By Charles Garvice Author of "A Modern Juliet,"

sight of her handwriting would help ' She did not say how, and Sir Terence, who was as unsuspecting as a child, especially with a woman. did not ask. "Her handwriting?" he said.

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Would it? I will ask Bernard to give me something she has written to him, some envelope or unimport-"You will not let him know, suspect even, you have told me anycalmnezs of despair, "the Hall, the

"No, no," he said. "Rely upon After he had gone, she threw herself down on the sofa, with her for me?" said Sir Terence. "Speak it, Bernard. I deserve anything—the worst you can say. I and my father

Bernard Yorke was separated from Nance Grey. If she could still keep them apart, what more probable culous, absurd, impossible.

Terence.
She tore it open eagerly. There

seem, Miss Grey has never written to Bernard. He has not a line of

hers in his possession. He is very weak and upset, and, I fear, unless we can give him some definite infor-mation as to her whereabouts, he will have a relapse. The thought of it fills me with dread. My poor Ber-"Yours gratefully,

"TERENCE YORKE," As Felicia Damerel crushed the note in her hand, her face flushed; with a little laugh of satisfac tion, she exclaimed:
"I will do it! I will risk it!" CHAPTER XXIX.

neartedness had fled. Nance had to count. Forgive met You needn't brightness of life. He and his lived in Bernard's room, two grave

One day, indeed, he did say to Sir Terence
"Father, why do you not go back to the Hall? I am quite well now; you can do nothing more for me. Why not go home and get some

How could he tell Bernard that the dear old place was up for sale? No; he would wait until Felicia had bought it, and some arrangement tice, I must say he was not that. had been made. It would be time He bore me a grudge. I married the enough to tell Bernard when the dan-

ger was past. Long Ditton, for he still kept the how you picture her-a vulgar parrooms, hoping vaguely that Nance venue, purse-proud and self-assermight write to Mrs. Johnson, or, tive. In common justice, I must tell perhaps, go and see her. On the day of the sale he was down at Long Ditton, wandering by the river-side, sitting in the garden, or pacing up and down the little sitting-room made sacred to him by the memory

of his lost happiness.

He slept that night and the next cottage, if to lie awake hour after hour, or to fall into a dreamto him in all her spring-like beauty, can be called sleeping. The whole place was full of her presence-her hundred trifles, a brush and comb on the table, her favorite books, a scrap of lace, the faint perfume of the wood-violet, of which she was fond, reminded him of her at every turn.

It was almost worse for him than

if she were actually dead; for when our loved ones die, we know that are gone from us forever, and that there is nothing left for us but resignation. But Nance was not dead; she was somewhere, perhaps near him. The thought brought the blood to his face. If he could only find her, get her within his arms, speak six words to her, all would be

He went back to London, arriving rather late. Sir Terence was sitting by the fire, for the autumn night was chilly. 'Well, Bernard?" he said, in

shaky voice, and with his hand half "Have you any news for me?" Sir Terence started, then recovered

"About-about her?" he asked. "Yes," said Bernard, as else could be of any importance. "Yes," said Bernard, as if nothing "No," said Sir Terence.
have been down to the Hall." voice shook. Bernard did not

notice it. "Why did you come back?" said, as he went to the mantel-shell and took up his letters. "You are getting moped to death here. I am a selfish brute! For God's sake sir, go home and leave me to myself. "Well, no," replied Sir Terence.
"A lady friend, the sister of her Sir Terence rose, putting both hands on Bernard's shoulders, and looked him steadily, sauly in the father's executor, is living with her, I believe; but she has no father or

"I can not go home, Bernie," he Bernard looked at his father with

dull surprise.
"Can not go home? Why not?" "Because I have no home to go to but this. Bernard, the Hall is sold." Bernard passed his hand over his brow and stared at his father. Had

he taken leave of his senses?

"The-Hall-sold!" he exclaimed Bernard sunk into a chair and continued to stare in amazement.

brow. She was going to play a dangerous game—a very dangerous game—and yet the prize was one which she considered well worth the risk. "The Hall sold!" said Bernard, al-

them apart, what more probable than that he should turn to her. Now he noticed how haggard and Felicia, whom he already loved, aftriffing little words and commenced triffing little words and commenced. Felicia, whom he already loved, after a fashion, and who could save him from ruin?

