in a pair of trousers made out of meal sacks, a shirt frayed and torn and rather

is always a doctor, a barrister, not un-frequently a baronet and occasionally a

"Seems as if there weren't any mor

his pouch.

The doctor caught it with eager, shak-

ing dexterity, and tossed the pouch-with just half a pipeful remaining—bac

"I don't know," he replied at last. "I

the doctor, squatti haunches and puffing away with pro-

found and sleepy satisfaction in the eleemosynary tobacco. "Seems to me there won't be many of us left to go,

if we don't look sharp about it. Two

more waiting for the undertaker this

morning—sunstroke; and there's three lying low besides. Guess we'd better

lying low besides. Guess we'd better wait and bury 'em all together; it's a

saving of time, though time don't appear

to be money in this yere camp now."

The doctor was not an American—no

one knew exactly what country could rightly claim the honor of his birth; but he had been in the California gold fields

and had caught the tone of that country and half a dozen others as well.

uck." said Neville

ment, remarked:

"Sickness always follows other ill-

"Kind of a tectotaller, ain't you?"

The doctor smoked on in silence for a

inute or so, then, without any move

"Well. I must be going. And so you

real name or anything about him.

There were two or three women in the camp, mostly old and battered, who eyed the young man curiously and admiringly, but not even the youngest and least ill-looking of them had ever received more than a smile or a civil "Good morning" from him. Neville Lynne leaned back on his pick, and, wiping the perspiration from his face, gazed in a ruminative, not to say melancholy, fashion across the plain.

It was not a particularly pleasant view; in fact, it was as hideous as can be imagined, and would have given a scene in our own English black country points and beaten it easily. For it was

scene in our own English black country points, and beaten it easily. For it was an Australian gold field; an arid, dusty plain, which would have been ugly at any time, but was randered simply appelling by the dirt, confusion, squalor and poverty of a digger's camp.

The sun had been glaring dewn upon this cheerful prospect during the whole of what had seemed an endless day, and was now sinking in a bed of fire, to globe the seemed and the seemed and the seemed and was now sinking in a bed of fire, to globe the seemed and the seemed and the seemed and the seemed and was now sinking in a bed of fire, to globe a parched leaf of them moved. A lifted or two flew listlessly across the waste, but dropped with heavy wings on fird or two flew listlessly across the waste, but dropped with heavy wings on to the scorching rocks or the cracking tent poles. If they had dropped into the tents themselves no man would have molested them, for every man was too tired, too dead beat and utterly exhausted even to knock down a bird.

hausted even to knock down a bird.

A group of horses, whose bones stood
out under their skins like the lines of a out under their skins like the lines of a Gothic cathedral, stood sleepily in what remained of the river, and the only unds that broke the natural stilln sounds that broke the natural stillness of this aggravating, soul-crushing heat were the click of a pick in some claim, the listless bark of a dog, and now and again a feeble shout from Sandy Macagain a lecole shout from Sandy Mac-gregor's grog tent, where some men were drowning care, and poisoning themselves with the liquid which Mr. Macgregor, with a facetiousness which was beyond all praise, called "whiskey."

all praise, called "whiskey."

Lorn Hope Camp was very much down on its luck. There was gold in the ravine, everybody believed, or said he did, but for some weeks past no man had succeeded in finding it, and but for the heat what remained of Lorn Hope Camp would have up sticks and departed for some other Hope less forlorn; but the heat had burned up the energy, melted the purpose, sapped the perseverance of nearly all, and the men of Lorn Hope Camp still clung on, digging occasionally. sleeping often, quarrelling at times and drinking whiskey always.

Neville Lynne's "claim" was at the end of the ravine, half an hour or more from the camp at which he gazed. A rough hut of planks and canvas stood at a little distance, and in this Neville and his partner and an old woman-so old that the "boys" had christened her Mrs.

