On the Brink. "In Wrath Remember Mercy.

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By the Late Henry S. Merriam.

There was a tragedy once in the second-class cabin of the Mahanaddy, than which no more popular steamer sails from London to Bombay. It was, moreover, a real tragedy, as such usually are in the second-class places of the world. For the possession of money frequently averts things that the second class places and a mouth that was much too small. Her appearance was, of course, known to Ruthine.

"You did that on purpose" he said go to make life tragic-among others the load of humanity that the good wet.

she wept when Grinding Pontarrowgreat, overworked, liver-riden civilian -bribed the steward to give him a cup of milk every morning from the yellov cow when the small Sweedon-Ellis of ten months, who had emptied the cabins on the starboard side, required all yellow cow could give him. It was to Dr. Mark Ruthine that Mrs. Judge Farrowby took her indignant red face and self-righteous uncharitableness, when the Hon. Miss Johnson fell in love with young Stanford-who was "in tea," if you please—and was not careful to conceal her misfortune. It was, moreover, the doctor who told Grinding Pontarrow that there was something wrong about the yellow cow's milk, and conveyed to Mrs. great endurance and strength, and the Judge Barrowby that when Stanford had muttered audibly of "interfering old cats" he had referred to that upstart, Lady Smith, of Golden Gulch,

N. S. W., and not to her self. To Ruthine the sewards brought their other stories and were told to hold their tongues for the good of the ship. For there are pseudonyms on passengers' as weel as publishers' lists, and society sends her failures down to the sea in ships for reasons that need rather perform three weeks hard labor not be too minutely dwelt upon Dr. Ruthine for reasons of his own

took a deep interest in human nature as such, and had certain methods of

andfold on Eastern seas. It happened on a homeward voyage that the steamer lay one night at anchor at Fort Said, on account, as it was understod by the passengers, of a hitch in the supply of coal, but in reality to put ashore the bodies of three firemen who had died of cholera in the canal. Thus appears to be confirmed the roet's absurd notion that things are not always what they seem.

A MYSTERIOUS SPLASH. Ruthine was returning to his cabin about two in the morning, having been put on board by the board of health boat, when he noticed that the door of the second-class saloon was He ran att, for he had caught sight of a shadowy form hurrying in that direction. Then he heard a splash The quartermaster on watch on the deck heard it also and ran to-

ward the gangway. 'All right," whispered Ruthine, seizing him by the arm. "I know where she went over. Give me a rope over the stern-I shan't want a boat-and

He went over the rall just as he was and the sound of his fall was no louder than that of a seal taking the water from a low rock. The quartermaster's bull's-eye lantern glared persistently on a gray shadow stirring the water under the stern, and Ruthine went there at the quick side-stroke. He had saved a Lascar in earlier days, who in laudable desire to render all assistance had inserted three fingers into his mouth, nearly tearing his cheek open. So Mark Ruthine approached the object of his present pursuit with caution. She had sunk once when he snatched at her dress. As soon as her face was above water she struck at him savagely with both hands. "Let me go, let me go," the woman

spluttered. By way of answer Ruthine captured one wrist and felt at the moment the nails of her other hand near his eyes. For a moment there was a hard struggle—the woman fighting as folk only do when there is life, or death, in

Then Ruthine turned over on his back, having twisted the woman's arms behind her. Close beside him, as he swam, a white life buoy bobbed placidly on the smooth water. It was attached to a rope and kept pace with his progress. The quartermaster on on the main deck knew his business thoroughly.

The woman scarcely struggled now, for she was a close prisoner—her arms twisted behind her back, her head well up on Ruthine's chest, and free of the water. Her hair, which had come adrift, was spread all over Ruthine's

"You are breaking my arms," she gasped, and the voice was that of a "Can't help it," answered her res-

cuer, mindful of the Mahanaddy's reputation. The quartermaster had lowered the gangway and knelt on the the bottom

gangway and knelt on the bottom grating of it awaiting their arrival. 'Don't let her go," said Ruthine, and the woman was handed from one to the other in sullen helplessness. "My cabin." said Ruthine as the quartermaser staggered up the steps

with his wet burden. THE RESCUED LADY. on the doctor's sofa. The quarter- sir?"

