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The Strange Metamorphosis.

Presently the door of the school-room opened, and another boy entered the room. Dr. Grimstone, it appeared, had not been the occupant of the fly. After all, the newcomer was a tall, narrow-shouldered, stooping fellow, with a sallow, unwholesome complexion, thin lips, and small, sunken brown eyes. His cheeks were creased with a dimpling sub-smile, half uneasy, half malicious, and his tread was mincing and cat-like.

"Well, you fellows?" he said. All rose at once and shook hands effusively. "Why, Chawner?" they cried, "how are you, old fellow? We thought you weren't coming back!"

"There was a heartiness in his manner, somewhat at variance with their recent expressions of opinion; but they had doubtless excellent reasons for any inconsistency."

"Well, said Chawner, in a low, soft voice, which had a suggestion of feminine softness, "I was going to leave, but I thought you'd be getting into mischief here without me to watch over you. Appleton and Lench and Coker want looking after badly, I know. So, you see, I've come back after all."

He laughed with a little malevolent chuckle as he spoke, and the three boys stared at him, for they had never seen him so hearty, so cheerful, and so unassuming as on this occasion.

After this sally the conversation languished until Tom Grimstone's appearance. He strode in with a semi-professional air, and shook hands with affability.

Tom was a short, plump, sandy-haired youth, not much taller than his comrades, and his first remark was: "I say, you chaps, have you done your holiday task? Pa says he shall keep in everyone who hasn't done mine," which, as a contribution to the general liveliness, was a distinct failure.

Needless to say, the work imposed as a holiday occupation had been first deferred, then forgotten, then remembered too late, and recklessly done with the confidence begotten in a home atmosphere.

Amid a general silence Chawner happened to see Mr. Bultrude in his corner, and crossed over to him. "Why, there's Dicky Bultrude there all the time, and he never came to shake hands! Aren't you going to speak to me?"

Paul growled something indistinctly, feeling strangely uncomfortable and confused.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Chawner. "Does anyone know? Has he lost his tongue?"

"He hadn't lost it coming down in the train," said Coker; "I wish he had. I tell you what, you fellows, let's go here's Grim at last! I'll tell you all about it up in the bedroom."

And Dr. Grimstone really did arrive at this point, much to Paul's relief, and looked in to give a grip of the hand and a few words to those of the boys he had not seen.

Babbalanja, Tipping, and the rest came in with much of the same, and soon filled with others arriving by later trains, among the later comers being the two house masters, Mr. Blunkhorn and Mr. Tinkler; and there followed a season of bustle and conversation, which lasted until the doctor touched a small hand-bell, and ordered them to sit down round the tables while supper was brought in.

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have to reprove you for this again." Bultrude, feeling the necessity of propitiating him, hastened to take the two largest squares of bread and butter on the plate. They were moist and thick, and he had considerable difficulty in disposing of them; besides, the gratification of hearing himself described as a "pig" by his neighbors, who reproved him with a refreshing candor.

"I must get away from here," he thought, ruefully. "Dick seems very unpopular. I wish I didn't feel so low-spirited and unwell. Why can't I carry it off easily, as-a-kind of joke? How hard these forms are, and how those infernal boys did jog my back!"

Bedtime came at length. The boys fled, one by one, out of the room, and the doctor stood by the door to shake hands with them as they passed.

Mr. Bultrude lingered until the others had gone, for he had made up his mind to seize this opportunity to open the doctor's eyes to the mistake he was making. But he felt unaccountably nervous; the diplomatic and well-chosen introduction he had carefully prepared had left him at the critical moment all power of thought was lost, with it, and he went tremblingly up to the schoolmaster, feeling hopelessly at the mercy of anything that chose to come out of his mouth.

"Dr. Grimstone," he began, "before retiring I must insist I mean I must request—What I wish to say is—"

"I see," said the doctor, catching him up sharply, "you wish to apologize for your extraordinary behavior in the railway carriage? Well, though you made some amends afterward, an apology is very much needed. Say no more about it."