Moth, as short for Methuselah — had
lived. "Had," for the evening before
Myville's partner, disgusted by the run
of bad luck, had cleared out and de-

Why Neville Lynes had not gone, too he could not have told. His belief in the presence of this hidden gold was certainly no stronger than that of the other diggers, and as certainly he had not grown to love the hideous, sandy, dusty, sun stricken plain; but something, some feeling he could not have defined if his life had depended upon his doing so, had made him reluctant to leave the Lorn Hope, and there he stood, penniless, soli-tary and most utterly bored, on the edge of his barren claim, with the last rays

Hope, and there he stood, penniless, soiltary and most utterly bored, on the edge
of his barren claim, with the last rays
of the sun spitefully smiting him on the
head, and the flies buzzing round his
cers.

There were two reasons why Neville
Lynne's claim was at a distance from the
camp. The first was because he believed
in the upper part of the ravine; the second, because he was different from the
rest of the men who composed Lorn
Hope.

To put it shortly, the young fellow plain. he was very young, younger than he looked, a mere lad just under twenty—was a gentleman, and the rest of the marked the doctor, squatting on his

Now, the one gentleman in a society of blacklegs, lags, roughs and ruffians is always regarded by them with a certain t of envy, malice and uncharitableness. It is very painful and disadvantageous to be the only honest and wellbred man in a party, whether it is a picnic party or a party of gold diggers, and it was very much to the relief of the majority that Neville pitched his tent a mile and a half from the main body. And yet, though they regarded him

with a groundless dislike, and a not altogether groundless envy, they respected him. There was not a reckless, desperate, dare-devil among them who possess more pluck than the young 'un, as he was called. He was, in their expressive language, "all grit," and they knew that rea as ready with his revolver and his fists as any of them, and though slow at beginning a fight, was slower atill at leaving off.

On his first joining the camp Bully Swanger— a regular desperado—had "gone for him" with the altogether un-"gone for him" with the altogether unlooked for result of laying the bully on
his back for rather more than a fortnight, and since then the young 'un had
been severely let alone. There were
some, the best of the crew, who would
have been friendly with the lad who had

The effectively shown that he could hold so effectively shown that he could hold his own, but oil and vinegar will not mix easily, and though Neville Lynne was civil and courteous to all, he was not "sociable."

Even with his partner, the least dishonest man in the camp, Neville had been reserved and reticent, and the man had worked with him, slept in the hut beside ille, looking down at the hale. "I shali him, shared his meals and hopes and stick to it for—say two days longer, and disappointments, without learning his then-

"Well, here's luck to you," and he ised an imaginary glass. "I must be

oing."

He half rose, then sank down again.

"There, now! Hang it all, if I haven't clean gone and forgotten what I'd come for," and he smote his leg feebly, causing a great cloud of dust to rise. "You ain't got a drop of brandy—real braudy—Cognae, you know—not old Mac's—have you, young un?"

Neville hesitated and glanced at him. "Oh, it ain't for me, don't you mistake!" said the doctor, as promptly as the heat and his jelly-fish condition would permit. "Mac's poison is good enough for me; I want it for the stranger."

"The what?" asked Neville.
"What, sin't you heard?" rejoined the octor, stretching himself.
"I've not been down to the camp for heart the strength of the camp for heart the strength of the s

than a smile or a civil "Good morning" from him.

"The young un's as full of pride as Mac's whiskey is of fusel oil," remarked the wit of the camp; 'that's' what's the matter with him. Shouldn't be surprised if he was a young dook in disguise. Some of these days he'll skip around with a coronet on his head and then flop up to heaven. That is, if some of the boys don't get too much of his pride and bore a hole through him."

But though many, doubtless, would have liked to have perforated the young um, no one had yet attempted it; the reflection that he was a very quick hand at the perforating process himself deterred the desperadoes.

The sun sank at last, and Neville, as if he had been waiting for its disappearance, dropped into the hole and resumed work. But there was not much heart in his strokes, and he seized the appearance of a solitary figure coming slowly across the plain toward him as an excuse for stopping again, and, once more leaning upon his pick, waited and cazed. "I've not been down to the camp for the last three days."

