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HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904

TANGLED THREADS

She fed him all that he had strength to take, whereupon he immediately dropped asleep again.

She then laid another blanket over him, after which she wrapped a fleecy shawl about herself and sank back in her chair with a soft sigh of relief, and feeling that it would be safe to relax her vigilance for awhile and snatch some much needed rest. Three lines after that she gave him nourishment, which he seemed to eagerly crave; then as he sank into a sounder, more natural slumber just as day was beginning to dawn, Mrs. Ellsworth gently awakened Mr. Lancaster and drew him out of the room, for she would not speak a word there to disturb Rob.

"What is it?" the man tremblingly inquired. "Oh! why have you allowed me to sleep the whole night through? Is—Is he gone?"

"Hush!" she said, laying her hand upon his arm, "you must be calm. Rob is better; he has aroused several times since midnight, and taken considerable nourishment."

"Better! Oh, are you sure?" Mr. Lancaster gasped, with something like a sob.

"Yes, I am sure; and he will get well if we continue to give him the right care," Mrs. Ellsworth replied, and then told him how and when the change for the better had occurred.

Mr. Lancaster clasped the hand that still rested upon his arm and raised it to his lips.

"God bless you! You have saved him," he said gratefully. "But you should have awakened me and allowed me to share your joy. I have been very selfish and inconsiderate."

She smiled almost fondly into his face.

"You needed the rest; a man can never endure watching like a woman," she said. "I did not arouse you because it was not necessary, and besides, it would have disturbed Rob to have had any movement in the room—he is too weak to bear any confusion. But now if you are refreshed, I will leave you with him and go for a nap."

"Indeed, you must, you dear woman! You are worn out; you are white as a ghost from your ceaseless watching of the last forty-eight hours," returned her companion, with a pitiful glance at her wan face, yet thinking that he had never seen her so lovely.

"And at that moment, in the sublimity of the early dawn, in her spotless dress and pretty lace cap, and with that grave, serene look on her face, she seemed to him, in the first flush of his gratitude, almost like a saint, for she had saved his boy."

She gave him directions regarding feeding Rob if he awakened again, but cautioned him not to talk—not even to speak a word to him, until he was better.

"Let him rest," she said, "he must make no effort, even to think, until he is stronger."

Then, nodding a smiling adieu to him, she glided away and sought her own room, where she sank, weary and exhausted, upon the bed.

She slept heavily for two hours, and then, unable to cast off her responsibility, stole back to the sick room.

Rob was resting quietly and had not aroused once during her absence.

She made Mr. Lancaster go downstairs for some breakfast while she watched by the patient.

When he returned she prepared some fresh nourishment for the sick one, and then went to help Mrs. Sturdyvant dress and to tell her the good news, while they ate their morning meal together. The report was like a bracing tonic to the weak woman, who had suffered keenly in her mind during the trials of the last few weeks, and because of her inability to share the heavy responsibilities of her companions.

After breakfast Mrs. Ellsworth went back to bed and slept restfully until noon.

When she returned to the sick room again Rob was awake and smiled a feeble welcome at her, then took with evident relish the glass of warm milk which she had brought him.

From that time he improved rapidly, for he grew hungry as a young

The Approach of Bright's Disease

Bright's disease as well as the other dreadfully painful forms of kidney disease can usually be prevented and cured by giving some attention to the diet and to the activity of the liver and kidneys.

Excesses in eating and the use of alcoholic drinks must be avoided, and the filtering organs can best be kept in good working order by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

The derangements which lead to Bright's disease usually have their beginning in a torpid liver, and there is suffering from headaches, biliousness and indigestion before the kidneys fail and such symptoms appear as backache, scanty, highly-colored urine, painful, scalding urination, deposits in the urine, etc.

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She was becoming weary of travel, for the first time in her life. The five or six weeks at El Arish had been a tremendous strain upon her, for in spite of her "sweetness," she had hated her duties, and it was only by the exercise of all her will-power, backed by the determination to win Mr. Lancaster, that she had been able to undergo that trying ordeal.

