

The True and The False

Mrs. Hunter's objections were more reasonable. She grieved to see him returned again to that field of harassing labor in which his health and strength and peace had been already almost exhausted. She remembered the disgraceful scene of opposition, abuse and violence that had met on his return from abroad. And to see him take the stump again, and expose his noble head to the aggressive and insulting taunts and missiles—or the almost equally humiliating abuse and insultations of the mob; oh, this required all her faith and patience to enable her to bear it. She knew that Daniel Hunter's public honors to be gained by him in entering again upon a public life. And, noble woman though she was, she was not Spartan enough to be willing to see her husband sacrifice himself for the Commonwealth alone.

Letty perfectly agreed with Mrs. Hunter, and shared her misgivings relative to the result. Maud grieved that her father left off his pleasant daily rides with them from place to place, to watch over the "improvements," and that he gave up his cozy evening talks and readings—that he was absent from them so frequently, and for so long a time—that his hours at home were mostly taken up by political friends and adherents, and mostly that he lost his cheerfulness, and grew thoughtful, anxious and haggard. He had in truth a violently prejudiced faction, and had overcome. And had Daniel Hunter been the candidate for any very high office, it is probable that "the Courtier," "the Aristocrat," "the Renegade Republican," as "miscalled him"—would have been defeated.

But when he became a candidate only to be their representative in Congress—a post which even his enemies knew very well could bring him no new glory—and when his friends had left him in a circumstance to convince the people that their oldest friend and advocate—the very patriarch of the people's party, the very veteran commander of their host, was willing to serve them in the ranks and in battle, and to stand side by side with the newest recruit, indeed there was a great revulsion in Daniel Hunter's favor, and as reaction is always equal to action the return of the ebullient tide of popular favor was tremendous—was overwhelming.

It was in vain that Falconer O'Leary, the handsome, impassionate, enthusiastic stump orator, harangued the people with all his might, flying from station to station through the Congressional district, making a dozen fiery speeches in a day and night, denouncing the "guards" and Daniel Hunter, and grossly misrepresenting, because honestly misapprehending his character, motives, principles and politics. And crowds, while under the immediate power of his eloquence, were carried away by his mendacious influence, and huzzed and shouted, and cheered him and his measures to get drunk in his honor. And afterward, when their blood was cool, and their heads clear, they went and voted for Daniel Hunter.

In the meantime, passages from these denunciatory speeches were frequently reported and quoted, and the members of Mr. Hunter's family often saw them in the columns of the newspapers. And the sight of one such always gave Maud great distress. After, one day, reading a bitter and vituperative invective launched by the fiery young orator against her father, she dropped the paper and suddenly burst into a passionate fit of tears. Her father took her hand, and sought to soothe and quiet her. But she refused to be comforted, saying, between her sobs, that the acrimonious hatred between two that she loved so much would break her heart. And her father calmly and slightly laid her hand until the gust was past. And then, when he could get a look at her tearful, flushed, half-hidden face, he smiled on her, with that smile of conscious power, noble benignity and liberal interpretation, that ever excited her gratitude and love, and inspired her with faith and hope; and he said:

"My dear, never mind. I do not like Falconer the less upon account of his frank heart, cordial, thorough-going antagonism to myself. It grows out of a misconception so great that when it is discovered the boy's wild, honest heart will experience a revolution in my favor, more than he is apt to embarrass me more than his throat did. My dear be hopeful for him—his traits of character are essentially noble and heroic—his ar-

and—but I did not intend the impertinence of praising you, Daniel Hunter," said the lady, with eyes soul-full of love and honor fixed upon his face.

In a few weeks, the plan that Mr. Hunter had sketched was fully carried out. And Falconer, with a band of outfit and liberal provision, and totally ignorant of his magnanimous benefactor, went to Rome with Major Hunter, ostensibly as his private secretary, really as Daniel Hunter's protégé, committed to the Major's care to guide and assist in the study of sculpture.

And about the first of December, Mr. Hunter went to Washington for the purpose of taking his seat in the House of Representatives. He was accompanied by his family, and once more the air of society, fashion, gaiety, adulation vainly wove their charms around the head of the beautiful Maud—they could not corrupt her lovely simplicity and integrity of character. And one reason why they could not do so was because the maiden always had her mother near her to counteract the evil influence. And thus the season passed.

Near the close of the session Mr. Hunter had elaborated and perfected a very much amended version of the national divorce that had nearly broken up all old political parties, and set new factions in deadly opposition to each other. This plan he embodied in a bill which he brought before the House.