"No? You ain't very sociable, young un. Well, last night, or yesterday evening, the Scuffler" (the gentleman so called was one of the idle vagabonds of the camp, who was always ready for a fight or a drink, but showed a marked disinclination for anything in the shape of work) "the Scuffler comes down to my diggin's and says he's got company as wanted me, wanted me bad. I thought at first the Scuffler had been on one of his sprees and was a bit wanthought at first the Scuffler had been on one of his sprees and was a bit wandering, but he took his oath that he hadn't had more than half a pint of whiskey the whole blessed day, and I went along with him. And it was gospel truth, for there was a new chum lying there a handing in his cheeks as fast as he could. Scuffler said he'd found him and the wal..."

fast as he could. Scuffler said he'd found him and the gal—"
"What girl?" asked Neville.
"Didn't I say as there was a child?" said the doctor. "Well, there was, a bit of a girl, like a young coil. And—where am I now? Oh, ah, yes, the Scuffler found the old gent—for he's a real gent, young un, or I've forgotten in this Godforsaken hole how to tell a gentleman—lying in the road, and Scuffler, doing the good Samaritan, helped him into his shanty, and not having any oil or a penny to bless himself with, does the next best thing he could, and went for me." the plain toward him as an excuse for stopping again, and, once more leaning upon his pick, waited and gazed.

The man came up with a lagging gait and threw himself down on the edge of the hole. He was inexpensively attired blacker than a tinker's boots, which no self-respecting tramp in England or America would have deigned to pick up. and a chimney-pot hat so battered and mapless and brimess as to convey the idea that the man who would wear it

"Who is he?" asked Neville, not calcould only have insanity as an excuse for doing so.

He was the doctor of Lorn Hope—there lously, but with that lack of keen interest which becomes natural to a man who est which becomes natural to a man who has spent many months in a digger's camp, especially when tha camp haptpens to be one like the Lorn Hope, in which sickness and death are always resent or very near.

clergyman in a diggers' camp—and he, too, like Neville, was nameless, answer-ing always to the abbreviated cognomen "Well, young un," he said, mopping his face, seamed and hollowed by a long and uninterrupted course of camp whis-

present or very near.

The doctor carefully stopped his pipe, using his begrimed finger as the stopper, and shook his head.

"Not knowing can't say. Visitors to the Lorn Hope don't, as a rule, bring letters of recommendation with 'em, or call around dropping visiting cards, and the stranger ain't no exception. But he's a gent, I'll swear, and it occurred to me that you being also a gent, might feel key. 'Still hangin' on?"
"Still hanging on, Doc," said Neville,
with as cheerful a nod as could be expected under the circumstances. The doctor stared at the handsome sun-browned face with its short, crisp that you, being also a gent, might feel inclined to part with a drop of the real old stuff—that is, if you'd got it." hair looking almost yellow against the darkened skin and the clear blue eyes that met him squarely, and then let his own blinking, undecided ones drop into "There is no resisting such a compliment as that, Doc," said Neville. "I think there is a little Cognac left; if so,

"Seems as if there weren't any more luck for this yere camp, don't it?"
"Yes, it seems so," assented Neville, listlessly, as he took out his pipe.
The doctor's eyes glistened.
"Ain't got any 'baca to spare, I suppose?" he remarked.
"Oh, yes," said Neville, and he tossed his rough. you are welcome to it.' He put his strong hand on one side of the pit, and leaping lightly to the top, went toward the hut. The doctor fol-