"It's not that," said Paul, hopelessly. "I wanted to explain—"

"Your conduct with regard to the bread and butter, if it was simply want of appetite, of course there is no more to be said. But I have an abhorrence of—"

"Quite right," said Paul, recovering himself. "I hate waste myself, but there is something else I must tell you before—"

"If it concerns that disgraceful conduct of Coker's," said the doctor, "you may speak on it, I shall have to consider his case tomorrow. Has any similar case of disobedience come to your knowledge? If so, I expect you to disclose it to me. You have found some other boy with sweets in his possession?"

"Good heavens, sir!" said Mr. Bultrude, looking a little wretched. "I haven't been searching the whole school for sweets! I have other things to occupy my mind, sir. And, once for all, I demand to be heard! Dr. Grimstone, there are, about domestic secrets that can only be alluded to in the strictest privacy. I see that one of your assistants is writing at his table there. Can we not go where there will be less risk of interruption? You have a study, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," said the doctor, with terrible grimaces, "I have a study—and I have a cane. I can convince you of both facts if you wish it. If you sulk me again by this brazen bluffing, I will be off to your dormitory, sir, before you provoke me to punish you. Not another word! Go!"

And, incredible as it may appear to all who have never been in his position, Mr. Bultrude went. It was almost an abdication, it was treachery to his true self, he knew that; but the sense of firmness at this crisis, but nevertheless, his courage gave way all at once, and he crawled up the bare, carpeted stairs without any further protest.

"Good night, Master Bultrude," said a housemaid, meeting him on the staircase, "you know your bedroom. No. 6, Master Coker, Master Biddlecomb and the others."

Paul dragged himself up to the highest landing stage, and, with a sick foreboding, opened the door on which the figure 6 was painted.

It was a large, bare, plainly-papered room, with several curtainless windows, the blinds of which were drawn, a long stand of wash-hand basins, and eight little white beds against the walls.

A fire was lighted in consideration of its being the first night, and several boys were talking excitedly round it. "Here he is!" they cried, as Paul entered nervously. "Now then, Bultrude, what have you got to say for yourself?"

[To Be Continued.]

HER MISTAKE.

She made red underclothing for the little heathen over the sea. She went into the slums and set men from the devil's bondage free.

Meanwhile her husband had to wear socks that were holey, and the child who should have had the watchful care was left to run at large and wild.

She sought to lift the heathen up, and teach the sinner to be good. She had a way of her own, and the worst boy in the neighborhood.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

Every farmer knows that to kill weeds he must go to the roots. To cut the weed off on the surface, means that the weed is still left to grow. It's just that way with boils, ulcers, eruptions, pimples and similar diseases of the flesh.

To cure them you must go to the roots, down into the blood. Here surface treatment never gets rid of the disease. It will come back at the first opportunity.

It is its wonderful power in the purification of the blood that Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery owes many of its triumphs of healing. It cleanses the blood thoroughly, eliminating all the refuse matter and clears out the waste and poisonous particles which clog the body and so foul the flesh. It eradicates from the blood the conditions which make disease possible. The result is that diseases die out like fires that are unaided.

There is no medicine for the blood which is "just as good" as "Golden Medical Discovery." Accept no substitute.

For full particulars of this wonderful curative power of your "Golden Medical Discovery," write Geo. S. Henderson, Esq., of Des Moines, Iowa. He had a bad case of skin disease, and his blood was badly out of order. I tried local doctors but with no good results. Finally, I wrote you the particulars of my case, and you advised your "Golden Medical Discovery," which I began to take. From the first bottle I began to feel better, and when I had taken eight bottles the sore was healed up. I wish you success.

Free. On receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay postage and mailing only, Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 640 pages, paper-bound, will be sent free. For cloth binding send 50 stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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THE SAILOR HERO OF MANILA BAY

Honored by a Magnificent Pageant
on Land.