She remained at home that evening, waiting for a specimen of were uttered, but which now were

She remained at home that evening, waiting for a specimen of Nance's handwriting. Late at night Robson brought a note from Sir Terence.

The tore it open eagerly. There

She tore it open eagerly. There was no inclosure. Her heart sunk, anh she felt thwarted; but as she read the short note, her spirits rose again.

For God S sake, don't try, shi he said. 'Reproach! I reproach you! Why, if it is as I think it must be, it is I who have helped to bring this about. I have lived a life has been the short note, her spirits rose and the short note, her spirits rose and the short note as it may been to be an it may been to be an it may be a short note. The short note is a short note, her spirits rose as it may be a short note, her spirits rose being this about. I have lived a life of the short note, her spirits rose being this about. I have lived a life of the short note, her spirits rose being to must be it is I who have helped to bring this about. I have spent money like water. You have spent money like water. You have never what can I say to her, how can I thank her?"

"Felicia Damerel!" repeated Bernard, almost inaudibly. "Father, what can I say to her, how can I thank her?"

"She nursed you all through your groups game, and he had discovered it!" "Ah," said Sir Terence, with bit-

ter self-reproach, "it has all been my fault! If I had the courage to my fault! II I had the courage to tell you the truth, the whole truth, things might have been better; but I was weak. I have always hoped that things would take a turn for the better, and, indeed I did not know that matters were so bad. We Yorkes were never men of business, and I had to deal with a man who was as cute as he was hard. Bernard got the cigars, carefully selected a good one, and put it in his father's hand, mixed a soda and whiskey, and placed it beside the old man.

Hall for you bernard, she was word to you; she have laid down her life for you ight hat the beautiful see was the stood looking at her; but, saveing that t

look tired."
"Yes," said Sir Terence; "I am and almost silent men.

If he had not been so absorbed in his own sorrow, he must have noticed Sir Terence's altered appearance and demeanor; but love is selfish, and he thought only of Nance, always of Nance.

hands I fell. He is dead." Then who has got the Hall?" asked Bernard, with surprise. "His daughter—a young girl who has inherited all his immense wealth."

The daughter of a money-lender at Rainford Hall!" said Bernard in a low voice.

But Sir Terence heard him.
"No, Bernard," he said. "In juswoman he loved—your mother—and he plotted to get the Hall. It was days Bernard went down to his revenge. As for the girl, I know venue, purse-proud and self-asseryou she is nothing of the kind." "You have seen her, then?" said

Bernard, with surprise. "Yes," said Sir Terence, sadly. "I went down to the Hall." "How could you do it, father!" exclaimed Bernard. have done so. I could not bear to look upon it again."

"It was hard," said Sir Terence. "But I thought of our people. They have always been like my own children more than tenants; I have always shared their sorrows and their joys. Some of them were behind-hand with their rent, always would be behind-hand. I, like you, thought Miss Harwood would be vulgar and purse-proud, and that she might be hard upon them; so-so I put my pride in my locket, and forced my-self to go down to the old place which we have lost forever. I found beautiful, lady-libe girl.

'Lady-like!' said Bernard. "Yes, lady-like. I never saw a more refined-looking girl, or, in her way, a more beautiful one. There was something touching about the child for she was little more." Sir child, for she was little more." Sir Terence leaned back and gazed at the fire dreamily, and Bernard gazed at him in astonishment. He had expected his father to be full of resentment against this interloper, this girl who had turned them out of their ancestral home. "She seemed almost as sad as I was. She listenpromised to be good to the poor people, and I know that she will keep her word, for there was truth in her voice. She has a very state of him to his pocket. ed to me with more than patience, voice, Such a sad little voice for so

a small thing—though, by the way, she is not short, but slim and girlshe is not short, but slim and girish. She seemed so—so all alone in that great place."
"Is she all alone?" asked Bernard.

young a girl! I ought to have hated her; and yet, do you know, Bernard, came away liking and pitying her."

"Pitying her?" said Bernard.

