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## LAZARRE

The Romance of an American King.

By Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

BOOK I.-CHAPTER I. remember poising naked upon a rock, ready to dive into Lake George. This memory stands at the end of a diminishing vista; the extreme point of coherent recollection. My body and muscular limbs reflected in the water

filled me with savage pride. . I knew, as the beast knows its herd, that my mother Marianne was hanging the pot over the fire pit in the center of our lodge; the children were playing with other papooses; and my father was hunting down the lake. The hunting and fishing were good, and we had plenty of meat. Skenedonk, whom I considered a person belonging to myself, was stripping more slowly on the rock behind me. We were heated with wood ranging. Aboriginal life, primeval and vigor-giving, lay behind me when I plunged expecting to strike out under the delicious forest sha-

When I came up the sun had vanished, the woods and their shadow were gone. So were the Indian children playing on the shore, and the shore with them. My mother Marianne might still be hanging her pot in the lodge. But all the hunting lodges of our people were as completely lost as if I had entered another world.

My head was bandaged, as I discovered when I turned it to look around. The walls were not the log walls of our lodge, chinked with moss and topped by a bark roof. On the contrary they were grander than the inside of St. Regis Church where I strapping young creatures need frequent blood-letting."

The chief gave him no thanks, and I little paneled, as I learned afterward to call that noble finishing, and ornamented with pictures, and crystal sockets for candles. The use of the crystal sockets was evident, for one shaded wax light burned near me. The ceiling was not composed of wooden beams like some Canadian houses, but divided itself in-to panels also, reflecting the light with a dark rosy shining. Lace work finer than a priest's white garments flut-

tered at the windows.

I had dived early in the afternoon, and it was night. Instead of finding myself still stripped for swimming, I had a lowe robe around me, and a coverlet drawn up to my armpits. The couch under me was by no means of hemlock twigs and skins, like our bunks at home: but soft and rich. wondered if I had died and gone to heaven; and just then the Virgin moved past my head and stood lookpower to move that I only twitched, ed her as we sighted game, with eyes looked at me, too. The poppet had a fretfulness. cap on its head, and was dressed in lace, and she wore a white dress that ed her to the ground. This was remarkable, as the Indian women covbreathe, which was a marvel, and the color moving under her white skin. Her eves seemed to go through

a shiver of pleasure down your back. asleep. Now I knew after the first start that she was a living girl holding a ed windows instead of glaring into our living baby, and when my father, lodge door, showed my father sitting Thomas Williams, appeared at the door of the room, it was certain I and Skenedonk at my side. I liked could not be in heaven. It came over the educated Iroquois. He was about me in a flash that I myself was changed. In spite of the bandages my head was as clear as if all its faculties were washed and newly arranged. I could look back into my life and perceive things that I had only sensed as a being frozen, and reanimated through every sparkling scale and tremulous more keenly. My broken head gave

The girl and baby disappeared as soon as I saw my father; which was not surprising, for he could not be called a prepossessing half-breed. His lower lip protruded and hung sullenly. He had heavy brows and a shaggy of bed with a whoop. But a woman quois kept to the buckskins, though they often had hunting shirts of fulled flannel; and my father's buck'skins were very dirty

A little man, that I did not know was in the room, scuffled across the floor to keep my father from entering. Around the base of his head he had a thin curtain of hair scarcely reaching his shoulders. His nose pointed upward. Its tip was the shape of a candle extinguisher. He wore horn spectacles; and knee breeches, waistcoat and coat of black like the ink which fades to brown in a drying inkhorn. He put his hands together and took them apart uncertainly, and shot out his lip and frowned, as if he had an universal grudge and dared not

He said something in a language did not understand, and my father made no answer. Then he began a kind of Anglo-French, worse than the patois we used at St. Regis when we did not speak Iroquois. I made out the talk between the two, understand-

ing each without hesitation. "The chief. Thomas Williams." an-

wered my father. "Pardon me, sir; but you are unmistakably an Indian.'

"Iroquois chief," said my father. Mohawk. "That being the case, what author-Thomas Williams?" challenged the lit- ready felt the haling blood, and I

tle man. Thomas Williams is my name." Oneida, does not assume so much. He out a small sheath. lays no claim to William Jones John Smith, or some other honest Brit-

ch name." The chief maintained silent dignity. Come, sir, let me have your Indian I can hear it if I cannot re-

Silently contemptuous, my father turned toward me. "Stop, sir!" the man in the hen

spectacles cried. "What do you want?" "Your boy? This lad is white." "My grandmother was white," condescended the chief. "A white prison-

er from Deerfield. Eunice Williams."

