THE ATHENS REPORTER. MAY 24. '911.

Sweet Miss Margery

written, "Baby Margery's bair, August

ey and a tiny old-fashioned worthless ocket were the remainder of the con-ents. He checked a little sigh as he

closed the purse, and then proceeded to seatch further. A pocket-handkerchief with the letter "M." in one corner, and

a pair of dogskin gloves, worn and neatly unded, were the next objects, and one

arms, watched him auxiously. The en-

velope, which was already broken, was addressed to "M, care of Post Office,

"Nov. 15th, 18-..." The doctor handed the note to the

The doctor carefully replaced it.

CHAPTER I.

'Stand back there'! Move aside! Good heavens! Can't you see the woman will die ff you press about her in this way?"

The speaker bent over the lifeless The speaker bent over the lifeless form as he uttered these words, and tried once more to pour a ilttle stimulant be-tween the pallid lips. The scene was one of indescribable confusion. A col-lision had occurred between the Chesterham express and a goods train, just a short distance from Chesterham June-Five of the carriages were wreck tion. tion. Five of the carriages were wreck-ed. Fortunately three were empty; and the other two contained only three pas-**Passprs**—a man, who, with his arm bound up, wat/abready starting to walk to the town; a boy, bally cut about the head, leaning pale and faint on a portion of the broken woodwork; and, lastly, a woman, who hay motionless on the bank, a thick shawl spread between her and the coid damp earth. On disher and the cold damp earth. covery she had been removed from the debris, laid on the bank, and forgetten debris, laid on the bank, and forgetten in the excitement and terror. The rest of the passengers had sustained only o severe shaking and bruises; and lead were their grunnblings and expressions of self-sympathy as they clustered together on the bank, shivering in the gray autumn mist. A doctor who had been summoned from Chesterham ran his eye over the assembled people, strap-ped up the boy's head, and skilfully set the broken arm of the man. It was ietter, which-after replacing the gloves and handkerchief-he opened hurriedly. The lady, still holding the child in her the broken arm of the man. It was while doing this that his glance fell on the prostrate form lying on the grass; and the sight of the pale, bloodless face immediately brought a frown to his brow.

"What is the matter there?" he asked a passing porter. "Lady in a faint, sir."

The doctor fastened the last bandage. and with beardless interest his interest his She will now give 'M.' twenty-five pounds per annum, for which sum 'M. watched with breathless interest his fruitless efforts to restore animation. frown darkened on the doctor's brow: there was something more than an ordinary faint here. He raised the woman's head for another trial, and the mass of red-gold hair already loosened German, in addition to her duties maid. Mrs. Huntley desires that 'M.' will send her real name by return of mass of red-gold hair aireauy too hair fell in glorious wayes round the beau-"09t. titled pale face, bringing a murmur of admiration from the beholders. The sud-den action caused one limp cold hand to fall against the doctor's warm one, and shire.

at the contact he shuddered. He raised the heavily fringed evelids, gave one look, then gently laid the woman's head down again, and reverently covered her

face with his handkerehief. "I can do nothing," he said tersely, as if speaking to himself; "she is dead!" The crowd back involuntarily; some their faces, while others gazed at slight form in its dark brown dress hid their London." as if they doubted the truth of his statement. Suddenly, while the doctor stood thoughtfully drawing on his gloves, one of the porters appeared in the crowd. He held a child in his arms—sucha pretty child-with hair that matched the red-gold masses of the lifeless form on the night, and continue my journey to morrow. 1 wish 1 could delay it. er; but unfortunately my son is ill in Edinburgh, and I must get to him as the bank, eyes that shone like sapphir rom beneath the curling lashes, skin of cream white, with no h of color in the face save that stars trom soon as possible. However, 1 will take care of this poor little mite to-night. 1 warmth of color of the small red lips. She was dressed in a hitle gray coat, all covered now with dust; in her tiny hands she clasped a nicce of broken woodwork, holding it hope by the morning we shall have discovered her friends and relations." as thought it were treasure, and she nd at the by-standers with an air of childish piquancy and assur-

the body carried to the infirmary." He beckoned as he spoke to the po "Whose child is this?" inquired the ter, who was standing at a little dis ance. "Whose child is this?" inquired the porter, looking from one to another. There was a pause: no one spoke, no one owned her. The porter's honest face the dead woman was lifted on to a lit-ter, and covered with a rug belonging to the lady who had taken charge of the the lady who had taken charge of the the lady who had taken charge of the the lady who had taken charge of the

on.

