FRAUD OF THE DAY.

Home Druggists Will not Try to Substitute Anything for Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets Because they Know About the Local Testimony of People in Chatham Cured by the Medicine.

Allen, corner tHead and Van Allen avenue. Chatham, says.—"For years my back and kidneys have both-Allen avenue. Chatman, Sayars my back and kidneys have bothered me and nothing that I could get seemed to give me anything more than temporary relief. I was told of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets and got a bottle at A; I. McCall & Co.'s drug store and I am most happy to say that they gave me the relief I had so long looked for. I used only about one-half the bottle, and was in comfort, and since that time I have had no trouble whatever. This in the face of so much trouble is remarkable and stamps the tablet as the right thing in the right place. I gave them to a friend of mine with equally good results; as far as I am concerned I am very glad to recommend them, as I consider my kidneys sound again." onsider my kidneys sound again."

Mrs. N. Barnes, Thames St., Chatham, says: - For six years or more I

have had a kidney trouble with pain in the back that was severe, and make it hard to get about. Some one told me of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney me of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney fablets, and I got a bottle at A. I. McCall & Co's drug store, and can say truthfully that I think them a good medicine. They acted well with me and also with my husband. I like them because they are couch and see them because they are quick and gen-tle in effect, and effect the bowels easily as well as the kidneys. I can

commend them to others If you have the slightest symptom of kidney or bladder trouble you can test this great medicine free. Arrangements have been made whereby every reader of this paper can obtain a trial package of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidpackage of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kid-ney Tablets absolutely free by enclos-ing two cent stamp for postage to The Pitcher Tablet Co., Toronto, Ont. When giving address mention this

If you are convinced Pitcher's Tablets are what you want, you can obtain regular size bottle for 500 per bottle. If not obtainable at druggists, mailed

New Hardware

Foot of 3rd St. Bridge has received a full

Ready Mixed Paints

D. H. Winter

Beresford Cigar

MANUFACTURED BY STIRTON & DYER,

Bennett's Cigar Store I O. O. F. BUILDING.

F. Marx

REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE AND BROKER'S OFFICE.

For sale at a bargain, on terms to sait the purchaser, comfortable house and lot on the corner of Barthe and

Two lots on S side of Cornhill St., on monthly payments, interest at 5 per cent.

Money on mortgages at 41-2 to 5
per cent.

In providing office the grass, with Bill sitting hear, and of the battle, too, it would seem, mingled in the young would seem, mingled in the young man's dreams, for he talked sometimes

to facilitate your business, have you secured a

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE?

The charges are moderate The Local Manager of The Bell Tele-

phone Company will be pleased to vuote you rates. *********

Ice Cream and Cream Soda

Wm. Somerville

A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

BY MARY J. HOLMES,

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

ed far more attention than the prison

er desired, for he shrank nervously

glad when at last he was relieved from

B.ll's surveillance and led to his prison

CHAPTER X.

3,000 killed and as many more taken

Sherman's Battery and hosts of guns

Gen. Scott in convulsions, the Presi

dept crazy, and Seward threatened with

Women and children fleeing for their

Beauregard marching on with 500;

The Baltimoreans in eestasies, and

Such were some of the exaggerates

reports which ran like lightning through

the streets of Rockland on the first ar-

rival of the news, throwing the people

into a greater panic than was said to

exist in Washington. Hints of some

rival of the evening papers, had early

in the afternoon found their way from

the telegraphic station into the village,

creating the most intense excitement.

Men left their places of business to talk

the matter over, while groups of wo

men assembled at the street corners,

discussing the probabilities of the case, and each hoping that her child, her

husband, her brother, had been spared

Prominent among these was Widow

Simms, holding fast to Susan's hand,

and occasionally whispering a word of

comfort to the poor child, whose eyes

were red with weeping over the possible

fate of John. Rose Mather's carriage

drove up and down, and from its win-

dow Rose herself looked anxiously out,

her face indicative of the anxiety she

felt to hear the worst, if worst there were. She knew her husband could

not have been in battle, for he was still

of a feeling as if some dire calamity

crowd collected in the street there was

none who waited more impatiently for

the coming of the evening train than

ride with her, and the two presented

Rose was nervous, impatient and excited, Annie, though feeling none the

less concerned, was quiet, submissive

and resigned, exhibiting no outward emotion until the shrill whistle was

heard across the plain, when a crimson

flush stole into her cheek, deepening

into a purple as the carriage drew up in

front of the office, where the throng was growing denser,—men pushed past each other, and elbowing their way to

a standpoint near the door, where they could catch the first item of news, and

scatter it among the eager crowd. The

papers came at last, and the damp

skeets were almost torn asunder by the

"Me one,-me, please," and Rose Ma

ther's hand was thrust from the win-

dow in time to catch paper destined

for some one farther in the rear, but

ere she had found the column sought

she heard from those around her that

There had been a battle. Our troops

"But the 13th?" Annie whispered

faintly. "Does it speak of the 13th?"