"No. Mohawk." "Why, man, his body is like milk!

He is no son of yours. The chief marched toward me. "Let him alone! If you try to drag him out of the manor I will appeal to the authority of Le Ray de Chau-

My father spoke to me with sharp authority-

"What do you call him?" the little man inquired, ambling beside the

"Eleazer Williams is his name. But in the lodges, at St. Regis, everywhere,

it is Lazarre. 'About 18 years."

"Well, Thomas Williams," said my ing to patronage, "I will tell you who I am, and then you can feel no for what had been mine—for some anxiety. I am Dr. Chantry, physician high estate out of which I had fallen to the Count de Chaument. The lad into degradation. I clawed the ground the lake and has remained uncon-scious ever since. This is partly due to an opiate I have administered to insure complete quiet; and he will not awake for several hours yet. He received the best surgery as soon as he was brought here and placed in my hands by the educated Oneida, Skene-

"I was not near the lodge," said my father. "I was down the lake, fish-

"I have bled him once, and "shall

myself resolved to knock the little doctor down, if he came near me with a knife.

"In the absence of Count de Chaudirect you to go and knock on the cook's door, and ask for something to eat before you go home.'

ing like an infant."

"He belongs to me," the chief said. Dr. Chantry jumped at the chief in but she remained white and quiet;

rage.
"For God's sake, shut up and go about your business!"

My father sat down on the floor at the foot of my couch, where the wax let her neck and arms out, but cover- light threw his shadow, exaggerating its unmoving profile. I noticed one of the chairs he disdained as useless; ered their necks and arms, and wore though when eating or drinking with their petticoats short. I could see this white men he sat at table with them. The chair I saw was one that I faintly recognized, slim legged, gracefully curved, and brocaded. Brocaded was you and search all the veins, sending the word. I studied it until I fell

The sun, shining through the protect-10 years my senior. He had been taken to France when a stripling, and was much bound to the whites, though livthe mildest brown eyes I ever saw outside a deer's head. He was a bald dumb brute. A fish thawed out after Indian with one small scalp lock. But the just and perfect dome to which every sparkling scale and tremulous his close lying ears were attached fin, could not have felt its resurrection needed no hair to adorn it. You felt glad that nothing shaded the benevolence of his all-over forehead. By contrast he emphasized the sullenness of

than Skenedonk's to kill. I tossed the cover back to spring out down to her heels, and a dress short enough to show her shoes, stepped into the room and made a courtesy. Her it was too soft of flesh. Indeed, her eyes were cushioned all around. She spoke and Skenedonk answered her in French. The meaning of every word broke through my mind as fire

breaks through paper. "Madame de Ferrier sent me to inquire how the young gentleman is." Skenedonk lessened the rims around his eyes. My father grunted.

"Did Madame de Ferrier say young gentleman?" Skerredon Skerredonk in-

"I was told to inquire. I am her servant Ernestine," said the woman, her face creased with the anxiety of responding to questions.

Tell Madame de Ferrier that young gentleman is much better, and will go home to the lodges today." "She said I was to wait upon him, and give him his breakfast under the doctor's direction."

"Say with thanks to Madame de Ferfrier that I wait upon him." Ernestine again courtesied, and made way for Dr. Chantry. He came in quite good natured, and greeted all of us, his inferiors, with a humility I then thought touching, but learned have you for calling yourself afterwards to distrust. My head alwas ravenous for food. He bound i with fresh bandages, and opened a "Impossible, sir! Skenedonk, the box full of glittering knives, taking neida, does not assume so much. He out a small sheath. From this he made a point of steel spring like

lightning. 'We will bring the wholesome lancet again into play, my lad," said Dr. Chantry. I waited in uncertainty with my feet on the floor and my hands on the side of the couch, while he care-

fully removed coat and waistcoat and turned up his sleeves. "Ernestine, bring the basin," he commanded.

My father may have thought the doctor was about to inflict a vicarious puncture on himself. Skenedonk, with respect for civilized surgery, waited. I did not wait. The operator bared me to the elbow and showed a piece of traits of the Bourbons, even to the "I see, sir. You get your Williams from the Yankees. And is this lad's mother white, too?" plaster already sticking on my arm. shaping of his ear."

