, sought out the chief and begged to speak alone with him.

Brancaleone led the way from the gloomy underground retreat to the open air. Already it was dark, but here and there through the thick foliage were little spaces through which stars gleamed down coldly. Lionbruno gave a gasp of relief as he found himself once more above ground, for the atmosphere down below was not a little trying to one accustomed to an out-door life.

"Bring the prisoner in at once," said the chief.

"Brancaleone orders you to be brought in," he said, huskily. "Are you prepared, signor?"

"Quite," replied Carlo, standing up, and speaking as calmly as though no terrible ordeal awaited him.

Brancaleone sat smoking as composedly as though no murder were contemplated that night; close by, Nicolo stirred the contents of a caldron which hung over a charcoal brazier, while the rest of the men were playing cards and quarreling among themselves. The chief turned his cold eyes on the prisoner.

"My messenger may arrive any time within the next hour," he said. "You will therefore be ready for your fate, whatever it may be. Should we have been betrayed, and should a rescuing party be sent with him, you will instantly be shot. Should you see him wave a white handkerchief, it will mean that you are free; should he wave a red one, you will feel the sharpness of this knife."

Carlo replied only by a slight gesture. His dignity appealed to Brancaleone, who eyed him curiously, knowing that never before had he met with such a prisoner.

"Rocco! Maso! take your places!" he called, peremptorily.

Two of the men instantly threw down their cards, and Carlo found himself taken to that end of the building which was furthest from a dark archway, presumably leading to another catacomb, and thence to the upper air. On either side of him stood a ruffianly-looking Neapolitan, with a loaded pistol held within a few inches of his temples; and to the right hand, and a little in advance of the others, sat the chief, ostentatiously sharpening his knife. It was an ordeal that would have tried the strongest nerves; the horrible, grim suspense of it was a torture such as Carlo had never conceived; and nothing but long practice in self-control could have enabled him to keep up under the sickening anticipations of the butchery that was soon to take place. With a strong effort he turned from such thoughts, not even allowing himself to watch the dark archway opposite, where his imagination kept picturing a confusion of red tokens and white tokens, until he was as much dazzled as Gigi used to be over the Pears' soap puzzle in England. With a pang he remembered that he had never said good-bye to the little fellow, and a hundred trifling recollections of unfinished work rushed through his brain, till a flash of Brancaleone's knife in the torch-light recalled him to the terrible present. Then he fixed his eyes steadily on the cross which Lionbruno was carving, and again the thought of his visible surroundings faded.

By and by came visions of what lay beyond this hour of torture. He thought of the evil defeated, of Anita saved forever from Comerio's influence. He pictured to himself how she would pass unscathed through her hard life, with Gigi to shield her, with Francesca to comfort her and cling to her for his sake, with a love for him which should be an actual safeguard, not a vague regret. But with the thought of Francesca there came once more the wild clinging to life. She would be his, indeed, in another world; but he craved for her now, he shrunk back from the parting—the unknown change.

But Brancaleone moved, and the torch-light fell again on the cold steel blade. In a few minutes there must come that awful helplessness, that violence and anguish and slaughter.

(To be continued.)

The Best in the World

The oil of the Norwegian Cod Liver is nature's grand restorative, and is only found in its entirety and and purity in Miller's Emulsion. It is the most palatable and wholesome preparation Cod Liver Oil in the world, and is now being taken by invalids, particularly those afflicted with consumption, with the most astonishing success. It is the greatest blood and flesh maker in existence, and is a life saver to consumptives. In big bottles, 50c. and $1.00, at all drug stores.

Carmencita's Dancing.

"Merely as dancing, probably many of the spectators had witnessed more wonderful performances. It was the dramatic force, the vivid intensity of every movement that distinguishes it from any ordinary terpsichorean feat. Without being understood as pantomimic, the little dance told its story as no dance of the kind has ever done before. When she sprang forward with that defiant audacity, bent, swayed, flung her body back till it seemed as though her head would touch the floor, her eyes appeared to flash fire, her hands and wrists in their delicate and flexible intonations played through the whole gamut of passionate emotion; they spoke with an eloquence that was not to be resisted. It was no longer a woman dancing—it was a creature possessed by some demoniac influence, struggling, supplicating, conquered, swept like a leaf before the wind in a series of gyrations so rapid and astonishing that when she sank to the earth the spectators gasped with almost a sense of relief, amid the storm of applause that arose.