Rose did not know. Her interest just

and in her eagerness to hear

then was centred in the "Massachusetts

from Tom. she forgot for a moment

"All Dunlop Tires in 1900'

When you hire a wheel

from the Blcycle Livery

If they are Dunlop

Tires then you can rest assured the wheel has a

good pedigree in its

Dunlop Tires on all

look at the tires.

every part.

good wheels.

were utterly defeated, and, worse than

excited multitude.

the worst was realized.

all, disgraced.

a most striking contrast, for

She had taken Annie Graham to

the Philadelphians in despair!

Great Battle at Manassas!

Total Rout of the Federal Army

Fire Zonaves all cut to pieces!

Only three or four escape alive!

N. Y. 13th completely riddled!

Frightful panie at Washington!

The Capitol in imminent danger!

in the hands of the rebels!

softening of the brain!

COO men!

"Nary wife. Nobody

"Nor sister?"

"Nary sister, but a dead one that I

"Nor mother? You surely have a mother?" and the soldier's voice shook with strong emotion. "You've get me there," and Bill's eyes

turned upon his prisoner. "I have a nother, and you ought to hear the old gal take on when she comes home from washin' from Miss Martheses or some of the big bugs and finds Hal deaddrunk on the trundle-bed, and me not s great sight better. Handsome old gal, one of the kind that don't wear her gownd up on her heels, you know." The rebel grouned aloud. There was tender point upon which his captor ould be touched, and the tears rained ver his handsome face as he begged of Bill to give him at least the ambrotype. "It's the only thing which has pre-cented me from being a perfect villain," e said. "It has kept me from the wine cup and from the gambler's den." "Pity it hadn't kept you out of the

ponse, and the stranger answered ear "I wish it had, I wish it had! Please ave it back, and I'll swear allegiance to the veriest minion in Lincoln's

outhern army," was Bill's dry re-

"I never thought no great of a turncoat," Bill replied, closing the case, and still holding it in his hand. "If you're Southern dog, stay so, not go to barkin' on both sides. We don't want 1.0 raitors. Honest, though, corporal, where was you born? There's a kind of nateral look in your face, as if I'd seen it afore," and Bill laid the ambrotype upon the grass.

But with regard to his birthplace, the stranger was non-committal; and Bill "If I let you go, you'll give me the

"Willingly, willingly?"

"And the spectacles?" "And the glass-bead ring?"

"Yes, everything but the picture" "Don't be so fast," Bill rejoined. I'll get to that bimeby. Watch, spectacles, glass-bead ring, tobarker-box, and this other thingumbob, but not the picter, if I'll let you go? And you'll go with me to Washington, and be showed up I'ke a caravan if I'll give up the picter? Them's the terms as I understand."

"Yes," the stranger gasped, a shadow of hope stealing into his heart. Alas, how soon it was erased by Bill's

continuing: "Yankees ain't generally very green. We can make you Southern bloods buy wooden cowcumber-seeds any time of day, and do you s'pose I'm goin' to let you off at any price? No, sir! If you go to war, you must take the chances of war. I ain't a-goin' to hurt you, and I'll ease up them strings, if you say so, but, corporal, you're my prisoner; and these traps," laying his hand upon the various articles upon the grass, "these traps, picter and all, I con-fis-cate as con-tra-band! How do you feel now?" and Bill coolly pocketed his contrabands, all save the watch, which he

adjusted about his neck. There was a fierce storm of tears and sobs, and wild entreaties, and then the poor, discouraged soldier was still, his white face wearing again its look of cold, haughty reserve, and his whole manner indicative of the aversion he felt for the vulgar Bill, upon whom the feeling was entirely lost, for though Bill knew the proud Southerner felt above him, he could not appreciate the feelings which made the young man shrink from him as from a loathsome reptile. Bill had no intention of treating him cruelly, and as by this time the night shadows were creeping into the woods, he sought out a dryer and more sheltered spot, and bade his prisoner sleep while he sat up and watched. It seemed preposterous that the stranger should sleep under so great excitement, but human nature could endure no longer without rest and when at last the stars came out, they shone down the stars came out, they should down upon that tired soldier, sleeping upon the grass, with Bill sitting near, and the grass, with Bill sitting near, and man's dreams, for he talked sometimes with his mother, asking her to forgive her boy, and take him back again to her love; then he was pleading for another, a captive it would seem, asking that naught but the best of care should come to the wounded officer; and then the picture flitted across his mind, for he held converse with the original, and

Bill, listening to him, muttered:
"Twas his gal, or sister, sure; I'm
sorry for him. I vum, but hanged if I'll give it up. It's contraband according to war. He needn't of jined the army." And so the weary night wore on, the And so the weary night wore on, the deep stillness of the Virginia woods broken occasionally by the shouts of riders as they passed by, in search of whatever there was to find. Once, as the shouts came near, the soldier started up, but ere the scream for help had pessed his lips, Bill's hand was laid firmly upon them, and Bill himself whispered fiercely:

"One yelp, and I sag you with the handkerchief the old woman took from her pocket and gin me the mornin' I come from home. She takes snuff, too,

come from home. She takes snuff, too, the old woman does!" the old woman does!"