The lady kissed the small lins.

The lady shivered.

me up to them.

on to her knee, and tried to chat to th child; but her whole nervous system was so shattered by the events of the oust hour that the effort was vain. Chesterham was a large manufactur ing town. The news of the collision had spread rapidly, and, although the Nov-ember dusk was closing in, crowds were thronging to the disaster. Mrs. Graham leaned back in a corner to escape the eager eyes, for she knew the story of A passenger at this moment pointed to some vehicles coming toward them. They could not drive close to the spot,

as a plowed field stretched between the voung mother's death would railway and the road, and one by, on the group dispersed, all stopping to pat the child's face and speak to her. The doctor gave some orders to the porter who had found the child, and a litter, formed of a broken carriage-door, was hastilly improvised. As the crowd withknown by now, and her natural refine ment and delicacy shrunk from vulgar vuriosity and hysterical excitement. The cab soon rattled into Chesterham, and, after a short journey through the Imap-lighted streets, stopped before the door of The Plow. Mardie was handed drew, he knelt down by the dead woman out to a pretty-faced chambermaid, whose bright cap-ribbon immedi-ately claimed the child's attenand with reverent hands searched in the pockets for some clue. He drew out a purse, shabby and small, and opening this, tound only a few shillings and a railway ticket, a second-class return from Euston to Chesterham. In an in-ner recess of the purse there was a fold-ed paper, which disclosed a curl of ruddy gold hair when opened, and on which was written "Bala Margueri heir heir tion, and Mrs. Graham followed slowly and wearily up the stairs, feeling her strength go at every step. The babyish voice and shrill peals of laughter echoed in her ears as the wail of future grief;

row's consideration. She, is safe in your

ands for to-night." Dr. Scott raised his hat and the cab

tarted along the country lane toward Chesterham. Mrs. Graham drew Mardie

her eyes were fixed on the small form. but her thoughts were with the dead young mother. She dismissed the maid when she She dismissed the maid when she reached her room, and drawing Ma die to her, began to loosen the gray coat, which bore traces of dainty design be-neath the dust and dirt. For the first time the child seemed to feel her loss.

"Mammie undress Mardie," she said, utting up one little hand. "Mammie putting up one little hand. "Mammie peep now, but wake soon." "Mammie would like Mardie to take off her coat like a good girl," Mrs. Gra-ham replied, feeling instinctively that the

youthful mind grasped already the meaning of love and duty. The child dropped her hand and vod-ded her head, then submitted to have the coat removed. She was neatly dress

autressed to "M, care of Post Office, Newtown, Middlesex." The doctor un-folded the note. It ran as follows: "Mrs. Huntley will engage "M.' if pro-per references are forwarded. Mrs. Hunt-by would require 'M.' to begin her duties dark:red cashmere frock, ed in a loose like a blouse; she wore a thread of gold round her neck with little heart-shaped pendant suspended. Mrs. Graham took it in her hand, eagas maid, should her references prove sat-isfactory, as soon as possible. 'M.'s' statement that she speaks French and erly hoping to find some clue; but, on turning it, her eyes rested on a minia-German fluently has induced Mrs. Huntture of the mother's lovely face. y to reconsider the question of salary "Mardie's mammie," exclaimed child, taking it and kissing it the mammie!"—then, with infantile change-ableness, she rushed with a little shriek to the door where a kitten had inst must undertake to converse daily with Mr. Huntley's daughter in French and appeared, and with great delight nicked

up the downy little creature and saressed it. The advent of dinner soon attracted "Upton Manor, Sr. Liddlefield, York-