"Yes, pitying her. She looked such small thing thought a pang; very likely, with a slight feeling of regret on his account, but with none

nother, or relation "that I know of,

and so one may say she is quite echoed Bernard, with surprise and a slight bitterness.
"Mistress of Rainford Hall, and with no need of money, you say?"
"Yes," said Sir Terence; "her father has left her an immense sum. While I have been spending, he had been making and saving, and it all

comes to her. Bernard sighed. "It all seems like a dream," he said, ; And we are quite ruined, sir. Is there nothing left?"

Sir Terence groaned. "Only a very little, Bernie," he ingly in his ears, like a demonate some strange, inexplicable way mix-chorus. Every now and then he smiled the smile of a half-mad cyn-Hall. "Just enough to keep us decently. There would not have been so much, but Miss Harwood had to pay a very large sum for the estate-"Why, how was that?" asked Ber-

Sir Terence was silent for a morang the bell. The footman cyed him with scarcely concealed surprise. "Is Miss Damerel in?" asked Ber-Well, you see, Bernie," he said, "a-a friend tried to buy it back for us, and bid very high; but Stephen Harwood had left instructions that Harwood had left instructions that the estate should be obtained for his daughter at any cost. You see, he wanted his revenge; he wanted to turn us out, and he has succeeded. The place is hers. Rainford Hall will

know the Yorkes no more."

Bernard sighed and puffed at his who was the friend?" he cigar. "But asked.

"Can you not guess?" asked Sir Perence.

Bernard stared moodily at the fire.

"No," he said at last.

"The friend was Miss Damerel," Terence. said Sir Terence in a low voice.

Bernard rose.
"Felicia Damerel?" he said. "Yes," said Sir Terence, still in a low voice. "She knew of our trouble and she tried to help us, save us. It was not until she learned that Miss Harwood's lawyer was resolved to get the place at any price that she gave up bidding. I think she would have sacrificed her whole fortune, if it had been possible; but it

illness; she would have saved the Hall for you. Bernard, she would have laid down her life for you; she loves you. Oh, my boy, if—if—'

Bernard paced the room, deeply.

Day followed day, and noither Pernard nor Sir Terence could learn anything of Nance, Bernard recovered his strength, and set about searching for her with a grim persistence.

He could not go to the police, he could not employ a private detective, because he dared not tell them the whole story. He advertised in the daily papers, guardedly, of course, but no response came. He hope that Nance might be drawn to visit the scene of the birth of their hope of the hors happiness; but he never met her chere.

He was a changed man in appear-ance and manner: his old light.

He was a changed man in appear-ance and manner: his old light.

He got up and left the room.

Wenty followed fellcia Damerel long ago. At one time I nearly asked her to be my white, but now, while there is a hope, of finding Nance, of

He got up and left the room. Bernard sunk into a chair, with a sigh, began to open his letters. A great many of them were invitations, inquiries. He pitched them on

the fire. Presently he came to one, the handwriting of which he did not know. He opened it with dull curiosity. It contained a single sheet of paper with these words written on it:

to ask you to be my wife."

his cars. He looked, as through a

dream, upon the beautiful woman lying back in the chair in the fire-

light.
The color faded from her face, her

lips quivered.
"Wait!" he said. "You know that

not be hard; you are beautiful. At

one time I loved you. Before Heav-

en, I will love you still! I will de-

vote myself, my life, to making you happy. Be my wife!"
Silence! The fire-light fell upon

her face; it was pale to the lips; her

heart seemed to stop beating.

Then she held out her arms—the

ciosed round him and drew him to-

CHAPTER XXX.

he wonderful transformation in her

The great change would have turn-

ed the heads of most girls-indeed

That strange quietness and self-absorption which Lady Dockitt had noticed and remarked upon to Mr.

ward her.

slight.

Her lips met his.

"Do not trouble to look for me any longer. I shall never-I can never come back. I am quite happy—at least, I should be, if I could forget he past. And I am learning to do so every day. I wish we had never met. But we have parted now, and hope we shall never meet again; for it was all a very great mistake. I see that quite plainly now. I am with good friends, and want nothing. Please do not try to find me. I shall have left England by the time you get this. If ever we should meet again, I shall ask you to treat

meet again, me as a stranger, "NANCE GREY." He stared at the paper, motionless and in silence. As a matter of fact, he could not at first realize its existence His mind refused to grasp it He examined the handwriting, pointed and not particularly wellinformed letters, with a dull mechanical scrutiny.

