VERY SHURT AND

nergy all over the body.

been given a new lease of life.
That's why people all over Canada are

shouting the praises of Dodd's Kidney

He knew it now; he had known it

last night when she came upon the stage; he knew it with a dead certainty

when he carried her through the fire and her sweet, lovely face had reposed

And she was to be the wife of Mor

Why had Rovce been so secret and

mysterious about it
He, Bertie, had always considered

himself Royce's most intimate friend, and yet he had not even admitted that he knew Miss Ida Trevelyan.

It was very mysterious and perplex-

ing. But at any rate one thing was dear

"And the somer I get her out of my mind the better," he muttered. "I can't get her out of my heart, I'm

afraid; but I must get her out of my mind. And the first thing to do is to put her beyond the reach of my eyes!"

He got up as he spoke, and unlock-

ing the bureau, took out the picture; and he stood and gazed at it long and

"For the last time!" he murmured

"you don't belong to me now, sweet, sad face. You are to be the wife of

Mordaunt Royce! I would not be right for me to look at you, and talk to you, as I have done in the past. No, you and

part to-day, my dear!"

As he spoke he tore the edge of the

frame from the picture, and dropped it into the fire. He did so reverently, slow-

y, as one would perform part of a sac-

Slowly, bit by bit, he removed the

which it had become pressed, and

(To be Continued.)

MAJ. GEN WILLIAM P. DUVAL

U. S. army commander in the Phil-

Spent Four Hundred Dollars

"I have been a chronic sufferer from

Catarrh in the nose and throat for over eight years. I think I have spent four

hundred dollars trying to get relief. I have spent but six dollars on "CA-TARRHOZONE," and have been com-

pletely cured, and in fact have been well for some time. Catarhozone is the only medicine I have been able to find that

would not only give temporary relief

but will always cure permanently. Yours

sincerely.
(Signed) William Ragaii, Brockville,

Refuse any substitute for Catarrhozone, 25, 50c and \$1.00 sizes, at all deal-

(Chicago Tribune.)

Inside the dimly lighted hallway stood

Mrs. Dorkins with a grim smile on her

"John," she said, in cutting accents, you have been dissipating at the club

"Maria," spoke a voice outside,, rap-

Mr. Dorkins had not been dissipating.

idly, clearly, and distinctly, "he blew lu-gubriously on the blooming bugle!" Instantly she unfastened and opened

The hour was 1 a. m.

again!'

The front door was holted

STOOD THE TEST.

ppines, who has personal charge of the Jap spy investigations.

dropped to the floor

frame, and the picture fell out of its

that she could never be his.

upon his breast.

"Thanks," said Bertie, with a smile.

"I'll accept the loan of your coat. We aristocrats, as you call us, don't pretend to be as good as a workingman, but we do our best!" and leaving the man to think this over, Bertie made his way through the crowd and went home.

Then still begringed and blackened.

Bartie flusted.

Bartie flusted. think this over, Bertie made his way through the crowd and went home. Then, still begrimed and blackened,

he fell into a chair and gave himself up to thought. He had seen her, found her at last,

and he had saved her life!

The thought sent the blood thrilling

through him at lightning pace.

And so Ida Trevelyan, the beautiful popular idol, was the girl who had run away with Stuard Villiars! Ida Trevel-yau! and she knew Mordaunt Royce! he had taken her away as if he had been her brother, or—Bertie's heart throbbed with a sudden pain—as her husbend or lover! Why had Royce never spoken of her when her name had been mentioned? Why had he so carefully concealed all knowledge of

Bertie sat and pondered, leaning his hot and weary head upon his hands, but the more he pondered the deeper the mystery seemed. This only was clear, that Royce was a close and intimate friend of hers, and he had taken her from Rer-

ie that night. He sat and thought over all the incidents of the sad and terrible scene; her face came back to him as she had stood and looked at him with her dark eyes full of tearless emotion, at the moment when she had refused to leave him.

"I am not so fond of life," she had id. Why had she spoken so sadly? Why had she been so ready to die? She who was at the zenith of her popularity and fame, before whom stretched a long career of triumph and renown. "

arn not so fond of life. The words haunted Bertie even when

fallen, worn out, upon the bed. In the morning he rose, feeling half persuaded that the scenes of last night were but a dream, but the morning pa-pers scon impressed him with a sense of heir reality.

Under the heading of "The Beginning of the Coronet" was a graphic account of the fire and the rescue of Miss Ida revelyan.