Now she was determined to bring matters to a crisis, if possible. If she was successful, she felt that she could go on with the party with a good grace, and fling care and worry to the winds; if she failed, she would leave them immediately, and go directly to America, for she still had a little money, which she would risk in one desperate venture to retrieve her fortunes.

She was thinking of these things now, as she sat upon the balcony—in fact, she had come out to be by herself, and reflect upon them. There could not have been more than fifteen or twenty minutes, however, when Marjorie and Mr. Lancaster came and stood in the window behind her, although they could not see her, for she was sitting in a shadow of a pillar that supported the roof of the balcony.

The girl had immediately resumed her friendly relations with the man upon his arrival, and now was telling him something about her trip during their separation.

"Of course, it has all been nice and interesting," she observed, with a twinkle in her eye, "but I must say that Mrs. Welling have been almost like a father and mother to me; but I could not help feeling very anxious about mamma, and R—and the rest of you, you know."

"That was but natural, my child," returned Mr. Lancaster, "but with a twinge as she cut Rob's name short. I know it must have been very trying to have been separated from your friends so long, and to know that they were in that fever-stricken country. But, I am sure, I do not know what we would have done without your mother; she has been a perfect wonder to us all! I cannot understand how she managed to keep up her own strength, for she is not a rugged-looking woman, and she did not spare herself. I know next to nothing about sickness, and I felt as helpless as a child at my rough Rob's fearful illness, except when she took the helm, and gave her orders."

"Mama seems well, though I think she does look a little thin and worn," responded Marjorie, reflectively. "I am surprised, too, at what you have told me, for I did not imagine that she would be equal to anything of the kind."

"Ha! Ha! Marjorie, my dear, you perceive you have not appreciated your mother's abilities," Mrs. Ellsworth here laughingly interposed, for she did not care to sit there and listen to their discussion of her.

She leaned forward in the light as she spoke, and made a lovely picture of herself, for the colored lanterns hanging above her cast a rose-hued glow upon her that was very effective.

She was beautifully dressed, in rich white satin, with a delicate black lace over-dress, and Mr. Lancaster having sent her a box of beautiful flowers before dinner, she had planned some bright red roses upon her corsage, and they made a vivid spot of color against the dead black and white of her costume.

"Why, mama! Are you cut there?" exclaimed Marjorie, in surprise, while she bent forward to get a better view of her.

"Yes; I felt a little tired and heated, and thought I would like to get away from the confusion and glare of the crowded room. Will you come out? The night is lovely."

"No, I believe not," Marjorie returned. "For I have promised Will Welling the next waltz, and he will be looking for me."

The three chatted together for a few minutes, then, the young man coming for her, Marjorie left her companions, and went upon the floor.

"If you will not regard me as an intruder, I shall be glad to join you out there," Mrs. Ellsworth, Mr. Lancaster observed, as the girl appeared.

The woman's heart bounded as a thing of life at his words.

"No, indeed, I shall be glad of your company," she cordially replied, "for, with a soft sigh, 'I believe I was getting a trifle low-spirited out here alone with my thoughts.'"

Mr. Lancaster stepped out upon the balcony, drew a chair to her side, and sat down.

"I hope you are not feeling ill," he remarked, with a note of concern in his tone that thrilled her again.

"Oh, no, I am perfectly well, but—I found some letters here, from my business, they are rather depressing. There have been some losses, which—make the future somewhat doubtful for me," she explained, hoping to work upon his sympathies and lead him on.

"Ah! I am sorry to hear that," he remarked, with kindly interest. "Perhaps, when we get back to New York, you will allow me to investigate matters for you, and see if I cannot straighten them out."

"You are very kind," Mrs. Ellsworth murmured in a low tone.

"Why should I not be? What do I not owe you?" said Mr. Lancaster, with a quiver of earnest gratitude in his voice. "Why, my friend, you have but to ask what you will of me, and it shall be granted you, even—as in the words of one of old—to half of my kingdom."

To be Continued.

According to statistics of Alpine accidents, during 1905, the number of English who have lost their lives by foolishness on the Alps is surpassed by several other nations. The total number of accidents was 165, of which no fewer than 65 were fatal, and of these the greater number of accidents happened to Swiss and German climbers.

