Heard the Call of Manhood.

BY SIR GILBERT PARKER.

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the stump of a maple which had furnished part of the late winter's firewood, the jacket, made for him by one whose eyes were not so bright as those of Rosleen of Inniskillen, had resisted many a heavier

The face of a man, a young, bearded, keen-eyed man, appeared at the window of the house behind him. It was the Young Doctor, who had lately come to sides, it's a night-and-day business.

"How many years, you say?" he asked of a woman standing beside him, and folk. nodding toward the singer.

"Fifteen years, doctor."

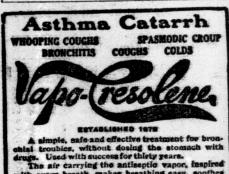
"How did he come to plant himself on

you?"
"Well, you see, doctor, it was pourin'
"Well, you see, doctor, it was pourin' ago, an' he wet, that day, fifteen years ago, an' he just stepped in out o' the rain!"

for him and her'—a hand flung toward the bedroom door—"was niver the same after Terry wint"

The Young Doctor turned and looked this dismal tragedy behind them in a darkened room, where two people lay stricken and beaten—flotsam of fate left to the sport of the monstrous sea of pain

"How old are you?" the Young Doctor asked curiously, but with his face turned





RASH COVERED CHEST AND BACK

Itching and Burning Pimples Spread. Clothing Irritated. Used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. Well in Three Weeks.

High River, Alta. - "My baby was a

offerer from an itching and a burning on chest and back. The trouble began with a fine small rash and got quite a size. The pimples spread until his whole chest and back were covered. Some of them festered and on some the top looked clear. He was fretful and cross and was always rubbing. His clothing irritated him. The trouble caused itching, burning and loss of sleep. His chest and back grow worse and worse; they were a mass of itching

pimples. The trouble had lasted two or three weeks and we tried remedies but they failed. Cuticura Soap and Ointment afforded relief in about ten days. I washed the eruption with hot water and Cuticura Scap four times a day, then used the Cuticura Ointment and in three weeks he was well again. He owes it to Cuticura Soap and Ointment."

(Signed) Mrs. Alice Wolford, Nov. 1, 1912. For red, rough, chapped and bleeding hands, itching, burning palms, and painful finger-ends with shapeless nails, a one-night Cuticura treatment works wonders. Soak hands, on retiring, in hot water and Cuticura Soap. Dry, anoint with Cuticura Ointment and wear soft bandages or old, locse gloves during the night. Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. book, send post-card to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. D, Boston, U.S. A.

Our Saturday Night's Story

roice was sobbing softly and a man's voice was speaking in gentle, wheedling tones. beyond peradventure that she loved the "And what were you before then?" man outside, for she was 41, if she was a asked the Young Doctor.

"As good a man as anny—barrin' one, day." beyond peradventure that she leved the

"And what for d'ye ask? Couldn't ye tell "And what for d'ye ask? Couldn't ye tell "What did you do for a living?" by lookin' at me teeth?" she added mall"You took the shillin'? You were

and she could have no reason to regret doing it, for they were her best feature, as fine and even and white and beautiful a set of teeth as ever woman had.
"The teeth are 21," he answered gal-

lantly. "And the light in your face is that of a girl steppin' home along the road down by I hope your heart is as young, for there's lions from Rosslare to Gravesend." stiff work to your hand." He glanced to-ward the bedroom door, through which and he stood astonished and inquiring came only the man's voice now, pleading

and kind. "There's a dark road ahead, I know." she said. "But 'tis me own that I'll work Enterprise Association.]

A soft rain was falling, but, seated on God's love! but the back will not break nor the hand go palsy."

"Your father may get well perhaps, but singer took no notice. His leather it will be slow, and he can't help himself much"—he nodded toward the other room —"but 'tis a kind man, and—"

"Well, he will make it as easy for you as storm than this, and his face was turned he can; but she-your mother-can't make to the south, whence the spring seemed It easy, no matter how she tries. She can only move one arm, and even that may go with the rest-but, there, we'll hope for the best. She has to be lifted often and often, and you can't do it alone. Bethere no sister, or aunt, or cousin-?"

