

## KIDNEY DISEASE WAS KILLING HIM

Until He Used "Fruit-a-lives"  
The Great Kidney Remedy

HAMBURG, Ont., Aug. 26th, 1913.  
"About two years ago, I found my health in a very bad state. My kidneys were not doing their work and I was all run down in condition. Having seen 'Fruit-a-lives' advertised, I decided to try them. Their action was mild, and the result all that could be expected. My kidneys resumed their normal action after I had taken upwards of a dozen boxes and I regained my old-time vitality. Today, I am as well as ever."  
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Cathart, all of Detroit, and Mrs. W. Boughter, Mt. Vernon, and one brother, W. Kearney of Detroit. The floral tributes were beautiful, including: Gates Ajar from wife; cross from father; pillow from sisters; sprays, maces, Mr. and Mrs. W. Johnston; wreath, Messrs. Robert and John and Mrs. Johnston, together with other tributes from his many friends.

We must not count our John's loss. He won our hearts while here. That we might follow him from earth to Heaven's more glorious sphere. Mr. Hildiard Klodt is spending a few days in Hamilton.

The concert held here on Friday evening was a grand success. The first of the evening consisted of recitations by Mrs. (Rev.) Cole, and Miss Smith of Brantford; solos by Miss M. Norrie and Misses Marie and Gertrude Cole. The second part consisted of "The Minister's Bride," which was very much appreciated. The sum of \$31.50 was realized.

On condition that he enlist in the Canadian army immediately after the ceremony, a Saskatchewan girl has married an Iowa man.

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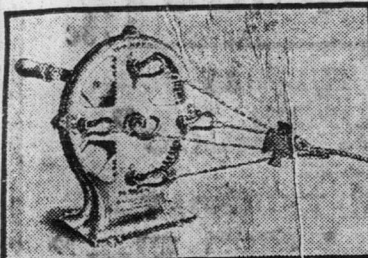
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Courier Classifieds

## THE DIAMOND FROM THE SKY

CHAPTER I.

The End of Durand.

ARTHUR was grateful to Blair. He had been angry when he realized he had been deceived regarding Esther by all who surrounded him in his great mansion since the day he had been brought home shattered and insensible.

But Vivian and Blair had pleaded with significant hints that they had thought it best to accept Durand's suggestion; as Arthur's physician, that his patient be not unduly excited while convalescing. The hints inferred also that this was to shield Esther from the knowledge of the drug weakness; that she had learned, despite the ef-



Arthur Was Grateful to Blair.

fects of all, when she had encountered Arthur face to face at the costume ball. Arthur had reluctantly concluded Blair and Vivian had meant well, but it began to dawn upon him that Durand was responsible for the drug addiction that now mastered him.

"He had better have let me die," Arthur confessed to Blair. "I shall get ride of him and his creature, De Vaux, and you and Vivian will help me cure myself, won't you, Blair? I want to go back to Esther clean and whole. I will divide all I have with you and Vivian if you will only help me. Say you will!" And Arthur clung to Blair and pleaded, and Blair glibly promised.

Handsome as he was, Durand was good and had, Durand affected to philosophically accept his dismissal. He proposed "one good night of it" before he left with De Vaux for the east, and the one good night took the form of a poker game in the Powell library.

In Richmond, at the Riverview sanitarium, Hagar had almost wholly recovered. The clot upon her brain caused by the cruel blow Blair had struck her had been absorbed. Her memory came back to her. But the death, after a stroke of paralysis, of Blair's mother and meditation during her convalescence had broadened Hagar's gypsy nature to a disposition of forgiveness.

The sorrow she had undergone in the disappointment Arthur, her prodigal son, had been to her also chastened Hagar's proud spirit. Through Esther's letters she now knew that Arthur in all his wealth and luxury had surrounded himself with evil company and that Blair and the adventuress, Vivian Marston, were among his familiars and parasites. But one thing she did not know, and that was Arthur had fallen into the clutches of the drug habit. Reunited at the sanitarium, Hagar and Esther embraced and wept when they spoke of Arthur.

"It is greed that has changed him," said Hagar softly. "Money greed—that was his father's curse."