The conviction of being outraged in "A Bourbon ear h

my person came upon me mightily, and snatching the wholesome lancet I turned its spring upon the doctor. He yelled. I leaped through the door like a deer, and ran barefooted, the loose robe curdiing above my knees. I had the fleetest foot among the Indian racers, and was going to throw the garment away for the pure joy of feeling the air slide past my naked body, who had looked at me during my first consciousness. They were sitting on at sight of that missal. I saw his a blanket under the trees of De Chaumont's park, which deepened in-

The baby put up a lip, and the girl surrounded it with her arm, dividing her sympathy with me. I must have been a charming object. Though raven-ous for food and broken-headed, I forgot my state, and turned off the road of escape to stare at her like a tame

She lowered her eyes wisely, and I got near enough without taking fright to see a book spread open on the blanket, showing two illuminated pages. Something parted in me. I saw my mother, as I had seen her in some past life-not Marianne the Mohawk, wife of Thomas Williams, but a fair ovalfaced mother with arched brows. I saw even her pointed waist and puffed skirts, and the lace around her open neck. She held the book in her hands

and read to me from it. I dropped on my knees and stretched my arms above my head, crying aloud as women cry with gasps and chokings in sudden bereavement. fretful guardian, his antagonism melt- Nebulous memories twisted all around me and I could grasp nothing. I raged cut his head open on a rock, diving in in what must have seemed convulsions to the girl. Her poppet cried and she hushed it.

"Give me my mother's book!" I strangled out of the depths of my throat; and repeated, as if torn by a devil-"Give me my mother's book?" She blanched so white that her lips looked seared, and instead of disputing my claim, or inquiring about my mother, or telling me to begone, she was up on her feet. Taking her dress

in her finger tips and settling back al-

most to the ground in the most beautiful obeisance I ever saw, she said: "Sire?" Neither in Iroquois nor in Iroquoisto me before. I had a long title signi- his riding whip. fying Tree-Cutter, which belonged to every chief of our family. But that Indian boy who lives in water and word-"Sire!"-and her deep rever- forest all summer and on snowshoes ence seemed to atone in some way for all winter, finds talk enough in the mont, Thomas," he proceeded, "I may what I had lost. I sat up, quieting natural world without falling back upmyself, still moved as water heaves. on his family. Dignified manners were She put the missal on the lap of my not lacking among my elders, but single garment, and drew back a step, speech had seemed of little account to "I stay here," responded my father. formally standing. My scarred ankles,
"There is not the slightest need of at which the Indian children used to anybody's watching beside the lad to- point, were exposed to her gaze, for I in our canoe-for we left the flowered night. I was about to retire when you never would sit on them after the robe with a horse boy at the stableswere permitted to enter. He is sleep- manner of the tribe. There was no the sun warm upon my skin, the ing like an infant."

restraining the tears that ran down lake's blue glamor affecting me like my face. She might have mocked me,

It was like one of the little dogs in necessity shook me with throbs to be our camp snapping at the patriarch the equal of her who had received me of them all, and recoiling from a as a superior. growl! My father's hand was on his De Chaumont's manor house, facing ing down at me. I started to jump hunting knife; but he grunted and a winding avenue, could be seen from ly. out of a window, but felt so little said nothing. Dr. Chantry himself where we were. It was of stone, built withdrew from the room and left the to inclose a court on three sides, in These white people have been making and pretended to be asleep, and watch- Indian in possession. Weak as I was the form that I afterwards recognized a fool of you." nearly shut. She had a poppet of a My very first observation of the a great many flowers in the court, ever remembered before. I am differof leaning against her shoulder, and kind of foreknowledge of all his weak wings. All those misty half remem- hood has come. Father, what is bered hunting seasons that I had spent dauphin? some knowledge. The chimneys and roofs of Le Lay de Chaumont's manor like ours at St. Regis?"

while I sat as dumb as a dog, and as

often looked at me through trees as I steered my boat among the islands. He was a great land owner, having more ther-particularly a Bourbon ear?" than three hundred thousand acres of wilderness. And he was friendly with both Indians and Americans. His figure did not mean much to me when I saw it, being merely a type of wealth, and wealth extends little pow-

er into the wilderness. The poppet of a child climbed up stooped over and kissed it, saying, "Sit down, Paul." The toy human being seemed full of intelligence, and fearlessly, with enchanting smiles about the mouth and eyes. I noticed ing with his own tribe. Skenedonk had even then an upward curling of the mouth corners and a kind of magic in the liquid blue gaze, of which Paul might never be conscious, but which would work on every beholder.