"There's no one at all, at all, of women tolk. We were five—father and mother, the two b'ys, and meself. Terry, he's gone this fifteen years. Left us one day after "None. He's Irish and we're Irish, that's laid hands on Terry, and Terry flew off Lord, he was the pick o' the posy, wild eyes, and I was the only one that did, and as he was. And cruel, too, he was in goin' if I'd spoke the truth. as he was. And cruel, too, he was in goin' for him and her"-a hand flung toward

Her eyes filled with tears, which she at her closely, reflectively. Was she dashed away, and her face turned to the mocking him, trying to be humorous, with man without. "Twas a week after Terry this dismal tragedy habing them in a wint, he came. He'd seen Terry down by the new railway, and they'd been drinkin together, and whin he stepped in out o' the rain, 'twas like a link with Terry, for he'd seen him since we had, and-" Suddenly she opened the front door and

'Come in out o' the rain, Nolan," she said sharply.

"Nolan Doyle's his name." "And Nolan Doyle-what does he do?" He knew well what he did not do, for the fellow's discreditable fame needed no spe-

"Shure, there's the garden stuff to be pulled, and there's food to be got in the years ago?"

-and all that, doctor dear." "Four dollars a day won't be enough." He glanced toward the bedroom door "You'll need help for the sickroom and for the housework, and help out here

"I'll do it meself, or die," she responded stubbornly. A few moments later the Young Dector as out in the rain, now diminishing to a fine mist, making his way to Nolan Doyle.

Still the voice kept dreaming of Inniskillen far away and all that was done and

Young Doctor. "Inniskillen's the place for you, my man. You'd not be a rara avis there. Here

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Even the Laziest Liver and Bowels respond to the gentle action of

At all Druggists and Stores. (Take Abbey's VITA Tablets for Sick Nerves)

was speaking in gentle, wheedling tones.
"I'd be what I was before, and it wasn't a rareavis ayther," said Nolan, still without looking up, though the Young Doctor now stood almost in front of him.

first time looked the Young Doctor in the eyes, and saluted. "I was helpin' hold the pass beyand Peshawur whin you was ridin' the gray mare barebacked round the Bantrim Ridges. There was work doin then beyond Peshawur. You're a doctor now, savin' a man or two here and there; I was a soldier then, helpin' save the Eng-Tralee-steppin' home from school. Faith, lish pride-and that's life or death to mil

"You came from Inniskillen then-th ng you sang . "Oh, the song-well, can't the truth b

told in a song anyhow?" "It is your song-your words-you

"Shure, it's aysier than cuttin' peat or stalkin' Afghins." "But your name-Nolan Doyle?" "Me name then was Phelan Fane." "Phelan Fane-ah, now I remember You joined the Divil's Own, and went to

India with Lord Harry Nolan as your "And Capt. Doyle was adjutant, sir?" "Why did you change your name?" He ooked at the other suspiciously.

"I desarted." "A deserter, too! Why did you desert? How many years had you put in?" "Six and a half-sivin was me time. desarted, because I had a friend in the same rigiment, and he killed a man-oh, a lamned villain he was, that man! And a shindy-father'd been drinkin', an' he I'd rather dasert than swear false upon taid hands on Terry, and Terry flew off the Book before the Judge. For, God help like a colt with the bars down. Ah, Lord, me, I saw the man killed wid me own

> "And your friend?" "Shure, how could they hang him, whin the evidence was gone away into the wide world-flyin' and flyin', and flyin' twenty thousand miles away?"

> "Aren't you afraid to tell me this? The arme of the law is long; years not count when crime's been done. The law goes on and on and on, no matter how far you be flyin'."

> "Hush! Arrah—hush! I'd never be thinkin' that one from Inniskillen would betray me. D'ye mind the day twinty-two years ago I filled y'r basket with fish y' didn't catch y'rself? And 'twas not aisy yander. Betray me! Shure, wan that's been kissed by Rosleen Dennisis it that y'd have me think?"

"Rosaleen Dennis!" The Young Doccial revelation. It was common knowledge: he was a loafer, a vagrant, and a pauper in a land of work and action.