The advent of dinner soon allracted her attention, and she prattled away merrily in her baby-language while the dishes were carried in. Mrs. Graham forced herself to talk to the child, and lady, who read it through quickly, "That does not give much informa-tion," he observed, rising from his knees, tried to divert her mind from its gloomy thoughts by devoting herself to the task of tending the little one. She was no "Dated yesterday - received this norning. We must telegraph to this a young woman, and the events of the day had proved almost too much for her nervous system; but with true unmorning. We must telegraph to this Mcs. liuntley; |who knows-the poor selfishness she tried to forget her own

creature may have sent her references with her full name, before starting from troubles in ministering to the tiny atom of humanity thrown so cruelly upon the world's ocean, with a mayhap no haven or port of love and affection to look to. "Yes, you are right; we must do that But what is to become of the child? Are youl staying here for long, madame?" "No,' replied the lady; "I had intend-She lifted Mardie on to a chair, and was about to give her som i food, when the door opened, and, looking up in sured to travel straight on to the North But I shall remain in Chesterham for

prise, she saw a lady, young and hand-some, attired in a riding-habit, enter the oom. CHAPTER II. "I must apologize for this intrusion," began the stranger, as she closed the

door; "but my errand I trust will ex-"What may I do for you?" asked Mrs. "If you will do that," said the doctor,

Graham, rising. "Let me introduce myself," said the "I will see to the mother, I must have oung lady, with a pretty smile. "I am Lady Coningham, wife of Sir Hubert sion: Coningham of the Weald, Hurstley, a D Lady

village about three miles out.' Mrs. Graham bowed. "I heard of the terrible accident while returning from a long run, and I rode over immediately to make inquiries. I

ONE MORE OF THE PIONEER WOMEN

Tells her suffering sisters to find relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. Forrester Had Rheumatism and Other Kidney Diseases for Two Years, but Dodd's Kidney Pills Made Her Well.

Dinsmore, Sask., May 22 .--- (Special)-One more of the pioneer women of Sas-katchewan, relieved of pain and suffer-ing by Dodd's Kidney Pills, has given her statement for publication in order that other suffering women may profit by her experience. This time it is Mrs. John Forrester, well known and highly re-

rorrester, well known and mgnly re-spected in this neighborhood. "My trouble started from a severe cold," Mrs. Forester states. "My sleep was broken and unrefreshing. I perspir-ed freely at the slightest exertion. I had pains in my back and Rheumatism devel-oped, from which I suffered for two vears. "I do not need to tell you that I was

far from being a well woman when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. But now I am thankful to say my troubles are gone. I recommend all suffering wo-men to use Dodd's Kidney Pills.".

men to use Dodd's Kidney Pills." Suffering women can learn from the experience of others that the one sure way to health is to cure their Kidneys, and Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure the Kidneys Kidneys.

the worst happen and we find no clue, you will care for this poor little flow-

"I will do all in my power for her," re turned the younger woman; "but do not let me keep you from your dinner---indeed, you must want it." Mrs. Graham rose and seated herself at the table. She felt weak and faint,

made tiny at the table. She felt weak and faint, but eating was almost an impossibility. Mardie, her food famished, put her hands together and whispered a grace, then wriggled down from her chair and went to the fire.

"She must go to bed," said Mrs. Graham, rising again and ringing the bell; "she is growing tired now." "The words were quickly verified, for the little head suddenly began to droop,

and the beautiful eyes to grow misty and sleepy; but, as Lady Coningham, who had hurriedly removed her gloves, knelt and began to unbutton the frock.

the little child pushed her away and looked round with a sudden quick feel-

ing of fear and strangeness. "Where Mardie's mammie—where is mammie?" she murmured.

"Mammie'' sae murmured. "Mammie is asleep," said Mrs. Gra-ham soothingly, dreading a fit of terror. "Mammie peep? Mardie want a mamnie. Mammie come a Mardie, come Mardie!"

She ran to the door and of the roon and tried to reach the handle. Lady

Coningham picked her up. "If Mardie will be a very good little girl, she shall have some goodies-such pretty goodies. See-here comes Mar-die's bath. She is going to be such a clean little girl."

(To be Continued.)

SAD TALE SOFTLY TOLD.