Then gradually, the sense of the words grew upon the brain, they for-ced themselves upon his consciousness. With a low cry, he rose to his full height, holding the letter at

The words rang in his ears, burned somewhere in the back of his brain. He had no need to read them again. he knew every word by heart.

Nance had of her own free will Name had of her own free with given him up! She had grown tired of him! Yes, it could bear no other meaning. She had grown tired of him! He remembered now, with hideous distinctness, how she had press ed him to leave her, to go to town how, when he had shown reluctance, and even dislike of going, she had amilingly insisted upon his dolog so. He had always heard of the fickleness of women; but that Nance—his Nance!—should be so frail, so fickle, so incapable of a true and lasting love, seemed hideously incomprehen-

But it was true. Here it was in her own handwriting—her own hand-writing! He remembered that she had never written to him before. It was her first letter—her first letter! He laughed bitterly, and raised his hand to fling the letter in the fire; of most men or women—but on but some feeling stayed him, and he Nance the effect seemed to be very

had grown tired of him! Some friends—new friends—had turned up. She had turned from him to them: She had turned from him to them:

"not, perhaps, without a pang; very likely, with a slight feeling of regret on his account, but with none on her own.

God! it was hideous! He laughed again. Sir Terence must have heard him; for he came into the room hurriedly, and, with a look of alarm, asked what was the matter.

"Nothing—nothing in the world!" exclaimed Bernard, with a wild laweb.

"Oraham still clung to her, Her whole grate.

"Graham still clung to her, Her whole agrate.

"Marked by a gentle sadness and restrained melancholy, which shone in her beautiful eyes and spoke in her soft, low voice.

She did not seem to care for the vast wealth which she had inherited. It really appeared as if she would have been quite content to black merino, unadorned by a single jewel; and it was Lady Dockitt who insisted upon procuring attire and be found in the city.

He recklessly poured himself out a glass of brandy, and drank it off then looked around for his hat and coat.

"Where are you going?" asked Sir Terence.

"Out for a little while," said Bernard. "The room is hot, stifling. Robson always makes up a fire like a furnace. Don't sit up for me; I may be late."

He was gone out of the room before Sir Terence could ask any fur-

fore-Sir Terence could ask any fur-ture.
She liked to dream, coiled up on ther questions.

He strode along the streets, his face white, but his head burning.

The words of the note rang mock
The words of the note range mock
The w

bear, but this heartless letter of hers, coming after the weary days of terrible suspense and longing, simply maddened him.

He reached Felicia's house and rang the bell. The footman She thought of Sir Terence often, has a thing was impossible, that she had no right to run counter to her father's wishes, to

would ask; but Bowden, crossing the hall, saw Bernard, and came toward him.

'My mistress is in, sir," she said.

'She was to have gone to Lady Starbright's to-night, but she didn't. She is in her boudoir."

Bernard followed her up the stairs into a luxuriously furnished room lighted softly by a rose-shaded lamp.

A fire was burning, and before the latter of the latter of the latter of the lamp.

A fire was burning, and before the latter of the l

lamp.
A fire was burning, and before it, reclining in an amber-satin chair, was Felicia.
As he entered, Bowden discreetly closing the door behind him. Feliciar turned her head languidly; then seeing who it was, rose and stood before him.

Her heart leaped; her face paled at sight of him; her eyes dilated on his white and haggard face; her heart

shrunk with a sudden terror. He had discovered that the letter was a forgery; he had come to upbraid her, to denounce her! She felt at that moment as if he were going to

'After all,' said Mr. Bulford, the bufler, delivering his sentiments oracularly in the servants' hall, 'she can't help being the mistress. If she hadn't had the Hall, somebody else would. Why, come to think of it, we might have had a Jew moneylender here, as has happened in other noble femilies. Miss Christine is a lady, anyhow; and that's something. Of course, she ain't like a Yorke, and it's very hard on us to have to lose Sir Terence and Mr. Ternard; but if they was to go, and somebody else was to step into their was no place for him, he said the somebody else was to step into their place, why, Miss Christine is as good as any one we could have had; and I, for one, ain't going to hold out against her any longer. In fact," he added, with a burst of

candor, "she's so pleasent-spoken that I couldn't if I tried."