There was a tragedy once in the master went away with his staring

"You did that on purpose," he said, death. Mark Ruthine had his hand in it, for the Mahanaddy's surgeon was of resentment. She was putting back in some sort a moral supercargo of her hair, which was pretty even when

"It is a warm night," said Mark It was, for instance, to Dr. Mark Ruthine, whose suddenly-aroused in-terest prompted him to assume as com-Ruthine that Mrs. Sweedon-Ellis applete a composure as her own. "You pealed, and on the surgery sofa that will not hurt in your wet clothes until vill not hurt in your wet clothes until the captain comes. Did you swallow nuch water?"

"Yes."

He was adding something from his medicine chest to a glass of brandy.

"Better drink that," he said. "You lon't feel any nausea?" "No," snapped the lady.

She drank the mixture with a stoical face, though it was horribly hot and strong. Before she put the glass aside the captain knocked at the door and was admitted by Ruthine, who shot the bolt again.

The captain of the Mahanaddy was

small man with a pointed gray beard and thoughtful gray eyes of a quiet expression. He was reported to possess eye of knowledge in such matters could scarcely fail to notice the depth waner and then at Ruthine, who was wiping his face with a handkerchief. "This lady has just attempted to com-commit suicide," said the doctor, and e handed Mrs. Mallwaner a towel. There were men in the forcastle was averred, in the picturesque language of than face the skipper's wrath. A few explanations put this autocrat in poss-ession of the facts of the case: and ceipt." then the captain of the Mahanaddy | The captain took a book from his watching over society's failures, until rose up in his anger and fell on Mrs. writing table drawer and waited. Very the foctor quietly. with a sigh of relief he saw them Mallwaner. He expounded to her the slowly the woman laid a small parcel "I was quite hope

stumble down the gangway at last. law pertaining to attempted suicide, on the table. He was not only charitably disposed to an only charitably disposed to go back some day, but the inches in diameter, and this is the size toward them, but being a wise man the contract to an only charitably disposed to go back some day, but the inches in diameter, and this is the size toward them, but being a wise man the contract to an only charitably disposed to go back some day, but the inches in diameter, and this is the size toward them, but being a wise man the contract to an only charitably disposed to go back some day, but the doctor knew, the contract to an only charitably disposed to go back some day, but the inches in diameter, and this is the size toward them, but being a wise man the contract to an only charitably disposed to go back some day, but the doctor knew, the contract to an only charitable to go back some day, but the doctor knew, the charitable to go back some day, but the doctor knew, the charitable to go back some day, but the said the captain with sudden desired by the witch hazel distillers. had knowledge that there is often other things in a quiet voice that made more good in society's failures than in her sob, and when he closed his oraher successes. Be that as it may, how- tion the little lady was shivering or. ever, the doctor averted several up- the sofa. But she had not told them pleasant incidents, and the reputation why she did it, nor yet could they of the Mahanaddy increased a thous- extract from her a promise not to do single jewel case and on the red velvet

the same again. HELD A PRISONER.

refined quality. The silver fittings of her dressing bag bore a crest. Ruthine noted these matters when he

visited the lady professionally the "Why did you not do so?" inquired next morning after breakfast, which he, dabbling the blotting paper with a had been served to her in her new genial hand. apartment. He found her restless and more excited than on the previous danger in keeping them myself, sir.' night. Indeed, she seemed to watch his face with a breathless anxiety. Her conversation, however, proved her to be indignant and defiant still. "The captain thinks," she said, "that he can say anything to me because I am alone and second-class but he will find out that he is mistaken. My husband is obliged to remain with his

regiment, and I am traveling home second-class because my little girl has the captain, looking straight at her. had a long illness and must now undergo a most expensive operation. In India we know all the best people and I shall take care that they hear of this affair.' "I hope," replied Ruthine quietly,

"that nothing we have said or done has appeared to convey that we ever had the slighest doubt of your social position Mrs. Mallwaner." The lady bit her lip and vouchsafed no answer. So Ruthine continued. "The captain begged me to renew his assurance that this matter shall be held

in the strictest confidence by our-selves and the quartermaster—who be set at liberty on giving your word of honor not to make any further attempt on your life." Ruthine was again met by stubborn

silence, and presently withdrew. In his own cabin he found a woman waiting to see him-a middle-aged respectable"-who had the subdued manner of a high-class lady's maid. "I wish to ask your advice, sir," she

"Professional?"

