



Aubrey's Revenge.

CHAPTER XXXI.
Following the sound of the pistol shots came a bloodcurdling cry.

"Murder! murder! Help, for God's sake!"

The old keeper and his assistant stood staring and breathless for an instant; then the latter rushed to the door and was on the point of pushing back the heavy bolt, but his companion caught his arm.

"Wait, Tom," he said, in a tone of command, "it will do no good to throw away our lives! Get the revolvers before you open the door."

There were two in Captain Stonestreet's locker in the watch room, and an old-fashioned musket besides, all kept in good order, but seldom used.

New Castle Lighthouse had a ghost, so tradition declared, the gruesome wraith of a keeper who had gone mad and committed suicide years ago, and although it had never put in an appearance, Kelpie mischievously declared that old daddy lived in constant dread of its coming, which accounted for his keeping a brace of six-shooters constantly at hand and in excellent condition.

"If you ever hear a pistol shot, Tom," she used to say, "you may know it's daddy popping away at the poor old ghost."

Tom recalled her merry jesting, and now he smiled grimly as he dashed into the watch room and secured the weapons.

The old keeper was standing with his hand on the bolt and a blazing light in his eyes when Tom reached his side.

"Now, Tom," he said hastily, "keep cool, my boy, and don't shoot unless we are hard pressed."

"You take the pistols, sir, and I'll open the door," urged Tom, but the captain put him aside.

"No, stand back. I prefer to take all risks, if there be any. Your life is worth far more than mine."

"Help! help! Murder! murder!" came from below, and in the same breath there was a sudden shock, as if a heavy body had fallen.

The old keeper pushed back the bolt and opened the door, while Tom, clutching a six-shooter in each hand, stood ready for action.

But there was no need of the weapons; as the heavy door swung back, the body of a man, with a stream of blood gushing from an ugly hole in his breast below the left shoulder, fell forward and lay like a log at the old keeper's feet.

Marvelous Balsamic Essences Cure Catarrh No Drugs To Take—A Direct Breathing Cure

Statistics Prove Ninety-Seven Per Cent of Canada's Population Is Infected With the Germs of Catarrh.

This disease is most dangerous owing to its tendency to extend to the Bronchial tubes and lungs, where it causes Consumption. Unfortunately the people have had faith in sprays, ointments and snuffs, which can't possibly cure, and in consequence catarrhal disease has become a national cure. Science is advancing every day, and fortunately a remedy has been discovered that not only cures but prevents Catarrh. This new treatment "Catarrhose" has sufficient power to kill the germs of Bronchitis, Catarrh and Asthma. It contains pure pine essences and healing balsams that go to the remotest part of

At the same moment, down in the gloom of the secret stairway, Tulliver's face, mocking, devilish, his black eyes glowing like balls of fire, appeared for a moment, then came a peal of horrible laughter, and the sound of descending steps on the iron ladder, in the dark depths below.

"Did you see that face, Tom?" said the old captain breathlessly. "It was Tulliver's, I could swear to it. Why didn't you shoot the infernal scoundrel? He'll make his escape before we can head him off."

"You charged me not to shoot, cap'n; unless we were hard pressed."

"Well, so I did, but it's aggravating to see that bloodthirsty scoundrel give us the slip a second time."

"If the door of the storage room hadn't been bolted," suggested Tom, "he'd have stolen in and murdered us as he murdered this poor man."

Captain Stonestreet for the first time gave his attention to the prostrate form at his feet.

"Good God, Tom, the poor fellow's bleeding to death!" he exclaimed.

"We must do something for him."

Tom had already thrown aside his weapons and was kneeling by the wounded man's side.

"My poor fellow, are you suffering a great deal?" he asked, raising the man's head from the rough floor and resting it on his knee.

"Water, for pity's sake give me water!" he gasped.

"Let's get him into my bedroom, Tom," said the captain.

"Better get him a drop of brandy and water first, sir," said Tom; he's about done for, poor man. I don't know that he'll stand moving."

The requisite articles were brought, and when a small quantity had been poured down the dying man's throat, he rallied slightly and opened his eyes.

"I wanted it for Nell," he panted, the effort of speaking bringing great drops of moisture to his forehead.