went toward the hut. The doctor folliwed him and stood leaning against the
apology for a door, while Neville unlocked a strong box, and, after some
hummaging about, found a bottle containing a small quantity of brandy.
"There you are," he said, toesing it to
the doctor, who caught it as dexterously
as he had caught the tobacco pouch.
"Is there anything else I can do, Doc?"
"No, not as I knows on, and I'm thinking no one else can do anything." Then
hiding the bottle under his tattered
shirt, he patted it meaningly.
"Don't you be afraid." " square,
young un, and I've oven tening you ago
gospel truth. Every drop the stranger
don't drink I'll hand back," and confirming the asertion with an emphatic digger ing hands, crammed a blackened briar as full as it would hold, hid another pipe-ful in the palm of his hand with charm-

ing the asertion with an emphatic digger oath, he shuffled off. It took him some time, notwithstanding the distance was so short, to reach the camp, and, passing right through it, he stopped at a shanty rather more ruinous and tumble-down than the rest. and after a knock by way of announce-ment, pushed aside the tatered canvas

that served as a door and entered. A man was lying upon three upturned empty boxes covered with sacks, and as the doctor had said, he was dying. The doctor had called him old, but though the man's hair was grey, almost white and his face thin and wasted, he was this side of fifty. There was that unmis-takable look of refinement about the face which denotes the gentleman; the hands clutching the ragged blanket were thin and small and well-shaped. Beside him knelt a young girl, a thin slip of a child, with great grey eyse and a wealth of dark hair that swept over her pale little face. She was not crying, but there was a world of mute anguish in the big grey eyes as she turned them from the dying man's face to the whiskey-sodden one of the doctor.

"Not much sickness about you young un," remarked the doctor, eyeing the "Hullo, here we are again!" remarked that gentleman, with a ghastly attempt at cheerfulness. "And how are we getting on now? Is there such a slim but well-knit frame approvingly.

"No I'm all right enough," assented
Neville "I trouble the baker more than thing as a glass about? Ah, no, the thing as a glass about? Ah, no, the Scuffler don't go in for such luxuries." He held the bottle to the man's lips and a few drops passed them. "That's better. Now, missie, just raise your father—he is your father, or grandfather, which?" mind of a teetotalier, and you?"
said the doctor. "Don't see you often
at the poison shop."

Neville smiled absently.
"No, but I'm not a teetotaller," he

"Father," said the girl. As if her voice were more effectual than the spirit in rousing him, the dy-ing man raised his head and looked from one to the other. Then he made a mo-tion which the doctor accepted as a sign mean to stick on here, then?"

"For the present—yes," said Neville.

"It ain't no good. There's nothing at
the bottom of that, young un."

"I don't think there is," assented Nev-

of dismissal. "Want to be alone a bit, eh?" he said. "All right. You give me a call if you want me . I'll go and take a hand at beggar-my-neighbor with the Scuffler. Just call out 'Doc,' missie, and I'm with you in a crick."

The dying man waited until the canvas curtain had flapped to upon the doctor's back, then he signed to the girl to come nearer. She laid her head upon the pillows a collection with the content of the c low, a sack stuffed with grass, and wound her arm round his neck. "I'm going to leave you, Syl," he said, feebly. "My poor chilchild! It is hard. But God's will be

ne in the world, without even me to help and protect y. I long sigh, and the tears filled his eyes.
"But listen, Syl. I am g. 1.15 to g. a something. It is something very something. It is something very cious, and I want you to guard it as if it were your very life.