"Shure, there's the garden stuff to be "Oh, twenty-one years, and niver word

hens to be shot, and fish to be caught, and altar wid him. But the day that Clancy was married I-"

As though oblivious of the other's presence he began to sing again: "Did ye see her with her hand in mine

the day that Clancy married?" As Nelan Doyle ceased singing, breaking off abruptly, and sank back upon the stump, whispering to himself, the Young Doctor came close to him and put a hand oon his shoulder. needn't have any fear,

"You

though Lord Harry Nolan was my uncle, and is still alive; and Adjutant Doyle is now commanding the troops in Canadayou'd have a chance of seein' her? Do he was only 50 miles from here last week.
You're Pleater two unwilling godfathers, as fine men as ever gave glory to Ireland. We've been palaverin' of Inniskillen and of you that's of no account-for is a man of any account that lives on bread he doesn't earn, and doesn't own?" His voice grew stern. "I'm ashamed of you. Nolan Doyle. thought you a fine fellow over beyond the

seas, when you filled my basket with fish, and when you beat them all, tossin' the stone in William Conner's yard." You've lived on Larry Brennan and his family ever since you stepped in out of the rain fifteen years ago."

'You've been living in a dream; come out of it. You've moved from 18 to near 40 years of age since you joined the Divil's Own. There's no going back. There's sorrow here in the little house. There's terrible sickness. Mrs. Brennan is paralyzed, and the poor old man-"

"I know. Shure, I know." "I want to know what you mean to do, Doyle," the Young Doctor interrupted. Then he hastily drew a picture of the dark which must fall upon the shoulders, of Norah Brennan; of the killing expense,

"I'm goin' to help." said Doyle. "What are you going to do?"
"To nurse them—in there," he

wered. "Could I earn as much as two hospital nurses'd want pay for? What can I do-a or two if you'll take the shift. Turn and for diamonds in the factory is an impeat-cutter and a soldier? But I can turn'll do it."

"I'm going to pay for the last fifteen years' bed and bread," he said. "Are you sure they'll-

have me by her. She says it kapes her sun-out into the sun." from frettin' too much about Terry.' "And I suppose Terry was a waster." He was as good as you an' two of the rest."

But if you are going to nurse these old pay you for them, one way or another." people-I warn you 'twill be a heavy job, dismal and weary task!-then listen to what I say, and take note of what's to out again, and look like a man and not a and which the \$25 one is, I think, beyond e done, and how it's to be done, and-" disembodied spirit." And it was so. As he said he would, Nolan Doyle laid himself out to pay for and finest! To think that I've come into test which is the cheaper stone

All the time, day and night, the man-nurse, with the fine gentleness of a wo-man and his strong arms and coaxing voice, contested inch by inch the advance of disease and death, ceaselessly vigilant, automatically precise, concentrated, self-forcetful comprehensive thinking of forgetful, comprehensive, thinking of everything, and doing all with a smile

and a humorous word.

His long, idle life, lived in the open air, without excess of any kind had given him a store of energy and a reservoir of strength on which he now drew, steadily diminishing the supply. There was talk, of course, at Askatoon at first—ugly, unstinted talk; for there were days sleigh or his wagons, and Nolan Doyle and Norah Brennan were alone in the house, save for the two bed-ridden people-and Another; and the talk became a scandal, which at least materialized in the definite proposal of tar-and-feathers for Nolan

who had a gift for acting at the right time not by any means a rare thing in his race—went out upon the warpath. First he went to Rev. Ebenezer Groom the Methodist minister in whose "parlor much sanctimonious scandal had been brewed, and insisted that he should come out to "the house of shame" and learn

They came to the door of the shaded sick room at a moment when Nolan Doyle was holding the paralyzed woman in his arms like a child-and a very heavy child at that and Norah was freshening the pillows. The pious sky-pilot saw the woman put gently back on her bed, whispering blessings on the head of "Nolan dear," heard the whimsical replies of the man-nurse, saw the face-how thin and worn it had become!-met the dark eyes with the soft, slumbering fires, saw the girl on the other side of the bed with that look of single purpose which sick-bed watching, more than anything else, gives to the faces of those who fight death and decay for others, and into his lean soul there entered a new understanding of human nature, the first glimpse of a real revelation of humanity

In the other room Nolan Doyle satthe bewildered preacher: "I've had letters from some of your flock, I'm thinkin'. Here's wan of them-read it. It comthis mornin'.