There was a gesture of disgust, and then the stranger became quiet again, while the shouts died away in the distance and were not heard again that night. The morning broke at last, and just as it was growing light and Bill, arosed by the falling rain from the slumber into which he had inadvertent. -When you say your blood is impure and appetite poor you are admitting your need of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be-gin taking it at once.

not forget, and just as the question left Annie's lips the answer came in the despairing cry which rent the air as reckless person shouted aloud: "The 13th a total wreck! Not a man left of Company R." the next moment Rose held the fainting form upon her lap. "Drive home-to Mrs. Graham's, I

mean," she said to Jake, who with ome difficulty made his way through the crowd, but not until the story so cruelly set afloat was contradicted by hose who had more coolly read the sad intelligence. The news was bad enough, but the

ly fallen, awoke his prisoner, and led him safely through the pickets of the Rockland company was not mentioned, and its friends had no alternative but enemy without encountering a human to wait until the telegraph wires should being. They were a strange-looking bring some tidings of the savid. Rose couple, and when, on the following day, they reached Washington, they attractwas the first to be remembered. Will did his duty faithfully.

"A terrible battle," his message ran. "Soldiers are arriving every hour, but Tom has not come yet.

from the curious gaze fixed upon him, A telegram for the Widow Simms refusing to answer all questions as to came next, the mother's quick eye takhis name or birthplace, and appearing ing in at a glance that only Eli's name and John's were appended to it. Isaac's was not there. Where was he then, oh where? She asked this question frantically, refusing to read the note, lest it should confirm her fears. "I'll read it, mother. Let me see," Susan said, wresting the paper from her hands, and reading with tren,bling

> "Eli and I are safe. Isaac was lest een leading Lieut. Graham from the

> Oh what a pitecus wail went up to neaven then, for Widow Simms, when she received the news, was sitting in Annie's door, and Annie was kneeling at her side. George was wounded, of course, and if wounded, dead, else why had he not thought of her ere this? Locked in each other's arms, the two stricken women wept bitterly, the mother sobbing, amid her tears, "My boy, my boy," while Annie moaned sadly,
> "My George, my husband."
>
> Well was it for both that ere that

> dark hour came they had learned to follow on, even when their Father's otsteps were in the sea, knowing the hand which guided would never lead them wrong. Annie was the first to

terrible disaster, the exact nature of which could not be known until the ar-"It might not, after all, be so bad," she said. "George and Isaac were prisoners, perhaps, but even that was preferable to death. It would surely save them from danger in future battles. The Southerners would not maltreat helpless captives. There were kind peo-

ple South as well as North." Thus Annie reasoned, and the widow felt herself grow stronger, as hope whispered of a brighter day to-morrow. To Annie it was brighter, for it brought her news of George, wounded in his right arm, an inmate of the hospital, and at present too weak to write. This was all, but it comforted the young wife. He was not dead. He might come home again, and Apnie's heart overflowed with grateful thanksgiving that while so many were bereav-ed of their loved ones she had been mercifully spared. The next mail brought her a second letter from Mr. Mather, more minute in its particulars in Washington, but she was conscious tl-an any which had preceded it. He toarding-house, far more comfortable than the crowded hospital; and, at his request, he wrote to Annie that her husband, though badly wounded and suffering much from the terrible excitement of the battle, was not thought dangerous, and had strong hopes of ere long receiving his discharge, and returning home where she could nurse him

back to life. This was Annie's message, read by her eagerly, while the Widow Simms, forgetting all formality in her anxiety to hear if there was aught concerning her boy, looked over her shoulder, her eye darting from line to line until she cought his name. There was something of him, and, grasping Annie's arm, she

whispered: "Read what it says of Isaac." And Annie read how brave Tom Carleton had generously given place to the poor wounded George, and stayed behind with Isaac, hoping to make his way to Washington in safety. They had not been heard from since, and the widow's heart was sick as heart could be with the dread uncertainty. Anything was preferable to this suspense, and in a state of mind bordering upon distraction she walked the floor, now wringing her hands and again declaring her intention to start at once for somewhere, she knew not whither, or cared, provided she found her child.