let any-one take it from you. Hide it mext your heart, and—and when you are eighteen, open it, and—"
His voice failed hum. He touched his breast and signed to her to take something from his pocket, and she drew out a small, fils package, it was covered with parchment stained and creased, but securely sealed at each end.
"Take it," he whispered. "Put it in the bosom of your dress and—and keey it there. Some day—"
His voice failered and broke and his head fell back, but he seemed to indicate by a gesture that she was not to call out and she remained silent, holding him against her sob-shaken little breast.
While she waited with her anguished eyes fixed upon him a man's head appeared in the space between two of the boards which formed the side of the hut. It was a long, unpleasant-tooking countenance, rendered all the more unpreposessing by a slight cast in the left eye, It was not only ugly, but a mean and villainous-looking face, and the expression of agerness and craft in the eyes as they glared watchfully at the dying man and the girl would have provided a very nice model for a painter who wished to paint—say, Juaas just before the act of treachery. And it would have been a very low type of Judas at that.
"Are—are you there still, Syl?" saked the dying man. "Have you hidden the packet? Remember—hide it! keep it! gurd it! It is the secret of your life! How—how old are you, Syl?"
Her lips former "fifteen."
"Three years, then!" he murmured. "Ah, my dear, my dear, if f could only stay with you. All alone in the world. All alone in and a the act of the world all alone? and such a child. But God's will—" He stopped, his face working, his eyes fixed on her with pitying love and tenderness. "Good-by, Syl, good—" The doctor came in with a band of greasy cards in his claws at her cry, and the uncouth dust-stained figure of the scuffler stood at the hut door.
"All over, Doc?" he asked.
The doctor came in with a band of greasy cards in his claws at her cry, and the uncouth dust-stained figure of the scuffler stood at the

the Scuffler stood at the hut door. "All over, Doc?" he asked.

l was a great sufferer from these trou-bles. I tried several remedies, but nothing helped me until I began tak-ing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before taking them I felt like an old man, but by the time I had taken four boxes

out by the time I had taken four boxes my strength had returned, my appetite improved, my nerves were steady and I was feeling a renewed man."

If you need a medicine this spring—and most people do—try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and see how speedily they will make you feel like a new

they will make you feel like a ne person. Sold by all the medicine des

take a long rest.

The London County Council has order

church, is still in habitable condition.

Preparations are being made in Phila

trying to regain his health, but with lit

Applications for tickets for the Eu

Since the death of Cardinal Richard, the distinction of being the oldest member of the French Episcopate has fallen

to Monsignor Monnier, Titular Bishop of Lydda, who became a priest in 1843.

St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, was based on the "Dirge" in Queen Eliza-

The recent royal memorial service at

the present.

from all over the world.

ers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams

The doctor nodded with a gravity which would not have discredited his flourishing professionl days.

"All over, Scuffler," he said. "Fetch
one of the women; the child's fainted."

The Scuffler turned, and, in turning,

nearly stumbled over a third person; it was the owner of the face which had been thrust between the boards.

"Hullo, Lavarick," he said. "Is that you? Out o' the way."

"What's on, Scuffler," asked the individual addressed. "I've only just come up. Anybody bad."
"Yes, bad and worse!" retorted the Scuffler, with a chuckle of surprise at

Scutter, with a chucke of surprise at his own wit.

"Dear me," said Lavarick. "I'll go in and see if I can be of any assistance."

And softly rubbling his hands together, he entered the hut.

(To be continued.)

DRUGGING CHILDREN

A SOURCE OF DANGER

When you give your child a so-called "soothing" medicine you are not curing its sickness. You are merely drugging it into temporary insensitity. Soothing medicines contain of ates and an overdose may kill child. When you give your little one Baby's Own Tablets you have the guarantee of a government amalyst that this medicine is safe. And you that this medicine is safe. And you have the word of thousands of grateful mothers that this medicine will promptly cure all the minor ailments of childhood. Mrs. L. W. Smith, St. Giles, Que., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little girl for constipation and other troubles and have found them the best medicine I have ever used." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Where I Come In.

My little bay has learned a lot since first he started off to school;

Much that I long ago forgot he has but
lately learned by rule;

I once knew how to parse, but now the knack somehow is gone from me;
He fairly chews the grammar up; he
knows the whole thing to a T;
Sometimes he is inclined, I fear, to look upon me with disdain,
But I still come in handy here—I earn

the pleasures that we gain. cannot name the boundaries of Burma He does it with the greatest ease, and

proudly shows me that he can; works out problems that I shun, al-though I could have solved them Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, the former pastor of the great Metropolitan Tabernacle in London, is still at Meran, Austria, etimes I more than half suspect that he regards me as a dunce;

Perhaps I might go back and learn if I
had fewer daily cares,

But, after all, 'tis I that earn the food
he eats, the clothes he wears.