The preacher read a letter of a dozen lines, which brought the blood of shame to his fat face. He was not wholly a hypocrite; he had a good heart and an

The Sunday following, having judicious ly set the rumor flying that he would preach a special sermon, on a special subject of local importance, he found a congregation that filled the church to the doors; and when he stood up to preach, it was so still that only the roaring of the fire in the huge stove could be heardtypical of the flame of the spirit, as he very obviously said, when he gave out his text, which was: "Judge not, that ye be

not judged." The sermon was very fully reported in the local papers, and the story he had city"—a village of one thousand people is a "city" in the West—"and there's prairie kelly, a lad of life and fame—wint to the sensational parts of it were copied in the sensation in the sen cities on the Mississippi and ports in the

Bay of Fundy. Another spring came, and then the early ummer-the first of June; and then the end fell suddenly. There came to the morning a man bearded and big and buoy ant. He had in his hands a canvas bag such as postmen or fishermen use, and in his eyes was a light of humor and eager. ness and auxiety all in one. He knocked the lintel of the open door and entered. the other room, bent and feeble and grayhaired. At sight of the bearded stranger the old man stood still for an instant, be wildered and troubled, and then with noan of joy he stumbled forward,

"Terry-Terry-Terry, me own boy!" he ried, and was caught in the strong arms. The old man convulsively clutched the nan's hands and kissed his cheek. "Shure, God wouldn't let me die till I'd seen you once again. 'Now let Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy Word," he added. Then, after an instant, he said: Let me break it to her-to your mother, Terry. Oh, God, be praised! 'Tis just in time you've come, for you'll set things

right-Terry, Terry." But the quick ears of love had heard; the ears that had listened so long had grown acute beyond all usual measure. outline on her mistress's white skin, They heard the voice of the old woman calling from the bedroom.

"Terry, my son-oh, my son, my A moment later her arms were round him, drawing him close-her arms were round him, for thus much had Norah and made her appearance at a ball. There

Nelan done "There was a piece in a newspaper-I got it down in New Orleans," he said at "Lifted out of a sermon preached

days ahead; of the misery and trouble and at Askatoon it was, and I came as quick awful hardship, and the sickening burden as I could. I ought to have come before, He paused, for someone was entering and only Shannon's four dollars a day to the room—the ghost of a man, as frail and

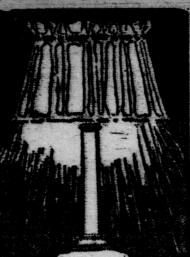
worn as one that has come back from the "Oh, 'tis you—'tis you—and in good time!" he said feebly, and in a voice husky with weakness. "You can take my mond costing \$25 may last 25 hours while desert, its famine and its thirst. place, Terry, for I'm not feelin' so well as I might; but 'twill be all right in a day

"Yes, 'twill be all right now, Nolan,' said with a voice blurred. "She'll need good care yet," Nolan said; 'they'll both need watchin', but the worst

"Lave it to me. Mrs. Brennan's glad to is over, and they're steppin' out into the "But I've earned me bed and bread this past year and more. Shure, I can say that, "Terry? Terry was a man, ivry inch of Terry. 'Tis all I can say, I owe thim for

"Owe then-God's love, owe them! you. Wid a head-ah, sure he had a tell you what, man, I owe you two lives stone it is true that the uncertainty is "Very well. Settle it your own way, as dear to me as my own, and I mean to just as great, only the loss entailed in a "How d'ye mean to be doin' that?"

"Well, first, I'll be settin' you up in any me, Nolan Doyle, and hearken hard to business that you like-when you're filled "Norah's a fine woman-oh, the finest



ear, Terry, and hear the news I've for ye. orah's to be marryin' of me when we can lay hands on a priest—if ye think I'm not too old for her," he added innocently. "Well, of all the blasted—" But Terry turned away to choke back his tears! the maple stump in front of the house,

Did ye see her with her hand in mind the day that Clancy married? Ah, darlin', how we footed it-the grass

it was so green! and when the neighbors wandered home I was the guest that tarried. .

"What's that you're singin', Nolan?"

ald Norah's voice behind him. "Oh, just a little anthim of the happiness that's comin' to us, Norah, dear.' But he winked slyly to himself.
(THE END.)

CHANCE MISHAP AND MAID'S QUICK WITS ADD TO HER BEAUTY



Lady Warwick, while driving in the park recently, met with a minor accident which resulted in a gash on her right cheek. Rather than encounter curious eyes, she remained for days in the seclusion of her home.

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[American Machinist.]

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