And Hagar's mind reverted to that dreadful night of physical and mental anguish when Arthur had been born to her, and his unnatural father, the dead Matt Harding, had sold his newborn child to Colonel Stanley to further the family ambitions and family hatreds of the Stanleys.

"It was money greed that led poor Luke Lovell to revolution and civil courses," continued Hagar. "I am happy to know that Luke is contrite of heart in all save his present desire for vengeance on Arthur and his associates, who have betrayed and imprisoned him ungenerously, as he thinks."

"He is very bitter to them," murmured Esther. "He asks your forgiveness, mother dear, and longs to return and serve you faithfully again. But he will not be stirred from his determination to have vengeance."

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; I will repay," said Hagar softly as her hands unconsciously closed upon the Bible she was holding in her lap. "We will return home, to your home, my dear child, to Stanley hall," whispered Hagar when she regained her composure. "There we will discuss the plans I have long meditated upon since my recovery and in your absence."

"Perhaps this good friend will go with us and give us the benefit of his able counsel." And she turned to the sympathetic, eccentric English lawyer, who had accompanied Esther from the west, and again thanked him brokenly for his kindness and his protection of Esther.

On a prison roof in faraway California Quabba, burning his fingers with a plumber's furnace, was receiving a verbal castigation from Cesare, the Italian contractor.

"You a fine hum roofer?" the con-

tractor was declaring scornfully. "You no good for nottin'!"

Quabba shrugged his shoulders and replied, "Ha, what you tink you get for a scab job, a Jeweler?"

"All right, tomorrow I fire you and hire the monkey you have. He gotta do more trains. And the contractor spat in disgust and threw down the loop of scaffold ropes he was carrying and hobbled away.

Quabba raised his voice in sing song protest, mingling Roman expressions with his jargon of Italian and broken English, and he did so with a purpose, and the purpose had its effect.

At his cell window below the eaves of the prison roof the shaved and shorn Luke Lovell caught the gypsy jargon. Luke tapped three times upon the bar at his window. Quabba heard and understood. He tapped three times in reply upon the gutter.

Then, taking a ball of cord from his breast, Quabba slipped a hacksaw from the tools, and, peering over the roof to note no watchful eyes observed, he lowered the instrument of liberty to the cell window.

In was drawn within, and then Quabba whispered over the gutter edge in Roman that he had a rope tied to the cord and that the other extremity of the rope was fastened to the chimney.

Further directions as to where Quabba would wait for the prisoner with a change of clothing were whispered in the gypsy tongue. The next night was the time appointed.

At the Powell mansion "the last night" is duly celebrated. De Vaux is not there, but Durand and Vivian are with Arthur in the library plying him with liquor and encouraging him to wild and foolish play at cards. Durand has the money for the generous check that Arthur gave him. But the arch crook is not content with this. Congenitally he is a diamond thief, and big diamonds, rare diamonds, valuable diamonds, are his obsession—not to buy them, not to keep them, but to steal them!

In the cabinet in John Powell's room is the diamond from the sky. John Powell, whom he has snatched from the jaws of death and made a drug fiend of, has given Durand his conge as physician and associate, but ere he goes upon his way Durand, the king of diamonds, as the thief world knows him, will have the diamond. Outside, disguised as a workman and hiding in the shrubbery, is Durand's one faithful ally, De Vaux, the jackal, the knave of clubs of "the pack."

Durand has tampered with Vivian, but he does not trust her. Nor does Durand fear Blair, nor even John Powell, the millionaire, once he has the diamond in his hands and safe away. Durand has lived too close to them all not to be aware that there are cer-



Reunited at the Sanitarium, Hagar and Esther Spoke of Arthur.

tain things in the lives of the two young Virginians that would make them avoid any too close inquiry into their records.

"Everybody has a past—generally a bad one," said a cynic philosopher.

What John Powell had done in the days he was Arthur Stanley Durand has not known nor cared. Whatever it is, it is enough that once he, Durand, has the great diamond no legal process to recover it will be dared.

So, while the card game for high stakes without limit is at its height, Durand deftly takes occasion to sift a sleeping powder into the glass of John Powell, whose tongue is thick and whose taste is deadened with his indulgence with wine.