She looked like a siren, beautiful to the eye, fascinating to the senses.

And so, with a smile upon her beautiful face, she looked up at him and waited.

"I have some to thank you," he said; and his hoarse voice ware like.

suppose?" she said. "You might catch it." been the truest friend the most unselfish woman-Felicia, I have come A profound silence reigned. The perfumed air beat upon his brain; the words Not Nance's note rang in

soon the cold looks which had at words and smiles of welcome. I am ruined; that I am almost beggar; that I have very little heart for it was only at such times she

which has dominated my whole be- like the rest, when they found that her honor. In a letter to her uncle, city. They met in Egypt, but be ing. But that past is past; it is all done with and dead. I know was as likely to prove as lenient visitors do not leave her one mothat you are rich, but that will not toward them as even the departed that you are rich, but that will not stop me. You know me well enough to know that I do not ask you to marry me because of your money. I care nothing for it. I care for noth
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who could not pay his rent was to care nothin ing but the fact that you have been be pressed, that all reasonable de Vatican for all kinds of people.

who could resist her? Though, by the way, if she runs the estate the principle of never exacting the rent and doing everything they ask her, the land won't pay two per cent." "I don't think," said Lady Dock-

bare, shapely arms. He fell on his knees beside her. The white arms itt. "that Christine would care if the estate paid no percentage at all. She's utterly indifferent to money; her tastes are as simple as those of a-a dairy-maid; and as for amusement, she doesn't seem to care for it, or even need it. She likes walk-Although one is supposed to very soon grow used to the changes and chances of this transitory life, Nance did not very rapidly grow acustomed to, or even quite realize, herself up in the hall with a book, or sits in a chair beside the fire with her hands in her lap, thinking Mistress of Rainford Hall and half or dreaming. That sad look never a million of money—more than half leaves her face, even when she is leaves her face, even when she is a million of money—more than half a million of money—she, who only a few weeks ago had been quits con-tent to work hard for her modest livelihood! smiling or laughing-and she does laugh sometimes—the look seems to through or haunt her eves." [TO BE CONTINUED.]

When Granada was taken, Cardinal Ximes retorted in kind by destroying all the Korans and Moorish books to

HORSES SKILFULLY AVOID A

That the eleven-month-old child of mith Morris, of Eldon, Mo., was not trampled to death by two big draft horses attached to a Swift a Company wagon, at Broadway and Lucas avenue, St. Louis, Thursday afternoon, when it was dropped by its grandfather directly in front of the horses, was due to the almost human intelligence of the animals in separating just as it seemed they death. The big wagon also cleared the child because of the horses' move-ments, and a slight scalp wound sus-tained in falling on the granite street

was its only injury.

tory museum prize.

MOUNTAIN SNAKE HAS PERFECT HEADS. A moccasin snake with two heads was brought to town by a farmer boy, says a Woodstock (Va.) tele-gram. The heads are set at right angles over a body eight inches long and two inches in diameter. One ex-actly like it was found in the same spot fifty years ago, and was pre-served in a jar of alcohol. The snake was found on the north branch of the Shenandoah river, at the foot of Massanutten Mountains. The boy who found the make captured it alive, as it seemed chilled by the cold. It is offered as a natural his-

## A WISE PRECAUTION.

No matter whether the baby is sick or well, Baby's Own Tablets At first, when she went for a walk, or a drive in the great, stately carriage, with its powdered footman, the village people, the tenants, the laborers, eyed her with sul-Innes, the laborers, eyed her with sullen resentment and distrust. She
could feel their cold glances as she
walked or drove by. But, after a
lime—and, indeed, a very short time
—the general ill-will grew less obtrusive and conspicuous.

As her resid Sambia Wood and As her maid, Sophie Wood, said, the young mistress was "so beautiful, so gentle, and so kind," that the hearts of even the Rainford Hall retainers were melted.