William Cullen Bryant's Wedding An nouncement, Sent to His Mother. The following letter from William Cul-

len Bryant to his mother, quoted by Professor Chubb in "Stories of Authors," indicates that the author of "Thanatop-

sis" could enjoy his little joke on occa-"Dear Mother,--I hasten to send you

the metancholy intelligence of what has lately happened to me. Early on the evening of the eleventh day of the present month I was at a neighboring house in this village. Several people of both

COST OF LIVING. of the Causes of High Prices to

Censumers. (Technical World Magazine)

(Technical World Magazine). A man and his wife had given up farm-ing in one of the best truit regions of New York State for what they thought a more lucrative position in town. As they were taking the train away child-ren came selling grapes round the sta-tion at 2 cents a box. "Don't let us open the suit-case! We can buy these grapes just as well in New York," demurred the man. "But the express charges," suggested his wife.

cabbage, price paid farmer \$1 per 50 abbages, or 2c each; cost to city man

Cabbage, price paid farmer \$1 per 50 cabbages, or 2c each; cost to city man loe each; advance 500 per cent. Beef, per steer \$50 to \$60 to the farmer; tost to city man figured out on the basis of prices paid in the Senate Res-taurant; \$2,000; advance 3,000 per cent. Bread, \$c to 10c per pound; advance \$00 to 2,000 per cent. Now, our farmer-man had not gone far is his investigations before he became convinced of several things. Railway charges did not acount for the difference between the price on the field and the price on the city market. The farmer alore created the wealth; but he didn't for the man who ocame between the price ducer and the consumer; in a word the farmer's porket and picking the farmer's porket and the other hand dig-ging int, with one hand picking the farmer's stomach. Beat and the consumer is a contained the farmer's porket and the other hand dig-sing into the city marks coat tails; with one foot on the farmer's back and the sumer's stomach. Beat of June grees the prosent tight can be diver by a beat and bicking to be contained solidly on the con-sumer's stomach. Beat of June grees directly and to heat of June grees directly and to heat of June grees directly and to prices and the cena produces the prosent tight cost of living. The Technical World Magazine for June grees directly and to prices and the read reason for boosted prices and the read reason for boosted prices and the read present for boosted prices and the read present for boosted



Have you some old wound or sore which has defied all doctors' remedies If so, yours is a case for Zam-Buk! Mr. Obver Sims, of Purvis (Man.), writes: "I had an old irritating sore on my forchead that had troubled me for four years. Zam-Buk was recommended to me and in a marvellously short time

obstinate

The amused experimenter continued these sweet notes, with variations, and the fascinated animal, by degrees, the fascinated animal, by degrees, came nearer and nearer until within a



But by Toning Up the Stomach to Do Nature's Work.

INDIGESTION RIGHTLY

Indigestion should not be neglected

"Don't let us open the sull-case! we've any built has a well in New York," demurred the man. "But the express charges," suggested is with a some the marks amagement to find he could not be neglected for by depriving the body of its pro-bugh of them." "But on arival in the city, what was the marks amagement to find he could not buy that 2 cent box of grapes under 40 cents. Forty cents! The ex-fruit farmer rub-bed his eyes. That was an advance of 2,000 per cent. on the price the buyers used to pay him. How in the world was the price made up? Express was only i cent. That brough the cost to 3 cents as the box reached New York. Allow I cent more for risk and handing; t cents. Now 20 to 40 per cent. advance is a high profit for a wholesaler: at most the grapes should not be mark-du to high of the man who exists are once more restored to their nor-mal health indigestion disappears and the cure is permanent. In proof of these is the man who says: "For miore than a year I and find the self price was of one to the pains of the sale is pay a finan to look after the sales, and still have put away 60 per cent. too low for the man who says: "For miore than a year I and find ing, to pay a finan to look after the sales, and still have put away 60 per cent. too low for the man who says: "For miore than a year I and a belching of wind. I did not seem to make any difference whether I ate one to the prime whether I ate one to add the prime whether I ate one to the prime whether