That a child should be the appendage of such a very young creature as the girl, surprised me no more than if it had been a fawn or a dog. In the vivid moments of my first rousing to pressed there never was a readier hand arms; and he remained part of her. We heard a rush of horses up the avenue, and out of the woods came

Le Ray de Chaumont and his groom, thatch of hair. Our St. Regis Iro- in a high cap with ribbons hanging the wealthy landowner equipped in gentleman's riding dress from his spurs to his hat. He made a fine show, whip hand on his hip and back face fell easily into creases when she erect as a pine tree. He was a man talked, and gave you the feeling that in middle life, but he reined up and dismounted with the swift agility of a the groom, as soon as he saw the girl squaws." run across the grass to meet him.

ners than Le Ray de Chaumont. Paul and I waited to see what was world had run away from him. going to happen, for the two came to- camp seemed strange, as if I had ward us, the girl talking rapidly to the man. I saw my father and Skenedonk ject was so wonderfully distinct. and the doctor also coming from the house, and they readily spied me sit-

what figure you are making in the world; for when you think you are the admired of all eyes you may be displaying a fool; and when life seems prostrated in you it may be that you show as a monument on the heights. But I could not be mistaken in De Chaumont's opinion of me. He pointed his whip handle at me, exclaiming: 'What!-that scarecrow, madame?'

CHAPTER II. "But look at him," she urged.
"I recognize first," said De Chaumont as he sauntered, "an old robe of

"His mother was reduced to coarse serge, I have been told." "You speak of an august lady, my dear Eagle. But this is Chief Williams' boy. He has been at the hunting lodges every summer since I came into the wilderness. There you see his father, the half-breed Mohawk." "I saw the dauphin in London, count. I was a little child, but his

head are not easily forgotten.' "The dauphin died in the Temple, Eagle." "My father and Philippe never believed that."

"Your father and Philippe were very

scarred ankles and wrists and fore-

mad royalists."

Bonaparte in these days," said De Chaumont. "Hew do you know this is the same boy you saw in London?" "Last night while he was lying unconscious, after Dr. Chantry had bandaged his head and bled him, I went in to see if I might be of use. He was like some one I had seen. But I did not know him until a moment ago. He ran out of the house like a wild when I saw the girl and poppet baby Indian. Then he saw us sitting here, and came and fell down on his knees at sight of that missal. I saw his scars. He claimed the book as his

> his mother's! "My dear child, whenever an Indian wants a present he dreams that you give it to him, or he claims it. Chie? Williams' boy wanted your valuable illuminated book. I only wonder he had the taste. The rings on your hands are more to an Indian's liking." "But he is not an Indian, count. He

> is as white as we are." "That signifies nothing. Plenty of white children have been brought up among the tribes. Chief Williams' grandmother, I have heard, was a Yankee woman.

Not one word of their rapid talk escaped an ear trained to faintest noises in the woods. I felt like a tree, well set up and sound, but rooted and voiceless in my ignorant helplessness before the two so frankly considering

My father stopped when he saw Madame de Ferrier, and called to me in Iroquois. It was plain that he and Dr. Chantry disagreed. Skenedonk, put out of countenance by my behavior, and the stubborness of the chief, looked ready to lay his hand upon his mouth in sign of being confounded before white men; for his learning had altered none of his inherited instincts.

But as for me, I was as De Chaumont had said, Chief Williams' boy, faint from blood letting and 24 hours' fasting; and the father's command reminded me of the mother's dinner pot. I stood up erect and drew the flowered silk robe around me. It would have been easier to walk on burning coals, but I felt obliged to return the book to Madame de Ferrier. She would not take it. I closed her grasp upon it, and stooping, saluted her hand with courtesy as De Chaumont had done. If he had roared I must have done this devoir. But all he did was to French had such a name been given widen his eyes and strike his leg with

My father and I seldom talked. An me before this day.

The chief paddled and I sat naked

enchantment. Neither love nor aversion was as-

full of unuttered speech. Looking head between my hands and tried to back now I can see what passionate remember a face that was associated each house standing where its owner "Father," I inquired, "was anybody

sociated with my father. I took my

ever very cruel to me?"
He looked startled, but spoke harsh-"What have you got in your head?

I felt my insides quake with laughter. as that of French palaces. There were | "I remember better today than I

The chief made no answer. "What is a temple? Is it a church,

"Do you know what Bourbon is, fa-"Nothing that concerns you." "But how could I have a Bourbon ear if it didn't concern me?"

'Who said you had such an ear?" "Madame de Ferrier." The chief grunted. "At least she told De Chaumont,"

repeated exactly, "I was the boy she and held to the girl's dress. She saw in London, that her father said had all the traits of the Bourbons. Where is London?"