It was met with a violent opposition, there was a long-continued, virulent conflict, too violent and noisy to be honored with the name of a debate, and which made the House of Representatives resemble more a gathering of revelling ruffians, than a well-ordered American Congress. But before the session was over, Daniel Hunter had the satisfaction of seeing his bill pass both Houses of Congress.

The success of this bill gave unbounded satisfaction to the country at large. And never, in the many days of his popularity, had Daniel Hunter been so much the idol of the people. Through-out the country, illuminations, bonfires, torchlight processions, etc., were got up in his honor, and to celebrate the passage of his bill.

And despite all his dislike to parade, and his love of simplicity, his return home—followed, attended and met by crowds noisy with enthusiasm—resembled more nearly a royal progress than the journey of mere republican dignity. And whenever he appeared, the multitude sent up to heaven, in shouts of gratitude, the name of Daniel Hunter!

CHAPTER XXIX.

Daniel Hunter, with his family, was again at Howland, and engaged in the superintendence of his wood-lot improvement in that neighborhood. And Maud was still the inseparable companion of her father and mother in all their rides, walks and drives around the country. But Maud was no longer the bright, sunny-eyed maiden, called for her radiant beauty, the "Star of Silver Creek." Since Falconer had departed for a foreign land, without having previously bidden her good-by, she had grown pale and pensive, and with all her efforts to be cheerful, her eyes and smile were sadder than another's.

The young girl's patient sorrow distressed her mother very much. One day she followed her daughter to her chamber, and embracing her, said:

"My darling, why do you talk to me about Falconer? You are always thinking about him—talk as freely to me as you please. Do not close your heart against me, my child. Do you think there is any one in the world who loves you more, and understands you more, and can sympathize with you, than I, your mother, or your father?"

"Dearest, sweetest mamma, I do not close my heart against you. The Lord forbid it. All the angels in heaven are not a secret from you in my bosom—but

"But what, my love?"

Maud placed her hand in her mother's and turned her head to conceal the rising tears, as she said, in a faltering voice:

"I wish to conquer—in silence—this—this disposition to low spirits, mamma." Then turning around, with a bright smile, the maiden added, archly:

"Daniel Hunter's daughter must not turn a lovesick girl on your hands, mamma!"

"And then, mamma, I have one excuse to offer for suffering myself to fall into this depression that gives you pain. You know, dear mother, it is not as if Falconer were a recent acquaintance. We were playmates and companions ever since I remember anything—and we loved, and played, and quarrelled, and slapped each other in the face; and then grieved, and wept, and kissed and made up, and were just as fond of each other, before we were babies. Only as we grew up, we grew more refined in our cruelty, and when we disagreed we struck each other on the heart instead of the face. But that did not often happen, sweet mother; and then she smiled again very archly, as she continued:

"We were like a pair of pigeons hatched in the same box, and wherever you saw one perched, you might be sure that the other was flying around very near. We used to go almost everywhere together. I was naturally a cowardly little thing, especially afraid of falling and of broken bones; and yet when Falconer would take his fowling-piece and go off up the mountain in the morning before I was up, I would be sure to go after him, climbing the steep rocks and breaking through the prickly pine and cedar thickets, guided only by the occasional report of his gun, at the risk of tumbling down a precipice, or getting a load of buckshot in my head, and with the certainty of meeting a cruel welcome from Falconer, who would be sure to quarrel with me for endangering my limbs, or, what hurt me more, throw away his gun and sit down and cry to think how near he came to shooting me. I always felt his troubles and his triumphs with far keener sense than my own—indeed, I had some, but his— Here, by her on and memory and her mother's sympathy, the maiden was beguiled into many reminiscences of the past. She concluded, the tears were again swimming into her eyes, and she said: "Sweet mother, were we never separated before. And now we are estranged, he has said without even bidding me farewell; he has departed—bittered and un-

A Great Doctor Speaks of a Great Remedy

Dr. William's Pink Pills Strongly Endorsed by One of the World's Greatest Doctors—Hope for the Sick.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the only advertised medicine in the world that has had the public endorsement of a doctor of world wide reputation. Such an endorsement stamps this medicine as being worthy of the confidence of every person who is sick or ailing. A great doctor would not risk his reputation unless he was absolutely confident, through a personal knowledge that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do what is claimed for them. Dr. Giuseppe Lapponi, one of the greatest physicians of modern times, for years the trusted medical adviser of the Pope, writes the following strong letter in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills:

"I certify that I have tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in four cases of the simple anemia of development. After a few weeks you forever, don't you?"

"I shall not fail in the future to extend the use of this laudable preparation, not only in the treatment of other morbid forms of the category of anemia or chlorosis, but also in cases of neurasthenia and the like."

(Signed) DR. GIUSEPPE LAPPONI, Via dei Gracchi 332, Rome.