Bertie found himself lauded to the skies. His conduct, said the Times, had been that of a hero. He had saved Miss Trevelyan's life at the risk of his own, risking it not once or twice, but several times, during the awful night. The Con onet was burned to the ground, but so long as the site stood the heroism of Lord Bertie Dewsbury would be remem-bered; and the least the authorities could do in the way of acknowledgmen ceived hte society's medal for saving

Bertie read the account, half amused, half ashamed at the glowing periods which described his conduct, and then went and put on his morning coat. His valet was much distressed at his lord-ship's appearance, for Bertie's yellow mir had got seorched in places and his and bruises on his handsome, bovish which the man declared would take months to heal. But Bertie laughed.

"No er mind the moustache, Sim-onds," he said, "That will grow again,

was too busy last night to think of Then be put on his hat and walked

The newspaper had said that there.

When he got out and knocked at the it!" dear of the modest little house, his heart beat wildly, but he tried to speak in an ordinary voice as he asked the neat maid-servant how Miss Trevelyan

The girl looked at the sears on his "Miss Trevelyan is very well, sir -oh!

you Lord Dewsbury?"
That's my name," said Bertie, blush-

The girl's face lit up. Then will you come in, please, sir ay lord?" and, eveing him at every step be took with eloquent admiration, she showed him into the tiny drawing room. Bertie looked round him with a

range feeling.
It was in this room that she sat some resence, and every chair grew precious a his eyes as the possible one which

And she had given orders that he ould be asked in! Did she mean to

The door opened, as he asked himself

re question, and he stepped forward agerly, but it was not ida Trevelyan, it a little girl with long yellow hair ed a sharp, pretty face. She paused a moment, then came for-

ard and seized his hand. Oh, my lord! Oh, Lord Dewsbury!". be cried. "I am glad you have come! was coming to you! I would have ome last night only they wouldn't let They said you'd be tired and worn Oh, how brave you are!" Emily's

vice broke and the tears came into her yes. "How brave you are! And-and meant to thank you, and now I can't as word!" and she sobbed.

Bertie blushed and smiled as she clung

on to his hand Don't-don't mention it!" he said,

skwardly. Don't mention it!" retorted Emily, comost angrily. "Oh, no! That's the way of the world! A man saves the life of the one being dearest to us, and we I do thank you! I never can thank you neugh! I know now why we women me second to men! No woman could

eve done what you did last might!"

"Thanks," said Bertle, with a smile. have been strong enough to manage the

Bertie flushed.

"And how you risked your life a

dozen times over! But never mind, I can't say all I want to say, and I've been trying to make up a speech all the mornig, too. But thank you, thank you, Lord Dewsbury!"

"I think I've thanked a great deal too uch already, Miss-"Montressor," said Emily; "Miss Tre-

Bertie bowed. "Why, every man there will wish to Heaven he stood in your shoes!" said Emily, sharply. "And you weren't hurt?" she asked, looking at his seorched hair and moustache and the sundry cuts which marked his face and adorned

it in her eyes. "Not in the least," he said. "But Miss Trevelyan---

Emily grew grave.
"She is not hurt. She was terribly shaken. There is scarcely a woman in the world who has gone through what she went through last night. But she 3 all right."

"Thank Heaven!" said Bertie, fervent-

"And she will come and see you directly," said Emily. "They told her you were here, and she insisted upon coming own. She is finishing dressing now " "Oh, don't let her trouble!" said Bertie, eginning to tremble, lover-like. "She-

"! call on you again-"
As he spoke the door opened and Joan came in. She was dressed in a morning gowr

that seemed to lend itself to every line of her graceful figure and accentuate ery movement. Her face was pale, and on one side

close by her ear, was a red mark, caused by a blow from one of the falling slates. Her hair had been scorched near the mples, but the shortened pieces had curled upon the white brow, and her eauty was not lessened, but heightened, n his eves. She came forward with both hands

eld out, as she had held them last night, and a soft, half sad, wholly grateful smile rested on her lips and shone in her eyes.

Bertie's heart leaped at sight of her.

but all power of speech forsook him. He could only take her hands and press

"How good of you!" she said. "You ame to see whether I was hurt? have come down to show you how comletely you saved me!" "I—I am sorry you troubled to com-own—" stammered Bertie.

Joan smiled at him. "Emily and I meant to come to you o-day, to inquire for you!" she said. Then she let her grance rest upon his ce for a moment, and took in the scars

shich the fire had made.
"What an awful night! You don't want me to thank you again. I can see that in your eyes!" she said, with her heracteristic naiveness.