Bolting Even the Record-Breaking
Marine Parade of Friday.

Enthusiastic Tribute to the Man Whose
Fleet Smashed Montejó's Ships—
"Uncle Sam's Address to Admiral
Dewey."

New York, Oct. 1.—The land parade yesterday capped the climax, the city, state and nation united in one vast demonstration worthy of the hero of Manila. The earth trembled beneath the tread of 50,000 men, and the air was torn with the shouts of millions.

The naval parade of Friday was a magnificent and superb spectacle, but the wonder of modern times was the great land parade. Thousands of proud men of the land and sea forces, militia of fifteen states and the veterans of the civil and Spanish-American wars, swelled the procession and gave it the dignity in size that it boasted in sentiment.

Walls of people miles long stretched down the line of march on either side, a dense impregnable mass. Fifth avenue, from Fifty-ninth street to the Washington arch, where the splendid parade disbanded, was solidly packed with spectators, who overflowed into the buildings, windows, and onto the roof lines, sat in embrasures and crowded scaffolding. Along Broadway, where it crossed the avenue, the sky-scrapers were as crowded at the top as at the bottom, and for blocks down the intersecting streets tenants hung from the windows and fire-escapes, and multitudes of them were on the roofs lying flat on their stomachs, peering down at the parade.

Par down this living lane the column marched while the air was gorgeous with the mist of banners and vibrating with shouts of welcome and admiration, the clatter of horses' hoofs when the cavalry moved, the rumble of the wadded, the rumble of artillery, the snarl of drums, the clear drawn bugle call and the blare of military bands.

Seventeen aerial bombs from the top of the Waldorf-Astoria, headed the approach to the reviewing stand in Madison Square. Several companies of police mounted on glossy, well-trained horses brought up the procession.

SAILORS OF THE OLYMPIA.

When the head of the column appeared, the jacks of the Olympia marching rank on rank with an easy, rolling step and Susa's blue-coated band playing as only it can play, it was a poor American whose heart did not beat higher. Those in the stand leaped upon uncarpeted stairs without any further protest.

The tars of the Olympia were in plain blue, with brown leggings and black cartridge boxes, loose flannel caps and a sword with an easy, rolling step and Susa's blue-coated band playing as only it can play, it was a poor American whose heart did not beat higher. Those in the stand leaped upon uncarpeted stairs without any further protest.

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THE HERO OF THE HOUR.

The people did not have to give a second glance at the man whose features have been blazoned everywhere for the past week. He was recognized on the instant, and the cheers and hurrahs that greeted the Olympia's men seemed tame compared with the shout they raised. It seemed fairly to lift the sky. They did not utter a word of noise that did not have a meaning. Every body jumped up and down in frantic enthusiasm. Old men were as enthusiastic as boys and just about as noisy.

Admiral Dewey, the hero of the battle of Manila, was the first to be greeted. He was met by a throng of admirals and officers of the fleet in all the glory of their gold-laced uniforms and gold-trimmed cocked hats. All were in open carriages, and at their head was the Admiral Dewey. The front seat was banked with beautiful floral pieces.

THE THREE REAR ADMIRALS.

The three rear admirals, Howison, Philip and Sampson, as they rode by with their brilliantly accoutred staffs, were easily recognized and got flattering applause as did many of the other officers of the North Atlantic squadron. The governors of the several states, who rode in carriages, though many of them were popular and would have received big demonstrations at any other time, passed almost unnoticed. The crowds would have none of them. They yearned only for the brass buttons and gold lace of military and naval heroes and would have nothing else. Both for Howison and Major-Gen. Merritt got ovations. The former wore a band of yellow across his breast and seemed always to have his cap off acknowledging the acclamations of the throng.

SCHLEY DIVIDED THE HONORS.