Where Does Consumption Begin?

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OLD SYSTEM TIES UP THE COMMONS

Cumbersome Method Is Used to Harass Government.

MAY ADOPT CANADIAN PLAN

The Work of Winston Churchill, Which Is Taking High Place.

London, June 27.—The House of Commons never does much work in the days which immediately succeed the holidays. The Government accordingly always puts down for those days what is called "supply." It often happens that as a consequence the Government is able to get through a lot of work very rapidly. Supply is one of the peculiarities of the House of Commons in the part which it has to play in the economy of the place. Every day, of course, which is spent, has to be put down; and in theory is the right of every member of parliament to discuss every item in the hundreds of pages of which the accounts consist. Among the items you see such a grotesque one as the rate-catcher in Buckingham Palace, and the charwomen in the other public offices. It is obvious that of these items were indefinitely discussed the House of Commons would have to sit for years before it could pass the accounts for even one year. This is the great weapon which Parnell and Bigger discovered years ago when they were starting the present modern Irish movement, and by using it they were able to practically paralyze the House of Commons, and in that way to bring from it concession to the Irish demands. That was the way in which to use the phrase of Wendell Phillips—Parnell was able to make England stop, look and listen.

Debaters Cut Off.

In recent years the rules of the House have been so changed that there is no longer the possibility of obstructing the progress of the Government. Only a certain number of days is given to the House for supply; if any votes be unpassed when that period is reached, they are brought under the operation of that is called the "guillotine," and are passed on without a word of debate. But in spite of all this, supply is still used for wasting the time of the Government.

It is the very essence of parliamentary tactics with that time is a Government's life blood, and that every moment of time you occupy is a shedding of governmental blood, wastage of its strength, an embarrassment and a postponement of its programme. And this will account for the insistence with which members discuss the most simple items year after year. They don't care a farthing about the accounts, but they do care about embarrassing the ministry to which they are opposed.

All this is somewhat a primordial form of governing a nation and an empire, and people who observe are preparing some means of reforming the present House of Commons. It is all a part of that tendency toward decentralization and devolution of which the demand of Ireland for home rule is only a segment. The committee system which the French have in their chambers is coming into notice here as a good deal recently, and there is actually a proposal before the House at this moment which is to make the system the same with us. I don't know whether it will pass or not, but I note the proposal as one of the many signs that home rule—or devolution, to call it by the new name—is in the air.

Policy Brought Up.

On questions in supply the whole policy of a minister is frequently debated. When the salary, say, of the Colonial Secretary, comes to be voted, it is the rule that the policy of the colonial office is debated, or at least that portion of its policy which at the moment is chiefly attracting public attention. Winston Churchill has had frequent and excellent opportunities for revealing his very brilliant abilities. If he had been left free to choose the office which would have given him the best chance, he could not have selected one better than that which he holds. Lord Elgin, the Colonial Secretary, is in the House of Lords, and therefore Winston, as under secretary, has the chief responsibility for answering for the department in the House of Commons. He has revealed gifts far higher than those with which he was credited. A hot, merciless, a scathing speech—everybody knew he could do that; and his unpopularity with his political opponents was thereby merely augmented. But few expected that he would have made speeches as an official such as he has made, in which there was the mingling of literary taste, constant interest, and yet the prudent self-restraint of the official. I hold that he is a more remarkable man even than his father. They say that he holds the same opinion; and one of the many impudent sayings attributed to him is that the day will come when Lord Randolph Churchill will chiefly be remembered as having been the father of Winston Churchill.

Has Great Ability.

The boy had several great advantages over his father. He got a better education to begin with. It used to be said of Lord Randolph that he thanked Irving once for having instructed him to the study of Shakespeare when he played Hamlet before the Oxford students. And then Winston has traveled almost over the world. He began as a soldier, then was a journalist, and wrote admirable articles with glow and fire and quick perception. The father spent his youth in fox-hunting and the usual pursuits of the typical country gentleman; the son was laboriously training himself for the career of politics by travel, by reading and by the exercise of his pen.