"No!" he said. "But i am brimming over with grati-tude! They tell me that what you did last night was more than heroic! It was miraculous! They say that only a giant or a madman could have, managed

"Perhaps I was mad: I think I was." said Bertie; "but don't think any more of it, pleasa!"

home in "Vernon Crescent." and calling a cab. Beftie told the man to drive with a slow smile. "If I live to be a hundred I -hall not cease to thirk of

"I give myself a hundred and fifty!" exclaimed Emily, leaving the room, and shooting a grateful glance at Bertie as she went.

"And you are sure that you are not burt?" said Bertie. burt?" said Bertie,
"Quite," said Joan. "I am a little scratched and bruised!"—she laughed softly—"and that is all! Poor Mr. Giffard!" and her voice grew grave, "it will be a heavy loss for him!"
"Yes!" said Bertie.
He was not thinking at Mr. Ciffard!

He was not thinking of Mr. Giffard. All his thoughts were for her, and she tood before him in the graceful merning

robe, her beautiful eyes fixed on his face. "Yes, I suppose so," he said. "He will take another theatre." "Yes," said Joan, thoughtfully.

Bertie fingered his hat nervously "I will go row," he said. "I am very sorry that you should have taken the trouble to come down and see met I think you ought to have rested all day

"Do you think I was too tired to come down and see the man who-who had saved my life Joan said. "You think I did that?" Bertie re

sponded, gravely.

Joan's eyes filled.

"I do not think, I know!" she answered, ferrently. Last night was our see ond meeting! The first you saved me The first you saved m Last night you saved mee from death, Lord Dewsbury! It is little wonder that I cannot find words in

hich to thank you." Bertie stood looking at her. His heart was throbbing wildly. The impulse to throw himself at her feet and tell her all that he felt almost overnastered

"If there were only some way

eloquent than words in which to thank von." said Joan. Bertie drew nearer to her.

"Are you so very grateful?" he said, constrainedly.
"Grateful!" and she looked up into his

"You think that-that I have been of service to you, and—and you would like to repay me for it?" he said, scarcely knowing what he said ve done what you did last night!"
"There is no repayment possible," she
Only because most women wouldn't said, gently.

note that I said there was; supposing I showed you the way o repay me a thousandroid " ne said,

Joan looked at him, and her brows oncracted though fully. She had no immering of his meaning as yet. "Supposing," said Bertie, his blue eyes shining with a fervent light that ought o have told her what he meant, "that I said, 'If you are grateful for what I did last night—not that I think I did anything for you to be grateful for; nothing that any other man in my place would not have done-but if yo grateful, there is a way of repaying me which lies before you, what-what would you say?"

Joan smiled at him. "Show me the way. What is it?" sh aid, with eager warmth.

Bertie paused, his heart heating wild-y, his color coming and going. It seemed a wild, daring thing he wa

going to do, and his courage astounded himself. Was he going to tell her that he loved her? Well, he did love her. He loved h as well as ever a man loved woman, and he would be proud to own it; he would stake all upon the hazard of the die-

stake and win or lose all.

Dodd's Kidney Fis. They go right to the point. They cure the Kidneys. Healthy Kidneys strain all the impuri-ties out of the blood. Pure blood means good circulation and renewed life and stake and win or lose all.

"Can you not guess?" he said.

Joan shook her head.

"No; why should you? It seems so sudden—and——" stammered Bertie.
"But it is true, all the same. Mas Trevelyan, do you remember—forgive me for taking your thoughts back to that time—do you remember the first time we met?"

Joan's face paled. Instantly her thoughts flew black to the morning when Stuart Villiars had left her and Bertie came and opened her eyes to he intended ruin.

She saw all the scene before her, re-

membered the look of the rooms, Bertie's voice, the very tune the organ out side was playing.
"I remember," she said, in- a low

"And I remember it too," said Bertie. have never ceased to think of it. You—came into my life like a beautiful dream, came and vanished, leaving nothing but the remembrance behind

Joan started, flushed, and looked at him in mingled surprise and pain.

I have thought of you ever since, said Bertie, stumbling on hurriedly, handsome face pale and anxious, this voice thrilling and eager. "I did not know it them, I don't think I quite knew it until last night, but I know

now that—that I love you!"

