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Hundreds of Letters Received From Grateful Mothers Whose Children are Cured of a Common Weakness.

Many children are troubled with weak kidneys in the form of nocturnal urinating, which is very hard to treat. It debilitates them; it embarrasses them, and gives the mothers more than ordinary work. A remedy that is harmless but positive in checking this will greatly interest mothers.

Mrs. E. Baxter, 170 Bolton Ave., Toronto, says this of Dr. Fitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets: "I gave them to my children that had always been afflicted with weak kidneys. It was a case of the greatest discouragement, yet the result is most satisfactory. I used Dr. Fitcher's Tablets for my own back. I suffered from pain and lameness, dull headaches, annoyance from the kidney secretions, and an exhausting feeling of weariness morning. The Tablets removed the whole difficulty and encouraged me to give them to my child. With this evidence I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. Fitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets."

Mrs. E. Baxter, No. 170 Bolton Ave., Toronto, says: "I have a child that suffered from a weakness of the kidneys that I have found impossible to relieve. Beyond the embarrassment caused, there was much lagging and depression, particularly mornings, requiring the greatest effort on the part of the child to resist. It caused me much anxiety. As other remedies had failed, I decided to try Dr. Fitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets, from what I read of them I thought them adapted for the case. The result has been a positive cure. I am grateful, and a depressing burden has been lifted from this child. My husband has been afflicted with lameness and aching in the back. The satisfactory result of using Dr. Fitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets has induced him to use them with beneficial results, when others made no impression. We have a very high opinion of these Tablets."

Any reader of this paper can test the merits of Dr. Fitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets free by enclosing two cents postage for trial package to The Fitcher Tablet Co., Toronto. Regular size 50 cents per bottle.

John McConnell
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A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

BY MARY J. HOLMES,

Author of "Lena Rivers," "Edna Browning,"
"Tempest and Sunshine," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The sun had been gone from sight for some little time, and the tall mountain shadows were lying thick and black across the valley when up the road several horsemen came galloping, and Paul Haverill's house was ere long surrounded by a band of as rough, savage-looking men as could be found in the mountains of Tennessee.

Calmly and fearlessly Paul Haverill went out to meet them, asking why they were there, and why they seemed so much excited.

For a moment his old power over them asserted itself again, and they hesitated to charge him with treason, as they intended doing. But only for a brief space was there a calm, and then amid oaths and imprecations, and taunting sneers, and threats, they told him of the letter, and deriding him as a traitor, demanded the sneaking Yankee who had written that letter, and was now hidden in the house. To reason with such people was useless, and Paul Haverill did not try it. Standing upon his doorstep, with his gray hair blowing in the evening wind, and his hands deep in his pockets, he said:

"I admit your charge in part. There has been a Union soldier in my house, an escaped prisoner from Columbia. I did care for him, and I am neither ashamed nor afraid to own it. Fear is a stranger to old Paul Haverill, as any of you who tries to harm him will find."

"Never mind a speech, Paul," said the leader of the men. "Nobody wants to hurt you, though you deserve hanging, perhaps. What we want is the Yankee. Fetch him out, and let's see how he'll look dangling in the air."

"Yes, fetch him out," yelled a dozen voices in chorus. "Bring out the Yankee. We want him. Hallo, puny fellow, are you a bad egg, too?" they continued, as Charlie appeared in the door.

"Shall I fire, Uncle Paul?" Charlie asked, and his uncle replied:

"By no means, unless you would have them on us like wolves. Friends," and he turned to the mob, which had been increased by some twenty or more, "friends, that man is gone; he is not here; he has left my house. You can search it if you like."

"Where's Miss de Vere?" a coarse voice cried. "We know her to be a Union spy. She never tried to cover that as you, heavy old villain, did. She was out and out. Let her come and say the Yankee is gone, and we will believe her."

"My niece, I regret to say, is not just now in either. She is gone with Lois to take some nicks to a sick neighbor."