saler, retailer. No wonder the wealth of the nation icntered in the cities! No wonder the boys and girls broks away from the boys and girls broks away from the cle of good, and I fully expected that I cle of good, and I fully expected that I would always be afflicted in this way. At this time my brother came home on a visit and he urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and got six boxes to come on his knees to these bank to come on his knees to these bank but, perhaps, the grapes were an ex-ception owing to their periabable nature. Your ex-farmer continued his first-hand investigations of the things he used to found such extraordinary conditions as there to expect on the smallest inconveni-ence. We have since used Dr. Williams' found such extraordinary conditions as these: Potatoes, price paid the farmer 25c; cost to the city man, \$1.50; advance 300 food without the smallest inconveni-ence. We have since used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in our family for other trou-bles. I am so firmly convinced of their virtue as a family medicine that I have no hesitation in recommending them to all weak, ailing people." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

(By L. E. M. Smyth.) She could whistle very sweetly, which was something of an excuse for the habit Alice was acquiring while work-ing on the prairie just outside of her sod house. One day, while in the ' midst of her

whistling and picking up corn-cobs, she happened to glance towards the corn-field that was only a few rods from

heid that was only a few fouls from the house, and was very much amused to discover a jack rabbit peeping at her from behind a cornstalk. She stopped her work and at the same time her whistling, to watch the funny-looking litle fellow; and he, just as soon as the whistling had ceased, be-come terrified at having attracted her acame terrified at having attracted her attention, and, bounding away, quickly disappeared from view. Alice again began to whistle, merely

is an experiment, and presently the ong ears pointed at her from behind another corn stalk. She went on whis-tling, and the foolish little animal became so restless that he hopped from behind the corn stalk into full view. She then whistled her sweetest, view. She then whistled her sweetest, and he came a few feet nearer. She suddenly stopped and after a few mo-ments of dazed indecision, the timid creature began hopping back to the corn field as fast as he could go. Sud-denly, though, she began with some sweet bird notes, and when he heard the which lims early the little count the whistling again, the little animal stoped on the instant, as though she had transfixed him with a spear.

doctor quickly

"We have just picked her from under the roof of a second class carriage," the porter explained. "We were turning it over-you see, sir, it fell some distance the rest of from est of the carriage we lifted it we -and when -and when we lifted it we found this mite a singing to herself and musing her dolly, as she calls this piece of wood. It's by Heaven's mercy she an't been smashed to bits; but she face. ain't got even a bruise. She must be-long to some one," 'he added, looking round again.

A lady in the crowd here stepped for ward

ave her to me," she said, kindly. "Perhaps she was trivelling alone; if so, that will be explained no doubt by a letter or something."

But the cifild coung to the porter, her pretty brows puckered, her red lips quiv-

Mammie!" she cried, plaintively. "1 wants my mammie!" The doctor turned and looked at the

child and at that instant she suddenly wriggled and twisted herself from the porter's arms to the ground, and, running to the scene form' lying on the bank, crouched down and clutched a bit

of the brown dress in her hands, "Mammiet" she said, confidently, looking round with her great blue eyes on the circle of faces, all of which ex-pressed horror, pity and sadness---- Marl'e's mammie!

The doctor stooped, drew back the handkerchief, and glanced from the living to the dead. said, abruptly; "this is her

mother. poor little soul?" The lady who had come forward went

mp to the child, her eyes filled with long dreary path she must tread hence-tears. She loosened the dress from the forth without a touch from the loving small fingers.

"Mardie must be good," she said, ten-derly, "and not wake her mammie. Mam-"There, madam, mie has gone to sleep."

The child looked at the still form, the covered face.

"Mammie peep," she repeated; "Mardie no peak, mannie --be good." and she lewered her voice to a whisper and re peated. "be good." She suffered herself I thank yop sir, for your courtesy. Will peated. "be good." She suffered herself I thank yop sir, for your courtesy. Will to be lifted in the kind, motherly arms, and pressed her bit of wood closer to sible the results of your telegram? 1

will go to The Plow; my name is Gra-"We must find out who she is," the doctor said, his eyes wandering again "All mine Scott. I will certainly let