The game breaks up, owing to the sleepy languor of the host, who is led away, and the others retire shortly afterward. But Vivian has betrayed Durand to Blair.

She knows Durand well. She knows once he has the diamond it will be taken abroad to Holland and sold and dispersed.

Hiding in her room after midnight, Blair and Vivian hear Durand creep down the hall. They give him time to enter and to work in the room of the drugged and unconscious master of the house.

Then, on noiseless feet, the desperate Blair steals upon the king of diamonds. Unseen, unheard, Blair crou-

behind Durand in the semi-darkness of Arthur's room as the arch thief pries open the cabinet.

Durand has the diamond and glouts with it in the gleam of a hand flashlight. Without a word Blair deals him a blow with all his strength with the slingshot he carries. The blow glances, and Durand, no mean antagonist even for the strong young Virginian, closes in upon his assailant.

They curse and sway and struggle. Blair held too closely by Durand to give full swing to his deadly weapon, rains blow after blow upon Durand at short range. The costly furnishings of the room are overturned and shattered.

Arthur is roused by the struggle from his drugged sleep and rises, wide-eyed, from his bed. Vivian, in a tremor of anxiety in the doorway, switches on the lights full and bright.

At the light Blair rises to a frenzy of murderous activity. He seizes Durand by the throat, his weapon arm now free, and brings the slingshot down with sickening force upon the



Blair Deals Him a Blow With the Slingshot.

skull of the bleeding Durand and then casts the battered king of diamonds from him with a mighty effort.

Back, flung like a sack, the arch thief, weak and dizzy, falls against the low, wide window and through it down the sheer height to the lawn below, striking full upon his guilty, shattered head, breaking his neck.

But he has carried with him to his death, clutched with a grip Blair could not loosen, the diamond from the sky.

As Durand lies broken and dead upon the ground a moaning figure crouches over him in the shadow. A hand wrests the diamond from the relaxing grasp of the dead swindler, there is a shudding of hurried feet across the lawn, and the watcher is gone, and with him goes the diamond from the sky.

## Wolf Spiders.

One of the largest of the family known as wolf spiders is the tarantula of southern Europe, which gets its name from the fact that it abounds in the neighborhood of the Italian city of Tarento. These spiders live in holes in the ground or under stones, from which they wander forth like wolves in search of prey. The bite of such a spider was once considered very poisonous and was supposed to cause a nervous disease called tarantism. The cure for this disease was to dance a wild dance called by its name until the person fell exhausted. Now and then a tarantula journeys to the north from Central America in a bunch of bananas. A large species of spider ranging from Missouri to the south is called the Texas tarantula. At one time this spider was eaten by the Indians, who had the idea that it possessed valuable medicinal properties.—Indianapolis News.

## Ring the Bells.

Conversation in the smoke room of the hotel had got round to haunted houses, and ghoulish yarns of mysterious noises and unaccountable bell ringings in a house in the immediate neighborhood were being recounted. But there was a skeptic in the party who made himself heard.

"Come to that," he said, "I ought to be pretty good in the haunting line. I reckon I could make a dozen bells ring in this very place without touching one of them."

"Nonsense" was the universal chorus, and the young man said never a word. Instead he opened a cupboard door near by and turned off the gas. In less than two minutes every bell in the house was ringing, and by the time fresh light was shed on the subject the old hands had to admit that the "young 'un certainly knew something."—London Tit-Bits.

## Unequally Armed.

Uncle Eph, an old colored man, was up in court accused of stealing a watch. He pleaded not guilty and, moreover, brought against the complainant a countercharge of assault. The man, he declared, had tried to kill him with an iron kettle.

During the cross examination the attorney, Lawyer Bennett, demanded: "Dare you to say that my client attacked you with an iron kettle?"

"Dat what he done, sah," replied Uncle Eph, with a nervous gulp.

"With an iron kettle, eh?" sarcastically reiterated the lawyer. "That's a fine story for a big, strong fellow like you to try to impose upon this honorable court. And had you nothing with which to defend yourself?"

"Only de watch, sah," was the unwary reply. "But what's a watch agin an iron kettle, sah?"—Harper's Magazine.

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