The Collegiate Church of the Covenant, in New York, a congregation formed by the union of three Baptist churches, is My little boy is learning fast, while I been signed. forget, year after year;
The records of the misty past, to me so

vague, to him are clear; writes a better hand than I, his letters are more plainly made; He spells words that I cannot spell with-out the dictionary's aid; He is inclined sometimes, I fear, to think
my boyhood was misspent,
But I still come in handy here: I foot

the bills and pay the rent.

On the Road. "In order to achieve success," remark-ed the sage of Sageville, "it behooves a young man to be at his desk early and late."

"Sometimes I'm there early, but more often I'm late."

beth's primer of 1559, solemnly used in that year in the same place for Henry II. or France. One of the landmarks of New York, St. Mary's Episcopal Church, built in 1825, has been closed, and the first free church in America will give way to a fine large structure to be ready for use

The formation of a choir of 200 for the new Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, has been started, though it will not be required until the crossing is completed, which is likely to be two years off.

The English Court of Arches will shortly be called on to decide whether Scott.

tical laws in wedding under the de-ceased wife's sister act.

The Society of Friends in England has home mission tents, a gospel car, cir-The Social tents, a gospe, that has home mission tents, a gospe, culation library boxes, a summer school culation library boxes, a summer school culation library boxes, a summer school culation and various other said. a temperance union and various other moders means of spreading their faith and good work.

and good work.

The first mission at Kobe, Japan, was established by Rev. John L. Atkinson, who went from Iowa in 1873 as a missionary and recently died at his post after an uninterrupted period of 35 years' work among the people of the far east.

For 70 years a town mission has been carried on at Yarmouth, Eng., at a cost of about \$500 a year, an average of 600 meetings annually being held, and the expense including not only the missionary's salary, but lighting, heating and renairs.

The Mexican tour of Bishop Berry and Dr. H. K. Carroll ended at Mexico City, where was held the twenty-fourth annual conference of the Methodist Epissopal Church of that country, this year's gathering being the largest of any ever held there.

The church split in Scotland involved the division of over \$10,000,000 worth of income bearing funds, of which the 130 congregations of the present Free Church will receive outright a little more than \$1,800,000, the rest going the 1,100 congregations that adhere

the Union.

The First Methodist Episcopal Church South, which has just dedicated a new \$125,000 building at Fort Worth, Tex., has the distinction of having raised the largest single day's collection ever taken in the southwest, \$47,000 having been given at once toward the building.

For 46 years Elijah Lindley has been parish clerk of Burton Joyce, a hamlet about five miles from Nottingham, England; and in that time has tolled the deathknell for three sovereigns—George IV. William IV. and Queen Victoriabenides assisting at 320 marriages, 1,500 baptisms and 1,000 funerals.

Uses for Austrian Recruits.

Like the famous John Gilpin, the heir to the throne has a frugal mind and, it has been malicionaly whis-pered, sees great chances to exer-cise this virtue at the expense of the

For 50 years Bishop George Moule and his wife have been working together in China.

Prencess Henry of Battenberg has given the Battenberg Chapel in the lisle of Wight a sculptured figure in stone of Christ portrayed with uplifted hand as if bestowing a blessing.

The Bishop of Chichester, England, who has just been consecrated, is the ninety-fifth incumbent of the see.

The Baptists of Atlanta are planning an April campaign on the lines of the great revival now going on in Philadelphia.

To cause A sees great chances to exercise this virtue at the expense of the poor recruits.

Scores of these who come from the country are drafted off to the arch ducal estate and do their military service there, much of it consisting in gamekeepers' duties in the Arch duck's pheasant preserves. The 'recruits are also used when improvements in the parks and grounds are being made. According to one story squads of them are marched about and made to do duty as dummy trees while the hir to the throne stands at a distance and experiments as to where a clump of trees would look best.