"After all," said Mr. Bulford, the Mary's River, N. S., says: "I do not believe my baby would have been believe my baby would

was no place for him, he said the and although I am forty years of tomb belonged to his family, and as age I feel as well as when I was the last of his line he had a right to twenty. Pink Pills cured me, and occupy it if he chose. Damon said it was warm and comfortable and saved them the best medicine in the world paying rent. He is reputed to be for sciatica."

The cure of Mr. Etseli proves that

Miss Enid Phelps, daughter of wealthy lawyer and one of the smart set of Derger, Col., is to wed William H. Seip, who was a street car all other medicines. conductor when their acquaintance began. Since he fell in love Seip has invested the savings of nine years in lovested the years in love little grocery, and if he succeeds in pusiness the wedding is to take place. He will not insist upon the ulfillment of the engagement if he ails, as he says he does not want to business the wedding is to take place. He will not insist upon the fails, as he says he does not want to touch a penny of the girl's money.

Miss Phelps first met Seip on his car about two years ago, while she was on her way to a music class at the Denver University. It is understood that her father has withdrawn a discordant note in the softly luxurious apartment. "My father has told me—I know—Felicia, you have leap, the mother's heart melted completely.

"It's measles, you know, miss, I some young conductor.

objections to the match, as he was Japanese army to return to at once for military purposes.

some young conductor. objections to the match, as he was Japanese army to return to Japan

catch it."

"I have had the measles," said not, I should not be afraid. I am not afraid of catching anything. Please let me nurse her."

From that time scarcely a day have Not for the Eternal City. His holiness has more nephews and nieces than any pope before him, and since he has been made the head of the Ropassed but Nance found her way in- has been made the head of the Roto some of the cottages, and very man Catholic church they are all eager to be near him. So far only GIPSY GIRL PLANS NOTABLE first greeted her were exchanged for two have succeeded. These are Signor Parolin and his sister, Signorina The hours spent among the sick Nina Parolin, who formerly lived at Somewhere near the Indiana lin and needy were her happiest ones, Riese. Signorina Nina, who has be- Minnie George, a young gypsy girl, left to offer you. You know, or can guess, that there has been in my past life an incident, a history.

The tenants were the hardest to win, but ultimately they came round with his did a visit to her native town, win, but ultimately they came round with his tribe at Blue Pond in this with his tribe at Blue Pond in this city.

The tenants were the hardest to win, but ultimately they came round with his tribe at Blue Pond in this city. come quite a grand lady since she is travelling by wagon to meet ment's peace. They want her inter- til a few weeks ago, when the the truest friend to me and my mands for improvements were to be father. Felicia, if you can take a granted, and that no one wishing to spends his day, how many hours he sleeps, his day, how many hours he sleeps, ruined man for your husband, if you can love me a little, be my wife.

Stop! Before Heaven, I will try to delighted with the progress Name. Stop! Before Heaven, I will try to be a good husband to you! It will delighted with the progress Nance people once in a while. One thing A cablegram from Vienna says which has pleased them more than Princess Alice, who created a sensary was are beautiful. At which has pleased them more than the princess Arte, who created a sind that "Our bound to win their hearts."

which has pleased them more than the princess Arte, who created a sind tion some time ago by getting a dipolar to win their hearts.

Gad! Pope" still declares that the dish of the prince by "polenta cogliose" (polenta with Schoenlerg-Waldenberg, and who better than when cooked in his sis-

## SUFFERED TORTURE FOR FOUR YEARS.

ed Wm. Doeg's Rheumatism.

He was so Bad That He Could Not Lie German courts. Down, But Had to Sit Night and Day in a Chair.

of his almost miraculous cure of Rheumatism by using Dodd's Kidney Pills. when it was over Swank's best parlor furniture was a wreck. The dog "For four years I suffered excruciating torture," says Mr. Doeg. "I tirely free from pain and a new frenzied cow, with blood dripping

Acid-out of the blood.