"No, sir."
"Then I would suggest your going to the captain. I am not a person in authority, you understand." Which was true-up to a certain

"Well, the captain has a large safe snappy. He told her some stories of this cabin, I have only a small one persons who had had the same compensors who had ha in his cabin, I have only a small one here and it is full. Come with me, please.

And the ex-lady's maid found herself morally hustled into the captain's captain has transferred you to the cabin, where that grey-haired mariner first-class list," he added, rising t was making entries in a private log-

his pleasant, brisk way. "What can a "Rather an unpleasant incident had occurred in the second-class saloo which is only known to the captain

A JEWEL CASE. "Jewelry or valuables, I suppose?"
And Mark Ruthine closed the door with his foot.

"Yes, sir."
"Which?"

Whooping Cough, Croup Bronchitis, Cough, Grip,

Asthma, Diphtheria

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De a box. LE DRUGELL mera Mera ATH BRETHELL



"The King Is Dead. Long Live the King!" "Most certainly," answered the cap-

ways at Ruthine and found him in contemplation of his own boots. The captain then took up the packet

reposed a necklace of diamonds as big as peas.

and opened it himself. It contained a

time, the head stewardess brought her antly, as he made out the receipt, "you possessions from the second-class ought to have given these into the abins. These possessions were of a purser's care when you first came on board. That is the usual way of doing

"Yes, sir."
"Why did you not do so?" inquired "I did not think there would be any

"No, sir."
"But you do now?"

"Er-yes, sir."
"Why?" asked the captain looking up sharply, and the woman was surprised into giving an answer. "Because someone tried to take them last night. 'Are you sure of that?" inquire

phatically, "for I had a hard struggle to keep possession of them." "Then you saw the thief?" 'No, sir. But I heard and felt her in the dark. However, I got my prop-

"Yes, sir," answered the woman em-

erty back, and there is an end of it.' The captain looked at her keenly. 'Do you want it to end there?" "If you please, sir," replied the wo-man, with an aplomb that proved her meekness to be only a badge of office, "it will do the ship no good to have

a scandal, and I do not care so long as I have my property."

The woman scored her points with quiet self-possession. "You could not identify the thief?" inquired the captain indifferently.

"Oh no, sir." "She is lying," put in Ruthine Telugu, and the captain nodded.

The person who looked like a lady's made presently returned to her quarters leaving the two men together.

KNEW THE THIEF. "So far as I could see she only lie once, and that was when she said she did not know the thief," said Ruthine when the door was closed. "Yes," answered the other, "the dia

monds are hers right enough, and it i how she came by them.' point.

"It is only something I wish taken care of," said the woman with down:

frame of mind which would in the plaint as her little girl and had satis factorily recovered therefrom.

"By the way, Mrs. Mallwaner, the ook.
"Good morning," said the captain in he had completed his observations with a hesitation which she tried to conceal, "I have a packet I should like you to take care of."

and myself, and which I tell you is the strictest confidence. There was an attempted robbery last night, but an attempted robbery last night, but the victim of the attempt can give no clew whatever to the thief and ther

will be no inquiry."

Then he went out and closed the door softly behind him. He had caugh sight again of the crest engraved of the fittings of Mrs. Mallwaner's dress ing case, and with the device fresh in his memory he went to his own cern to consult Debrett. Mrs. Mallwarer had spoken no more than the truth when she talked of being conrected with the best people in India.