"That's so, boys. I met her myself as I came down the mountain, called out a young man of the company, who seemed to be superior to his associates."

"Gone with Lois, hey? Then whose woolly pate is that?" responded a drunken brute, who, rising in his stirrups, fired a shot toward the speaker, from which Lois in an unguarded moment had thrust her head.

Others had seen her, too, and as this gave the lie to the story that Lois was gone, the maddened crowd pressed against the house, declaring their intention to search it and hang any runaway they might find secreted there. It never occurred to them that the runaway could have been with Maude in Lois's clothes; but the young man who met the two women saw the rise at once, and influenced by Maude's beauty and the remembrance of the sweet "Good evening, Mark," with which she had greeted him as he passed, he made his way to Charlie's side and whispered:

"If you know where your sister has gone, and can warn her, do so at once. Tell her if she is tolerably safe to stay there and not return here to-night."

Charlie needed no second bidding, and, stealing from the rear of the house, he was soon speeding up the mountain path in the direction of the cave. Meanwhile the search in Paul Haverill's house went on. Closets were thrown open; beds were torn to pieces; cellars were ransacked, and old Lois was dragged from the ash-house, where she had taken refuge, while, worse than all, Tom Carleton's boots were found in the chamber where he had dressed so hurriedly, and the sight of these maddened the excited crowd, which, failing of finding their victim, began to clamor for Paul Haverill's blood. But Paul kept them at bay. In the rear of the house was a small, dark room, to which there was but one entrance, and that a steep, narrow stairway. Here Paul Haverill took refuge, and, standing at the head of the stairs, threatened to shoot the first man who should attempt to come up. They had not yet reached that state when they counted their lives as nothing, and so, amid yells and oaths, and riding up and down the road, and drinking the fine crumbly wines with which the cellar was stocked, the hours of the short summer night wore on until, just as the day was breaking in the east, the marauders put the finishing touch to their night's debauch by setting fire to the house, and then starting in a body up the mountain side in the direction of the cave.

It was a moment of terrible suspense, and Maude could hear the throbbing of her heart, while Tom strained her eyes close to him that his chin rested on her hair, and she felt his breath upon her cheek.

"Maude—sister Maude," came reassuringly in a low whisper, and with a cry she burst away from Tom, exclaiming:

"Charlie, what brings you here?"

He explained to her why he was there, and that she must stay all night, and with a shudder she thought of what might befall her uncle. Maude acquiesced in the advice, feeling glad that Charlie was with them, a hindrance and preventive to the utterance of words she must not hear. A hindrance he was, it is true, but not a total preventive, for by-and-by the tired boy's eyes began to droop as drowsiness stole over him, and when Tom made him a bed with Lois's dress and shawl, and bade him lie down and sleep, he did so at once, after first offering the impromptu couch to Maude.

Seen by the dim candle-light Maude's face was very white, and her eyes shone like burning coals as she watched Captain Carleton and guessed his motive. Had there been no Arthur in the way, she would not have shrunk from Captain Carleton, but with that damning memory she could have shrieked aloud when she saw the weary lids droop over Charlie's eyes, and knew by his regular breathing that he was asleep.

Tom knew it as soon as she did, but he came close to her, and sitting down by her side, said, softly:

"Maude, you and I have been very

The cave was dry and comparatively comfortable, and Tom felt as he entered it almost like going home. Will Maude had spent a day and a night there, while, better than all, Maude de Vere was with him, her bright eyes shining upon him through the darkness, and her hands touching his as he groped around for the candle her uncle had said was on a shelf in the rock.

It was presently found, and with the aid of the match Maude had brought with her a light was soon struck, its flickering beams lighting up the dark recesses of the cavern with a ghostly kind of light, which to Maude seemed more terrible than the darkness. She was not afraid, but her nerves were shaken as only threatened danger to Tom Carleton could shake them, and she felt strangely alone on the wild mountain side and in that silent cavern.