It was Rear Admiral Schley who divided the honors with the central figure of the day. He received a demonstration second only to that of Dewey. The people along the line of march fairly rose at him, shouting their praise and uttering threats to the breaking point. "There is the man that smashed Cervera's fleet!" "Hip, hip, hurrah for Schley!" and kindred cries came from all parts of the line. In Upper Fifth avenue some enthusiastic lady threw him a handful of roses. They landed fairly in the carriage. The admiral leaned forward, picked them up and lifted them to his lips. Instantly the ladies in the balcony seemed possessed with the desire to have their flowers similarly honored, and he was fairly bombarded. Many of the flowers fell into the street, only to be caught up by eager spectators and carried to the carriage. Before he got to Madison

Square Schley was up to his arms in flowers.

MARINES AND SAILORS.

The marines and sailors of the North Atlantic squadron, eight battalions of them, attracted much attention. The marines, with their brass helmets, marched with a peculiar step, neither seamen's roll nor landman's tread, but a combination. The men of the Brooklyn got, perhaps, the most applause. The provisional brigade of the army, lacking the confidence, easy step for which army veterans are noted. This perhaps is accounted for by the fact that most of the United States army veterans are serving their country on the other side of the world, and those now here are only "rookies." They were preceded by a battalion of the West Point Cadets in their showy uniforms of gray with white duck trousers, marching like one man, 800 legs moving like clockwork, every cap and bayonet in perfect line.

Governor Roosevelt, riding a spirited black horse at the head of the National Guard of the State of New York, and surrounded by brilliantly uniformed officers, received a hearty and continuous ovation from one end of the line to the other. He was in civilian attire and wore a silk hat—that is, when he had it on, as he was waving it right and left for more than half the time. He was escorted by Troop A, whose plumes, rising and falling with the moving of the horses, beautified a block. The artillery seemed more real than the infantry or cavalry, and the commander of the Seventh Light Artillery gave the people an exhibition, setting his battery at a gallop and charging down the line, the plumes of his cannon wheels rumbling like rolling thunder. The crowd gave a whirlwind of applause. The national guard of all the states made a brilliant showing, and the review of the appearance and of the reception they received.

AT THE REVIEWING STAND.

Before Madison Square was reached, Admiral Dewey and the receiving party in carriages passed the front of the reviewing stand opposite Twenty-sixth street and took their places in the boxes hung with laurel wreaths that had been reserved for them.

For the first time the admiral saw the great arch of Victory, erected in his honor. It is modeled after Titus' arch in the Roman forum. From the top is a quadriga drawn through rolling clouds by winging sea horses. Victory, with outstretched hands, and a laurel wreath in her hand, typical of the reward to the victor, reared her beautiful outline against the blue sky. The arch is headed by the figure of John Paul Jones, Perry, Hull, Decatur, Farragut and other naval heroes, while on the faces of the piers are magnificent groups symbolic of combat, the return of the victors, the call to arms and peace, and on the grandeur are groups representing the North and East Rivers and the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The arch faces the sea. The approaches are guarded by tall columns transforming the street at the reviewing booths into a court of honor.

DECORATIONS IN MADISON SQUARE.

All about Madison Square the decorations charmed the eye. Flags on wires ran from the tall tower of the Madison Square Garden and all the facades as far as the eye could see up and down Fifth avenue were brilliantly arrayed with bunting and flags. The national streamers flew from the cornices, and a thousand red kites floated high in the sky. Here the admiral reviewed the entire parade. Only one distressing incident occurred within his view. A wire had been stretched across the space between two of the stands on foot of the reviewing stand, and the wire could not stem the tide which promised to impede the entire parade. Suddenly a half-hundred mounted policemen galloped up, and having formed a line, charged at the crowd, the people back. Many women and children were caught in the crush. Some shrieked, others fainted, and several after the panic was over were carried away in ambulances.

IN THE EVENING.