Joun's eyes filled with a yearning expression of sorrow and regret. "Oh, why did I let you go on? I did not know—" she faltered.

Bertie winced.

"There is no hope for me?" he said, with a little catch in his voice. "Well, I don't see why there should be. Who am I that you—you who are so beautiful and clever and famous—should give a thought to me?" "Oh, it is not that -not that," mur-

mured Joan. "But it is," said Bertie, firmly. don't see why I should have been mad enough to hope that you would listen to me, or—or try and care for me. But I did hope, I suppose, or I shouldn't have spoken. And now I have told you,

and it is all over, and and I am sorry if I have worried you——"
"Oh, no, no," murmured Joan. her eyes fast filling with tears; she knew the worth and the nobility of the heart

he was laying at her feet.

"And—and now I will take myself off," he said, smiling ruefully. "I ought not to have spoken as I have done and would you to-day, after all you went through last night, but but well, it's the first time I have been in love, and and you must excuse it and forgiv

He held out his hand as he spoke, and there was a suspicious moisture in his eyes that seemed to indicate that the hero of the Times was pretty neareth

crying point.

Joan put her hand in his, and her fin agers closed over his in a way that

"I am sorry, sorry, sorry!," she said; "and you have only seen me twice! Oh, if you would only believe that I am not worthy such a love as yours.'

"It would take a great deal to make be believe that!" said Bertie, ruefully. "That I am not worthy," she repeated. "But I ought to have stopped you. I ought to have told you that—what you wanted could not be. I could not the your wife, Lord Dewsbury. I have promised to be the wife of Mr. Mordaunt Royce."

Bertie nodded once or twice dully. "Mordaunt Royce, Mordaunt Royce!" repeated, in a wooden kind of fash-"Yes, he is a good fellow, I know

Royce well. Yes, yes!"
"He has been very g has been very good and kind to e!" said Joan, quietly.
"Yes." said Bertie, staring at the car

"Yes." said Bertie, staring at the carpet. "I ought to have known by the way he spoke of fou last night, but I didn't think of it this morning when I saw you. I I hope you will be happy, Miss Trevelyan. Royce is a good fellow. I—I don't say I don't envy him, because I do. I would give all I'm worth, all the world, if I had it, to stand in his shoes. But that can't be, can it? I think I'll go now. Good-by, and—and thank you

go now. Good-by, and—2nd thank you for listening so patiently to me."

Joan put both hands in his.
"Good-by!" she murmured, sorrowfully, sweetly. "You see how unfair, Fate is. You saved my life, and I—I cannot even attempt to repay you in the poor fashion you want! Good-by!" Bertie held her hand and looked at

her wistfully. Something in her eyes seemed to understand the request in his and to grant it. He raised her hand to his lips and

kissed it fervently, passionately, and then found himself outside. Well, it was all over! He had dream ed his dream, and had come to the sud den and rude awakening.

After all, what could he have expect

ed, even if she had been free? And yet he had hoped against hope. But it was all over! She was not only not his, but even could not be his, for she was to be the wife of Mordaunt Royce. He let himself in at the house in Pic-

cadilly, and throwing himself down on a chair, lit a cigar and gave himself up to his misery.

She was the only woman in the world She was the only woman in the world he had ever loved; he had loved her the UNCHRISTIAN LUXURY.

Harlem Pastor Hears That They Out KIGHT TO THE POINT do Ancient Rome Downtown. (N. T. Sun.)

On "Luxury and Christianity" the Rev Frank Miller Tells Why He Frederick Lynch, pastor of the Pilgrim Recommends Dodd's Congregational Church in Harlem, said Kidney Pills. in his sermon on Sunday evening:

"There are many of us who are wor He Used Them for Rheumatism, Heart Disease and Lumbago, and They Went Right to the Root of His Troubles. rying over the awful growth of shame ful extravagance and luxurious living in Some dinners given her in the last fifteen years equal anything given in ancient Rome. It has been no uncommon thing to hear of dinners costing \$10,000, \$20,000 or even \$40,000. A lesser horde of imitators of these so-call-Elkmouth, B. C., Feb. 6. (Special)— Frank Miller, section foreman on the railroad here, whose work exposes him railroad here, whose work exposes him to all kinks of weather, has discovered that Dodd's Kidney Pills are a sovereign remedy for those Kidney ill that almost invariably follow reglected colds. "For four years I suffered from Lumbago, Heart Disease and Rheumatism, bago, Heart Disease and Rheumatism, ed society people spend hundreds of thousands of dollars on extravagant gorging of themselves and their guests. At New Year's Eve thousands of gluttons sit in our hotels and cafes spending huge sums on eating and drinking, these suppers often being in the nature of real orgies and bacchanals. Thousands are wasted on rare flowers and enterbrought on from a cold," says Mr. Miller, "And I got the very best results from using Dodd's Kidney Pills. I freely recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to anyone suffering from these diseases."

anyone suffering from these diseases."