Another Triumph For Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mr Etsell, of Walkerton, Suffered for Months and Got no Relief Until he Began the Uso of These

Of the many employees of R. Truax & Co., Walkerton, Ont., none stands higher in the confidence of his employers than does Mr. Thos. Etsell He is an excellent mechanic, and has been in the employ of this firm for upwards of ten years. But although Mr. Etsell now ranks among the few men who are never absent from their post of duty, absent as present, all because of his physical inability to perform his work. For years Mr. Etsell was a from sciatica, and at great sufferer from sciatica, and at times the suffering became so intense

During these years, Mr. Etsell, as may readily be imagined, was con-tinually on the lookout for some remedy that would rid him of the disease, but for a long time without success. Doctors were consulted and although he took the treatment prescribed, it did not help him. Then he tried electric treatment, but this also failed to give relief, and in despair he had about made up his mind that his case was hopeless and that he would be a suffering, help-less cripple to the end of his days. Then one day a neighbor advised him to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At first he refused, believing they would prove like other medicines having herself been greatly benefited by these pills, so that at last he con-sented. The remainder of the story may best be told in his own words:

When I began taking these pills, said Mr. Etsell to a reporter Telescope, "I had been off work for three months. The cords of my right Telescope, "I had leg were all drawn up, and I could only limp about with the aid of my stick. The pain I suffered was terrible. I could not sleep at all dur ing the night, and I was in misery
both day and night. At first I thought the pills were doing me no good, but after I had taken six boxes I fancied I was feeling better, and was encouraged to continue the treatment. After that I got better every day, and by the time I had taken about fifteen boxes every vestige of pain had disappeared. over a year," continued Mr. Etsell "I have not had a twinge of pain,

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not an ordinary medicine, and that their power to cure in all troubles of the blood or nerves places them beyond these pills from any medicine dealer The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. See that the full

JAPS CALLED HOME

The Japanese section hands who railroad have received word for all

GERMAN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP. From Rome comes the report that | The finals in the tournament for the

A despatch from Akron, O., says. She George tribe, to which the girl be

LOVES OF A PRINCE. A cablegram from Vienna says: started on a pilgrimage on foot to Rome, only to leave him for has again sturred up gossip by fal-ling in love with an Italian, Lieut del Peado. In spite of the furious' opposition of her father, Don Carlos, the princess declares that she will marry the peniless officer in November, after the birth of her child which is expected to take place in Then Dodd's Kidney Pills Cur- the beginning of that month. present she is busy writing a book describing her life, in which she promises to reveal many scandals at the

BULLDOG FIGHTS WITH COW IN A bulldog and cow at Wooster, O. Sundridge, Ont., Nov. 7.—(Spe- A bulldog and cow at Wooster, O., cial).—Mr. William Doeg of this quarter of an hour at the home of place, now a hale, hearty man, tells quarter of an hour at the home of of his almost miraculous cure of Rheu-Cleaning Stoves.

When cleaning stoves add a little turpentine to the blacking, and the stove will polish much more easily. Only a very little turpentine should be used, as it will give a brown tings to the grate.

Literary Vandals.

The Saracens burned the Alexandrian library and the great library of Matthew Corvinas, king of Hungary, which contained 400,000 volumes.

To lour years 1 suffered excruciating torture, "says Mr. Doeg. "I was scarcely an hour free from pain. I could not lie down to take rest, but had to sit night and day in a chair. "I was treated for Rheumatism by several doctors and also tried several medicines without receiving any benefit. Almost in despair I feared I never again would be free from pain. Then I read of some remarkable curses by Dodd's Kidney Pills. I procured a box and soon found they were doing me good, and before I had finished the second box I was entirely free from pain and a new tirely free from pain.

The lour function was a wreck. The dog and the cow are to would the cow are to was a wreck. The dog and the cow are to would and the cow and the cow and Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure finally staggered out the front door every piece of furniture in the room Rheumatism by putting the Kidneys every piece of furniture in the room in shape to take the cause-Uric was smashed, the carpet was ruined and the wallpaper was torn and blood-streaked.