have learned everything." She stopped for an instant, and then asked, "Is that child. She watched the proceedings with a feeling of unspeakable sadness, and, the child ?" as the meiancholy burden was carried "Yes," replied Mrs. Graham briefly. toward one of the cabs, she clasped the "Poor thing!" murmured Lady Con-ingham involuntarily. She moved for child closer to her breast, and tears

stole down her cheeks. ward and bent over the child, stroking The baby, cooing to her strange doll, looked up as they moved across the field. She put ap one little hand and rubbed away a tear from the motherly back the rich golden-red curls. "Poor wee thing! How pretty she is!" Mardie smiled and showed her pearly teeth as she rapped her spoon impatient-

ly on the table. "Din-din." she cried eagerly--"Mardie "No kye," she said, in her lisping fash-n. "Mardie dood—she no kye." 'ungry!"

Lady Coningham stood by while Mrs. "Mardie is a sweet angel," she whis Graham prepared the child's meal. She said nothing, but two tears rolled down ered, 'and now she shall come with m o a pretty place we have and have som said nothing, but two tears rolled down her checks and fell upon her well-gloved hand. As soon as the child was well started, she turned and motioned Mrs. Graham to the fire-place. "Din, din," said the child, nodding her

head with its wealth of red-gold curls. "Mardie 'ungry. Mammie a din-din, "Can you tell me anything about her?"

she asked quickly. Mrs. Graham shook her head. "Yes, mammie will go to a pretty place, too," she answered; hurriedly. When they reached the cab the doctor "We have no idea," she answered; then she spoke of the letter and the doctor's

intention of telegraphing to Mrs. Hunt-

'If you will allow me to suggest, The "Yes-yes, that will be best. My ob-"Yes-yes, that will be best. Aly ob-ject in coming here, Mrs. Graham, was to speak about the child. I met Doctor Scott, who told me briefly of the meth-er's death and your kindness; and I hurried here to see what I could do. Sir Hubert is one of the magistrates; there-Plow is the best hotel. I would com with you but I must drive straight to the infirmary. Give me the child for : moment while you get in. She has lost her_hat, poor little thing; but the town is not far off, and the best place for her will be in bed." Mardie went willingly to the doctor's

fucert is one of the magistrates; there-fore, as his wife, I consider it my duty to take up the case. Perhaps my efforts will not be required for long —I sincerely hope not—it will be a sad lookout for this baby if we can not arms. She prattled to him about the "din-din" and "mammie," but much was unintelligible to him. She did not ask for her mother or seem strange, "Mam-

find her friends." "It is the merest chance." Mrs. Gra-ham observed. "This lady in Yorkshire core have received the name and refer-ences. I earnestly trust she has." s," he said, abruptly; "this is her mie's peep," she asserted several times r. Heaven have merey on her, in a whisper; and she was content with the two kind beings whose hearts were heavy with pain as they thought of the not, we must consider what to do her." said Lady Coningham. "I would give everything I possess to be able to carry her home with me; but—" she sighed a little—"that is out of the question." hands or a word from the tender voice "There, madam,' and the doctor plac

ed the small gray-clad form in the cab "You have children," inquired Mrs. "This poor little mite can not thank you herself; but, if you will allow me in hu-manity's name to offer you gratitude-" Graham gently, attracted by the other's

sweet expression. "No," Lady Coningham answered slowly. "I had one once, but-but it is gone." She bent to kiss Mardie's soft little cheek as she spoke, and again tears welled into her eyes.

and pressed her bit of wood closer to her, humming in a low voice, "We must find out who she is," the doctor said, his eyes wandering again and again to the dead woman. "She must be carried to the town; there will be an inquest." is bit the results of your telegram? I will go to The Plow; my name is Gra-"A I mine Scott. I will cornaryly let but have gone to my heart to leave the child without some kind hand to min-tor but an inquest." is bit the results of your telegram? I "A I mine Scott. I will cornaryly let but have gone to my heart to leave the child without some kind hand to min-to-morrow; but I feel now that, should

Soxos. were assembled in one of the apartments, and three or four others, with myself, were in another.