"She smiled for the first time; then the light faded from her eyes, and she swaggered back to her seat, the same awkward, lumpish-looking peasant she had been ere the flame had been ignited.

"'Well, what do you say?' asked Ferrars, from behind Grace's shoulder.

"'Nothing. She has taken away my breath.'"—*Hamilton Aide.*

Mr. C. Harper, Ottawa, Ont., writes: "I have pleasure in stating that your Pink Pills are a wonderful tonic and reconstructor of the system. Since beginning their use, I have gained on an average, a pound of flesh a week. I have recommended them to a number of my friends, who declare that they are the only medicine that they have ever used that done all that is claimed for it. Sold by all dealers.

Message of Good Words.

On the wall of Yee Wo Kon's laundry in Chicago hangs a placard with some lines from Confucius. Yee Wo Kon graciously translated a few of them for a *Times* reporter.

You should not curse and swear.
You should not forget benefits received from others.
You should not beat down articles below the proper price.
You should not destroy animal life.
You should not oppress the poor.
You should not be a go-between in regard to the marriage of a widow.

This catechism is called the "Message of Good Words."—*Chicago Times.*

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

—Little Clara was out with her mother taking dinner at a neighbor's house, and the hostess, in an attempt to be entertaining, asked her if she liked kittens. The little miss shocked those gathered at the table by looking suspiciously at the chicken pot-pie and replying, "I dess not—dess I rather have cake."

MULDOON the wrestler may not be very learned in physiology, but he can tell pretty accurately what is wrong with some boys and with their mental and physical training. Asked by a young lady why the women of the period, as observed in the streets of the large cities, look healthier, walk better and are physically better specimens than the men, he is reported to have said:

The trouble begins with the care of the boy when he is a little chap; everything here is sacrificed to the cultivation of the intellect, and the small boy's physical condition isn't paid much attention to. You see the sons of rich men who are weak, miserable specimens, killing themselves with cigarettes, smaller and less strong than their sisters, and having no strength physically. A good many of them are cowards. Train a boy morally and physically first, and his brain will respond when you call on it. Train the brain at the expense of the body and you have just such specimens of manhood as you laugh at. * * * I believe in making a boy strong and well, morally and physically, then letting him absorb all the knowledge he can; but I don't believe in wasting a five-thousand-dollar education on a fifty-cent boy.

We like his closing sentence. It is a double waste to give an expensive education to a puny fifty-cent boy, because the development of his mental faculties will be at the expense of his physical health. Young and especially weakly children should not be made to sacrifice or stunt their physical growth by too much study.

THE SARATOGA MIRACLE

Further Investigated by an Express Reporter.

The Facts Already Stated Fully Confirmed—Interviews with Leading Physicians who Treated Quant—The Most Marvelous Case in the History of Medical Science.

A few weeks ago an article appeared in this paper copied from the Albany, N. Y., *Journal*, giving the particulars of one of the most remarkable cures of the 19th century. The article was under the heading "A Saratoga Co. Miracle," and excited such widespread comment that another Albany paper—the *Express*—detailed a reporter to make a thorough investigation of the statements appearing in the *Journal's* article. This facts as elicited by the *Express* reporter are given in the following article, which appeared in that paper on April 16th, and makes one of the most interesting stories ever related:

A few weeks ago there was published in the Albany *Evening Journal* the story of a most remarkable—indeed so remarkable as to well justify the term "miraculous"—cure of a severe case of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis; simply by the use of Pink Pills for Pale People, and, in compliance with instructions, an *Express* reporter has been devoting some time in a critical investigation of the real facts of the case.

The story of the wonderful cure of Chas. A. Quant, of Galway, Saratoga County, N. Y., as first told in the *Journal*, has been copied into hundreds, if not thousands, of other daily and weekly newspapers and has created such a sensation throughout the entire country that it was deemed a duty due all the people and especially the thousands of similarly afflicted, that the statements of the case as made in the Albany *Journal* and copied into so many other newspapers should, if true, be verified; or, if false, exposed as an imposition upon public credulity.

The result of the *Express* reporter's investigations authorizes him in saying that the story of Charles A. Quant's cure of locomotor ataxia by the use of Pink Pills for Pale People, a popular remedy prepared and put up by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Morristown, N. Y., and Brockville, Ontario, IS TRUE, and that all it statements are not only justified but verified by the fuller development of the further facts of the case.