Tom did not seem like much of a protector in that woman's grasp, but when with a shake, and a kick, and a merry laugh, he threw aside the bonnet, shawl and dress, and stood before her in his own proper person, minus the boots, she felt all her courage coming back, and with him beside her could have defied the entire Southern army. There was water enough in the spring to wash the black from his face, and Maude lent her own pretty ruffled white apron for a towel, and then, when his toilet was completed, began to speak of returning.

"At this hour, and alone, with the road full of robbers? Never, Maude, never! You must either stay here with me or I shall go back with you," Tom said, and he involuntarily wound his arm around the waist of the young girl, who trembled like a leaf.

She did not think of Arthur then, or her promise to him, for something in Tom's voice and manner as he put his arm about her and called her Maude, brought to her a feeling such as she had never experienced before. Perhaps Tom suspected that he was understood, for he held her closer to him, and, passing his hand caressingly over her burning cheek, he whispered:

"Dear Maude, I cannot tell you how I fear danger which I must not share. You understand me, don't you?"

She thought of Arthur then, and the thought cut like a knife through her heart. She must not understand; she must not listen to words like these; she must not stay there to hear them, and with a quick gesture she was removing Tom's arm from her waist, when his wary "Hist!" made her pause and stand where she was, leaning against him, and heavily, too, as footstep overcame footstep, and the faintest of her coming and going came up to the very entrance of the cave, where they stopped as some one outside seemed to be listening.

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"Maude, you and I have been very

once said to you, there is a meaning in it, if we will but find it. Shall I try and solve it for you, or do you know yourself what it is in my mind?"

She did know, but she could not answer, and her head dropped over her brother, whose head she had pillowed upon her lap.

"Perhaps this is not the fitting place for me to speak," Tom continued, "but if the morning finds me in safety, I must be gone, and in one hour, I guess when we may meet again. Let me tell you, Maude, of my early life, before ever I saw or dreamed of you."

Surely she might hear this, and the bowed head lifted itself a little, while Captain Carleton told first of his home in Boston, of beautiful little Rose, and saucy, dark-eyed Jimmie, and then of the pale, proud Mary, his early manhood's love, who at the last had lost the pride and hauteur inherited from her race, and had died so gentle and lowly, and some where her blood and one day hoped to meet her. Then there came a pause, and Tom was thinking of a night when poor Jimmie sat by his side before the lonely tent fire, and talked with him of Anne Graham. Should he tell Maude of that? Yes, he would; and by the even beating of his heart, as he made that resolve, and thought of Annie, he knew he had outlived his fancy for one of whom he spoke unhesitatingly, praising her girlish beauty, telling how pure and good she was, and how once a hope had stirred his heart that he, perhaps, might win her.

"But I gave her up to Jimmie. Annie will be my sister, and I know now why it was so appointed. God had in store for me a gem as beautiful as Annie Graham, and better adapted to me, I mean you, Maude. God intends you for my wife. Do you accede willingly? Have you any love for the poor Yankee soldier who has been so long dependent upon you?"

He had her hand now on his arm, and with his hand, was smoothing her blonde of earth hair, while he waited for her to speak. He had dealt boldly with her. She could be equally truthful with him, and she answered at last:

"Oh, Mr. Carleton, you don't know how much it pains me to tell you what I must. I might have loved you once, but now it is too late. I promised Arthur if he would be kind to the poor prisoners and help the escaped ones to get away, and—oh, I don't know what, but I am to be his wife when the dreadful war is over. Pardon me, Mr. Carleton, but don't love me. No, no, don't make me more wretched by telling me of a love I cannot return."

"Could you return it, Maude, if there were no promise to Arthur?"

Tom spoke very low, with his lips close to her burning cheek, but Maude did not reply, and Tom continued:

"Maude, was the getting me here in safety any part of the price for which you sold yourself?"

She did not answer even then, but the low, gasping sob she gave as she stepped back from her hot brow the heavy hair, told Tom the truth, and to himself he said, "It shall not be." And then from his heart there went up a silent prayer that God would give him the brave, beautiful girl who drew herself away from him, and leaning over her sleeping brother, sat with both hands clasped upon her face. They did not talk together much more, and once Tom thought Maude was asleep, she sat so still, and motionless, with her face turned toward the entrance of the cave.