The chief paddled without replying. after the first protest examined me Finding him so ignorant on all points of the conversation, or so determined to put me down, I gazed awhile at our shadow gliding in the water, and then

began again. "Father, do you happen to who Bonaparte is?" This time he answered.

"Bonaparte is a great soldier." "Is he a white man or an Indian?" "He is a Frenchman." I meditated on the Frenchmen I dimly remembered about St. Regis. my father; yet when occasion had life I had seen her with Paul in her They were undersized fellows, very apt to weep when their emotions were

stirred. I could whip them all. "Did he ever come to St. Regis?" The chief again grunted. Does France come to St. Regis? he retorted with an impatient ques-

"What is France, father?

"A country." "Shall we ever go the other side of the sunrise to hunt? France is the youth, and sent his horse away with other side of the sunrise. Talk to the

Though rebuked, I determined to Taking her hand he bowed over it and do it if any information could be got kissed it with pleasing ceremony, of out of them. The desire to know which I approved. An Iroquois chief things was consuming. I had the bein full council had not better man- lated feeling of one who waked to consciousness late in life and found the

been gone many years, but every ob-My mother Marianne fed me, and when I lay down dizzy in the bunk, ting tame as a rabbit near the baby. covered me. The family must have You never can perceive yourself thought it was natural sleep. But it was a fainting collapse, which took me more than once afterwards as suddenly as a blow on the head, when my faculties were most needed. Whether this was caused by the plunge upon the rock or the dim life from which I had emerged, I do not know. One mament I saw the children, and mothers from the neighboring lodges, more interested than my own mother; our smoky rafters, and the fire pit in the center of unfloored ground; my clothes hanging over the bunk, and even dog with his nose in the kettle. And

then, as it had been the night before, I waked after many hours. By that time the family breathing sawed the air within the walls, and a fine starlight showed through the open door, for we had no window. Outside the oak trees were pattering their leaves like rain, reminding me of our cool spring in the woods. My bandaged head was very hot, in that dark lair of animals where the log bunks stretched and deepened shadow.

If Skenedonk had been there I would have asked him to bring me water, with confidence in his natural vice. The chief's family was a large one, but not one of my brothers and sisters seemed as near to me as Skenedonk. The apathy of fraternal at-

tachment never caused me any pain.
The whole tribe was held dear.
I stripped off Dr. Chantry's unendurable bandages, and put on my "A Bourbon ear hears nothing but clothes, for there were brambles along

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took it. He was very thin and pale, and got but little sleep, as he cried nearly all the time, both day and night. He was constipated; his tongue coated and his breath bad. Nothing did him any good untit I got Baby's Own Tablets, and after giving him these a short time he began to get better. His food digested properly; his bowels became regular, he began to grow, and he is now a big, healthy boy. I always keep the Tablets on hand and can recommend them to other mothers." The Tablets can be obtained at

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to the end of the world.

woods were to me as safe as the

bedchamber of a mother. It was fine

to wallow, damming the span of es-

caping water with my fevered head.

Physical relief and delicious shudder-

From that wet pillow I looked up

and thought again of what had hap-

pened that day, and particularly of

the girl whom De Chaumont had cal-

led Madame de Ferrier and Eagle.

Every word that she had spoken

passed again before my mind. Possi-

bilities that I had never imagined

rayed out from my recumbent body as

white. I was not an Indian. I had a

Bourbon ear. She believed I was a

dauphin. What was a dauphin, that

she should make such a deep obeis-

ance to it? My father the chief, re-

appeared to know nothing about it.

denied. The rich book which stirred

thought I merely coveted. I can see

(To be continued.)

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him out of his wallow.

commending me to the squaws, had

All that she believed De Chaumont

ing coolness ran through me.



the path. The lodges and the dogs THE HEPWORTH SERMON were still, and I crept like a hunter after game, to avoid waking them. Our village was an irregular camp, A Wasted Life. shore. Behind it the blackness of wooded wilderness seemed to stretch

The spring made a distinct tinkle in "And there wasted his substance in | sotted life, or the man whose years the rush of low sound through the forest. A rank night sweetness of mints riotous living."-Luke, xv., 13. and other lush plants mixed its spirit It is appalling to think of the vast with the body of leaf earth. I felt happy in being a part of all this, and

amount of unused and missing energy there is in the world. If all men could be persuaded to do their best, and do it with might and main, we should soon have a race of gods on the earth.