Perhaps the readers of the *Express* are not all of them fully familiar with the details of this miraculous restoration to health of a man who after weeks and months of treatment by the most skillful doctors in two of the best hospitals in the state of New York—the Roosevelt Hospital in New York City and St. Peter's Hospital in Albany—was dismissed from each as incurable, and, because the case was deemed incurable, the man was denied admission into several others to which application was made in his behalf. The story as told by Mr. Quant himself and published in the Albany *Journal*, is as follows:

"My name is Charles A. Quant. I am 37 years old. I was born in the village of Galway and excepting while travelling on business and a little while in Amsterdam, have spent my whole life here. Up to about eight years ago I had never been sick and was then in perfect health. I was fully six feet tall, weighed 180 pounds and was very strong. For 12 years I was travelling salesman for a piano and organ company, and had to do, or at least did do, a great deal of heavy lifting, got my meals very irregularly and slept in enough 'spare beds' in country houses to freeze any ordinary man to death, and at least give him the rheumatism. About eight years ago I began to feel distress in my stomach, and consulted several doctors about it. They all said it was dyspepsia, and for dyspepsia I was treated by various doctors in different places, and took all the patent medicines I could hear of that claimed to be a cure for dyspepsia, but I continued to grow gradually worse for four years. Then I began to have pain in my back and legs, and became conscious that my legs were getting weak and my step unsteady, and then I staggered when I walked. Having received no benefit from the use of patent medicines, and feeling that I was constantly growing worse, then, upon advice, began the use of electric belts, pads and all the many different kinds of electric appliances I could hear of, and spent hundreds of dollars for them, but they did me no good. (Here Mr. Quant showed the *Journal* reporter an electric suit of underwear, for which he paid $124.) In the fall of 1888 the doctors advised a change of climate, so I went to Atlanta, Ga., and acted as agent for the Estey Organ Company. While there I took an electric treatment, but it only seemed to aggravate my disease, and the only relief I could get from the sharp and distressing pains was to take morphine. The pain was so intense at times that it seemed as though I could not stand it, and I almost longed for death as the only certain relief. In September of 1888 my legs gave out entirely and my left eye was drawn down to the floor, so that I had double sight and was dizzy. My trouble so affected my whole nervous system that I had to give up business. Then I returned to New York and went to the Roosevelt Hospital, where for four months I was treated by specialists and they pronounced my case locomotor ataxia and incurable. After I had been under treatment by Prof. Starr and Ware for four months, they told me they had done all they could for me. Then I went to the New York hospital on Fifteenth street, where, upon examination, they said I was incurable and would not take me in. At the Presbyterian hospital they examined me and told me the same thing. In March, 1890, I was taken to St. Peter's Hospital, in Albany, where Prof. H. H. Hun frankly told my wife my case was hopeless; that he could do nothing for me and that she had better take me back home and save my money. But I wanted to make a trial of Prof. Hun's famous skill and I remained under his treatment for nine weeks, but secured no benefit. All this time I had been growing worse. I had become entirely paralyzed from my waist down and had partly lost control of my hands. The pain was terrible; my legs felt as though they were freezing and my stomach would not retain food, and I fell away to 120 pounds. In the Albany hospital they put 17 big burns on my back one day with red hot irons, and after a few days they put 14 more burns on and treated me with electricity, but I got worse rather than better; lost control of my bowels and water, and, upon advice of the doctor, who said there was no hope for me, I was brought home, where it was thought that death would soon come to relieve me of my sufferings. Last September, while in this helpless and suffering condition, a friend of mine in Hamilton, Ont., called my attention to the statement of one John Marshall, whose case had been similar to my own, and who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. In this case Mr. Marshall, who is a prominent member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, had, after four years of constant treatment by the most eminent Canadian physicians, been pronounced incurable, and paid the $1,000 total disability claim allowed by the order in such cases. Some months after Mr. Marshall began a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking some 15 boxes was fully restored to health. I thought I would try them, and my wife sent for two boxes of the pills, and I took them according to the directions on the wrapper on each box. For the first few days the cold baths were pretty severe as I was so very weak, but I continued to follow instructions as to taking the pills and the treatment, and even before I had used up the two boxes of the pills I began to feel beneficial results from them. My pains were not so bad. I felt warmer; my head felt better; my food began to relish and agree with me; I could straighten up; the feeling began to come back into my limbs; I began to be able to get about on crutches; my eye came back again as good as ever, and now, after the use of eight boxes of the pills, at a cost of only $4—see!—I can with the help of a cane only, walk all about the house and yard, can saw wood, and on pleasant days I walk down town. My stomach trouble is gone; I have gained 10 pounds; I feel like a new man, and when the spring opens I expect to be able to renew my organ and piano agency. I cannot speak in too high terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, as I know they saved my life after all the doctors had given me up as incurable."