"I've treated her like a brute, poor girl, but I wanted her to have that belt. I came here to find it, and that fellow shot me down like a dog. I suppose he took me for a thief."

"Poor fellow, his mind is wandering," said Tom.

"Hush!" said the captain excitedly; "I think I know this man."

"My friend," he went on, when he had administered a few drops of the brandy and water, "will you tell me your name?"

"Who wants to know my name?" the man demanded, in a hoarse whisper. "It's Rutherford."

"I thought so!" exclaimed the old captain. "I thought I couldn't be mistaken in you. Ralph Rutherford's your name. Tim Duffy didn't make an end of you, after all, it seems."

The man uttered a sharp exclamation and made an effort to struggle up on his elbow, but the blood gushed out from the wound in his breast, and he fell back, white and exhausted.

"It won't do for you to exert yourself," said the captain. "Give him a little more brandy, Tom. We'll get you to bed, poor fellow, as soon as it's safe to move you."

"No use to get me to bed," the man gasped feebly. "I'm done for! The grave's the only bed I shall ever have need of now. Serves me right, too! I've been a tough chap in my time."

"Do you think there's any chance for a fellow who makes up his mind to do better at the eleventh hour?" he went on, speaking with an effort.

the nose, throat and lungs, carrying health-giving medication to every spot that is tainted or weak. You don't take Catarrhose like cough mixture—you inhale its healing vapor at the mouth and it spreads all through the breathing organs, soothing and curing wherever Catarrh exists. This is nature's way of supplying the richest balsams, the purest antiseptics known to science.

A sneezing cold is cured in ten minutes. A harsh cough is eased in an hour, the most offensive catarrh is thoroughly drawn from the system.

For Asthma and Bronchial Irritation nothing can equal Catarrhose so, and we advise our readers to try this treatment if suffering with any winter ill. The complete outfit costs \$1.00, medium size, 50c., at all dealers.

Ab! My Tired Feet Ached So for "Tiz."

"TIZ" eases our sore, burning, swollen, sweaty, calloused feet and corns.



Just take your shoes off and then put those weary, corn-crinkled, aching, burning, corn-festered, bunion-tortured feet of yours in a "TIZ" bath. Your toes will wriggle with joy; they'll look up at you and almost talk and then they'll take another dive in that "TIZ" bath.

When your feet feel like lumps of lead—all tired out—just try "TIZ." It's grand—it's glorious. Your feet will dance with joy; also you will find all pain gone from corns, callouses and bunions.

There's nothing like "TIZ." It's the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up your feet and cause foot torture. Get a 25 cent box of "TIZ" at any drug or department store—don't wait. Ah! how glad your feet get; how comfortable your shoes feel. You can wear shoes a size smaller if you desire.

"To be sure I do," the old keeper answered promptly. "As long as the spark of life continues to burn, there is hope of God's forgiveness."

"I don't know so much about that," the man continued, with a hoarse laugh. "If Nell could see me lying here, she'd cry over and pity me, no matter if I did break her heart, but I'll never see the poor little girl again."

"What Nell are you talking about?" said the old keeper. "The girl who was Tim Duffy's sweetheart twenty years ago?"

"The same. But how did you come to know?"

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Rutherford turned his head and regarded Tom with a questioning gaze. "Will you promise?" he faltered, with quivering lips.

"Promise what?" demanded Tom.

"Not to run off with the belt."

"Yes, I promise to bring it here, and put it in your hands. You'd better be quick about it, my poor fellow."

The man's strength was quite gone by this time, and that strange gray shadow which is an unmistakable sign of coming dissolution had fallen on his face.

He rallied, however, and his glazing eyes flashed with sudden fire.

"Twenty inches from the iron hook, a spring," he gasped; then his voice failed utterly.

"Quick, Tom," said the old keeper. "I'll give him a little more brandy."

The young assistant took an ivory rule from his pocket as he entered the storage room.

Fortunately, the great golden light illuminated every crack and crevice, even sending long rays of light from it down into the black depths below.

It was the work of a moment to slip the secret panel in place, and then, even before he had measured the distance from the iron hook, his sharp eyes caught sight of something he had never noticed before: a little speck which seemed to be the head of a nail, embedded in the heavy board.