HE TIME

MEDICINE HAT, N. W. T

A ROYAL GOLFER The Duchess of Connaught has hall to play golf on the new links Balmoral, and she had one or t rounds with Mr. Balfour while he w

DAUGHTER OF MARQUIS OF F

guest there. They are great succeed the ground being in excellent con

MOUS HUNTER. Among the latest additions to list of successful young sportswom is Lady Margaret Compton, the outante and only daughter of Marquis of Northampton. Quite r cently she has secured a very heav stag with a fine head, and earlier eason a magnificent fallow bu fell to her rifle in Loch Luichart Fo st in Rosshire

MISS ASTOR WEDS CAPTAIN

CLAY IN LONDON. Miss Pauline Astor and Captai Spencer Clay were married in Londor on Oct. 29. The best man was Captain Cleude de Crespigny of the Second Life Guards, aide de camp thord Curzon, Viceroy of India, and son of Sir Claude de Crespigny. Mis Astor's pages wore cavalier suits of the control of the satin, pink-lined capes slu from the shoulders. The suits worn with bleuses of white chiffor with ruffles, cravats of white lace

BIG CHANGE IN BRITISH ARM The British Army Council, says cable from London, has issued important order under which recruits instead of enlisting three years wi the colors and nine in the reserve i list for nine years with the color and three in the reserves, thus pra tically abolishing the short servisystem. War Secretary Arnold For ter foreshadowed this change in speech last July, in which he clared that the existing system has proved a failure, because so few m dunteered to extend their servi with the colors. Some critics, ho ever, declare the existing difficulty obtaining recruits will be great nhanced under the new order

SAYS KAISER PLANS TO GE MANIZE ALL EUROPE. Mr. Eduoard Lockroy believes t Germany will be the ruling pow and will make all Europe German He thinks, in fact, that the Kaiser already scheming in this direction Russia will be crushed after the w with Japan, even if she comes o victorious in the end. Austria is a ready German; Italy is also und German thumb, one of the Ka er's sons has been named Atilla, a learned the Hungarian langua to be ready to occupy the Hungari throne when Emperor Francis Jose dies. The Scandinavian countries even now turning to Germany if fear of Russia. Denmark was robb of half her territory by Prussia 1864. In Turkey German officers drilling the army; a German P cess, and sister of the future man Kaiser, will be Queen of Spe another in time will be Queen Greece, and a German Prince is consort of the Queen of Holk France, M. Lockroy says, is belo of all in Europe, but she will swallowed up and Germanized a United States of Europe will formed under German hegemony.

POPE TO SHUT THE VATICA BIRD HOUSES The cardinals are becoming and more dissatisfied with the the Pope tried to cut down expe says a cablegram from Rome. only has he deprived them of a part of their income, but he i ing away with all superfluous penses in his own housel-and says that he intends to kee his service only such servants are absolutely necessary, and cardinals deem this a mistake, as Italian people are very fond of play and are apt to lose their spect for a Pope who is too and simple in his ways. One of Pope's latest acts was the discl the mounted escort of six which used to accompany him i walks through the Vatican gro declaring that not only were th vices of these men superfluous, that their presence made him i at ease. Now he has turned his tention to the bird houses bu the Vatican grounds under the sonal supervision of the late XIII., and which are among the

among the various educational \$600,000 SHIP ABANDONED

gest in the world and contain a

ber of rare birds received fro

parts of the world. Tope Leo

very much interested in these a

and often visited them, but his

cessor regards their maintenan extravagance, and the birds will

be killed, stuffed and distri

CREW.

A Philadelphia despatch says

much excitement was caused in

ping circles Monday by ceived at the Maritim bound from New York Avres and Montevideo at sea 300 miles east o teras, abandoned by her Kelvin with her cargo nearly \$600,000, and most valuable prizes leit cent years. Her cargo, " up of agricultural implet chinery, hardware and me is alone valued at \$400,000 prize lies but a short distant vessels making their way United States from South Am and West Indian ports, it opinion that she will be pick by some lucky shipmaster and nto a harbor on the southern of the United States. No parti concerning the derelict than the fact that she was abandoned and with a heavy starboard by the British stea Hubert, at Barbados from York, could be learned. Capt. cabled that the Kelvin was s on October 7 in latitude 35, tude 70. Owing to a heavy se. ning at the time it was impossi board the ship. The Kelvin left York October 3, under comman Captain McLennan. She is a craft, having been launched in gow last February. The vesse sters 2,266 tons net and is 35 in length, 46 feet in breadt beam and 23.4 feet in depth of