REMEMBERED MERCY. The captain and Dr. Mark Ruthing at long over their pipes that night and if they set aside the law they remembered the word that urges us forgive our neighbor his trespass. Ruthine visited Mrs. Mallwaner the

ext, morning. "We reach Brindisi tonight," he said reach brings tollight, he salvative to her inquiry, and he need to derive anor was not lost upo There was a sort of suppresser the salvation of the salvation o

orning.
"I have been immensely relieved,"
what you tell me she ead, "by what you tell me of creix's illness, I—I think I could give that promise now if you and the captain will trust me." Ruthine looked thoughtfully at Mrs Mallwaner's hands, which were twist ed nervously together on her lap.

"I have been working myself up in to a terror," she went on, "ever sinc I got my sister's letter. You are no married. Dr. Rushine?"

"No," answered Mark' Ruthine. ings about-children?"

went on the little lady with a look in denly colorless. sharpness. The woman glanced slant- strange places. "We cannot afford to final voice

NO LONGER A SECRET. "Yes," said Ruthine, and there was her face. Then followed a silence which Ruthine at length broke.

your passage for an overland route level with her own, but she looked "Then you do not understand feel- licket from Brindisi if that is agree- away from him out of the little side gs about—children?" able to you. You will thus be with window. It was splashed and blurred one may understand in part," said your child eight days earlier." with rain, but she could see the faint he foctor quietly.

Mrs. Mallwaner looked up with the outlines of the hills that lay like a "I was quite hopeless about her." startled air again. Her face was sud-barrier between the range country

pay the best surgeon. It is always Mrs. Mallwaner looked into his face of his voice. Somewhere in her heart throughout Connecticut, it grows much hard to be poor, sometimes it is hor- for a moment. "Then you know," she whispered. she caught the echo to his own words, and knew the power of their mean-

Ruthine turned away. He already ing, had his hand on the door. "Se Mrs. Mallwaner's pretty face was in life but you." something in his voice that startled hidden in her pocket handkerchief, away the complacent expression of and assuredly the dregs of the cup of frame building and she rose un-"None of us can be sure of our-steadily.

THE GIRL AT DEVIL'S TOWER

By Izola 1. Forrester.

The first time that Campbell saw her wagged merrily through it at an appre- the shadow of his sombrero as he rode she was standing in the doorway of the ciative audience.

Campbell pulled up Cyclone and watch- last. ed. There had been no school at Devil's had been a young fellow from Kansas City. The two Chiboque boys did him up one day when he called Lewis 'a halfbred ignornamous." Louis said he would not be called any name he didn't know the meaning of. The risk was too great So he did up the teacher and the key was turned in the schoolhouse door. Campbell stared at the new schoolma'am admiringly. More than that, when her flock was safe inside he rode leisurely up to the open window and

stared at them, not rudely, but interest-She looked absurdly young, perched up behind the rough plank desk. She was fair. A bunch of purple wild flowers was fastened in her hair. Jules Clibouque fired a tattered hat at the row of nails back of the teacher. It fell short of the mark and struck the bunch of purple flowers. Campbell's leg was half out of the saddle when the girl called :

"Jules, you come here." It was a good commanding voice Campbell waited. Jules stalked down to the desk and was ordered to crawl beneath it in disgrace. A knothole offered golden opportunities, and Jule's tongue

ALMOST AFRAID TO GO TO SLEEP FOR FEAR SHE WOULD NOT WAKE UP.

FLUTTERING OF THE HEART. SHORTNESS OF BREATH.

PAINT AND DIZZY SPELLS. Hrs. Wm. Bingley, Grand Tracadic, P.B.I. Has a Very Trying Experience, but Thanks to

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE

the has been restored to perfect health.

She writes: "About seven months ago I was badly run down in health and became very weak. I was troubled with fluttering of the heart and shortness of breath. When lying down at night I was almost afraid to go to sleep for fear I would never wake up. When I arose in the morning I would feel a little better, but as soon as I started to work my heart would start fluttering, my head would become dizzy, faint weak spells would come was me and it seemed as if black objects. The last five miles. "It's a bad storm and getting worse."

"I must go then," She rose hastily and reached for her hat on the row of nails back of the desk.