The one doubtful factor in the future of this boy is his health. The reddish hair brings out in even greater relief the deadly pallor of the cheeks. The features are almost tiny; there isn't a trace of hair on the chin, and with his figure slight, almost to transparency, he still seems the young boy escaped from the big playground of a school to the abodes of men. He takes a good deal of care of himself. Biting with me the other night, he told me that he had been out polo playing for five days during the preceding fortnight.

LITERARY NOTES.

The four quarters of the globe are covered by articles in the July Canadian Magazine, under the title, "The Fascination of the Uttermost South."

C. Reginald Ford writes of his visit to the Antarctic regions. Beatrice Grimshaw describes the geysers of New Zealand; George D. Abraham, a noted climber, gives some thrilling experiences in the Alps. A humorous poetical composition celebrates Sherrington's victory at Athens. Julia W. Henshaw has an article, "A Fisherman in the Rockies." McCready's reminiscences of the first Federal Parliament at Ottawa, describe a duel between Messrs. Howe and Tupper, and an oratorical fight by Thomas D'Arcy McGee. Judge Savary has an interesting paper on the Acadians. The illustrations in this number are notably good.

McClure's Magazine for July is a thoroughly readable number, instructive and entertaining, and made still more attractive by its excellent illustrations. Ray Stannard Baker's "New Music for an Old World," describes Dr. Thaddeus Cahill's wonderful instrument, the dynamophone, which produces music by electricity. Henry Anderson Lafter's record of experiences and the impressions in "My Sixty Sleepless Hours" written from the spot, and at the time of the San Francisco fire, is an article of deeply absorbing interest. Recent insurance scandals are further dealt with by Burton J. Hendrick in the third installment of the "Story of Life Insurance," in which he tells the career of Henry Baldwin Hyde, the founder of the Equitable. The July McClure also contains a good share of short stories.

The July Red Book gives first place to Henry Louis Menck's Fourth of July story, "The King and Tommy Cripps." Tommy's patriotic attempt to celebrate his nation's natal day in a foreign land was marked by ill-luck for Tommy, but all came right in the end.

For the King, William Hamilton Osborne's story, "The Wicked Waste at Wilkinson's," is concerned with a girl's extraordinary management of a cotton mill in the face of strikes and trusts. Other contributors include Campbell, McCulloch, Herbert Quick, Isabel McDougall, Marjorie Benton Cooke and a dozen more. The magazine opens with 28 finely printed portraits of as many beautiful women.

The July Century Magazine may well be called a fiction number, containing as it does the second installment of Anne Warner's very funny "Seeing France with Uncle John," and short stories by Alice Hegan Rice, Anthony Hope, Harry Stillwell Edwards, Lawrence Mott, Annie C. Muirhead, and other popular writers. Mrs. Rice's story is called "The Wild Oats of a Spinster," and is as good as its title. Harry Stillwell Edwards' "The Funeral of Rat Brooks" is in the vein of the inimitable "Two Runaways," and Lawrence Mott's "Wilkinson's Chance" will carry the reader back to his "Jules of the Great Heart." The illustrations in this number are of special interest.

But the coat doesn't make the man—not even a coat of fur and feathers. A man never realizes how unpopular he is until he begins to acquire fame. An evil doer is one who believes in doing others before they attempt to do him.

The Girl That's Never Strong.

You see her everywhere; behind the counter, in the office—how hard her lot; weak, unstrung, easily tired. It's the girl who never keeps her in the race. She wants to be strong, but doesn't know how.

Let her try Ferrozone. It ironizes the blood, fills it with nourishment and force that imparts vitality to every part of the body. No tonic, so strengthening and appetizing, no results surer than the steady rebuilding Ferrozone produces.

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At the age of 25 a girl is willing to marry a widower with one child, at 30 she will tolerate two children, and at 35 she doesn't care how many he has. Anyone can make money if Uncle Sam will just loan him the mint and give him a few bars of bullion. Telephone communications also corrupt good manners when the connection is poor.