There is no more painful contrast in human life than that between what we are capable of doing and what we really accomplish.

Perhaps there is not a single instance in history of a man who worked up to his utmost mental or spiritual capacity. from the hub of a vast wheel. I was

The noblest man that lives can do no more than furnish a suggestion of the soul's aspiring possibilities before he is called hence by the tolling of funeral bells. He leaves his task only half-done, his song only half-sung, the encouraging doctrines of the New when the reverend clergy pronounce the solemn words, "Dust to dust, ashes

such torment in me-"you know it was to ashes." In this we are notably different from his mother's!" she said-De Chaumont other created things. The beasts of the field, the birds of the air, the trees of now that the crude half-savage boy the forest, accomplish their perfect wallowing in the spring stream, set work, and could do no more if they had that woman as high as the highest added centuries in which to develop. star above his head, and made her the The thrush would still sing his plainthope and symbol of his possible best. ive notes, the eagle would soar to no A woman's long cry, like the appeal higher altitude, the maple and birch poor creature had already lost of that one on whom he meditated, would have no brighter colors after echoed through the woods and startled

the autumnal frost. Man alone is endowed with the tremendous prerogatives of imperfection. He alone can say at death, "My horizon line is as far away as ever."

And beneath this consciousness of neglected duties which brings the red blood to his cheeks is the curious contion that even if he had worked with entire faithfulness, and lost neither time nor opportunity, his years are still too few and his limitations too many to allow him to achieve the best of which he is capable.

He can do more if another life and a better environment are furnished. He has a right to think it strange, therefore, that the Being who made him to become great should call him away from his task before he can possibly achieve greatness; that he who filled him with magnificent abilities should close his eyes in an eternal sleep just as he begins to appreciate them. Immortality is an absolute necessity, unless we are willing to admit that the creation of man is an unaccountable blunder. As soon make a violin and then destroy it when only a few of the simpler airs have been played. But apart from all this is the fact

that there are men who run riot with themselves, and at death have nothing to carry to heaven except an armful of regrets. Their lives are like a prairie fire, which consumes everything as it goes and leaves nothing behind but blackened ashes. In the resurrection they will stand before the bar of judgment as spiritual ruins, and must needs inlearn nearly all they ever learned in this life before they can make any progress. They have found their happiness in physical indulgence, and will feel curiously out of place when they step out of their bodies and can have no more pleasures of the grosser sort. The disadvantage with which they will begin the other life is too great for even the imagination to contemplate. Happiness will certainly be out of the question until by slow degrees healthy appetite and refreshing sleep.

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the poor creature who has lived a be-For instance, what will happen to

have been a continuous fraud on himself? What profounder depths of personal wretchedness can one conceive of than he is driven into when he looks back on what he has been, and then gets a glimpse of what he might have been? Put such a man into a posi-

tion in which all his faculties will be thoroughly awakened, in which he will see himself as he is, and be forced to view the falling tears of a heart-broken wife, the fateful and ruinous ten-dencies he transmitted to his children, which have forced them into lives equally shameful as his own. What must be his condition of mind? The flaming tempests of the bottomless pit

seem, by way of contrast, like an asylum built by pity. He must undo the wrongs he has committed, and endure agony until those wrongs have been righted. It is a serious thing to carry a wasted life with all its consequences into

the other world. What precious emphasis is given by these facts to the divine mission and Testament! How gently and with what solemn persuasiveness Jesus dealt with the fallen. He saw in the outcast a brother or a sister, and though he scornfully bade those who were without sin to cast the first stone, there must have been a melting sorrow in his tone when he whispered to the offender,

"Go, and sin no more." He never condoned crime, but was always sorry for the criminal. The much in the way of character and happiness that it was unnecessary to add to his burden the so-called anger of God. No one knows better than remorseful sinner himself that God's grief is far more painful to contemplate than his avenging wrath, and if the church would tell us less about the unsheathed sword and more about the relentless regrets which every disembodied soul must needs endure in consequence of its earthly shortcomings and misdeeds, it would have a larger, a more potential, and a more wholesale

influence on the world. If any one truth taught by the Master has conspicuous prominence, it is the truth of God's love for us all, and his sympathetic pity for the sinner who has gone astray. The text is from a parable which represents the joy of the angels when the misguided boy sees the folly of wasting his substance with riotous living, and returns to the father's house in the sad consciousness that he is no longer worthy to be called a son; and there is a deeper warning in that pathetic story, more that appeals to the nobler elements of human nature than can be found in all he imprecatory theology that was ever formulated.



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