"No, you mustn't. Wait till it lets up a bit." He lifted her pearl-handled pen a stray feather dropped from an angel's wing. "That's a mighty pretty thing ain't it? He met her eyes suddenly."

"Say, I want to know if you meant what you said younder about my being." She writes : "About seven months ago wer me and it seemed as if black objects

schoolhouse ringing a huge hollow-sound- The little schoolma'am bent forward ing bell while the children scurried in slap with an oak ruler. Jules howled and gave the offending member a royal all directions like a flock of frightened in, pain and Campbell rode on rejoicing. "We can't cross the river," he said. Devil's Tower was to know discipline at

He found out at Arrow Head Ranch Ethel Maud Colby. The Colby did not the logs had parted and swept away affect him, but all the way home from on the foaming waters with Gypsy's the ranch, and during the week that terrified head and pawing hoofs showfollowed, the name of Ethel rang in his ing between them. ears like a refrain of half-forgotten one cry for help reached Campbell's music.

full of promise. After that night Cyclone was ridden safe in the saddle. at a breakneck speed every afternoon from Campbell's ranch down at Five Fork's, to the bend in the river road there to wait patiently and peacefully until a certain figure in trim grey skirt and white shirt waist rode down the path from the schoolhouse and greeted him with shy-eyed pleasure.

"Reckon Tom Campbell's shining up to ye Ethel," old Colby said gravely, when he wooing was well advanced. The girl laughed and bent lower over er books at the kitchen table. "It isn't anything, Uncle Ben."

The old ranchman looked at her keen ly through the rifts of smoke from his

"Ain't it." Tom seems to think it is Got any objections to him ?" Ethel laughed and shook her head. "He's just a cowboy," she said, and looked up to find Tom Campbell's 6-foot-

2 blocking the kitchen door. There was

a look in his frank grey eyes she had never seen there, not of anger or defeat, but simple determination. The following day, long after the last of the children had gone, the schoolma'am still sat at her desk. It had been raining all day, a wild autumn rain that came in fitful dashes against the window panes, with now and then the heavy crash of thunder. The door opened suddenly with a bang and

Campbell entered, dripping with the rain and smiling. "I was just passing by," he began, as if he had not raced his bronco for the last five miles. "It's a bad storm

nails back of the desk.

He came over and leaned on the desk.

"No, you mustn't. Wait till it lets up a bit." He lifted her pearl-handled pen tenderly and curiously, as if it had been a stray feather dropped from an angel's wing. "That's a mighty pretty thing ain't it? He met her eyes suddenly. "Say, I want to know if you meant what you said yonder about my being a no-account. rough-and-tumble cowboy?"

what you said yonder about my being a no-account, rough-and-tumble cowboy?"

"I didn't say that."

"But you meant it." Her lashes drooped guiltly under his steady gaze. "I don't blame you. I know I'm different from your city breed. But love comes the same to a man whether he's a professor or a cowtoy, you knew. I'd make you mighty happy, Ethel, if you'd let me." His voice was low and tender. "Seems as if I don't want anything in life but you."

He bent hearer over the narrow, roughly painted desk, his eyes on a

the gray of delights of an at the con-

dom stole over her with the low music

"Seems as if I don't want anything A crash of thunder shook the little

He hesitated. "If you do, I shall go too. The dam

Caribou Run broke at 4 o'clock. and the river's racing like a moun- grow. tain cascade.' It was nearly two miles to the old

bridge that spanned the river. her silence and reserve as his answer, but his face looked almost stern in beside the black pony. As they neared the log bridge a vivid flash of light-ning made both horses rear, and he caught Gypsy's bridle.