Admiral Dewey dined with relatives in the evening. Owing to fatigue he did not attend the smoker given to the marines of the Olympia at the Waldorf-Astoria, which closed the two days' festivities. The feature of the smoker was the recitation of a welcome verse to Admiral Dewey. Cal Stewart, clad in the garb of Uncle Sam, gave the recitation, which was composed by Joe Kerr (Manville D. Kerr). The verses ran like this:

Hello, Dewey! Have a seat!
How're the boys? An' how's th' fleet?
Little weary? Never mind;
You're rested when you're inclined;
Rest on laurels, if you please,
On a hero's couch of ease;
Not, however, till we've had
Chance to show you that we're glad;
You're tired and worn with the dead—
Glad you had a level head;
Glad you laid the Spaniard low;
Glad you proved a noble foe;
Glad you kept your record clean;
Glad you made you a marine;
Glad you bravely fought and won;
Glad for everything you've done,
Glad? By gad, we're glad, my lad,
That George Dewey had a dad;
Glad you had a mother, too;
Glad you're Red, White and Blue;
Years ago, when he was young,
Taught him how to, rung by rung,
Mount Fame's ladder, never stop
Till, by grit, he gained the top;
You're glad, when he's won the fight,
How to stay there, on the height.

Glad to see you, George, but say
Don't get spotted on Dewey Day!
You're rattled by a noisy crowd,
Made by millions of my boys;
Most of whom would "lead the dance,"
If, like you, they had the chance.

Words like these all men admire.
"Gridley, when you're ready, fire!"
Keep that up; keep cool, my lad!
We'll raise Cain because we're glad;
You just "watch our smoke," my boy;
Note the twinkling of my eye;
Don't get dizzy! Calm content
Sometimes makes a President.

Hear that shouting, prolonged—loud?
That's the whole darned nation's proud,
Proud of what you did that day
In Manila's beastly bay.

Proud of you; proud of a fleet
Which knows no fear, knows no defeat;
Of whom the wide world stands in awe.
God bless you, George! Hip, hip, hurrah!

ON SUNDAY.

Admiral Dewey spent Sunday quietly

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

The Fac-simile Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

Appears on Every Wrapper.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

with his relatives and a few intimate friends, in the house, No. 13 West Thirty-third street, which was placed absolutely at his disposal.

On Monday the admiral left for Washington escorted by a committee, where he is to be presented with the congressional sword.

MR. WILLIAM KEMP,
The Well-Known Shoemaker,
of Belleville, Ont., Gives an
Account of His Wife's
Cure of Heart
Trouble and
Nervous-
ness.

The case of Mrs. Wm. Kemp, an account of which, given by her husband, the well-known shoemaker, we publish below, is only one of the marvelous cures that are taking place in the city of Belleville, Ont., from time to time through the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Never before in Hastings county has such proof been produced of the efficacy of any remedy.

There is no doubt but that Mrs. Kemp's case was a serious one, but even in the worst cases Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills never fail to cure. This is what her husband says: "My wife has been a great sufferer from nervousness and heart troubles for the past twenty years. She was in a bad state, had terrible pains in the region of the heart, extending up over her shoulders, and she was so nervous that she could not sleep at night. Her appetite was almost gone, and although she had taken many kinds of medicine, she received no relief from them. Seeing an advertisement of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I got a box with the faint hope that they would help my wife. She has taken two boxes and the results are something wonderful. The pains have all but left her. Her appetite is good. She sleeps well, which is one of the greatest blessings she has ever experienced, and she has improved in every way."

"I can recommend them very highly, and I feel that no other remedy could have achieved such a result in so short a time."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c a box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all druggists or sent by mail. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson Cameron writes: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs and was given up by physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on this advice, I procured the medicine and less than half a bottle cured me. I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to the trial, but I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me good."

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.
Dr. Felix Conrad's Oriental Cream
or Magical Beautifier.

Removes tan, pimples, freckles, moths, patches, redness, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 50 years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly prepared. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sagre is the only one who has the honor to sell the Oriental Cream. As you ladies will use them I recommend Conrad's Cream as the best and most perfect of all the skin preparations.

Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the United States, Canada and Europe.

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