Short and to the point, that statement, isn't it: But it is just like The extravagance of some weddings is becoming abominable. Houses are furnished, not to make beautiful homes but to spend more money than some one else. In one house we are told there is a nursery with a silver bathtub in it the other furnishings matching it. Lux-ury breeds ennui, so that these vulgar This Dodd's Kidney Pills not only the disease. They tone up the whole bod, and make a man feel that he has ury breeds ennui, so that these people who thus arrange dinners guests in gondolas, monkeys at table, women creeping out of pies, costly favors, have to rush from one excitement ors, have to rush from one excitement to another so that their lives become simply a chase of with and extravagant acceptates. And so the ball goes on clear through the whole city, the poor even spending more than they have in a fever for the debased and degenerate joys of life. And many of these people are members of Christian churches.

"All this is not only smutterably vul-

tainers of a very ultra sort, often half

"All this is not only unutterably vul gar, coarse and disgusting, it not only is deadening the finer sensibilities of many of our people, it is not only turn ing us in our quest from ideals, litera-ture and art to minister to the belly and juded senses, but it is utterly and absolutely unchristian. This extravag ing whatever akin to Him. Those who practise it are bringing in a revival of

BURN CAUSED OPEN SORE

Zam-Buk Worked a Wonderful Cure

Sometimes a bad burn, a deep cut, or some similar injury, sets up a more permanent injury, in the form of an open discharging sore. In such cases Zam-Buk will be found of unequalled

Mr. J. Nixon, of 901 William avenue. Winnipeg, a blacksmith at the C. P. R. shops, had his foot badly burned by colten metal falling upon it. "The burn was a very bad one, and after the first few days it left an open sore, which showed marked signs of blood-poisoning. It discharged freely and caused me terribl agony. For three weeks I suffered acutely and could get no ease. At last I obtained a preparation from the doctor, which seemed to stop the discharging and made me quite

hopeful, but finally the wound became as bad as ever. He was about to drop the case in its entirety on the flames, when a folded paper fell from the back of the picture, "I was then advised to use Zam-Buk, and from the first application the balm gave me relief. The inflammation was thoroughly checked, and the poisonous matter cleared away in a very short time after beginning with Zam-Buk. Healing then began, and in less than two

weeks the wound was thoroughly heal-One of the main lessons of this case lies right here—try Zam-Buk first for any injury, sore, skin disease or wound. It is equally good for piles, blood-poisoning, festering wounds, chaps, sores, varicose ulcers, chilblains, etc. sores, varicose ulcers, chilblains, etc.
All druggists and stores sell at 50c box or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, upon receipt of price. You are warned against harmful substitutes and inferior preparations, which yield a bigger margin of profit and are sometimes pushel as being "just as good." Nothing is just as good.

THE ONWARD MARCH OF THE SKYSCRAPER

More skyscrapers are in the process of construction in the lower part of the city. Where they stand there stood a row of small brick houses with their gable ends to the street in the days when old New York was young." The workmen could almost throw a store workmen could almost throw a store to the spot where Fort Amsterdam uses to raise its frowning battlements that citizens of New York might sleep sound o' nights without fear of being pulled out of their beds by Spanish pirates or

French sailors.

From the topmost girders one can look for twenty miles over the second city of the world; the first so far as its stu-pendous structures are concerned. All of them can be seen from the top of the of them can be seen from the top of the new structure near Battery Park. There is the American Surety Company's building, three hundred and six feet high, with twenty-three storeys; the American Tract Society building, of the same height; the Heidelberg, four hundred and ten feet high, with thirty storeys; the Metropolitan Life Insurance building, seven hundred feet high, divided into fifty storeys; the Park Row building, to fifty storeys; the Park Row building, whose towers rise three hundred and eighty-two feet above street level; the Singer building, over six hundred and twelve feet high, divided into forty-one storeys; the St. Paul building, three hundred and eight feet high; the Times building, four hundred and nineteen feet high, and the Pulitzer building, over three hundred and seventy-five feet high. The list of buildings which range in height from two hundred to three hundred feet is a long one, and is constantly growing. The new municipal building, when completed, will be over four hundred feet high. It seems but yesterday when a ten-storey building was regarded with any camput. At the was regarded with amazement. At the close of the civil war a building four storeys in height was regarded as a fair-sizes business structure, but that was before the city had spread over a good part of four counties.—The Christian Herald.