Such is the wonderful story which the *Express* reporter has succeeded in securing verification of in all its details, from the hospital records where Mr. Quant was treated and from the doctors who had the case in hand and who pronounced him incurable. Let it be remembered that all this hospital treatment was two and three years ago, while his cure, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, has been effected since last September, 1891. So it is beyond a doubt evident that the recovery is wholly due to the use of these famous pills which have been found to have made such remarkable cures in this and other cases.

Mr. Quant placed in the hands of the reporter his card of admission to Roosevelt Hospital, which is here reproduced in further confirmation of his statements:

GENERAL ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL.
OUT-PATIENT.
No. 14037. Admitted Sept. 16, 89.
Chas. Quant.
Age 34 Birthplace N.Y.
Civil Condition Sec
Occupation Government
Residence Ft. Plain N.Y.
Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
(over.)

To verify Mr. Quant's statement our reporter a few days ago, (March 31st 1892), called on Dr. Allen Starr, at his office, No. No. 22 West Twenty-eighth street, New York city. Dr. Starr is house physician of the Roosevelt hospital, situated corner of Ninth avenue and Fifty-ninth street. In reply to inquiry he said he remembered the case of Mr. Quant very well and treated him some but that he was chiefly treated and under the more especial care of Dr. Ware. He said he regarded this case as he did all cases of locomotor ataxia as incurable. In order that our reporter might get a copy of the history of the case of Mr. Quant from the hospital record he very courteously gave him a letter of which the following is a copy:

Dr. M. A. Starr, 22 West Forty-eighth street, office hours, 9 to 12 a. m., New York, March 31st, 1892.—Dear Dr. Vought: If you have any record of a locomotor ataxia by name of Quant, who says he came to the clinic 3 or 4 years ago, No. 14,037, of the O. D. Dept., Roosevelt, sent to me from Ware, will you let the bearer know. If you have no record send him to Roosevelt Hosp. Yours, STARR.

By means of this letter access to the records was permitted and a transcript of the history of Mr. Quant's case made from them as follows:

"No. 14,037. Admited September 16th, 1889, Charles A. Quant, aged 34 years. Born U. S. Married. Hoboken."

"History of the case: Dyspepsia for past four or five years. About 14 months partial loss of power and numbness in lower extremities. Girdling sensation about abdomen. (November 29th, 1889, not improved, external strobismus of left eye and dilatation of the left eye.) Some difficulty in passing water at times; no headache but some dizziness; alternate diarrhoea and constipation; partial ptosis past two weeks in left eye.

"Ord. R. F. Bi pep. and Soda."

These are the marked symptoms of a severe case of locomotor ataxia. "And Dr. Starr said a case with such marked symptoms could not be cured, and Quant, who was receiving treatment in the out-patient department, was given up as incurable."

"There never was a case recovered in the world," said Dr. Starr. And then said: "Dr. Ware can tell you more about the case, as Quant was under his more personal treatment. I am surprised, he said, "that the man is alive, as I thought he must be dead long ago."

Our reporter found Dr. Edward Ware at his office, No. 162 West Ninety-third street, New York. He said: "I have very distinct recollections of the Quant case. It was a very pronounced case. I treated him some months. This was in the early sun mer of 1890. I deemed him incurable, and thought him dead before now. Imagine my surprise when I received a letter from him, about two weeks ago, telling me that he was alive, was getting well and expected soon to be fully recovered.'

"What do you think, doctor, was the cause of his recovery?"

"That is more than I know. Quant says he has been taking some sort of pills and that they have cured him. At all events I am glad the poor fellow is getting well, for his was a bad case and he was a great sufferer."

Dr. Theodore R. Tuttle, of 319 West Eighteenth street, to whom our reporter is indebted for assisting courtesies, said of locomotor ataxia: "I have had several cases of this disease in the course of my practice. I will not say that it is incurable, but I never knew of a case to get well; but I will say it is not deemed curable by any remedies known to the medical profession."

After this successful and confirmatory investigation in New York, our reporter on Saturday, April 2nd,