The "simple anemia of development" referred to by Dr. Lapponi is, of course, that tired, languid condition of young girls whose development to womanhood is tardy, and whose health, at the period of that development, is so often impaired. His opinion of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at that time is of the highest scientific authority, and it confirms the many published cases, in which anemia and other diseases, have been cured by these pills, which, it need hardly be mentioned, owe their efficacy to their power of making new blood, and thus acting directly upon the digestive and nervous system. In all cases of anemia, decline, indigestion, and all troubles due to bad blood, and all affections of the nerves, as St. Vitus' dance, paralysis and locomotor ataxia, they are greater confidence because they have the strong endorsement of this great physician.

for such a long, indefinite time, and the sure of this is so distant and uncertain, and that her fortitude gave way altogether and she dropped her head upon her mother's shoulder, and wept heartily.

Mrs. Hunter folded her arms around her, in silence, until her fit of sobbing had subsided, and then she kissed her and said, cheerfully:

"And yet, my darling, in all this there is also much that is very hopeful and encouraging. In the first place, you feel sure that Falconer loves you, and only you, with his whole heart, and that he will love you forever, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, I am certain of it, mamma; certain of it! I have heard of many a successful pair to make mischief between a pair of hearts, but not the most skillful conspirator that ever sold his own set of circumstances make me doubt Falconer's loyalty."

"Well, then, how much comfort in that! that in itself might be everything! And then, besides, you know that, notwithstanding his very erroneous opinion of propagating them, the young man is really a very fine nature; he is noble-hearted, high-spirited, talented, and full of the richest promise for the future. Don't you know that?"

"Oh, yes, dear mother, I know it; and yet—"

"Well, my darling,"

"Oh, mother, while he is so estranged, so opposed to my dearest, my best, my most honored father!"

"Well, my love, what of that! since your father is not opposed to him! Shall we not be wiser, and rather be fooled by the folly and weakness of youth? Daniel Hunter looks upon Falconer with the affectionate tolerance of a parent for a young, wrong-headed, yet brave, wrong-started son. His care, unseen, and his life, fiery, impetuous way of soul and his rich, fervent, manly interest, and receives constant intelligence of his progress. The late news from Rome assures us that Falconer is pursuing his studies in sculpture with the greatest assiduity, and under the best possible auspices. Look at my child! Have faith and hope, as well as love."

"I will, mother! I will, best mother! Oh, believe me, I often take myself to task for my depression. Yes, indeed—"

"How dare I sit down in selfish repining over one single selfish desire unfulfilled, or only doleful, and not rather rise up and go and minister to those who are really afflicted? Yes, dear mother, your lessons and your example have not been all in vain; they have been thrown away upon your child. I have made resolutions, which, with the help of our Heavenly Father, I mean to carry out."

"One of the uses of affliction, my dearest child, is to impress that lesson."

"And when I see some old, supernatural faith in God, I have thought—my God! who has made up, and not for these? And even when I go into one of our comfortable neighborly quarters (though we should not think comfortable for ourselves, mamma) and when I see some old, supernatural negro, after his life of toil, dying in his rugged, rough room, and see him leaving his children and grandchildren with no hope of a better fate than his own, I ask myself in fear and trembling—my God! who has made up, and not for these? And oh! how I realize that it is no merit of mine, that I am not one of them—as it is no fault of theirs that they are poor and ignorant and diseased, and hideous—as it is no merit of mine, that I am rich and intelligent and fair and healthy. And oh, then I inquire—does not this great difference make me fearfully responsible for all the advantages I possess? fearfully accountable for all the sufferings I might relieve? Mother! dearest mother! my sin has been that I have known how to do right and did it not! But it shall be so no longer. Your teachings shall not be so cast away. I will be different. I will live a useful and an unselfish life."

(To be Continued.)

Wifely Waste.

"Don't make you angry, to see a pretty girl waste a kiss on a 'Teddy bear'?" asked "And it does," replied his chum.

"Sure! A girl who gives a kiss will bear it," Chicago News.

"form" while in service. The engine is then turned over to an engineer, whose duty it is to "break" it in. The engine is steamed up again, and if it will run it is taken for a little try-out about the yard.

The science of locomotive building has been developed to such a fine point that there is little danger now of an engine "breaking" on its first trial. The main feature in the test is to see that there is no heating in the journals, or rod brasses. If there is no heating the engine is run about the yards for about half a day and the steam is again blown from the boiler.

The engine is then steamed up and taken for a long run on the main line. If during this test there are no capers out the engine is sent out for its first trip with about 500 tons to draw. If it runs all right the tonnage is gradually increased to 800 tons. The tonnage depends greatly upon the make of the engine. The average engine of to-day will draw about 850 tons on a mountainous road and from 1,200 to 1,500 tons over a level haul. The best speed is from 1 to 20 miles an hour.