Tom pressed it with his thumb; then he gave it a crack with the brass head of his rule.

A sharp click followed, and, as if by magic, a narrow drawer shot forth. Apparently the drawer was filled with yellow paper.

Tearing this away, a leather belt and a package of papers, yellow with age, were revealed. Tom seized the belt and rushed back to the spot where the dying man lay.

"I've found it!" he cried; "here it is!"

The old captain raised his hand. "Hush, Tom," he said, solemnly, "the poor fellow is dead."

Tom stood speechless a moment, looking down at the poor, haggard face.

"I wish he could have lived to know the belt was found," he said at last.

"Yes, it seems a pity," replied the old keeper, "but perhaps it is as well. If Rutherford had lived to get the valuables in his hands, he might have changed his mind and squandered them on himself; but poor Nell is sure of them now."

CHAPTER XXXII.
The night was well on into the wee, sma' hours when Tom Holland sat down at his desk in the watch room to answer Kelpie's letter.

There had been an unusual bustle and a good deal of excitement in the old lighthouse that winter night, but it was all over now, and only the ceaseless sound of the sea broke the solemn stillness.

"That's My Corn"
What a Confession!

Something hit ashore. There's a flash of pain, and the victim says, "That's my corn."

"My corn," pined and coddled for years, perhaps. It's as needless as dirty hands.

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WINGARNIS
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ASTERIODS.
By GEORGE FITCH.
Author of "At Good Old Sivash."

The Asteroids are a great flock of planets whose growth was apparently stunted in infancy. They revolve about the sun in an aimless and eccentric manner about as far beyond the earth as Champ Clark is from the presidency and do not add anything to the general beauty of the landscape, being entirely invisible to the naked eye.

The Asteroids remained in obscurity for thousands of years but the vacancy in the space between Jupiter and Mars, where a planet ought to be, had always worried the astronomers and over a century ago a search for the missing star was begun. This was rewarded by the discovery in 1801 of a light draught-star of medium sized about as big as a freckle on Jupiter. It was named, weighed and measured like any other infant and was found to be 400 miles in diameter.

Shortly after this another peewee planet was discovered and named. The work kept on until the astronomer who hadn't discovered an Asteroid was as longwinded as a Frenchman who doesn't belong to the legion of honor. Over 600 Asteroids have now been discovered and each year about thirty more are roved and branded. Getting names for the new arrivals is as difficult as choosing names for Pullman cars and they will soon have to be tagged and numbered like cannon fodder.

Formerly the astronomer chased the shy and elusive Asteroid around the heavens with a telescope until he cornered it, but now photographic plates are exposed in the observatories and the new laid Asteroids register themselves on them like guests on a hotel register. Nothing is calculated to inspire the layman with more awe for astronomy than the task of sorting out pin points of light on a photograph and determining which one of them belongs to a brand new Asteroid. It is like identifying fleas across the grand canon with an opera glass.

How the Asteroids happened is a mystery, though many astronomers believe that they are the remains of an old planet which has exploded under some great stress, such as trying to be neutral enough to satisfy two intelligent neighbors. The largest Asteroids are 400 miles in diameter and the smallest are probably less than 15 miles through. If they were nearer to us with better transportation facilities they would be very useful. Nothing would be more satisfactory to the general public than to remove some man who was trying to run the earth to a planet 15 miles in diameter where he would revolve dizzily through space forevermore, holding on with both hands and too busy to do anything else.

The cheaper cuts of steak, fried, ground and seasoned, make excellent sandwiches. So does fried calves' liver, cold and chopped fine.

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Laughing is the cheapest medicine in the world, and the most beautifying. All the visits to the vanity parlors in the world will do you no good if you come away with a stern, cold face and set jaws.

A good laugh stimulates the circulation and stirs sluggish veins to activity. Its vibration seems to force new life into the very springs of our being.

If you were to stop and figure up the number of times you have indulged in a good laugh you would be surprised to find that they are very few. Practice it as a duty if you cannot laugh spontaneously at first.

Relax your face muscles, loosen up the cords of your heart, and burst forth in a peal of musical gaiety.

Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone, remember.

Taking cold can sometimes be prevented by breathing deeply when chilly. The body will soon become much warmer, because deep breathing sets the blood to circulating more rapidly.

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