But she was not asleep, and her dark eyes were fixed wistfully upon the one bright star visible to her, and which seemed whispering to her of hope. Perhaps Arthur would release her from her promise, and perhaps, but Maude started from that thought as from an evil spirit, and her white lips whispered faintly, "God help me to keep my promise."

The night was very still, and as the hours wore on, and the faint dawn of day came over the mountain tops, Maude's quick ear caught the echo of the fierce shouts in the valley below, and laying Charlie's head from her lap she went out of the cave, followed by Captain Carleton, who wondered to see how that one night had changed her. The brilliant color was gone from her cheek, which looked haggard and pale, as faces look when some great storm of sorrow has passed over them. Her hair had fallen down and lay in masses upon her neck, from which she shook it off impatiently, and then intently listened of the sounds which each moment grew louder. Shoutings they were, and tones of command, mingled with the distant tramp of heavy feet, while suddenly above the tall tree-tops which skirted the mountain side arose a coil of smoke. Too dark, too thick to have come from any chimney where the early morning fire was kindled, it told its own tale before Maude's eyes grew so black and fierce that Tom shrank back from her, as pointing her finger toward the fast increasing rings of smoke and flame, she whispered:

"Do you see that, Captain Carleton? It is Uncle Paul's dwelling; they have set it on fire. I never thought they would do that, though I have watched more than one burning house in these mountains, and have almost felt a thrill of pride as I thought how dearly we were paying for our love to the old flag; but when it comes to my own home, the pride is all gone, the fire burns deeper, and one is half tempted to question the price required for the Union."

Tom was about to speak to her, when she turned abruptly upon him, and said: "Captain Carleton, do you believe your Northern women, your Rose, your Annie, would bear and brave what the loyal women of the South endure. They may be true to the Union,—no doubt they are, and they think they know what war means; but I tell you they do not. Did they ever see their friends and neighbors driven to the woods and hills like hunted beasts, or watch the kindling flames devouring their own houses, as I am doing now? For I know that as my Uncle Paul's, and whether he still lives or is hanged between the earth and heavens, God only knows, and perhaps He has forgotten. I sometimes think He has, else why does He not send his aid? Where are your heroes of men? Why do they not come to save us, when we have waited so long, and our eyes and ears are weak and weary with watching for their coming?"

To be Continued.

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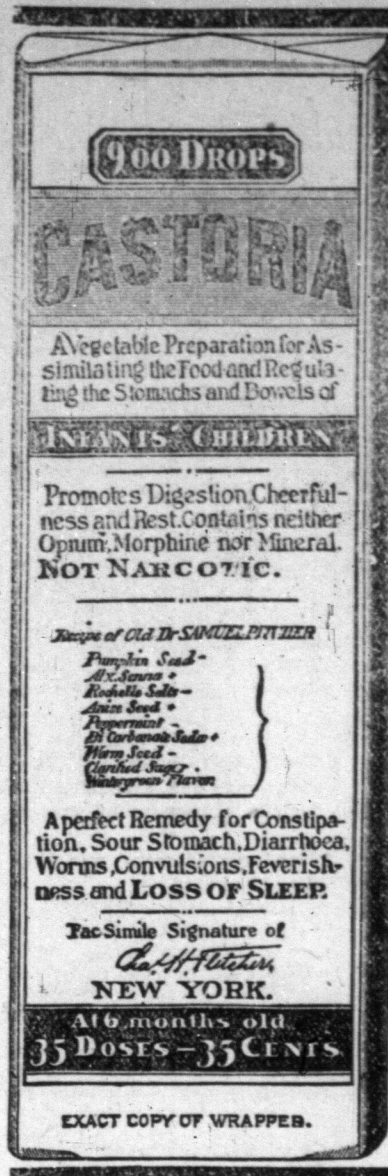
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