Wisdom, like remorse, generally comes too late to do us any practical good.

GOOD HEALTH FOR RUN DOWN MEN

If You Are Weak and Easily Tired Try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Anaemia is a state into which one falls because of lack of blood, or because the blood is poor, weak and watery. The man or woman who has not enough blood is pale, languid, easily tired and easily depressed. As the trouble progresses other symptom show them-selves, and the life of the sufferer is seives, and the life of the surferer is one of misery. Anaemia opens the door to consumption, and gives victims to all the epidemic maladies, because the whole body is weakened and unable to resist the inroads of disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best remedy in the world for the cure of anaemia, and all world for the cure of anaemia, and all its attendent miseries. They make the its attendent miseries. They blood rich, red and pure, thus bringing health and strength to weak, despondent men and women. We do not know of a single case of anaemia where Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have failed to cure if given a fair trial. Mr. John Hastings, enn, Sask., was a victim of this trou ble, and found new health through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He says: "I was Williams Fins, Fins, he says: A was working on a railway driving a team and found myself gradually running down. I did not pay much attention to it at first, but soon I began to lose my a suppetite and it was a trial to get through my day's work. I got medicine appetite and it was a trial to get through my day's work. I got medicine from the doctor on the works, but it did not help me, and finally I got so bad I told the foreman I would have to quit. He told me not to lose hope, that he would get some medicine that would soon make me all right. That night he went to town and bought me three boxes. went to town and bought me three boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had not taken more than two boxes when I be gan to feel better, and after I had used five boxes I was as well and strong as ever, and could do a day's work with ever, and could do a day's work with any man on the job. I may just add that before I began taking the Pills I was so run down that I weighed only 122 pounds, and while taking them I rained 22 rounds. gained 22 pounds. I cannot say too much in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and strongly recommend them to all run down men.

all run down men."
You can get these Pills through any
medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a
box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr.
Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ALL AROUND THE HOME.

If the hem edge of napkins is thoroughly rubbed between the palms to remove the dressing, the heniming can be done in half the time. Tiny corks tacked on the backs of ower corners of picture frames will vent dark lines from forming on

paper.
Sour milk makes the cake light and spongy, while sweet milk makes it cut like pound cake.

After getting the ingredients together before mixing a cake, always warm the bowl by pouring into it boiling water. Let stand a few minutes, then pour out and dry. It must be warm enough to when using stale bread for puddings,

etc., always soak it in a cold liquid. Bread that has been soaked in cold milk or water is light and crumbly, while that soaked in hot liquid is heavy. Rice will absorb about three t own measure of water in cooking

and rather more of milk. shelf with a tumbler turned over each one, will keep fresh for weeks



MRS. EDITH MELBER. MRS. EDITH MELBER.

The Albany, N. Y., police say that Mrs. Melber poisoned her five-year-old son, leaving his body in a swamp, so that she might be free to marry again. It is said that she had led her fiance to believe that the boy was her brother's son, and that she was going to send him back to his home. In her confession Mrs. Melber says that she gave the lad carbolic acid because she could not support him any longer. The grandfather denies this, and says that he had offered to adopt the child.

Shiloh's Cure

TOO NARROW.

(Pittsburg Times.) Bishop John L. Nuelsen, in an address

n Omaha, said of intolerance or These intolerant people make me think of young Parson Brownslow. Parson Brownslow one Sunday morning was passing & pend when two young skaters went through the ice. The parson, a good swimmer, piunged into the cold, black water promptly, and, after a deal of diving and floundering and struggling, he managed to rescue the two how. He he managed to rescue the two boys. He laid their limp forms on the bank side by side and then he began to work their arms vigorously so as to restore anima-tion, when a deep, reproachful voice cried

from the road "He looked up and beheld the frown ng vicage of Deacon Jones.
"'Parson,' said the Deacon, 'six days shalt thou labor!""

BOREDOM'S DESPERATION.

"Is your husband playing bridge?"
"Not exactly," replied Mrs. Flimgilt. Some experts have merely invited him into a game to make it harder."-Wash