"I can't," she answered over her shoulder, as the pony shook herself free. "The bridge is safe." Tower for over a year. The last teacher that she was old Colby's niece and was ridden forward on to the frail logs boarding there. Also, that she was 19, that shuddered and strained at the from Chicago, and that her name was shock. There was a sudden rending,

world. Every day Campbell rode up the river "Tom!" she called, and he road and looked in the schoolhouse window just for a glimpse of the pretty with the swollen, rushing river. As blonde head. One Saturday night he came abreast of her he raised himstarted wildly for the Arrow Head lariat straight for the pony's head. It gathering, etc., from 50 cents to \$1 per ranch, and all the way home Cyclone fell and drew taut. Cyclone braced ton. Its yield can be imagined when kept pace with his joyous whistling, for the shock as he had in many a it is known that about eight tons have for he had been introduced to her and she had blushed, and all the world was up the bank, drenched and half ered up, openings being left for the

Campbell lifted the slim, fainting figure down, and held her close in his arms, her white face on his shoulder. For one brief instant she seemed all his own, and he bent and kissed her pale, sweet lips that had so nearly desired the cup of death. drained the cup of death.
"Mine," he whispered beneath his breath. "Mine, just for now."
Her eyes opened, and she smiled up

"For always, Tom," she said softly "I'm glad you're a cowboy."

How and Where This Most Useful

Extract Is Produced

HAZEL DISTILLERIES

Few persons who use witch hazel extract for the many purposes to which it is put are aware of the way in which it is manufactured. It has for years been used as an ingredient for toilet and shaving soaps, and owing to its great healing properties it is many times called golden treasure. The name witch hazei, or wich hazel, known by the Latin name of Hamamelis Virginiana, came with the early settlers from England where witch hazel, or wych hazel, is the name applied to an elm which grows in considerable quantity. The leaves of this shrub or small tree resemble those of the hazel, and its wood is often used to make the chests of boxes for provisions, formerly called

The American hazel is found in damp woods from Canada to Louisiana. It is a shrub with long and pliant branches, which sometimes reach the height of 20 feet, but usually not over ten feet. The flowers, from buds formed during the summer, open just as the leaves are falling in October and November. Its yellow petaled flowers blossoming at this time of year give it a strange appearance, which together with its healing properties helped to fasten upon it the name witch hazel. The fruit, which is a

two-seeded capsule, matures the following summer.

The wood is white and close and the bark and leaves contain a large amount of tannin. The trunks are usually twisted, and owing to the spotted bark, slatish and white, the shrub is known, throughout New England at least, as often used as divining rods in locating water, so great is the faith put in the Sometimes it grows to be as thick through at the butt as a man's arm, but usually it is from one to five spotted alder. The small branches are While witch hazel is found generally she caught the echo to his own words, more thickly in some places than others; for instance, Simsbury is rich in this shrub, and in parts of Litchfield

County it abounds. It is also found in goodly quantities along the valley of the Connecticut, and on the hill towns for brush that it has been largely cut which Ruthine at length broke. Selves," he said gently, "in time of selves," he said gently, "in time of the Captain had arranged to exchange hear the door close behind him.

"Will you please bring Gipsy from the shed for me?" she said, "I must go before dark."

"Will you please bring Gipsy from the shed for me?" she said, "I must go before dark." thier supply. It usually takes from three to five years for a new crop to

Essey is really the home of the witch hazel distilleries, for there it has been distilled for many years, and also in neighboring villages. Essex is the home of the largest distiller, or one of the largest distillers in America, E. E. Dickinson, haveing made his money chiefly in the witch hazel business His father, the Rev. Thomas Dickinson, distilled, in a small way, witch hazel

and black birch the latter for oil Today the extract is shipped to every part of the civilized world and it is as well known in Cane Town as in Paris The business increased with such rapidity that others branched out into the trade, but Dickinson being in the lead continued on, while others dropped to the rear. However, a few continued and there are other plants scattered along the Connecticut river towns in Chester, Higganum and Haddam, as well as in other parts of the country. About five gallons of alcohol to every barrel of extract is used. The securing of the brush has proved a profitable business for the farmers, as it is gathered in the fall and winter. As high as 3,600 pounds has been carried at one load. The brush delivered brings \$3.50 a ton. Where it is purchased standing



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lung and body tissue, two essential functions for a permanent cure, Accept Dr. Slocum's offer to-day and be cured at home among friends and loved ones. Simply write to Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto, anada, mention your druggist's name, and state your post and express of you will receive the treatment promptly by express. Mention this paper.