The soldiers, being merely human, object all the more because there are no extra rations for this kind of duty. They have generally to shift for themselves and their miserate planning an April campaign on the lines of the great revival now going on in Philadelphia.

Women's Rights in Brazil. "The curse of Brazil lies in the great illiteracy of its men and women,

dent of Rio Jameiro.

"According to the official government figures the illiteracy is eighty per cent. Certainly a country where only one man in five can read and write and only one woman in twenty, has cause to blush at the ignorance of its people. A country of enormous size, yet with a population of only 16,000,000, Brazil is sadly handicapped by lack of modern enterprise and

now a reality, as the papers have all answered Naggus, "aboard an excursion steamer for a moonlight ride. Send the boat out to the middle of the lake The unrest in China is such that the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, in charge of the orphanage near Hazeh, have been forced to take refuge at Shanghai for

"And blow it up."

"Confound it!" growled Mr. Stubb as they started off to the theatre. "What is the trouble now?" queried

charistic Congress, to be held in London the coming summer, are already running into the second thousand and are coming The Foreign Mission Board of the Reformed Dutch Church plans to spend \$124,000 this year and increase the emount annually by \$30,000, so that in ten years the sum will reach \$424,000. Mrs. Stubb, buttoning on her gloves.

"Why, I have broken my cigar. Isn't that too bad?"
"Well, I should say so. It is too bad to smoke in my company. Throw it

away, John."
And Mr. Stubb never said another

"A crow," said the farmer, reaching for his gun, "is a good deal like an Injun. Sometimes you can make him good by giving him a little trinket." Thereupon he drew a bead on the bird

"You say there's no such thing as matter? Then there is no such thing as a gas meter. Yet you are paying out your good money for 8,000 feet of gas registered by a machine that doesn't

money.

Never be doing nothing.-Sir Walter

DODD'S DNEY KIDNEY DIS

The Baptists of Atlanta are planning an April campaign on the lines of the great revival now going on in Philadel-phia. TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Gypsy Smith, the evangelist, who made such a successful tour of this country, has broken down, and will be forced to Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tableta.
Druggists retund money if it dails to cure. H.
W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. So. The oldest parish priest in France is M. Gadenne, of Roches, who, although 102 years old, is in full possession of all his faculties.

ctared Edward B. Norris, an English-man who has been many years a resi-dent of Rio Jameiro.

The Year Book of the Church of England shows that during 1907 the sum of \$37,500,000 was given by churchmen for general parochial business. ed the closing of 79 voluntary schools be-longing to the Church of England be-cause the buildings are not fit for use. Special mission sermons are being preached regularly by Rev. Thomas Lord, of Lincolnshire, England, who in a few weeks will pass the century mark. capped by lack of modern enterprise and an enlightened citizenship. One of the most encouraging features of the country is the low esteem in which woman is held. A great many Brazilian girls marry by the time they are twelve years old and are grandmothers long before they are thirty. Woman is regarded as a chattel, and in many a household of the republic never opens her mouth except at the bidding of her husband."—Baltimore American. Near Coal City, Ind., stands Salem Church, which was built of logs back in 1840, and, although abandoned now as a delphia for the observance of the twen-ty-fifth anniversary on May 6 and 7 of the founding of the American McCall

"Naggus!" said Borus, 'you've seen "Naggus!" said Borus, 'you've seen that story of mine that's running through one of the magazines. How would you advise me to wind it up? I want to give it a happy ending."

"Put all the characters in the story,"

Certainly Was Bad.

word the entire evening.

and gave it a present of small shot be-Floored.

exist.' "Certainly; there is no such thing as

Consumption is less deadly than it used to be. Certain relief and usually complete recovery

> will result from the following treatment: Hope, rest, fresh air, and -Scott's

> Emulsion.

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