Heating is one of the principal diseases of an engine, and it is this feature the engineer looks to more than anything else. The mechanical sense of the engineer is so developed that he can detect the least defect about his engine.

John Miller, who is the "locomotive buster" for the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railroad Company, breaks on an average twenty engines each month. He has been breaking engines for this company for the last five years.—From the Chattanooga Times.

SEA BATHING ON NEW YEAR'S.

Annual Dip in San Diego Bay Astonishing to Easterners.

While the waters of the East, where, during the summer months, youth and old alike delight to swim or row, are frozen over and provide only a field for the invigorating winter sports of skating and curling, the bays and ocean beaches of the Southwest are the scenes of all sorts of aquatic pastimes. Little does it matter if the calendar tells you the day is New Year's or Christmas, Memorial day or the glorious Fourth. It is all the same to the swimmer, the oarsman, the owner of a yacht or the fisherman of California. This is particularly true in the great bay of San Diego, at the extreme southern end of California, where headland and peninsula afford a vast space of still water.

One of the regular annual features of a rowing club, says The Travel Magazine, is the New Year's day dip in the bay, when scores of the members get into the water at the same time, making a picture which is a source of astonishment to the "easterner" who may be down on the water-front. But this is not the only day in the winter when the boys have their swim in the open water. Indeed, the members may be seen every day of the year taking an invigorating plunge.

SLEEPLESS BABIES ARE SICKLY BABIES.

Well babies sleep soundly and wake up brightly. When little ones are restless, sleepless and cross it is the surest sign that they are not well. Probably the stomach or bowels is out of order, or it may be teething troubles. Give Baby's Own Tablets and see how quickly the child grows well and happy and sleeps soundly and naturally. Not the drugged sleep of "soothing" medicines, but the natural sleep of health. You have the guarantee of a Government analyst that this medicine contains no poisonous opiates or narcotics, and you can give the Tablets just as safely to a new born babe as to the well grown child. Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Making a Business of Benevolence.

It takes a practical mind to make a fortune. Men have often said in my hearing, "Oh, how I wish I were rich! If I had money I should do this great work or that." Now, those men will never be rich. They haven't got the purpose and practical bent of mind for it. They think of the fruits of victory without the struggle. I fear it is necessary to fix the mind pretty firmly upon the making of money before it is possible to plan its spending. I remember clearly when the financial plan—if I may call it so—of my life was formed. It was out in Ohio, among the militia, of a dear old minister, who preached "Get money; get it honestly, and then give it wisely." I wrote that down in a little book. I have the little book yet, with that writing in it. I have tried ever since to "get money honestly and give it wisely." There is a great deal of folly shown in the distribution of benevolence. If substance is a trust, then it is very serious business, this matter of dispensing it. One can't simply get rid of it and have a free conscience. A responsibility attaches to the distribution of it. I have an idea on that point, to this effect: Let us have benevolent trusts—corporations to manage the business of benevolence."—John D. Rockefeller in Leslie's Weekly.

Women Defied Church Rule.

Six splendidly clad young women, not the least of their grandeur being represented by the latest examples of military art, swept into the First Presbyterian Church last night and seated themselves in the most advantageous seats of this most selected house of worship in the city. The six did not resemble conspirators bent on revolutionary and rebellious tactics, but they were and they won their point. "Ladies will please remove their hats," commanded the Rev. Dr. Matthews, whose calm glance over his congregation revealed the fact that one of the standing rules of the church was being violated, right under the ministerial nose. There was no responsive action on the part of the six. The request was repeated in a still firmer tone, but the rebels sat firm, and after a pause of a minute's duration the divine began his sermon while the six sat straight with their plumes flaunting a peace of victory.—Seattle Times.

But She Doesn't Last as Well.

The modern girl is cast iron. She can do everything a man can do. No man could live the life the ordinary society woman leads and not be a wreck at the end of the first season. Certainly no man could run the risks the average woman runs in the mere matter of health, and not become a confirmed invalid on the spot.—Ladies' Field.

Blodds—"Old Harhart reminds me of a boarding-house chicken." Slobs—"How so?" Blodds—"He hasn't a tender spot for anybody."

Grippe or Influenza, whichever you like to call it, is one of the most weakening diseases known.

Scott's Emulsion, which is Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in easily digested form, is the greatest strength-builder known to medical science.

It is so easily digested that it sinks into the system, making new blood and new fat, and strengthening nerves and muscles.

Use Scott's Emulsion after Influenza.

Invaluable for Coughs and Colds.

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