At last came in a very elderly gentle man, jale, thin, with a solemn counten-ance, pleuritie voice, hooked nose and hollow eyes. It was not long before we ware summoned to attend in the apart-

ment where he and the rest of the com ment where he and the rest of the com-pany we gathered. We went in and took our seats. The little elderly gen-fleman with the hook nose prayed, and we all stood up. When he had finished most of us sat down.

The genaltman with the hooked nose then muttered certain cablistic expres-DID YOU EVER SEE A HORSE LIKE THIS? ions which I was too much frightened of you girls' and boys

o rem user, but I recollect and at the onclusion I was given to understand Some of you girls and boys may think that this is a funny-looking horse. So it is. But hundreds of thousands of years ago this little ani-mal lived. He was then about the size of a collie dog of to-day, with feet something like a rabbit's. He was not yery strong and the other animals that I was married to a young lady by the rame of Frances Fairchild, whom I perceived standing by my side and whom

I hope in the course of a few months to have the pleasure of introducing to you ter of some interest to the poor girl, who has neither father nor mother in the world."

Dr Morse's

Root Pills

positively

Constipation

and all

resulting troubles.

Indian

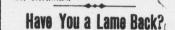
You may depend upon it that after this came nearer and nearer until within a few feet of the charmer, and there he sat/ upon his haunches, literally "all ears." gazing at the whistler, entranc-ed, his long ears sticking up in the air, as if he wished to eatch every proof of its power we will never be with-out a box of it."

As a rapid and certain heater of ulcers, abscesses, piles, inflamed places, cuts, burns, bruises, scalp sores, eczema, Alice kept up the whistling until she

eruptions, etc., you can get nothing to equal Zam-Buk. All druggists and stores at 50e, a box or post free for price from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. Try Zam-Buk Sonp for tender skins' and baby's bath. was out of breath, and when she stop 25c. tablet.

tille

was out of breath, and when she stop-ped the funny litle creature again looked dazed, and scemed quite unde-cided as to what he should do; then coming back to his senses, he was seized with a sudden panic. and, cast-ing around him a terrified glance, made long, hesitating leaps for the corn field, where he dashed into the shelter of the shady stalks, and quickly vanished once more from her sight. After that, whenever Alice felt lone-some and wanted to see the jack-rabbit, all she had to do was to whistle for him; and it was not long before he began to listen for her summons, while he peered cautiously from behind, al -St. Nicholas. orn stalk on th -St. Nicholas.



If the lameness is due to Lumbago or Rheumatism in the muscles the follow-ing treatment is almost certain to relieve at once, Rub the back and sides thoroughly with "Nerviline"—the more rubbing the better. The pain destroy-ing properties of Nerviline will sink through all the cords and muscles that are affected—the tension and stiffness will ease off—lameness will depart after the first eas cound application. It is In Pill preyed on him. He soon learned that

while ease on-handless will depart after the first or second application. It is then advisable to put on a Nerviline Porous Plaster which will continue to supply warmth and protection to the tender spot. Those who have used this treatment say it never fails to cure memory with a never fails to cure to run away from the large animals was his only way of living long. This running finally developed his legs and feet, making the legs long and turning the four toes into hoofs. As centuries and larger, until at last he appeared as the horse is to-day.

WHAT HE DIDN'T MISS.

Pittsburg Post: "How do you like this grand opera bill?" "I can't understand what they are say-

Kindred & "That's all right. You ain't missing no jokes."

By way of illustrating the progress of education along advanced lines in China, it is stated that six years ago, in the metropolitan province of Chihli, there 254 a box were only about 80.000 students, while now there are nearly 250,000 in modern schools.

ELECTROPLATED PORCELAIN.

ELECTROPLATED PORCELAIN. The electro-coating process by which flassware is decorated with a network of of the set of the plating of porcelain dishes; such as platters, bowls, tureens, and tea and coffee-sets. Vessels thus ter simple porcelain or solid silver, being pest to indentation and deformation than siver. The powher is called electro-barcelain, and is cheaper than plated sets, knobs and edges, and cooking-pots each, the plating is usually of sil-ers, knobs and edges, and cooking-pot-ers elain to covering the entire ves-set, knobs and edges, and cooking-pot-celain the surface of metal.

muscular pain in any part of the body.