In the midst of her excitement the gate swung open, and Mrs. Baker rush-ed up the walk, her sleeves above her elbows, and her hair pushed back from her bonnetless head, just as she had left her washing at a neighbor's when she received Bill's letter, which told of Hal's sad fate, and unravelled the mys-

tery of Tom Carleton's silence. "He's took! The rebels have ro your Ike!" she shrieked, brandishing eloft the soiled missive, and howling dismally. Then putting her hand into her bosom, she drew forth the lock of hair, and thrusting it almost into the widow's face, cried out, "Look, 'tis Harry's hair, all there is left of Harry. That's what I git for havin' a boy two inches taller than Ike, who stood in front, and would of been shot instead of Harry, only he was shorter. Read it, Miss Graham," and tossing the letter into Annie's lap, the wretched woman sank upon the doorstep, and, covering her face with her wet apron, rocked back and forth, while Annie read aloud

"Washington, July 24th, 1861.

"Dear Mother,-We've met the rascals, and been as genteelly licked as ever a pack of fools could ask to be. How it happened nobody knows. I was fitin' like a tiger, when all on a sudden I found us a runnin' like a flock of sheep; and what is the queerest of all is that while we were takin' to our heels one way the rebels were goin' it t'other, and, for what I know, we should of been runnin' from each other till now if they hadn't found out the game, and so turned upon us "But wust of all is to come. Hal is dead.—shot right through the forehead, fitin' like a tiger, when all on a sudden

off Ike Simms's cap, so if Ike had be only a little taller. Hal would of liv-

ed to been hung most likely." "Oh, I wish he had, I wish he had?" poor Mrs. Baker moaned, still waving back and forth and kissing the lock of hair, while the widow "Oh, George," poor Annie cried, and thanked her Heavenly Father that the two inches she once so earnestly coveted for her boy had wisely been with-

Then followed Bill's account of cut ting away the hair he inclosed, flight into the woods, his sleep by the brook, and his waking just in time to see Captain Carleton and Isaac Simms disappear beneath the trees, in charge of rebel soldiers.

Now, that she knew the worst, the widow sat like one stunned by a heavy blow, uttering no sound, as Annie read Bill's account of capturing his prisoner Ere she reached this point, however, she had another auditor, Rose Mather, who had come with a second letter from her husband, and who, passing the weeping woman in the door, came and stood by Annie, and listened with strange interest to the story of that captive parting so willingly with everything save the picture.
"Poor young man!" she sighed, when

Annie finished reading. "I don't suppose it's right, but I do feel sorry for him. What if it had been Jimmie Perhaps he has a sister weeping for him just as I cried for Toh. Dear Tom; Will writes ke is prisoner with Isaac Simms. I'm glad they are together. Tom will take care of Isaac. He had a quantity of gold tied around his waist," and Rose's soft hand smoothed caressingly the widow's thin light hair.

.The widow had not wept before, but at the touch of those fingers the floodgates opened wide, and her tears fell in torrents. They were bound together new by a common bond of sympathy. those four women, each so unlike the other, and for a time they wept in silerce, one for her wounded husband, one for a child deceased, one for a captured brother, the other for a son.

Now, as ever, Annie was the first to speak of hope, and her words were fraught with comfort to all save Har-

ry's mother. She could not comfort her, for from reckless, misguided Harry's grave, there came no ray of con-solution, but to the others she spoke of One who would not desert the weary captives. Neither bolt nor bar could shut Him out, God was in Richmond, as well as there at home, and none could tell what good might spring from this seeming great evil. For a long time they talked together, and the afternoon was half spent when at last they separated, Rose going back to her luxurious home, where she wrote to her mother the sad news concerning Tom, blurring with great tears the line in which she spoke of Jimmie, wondering what his fate had been.

Slowly, disconsolately poor Mrs. Baker returned to her day's work so long neglected, but the suds she left so hot two hours before had grown cold, the fire burned out, and with that weary, discouraged feeling which poverty alone can prompt, she was setting herself to the task of bringing matters up again, when her employer, touched with the sight of the white, anguished face, kindly bade her leave the work until had obtained permission to stay with George, and removed him to a private so much needed. Poor old woman! How desolate it was going back to the squal bcotjack he had once hurled at her head, reminded her of the Harry who would come back no more. She did not think of his unkindness now. That was all forgotten, and, motherlike, she remembered only the times when he was good and treated her like something half way human. He was her boy, her first born, and she lay with her tear-stained face buried in the scanty pillows of her humble bed, recalling to mind the time when first he lisped the sweet word mother, and twined his

baby arms about her neck-He was a bright, pretty child, easily influenced for good or evil, and the rude mother shuddered as she felt creeping over her the conviction that she had helped to make him what he grew to be, laughing at his fierce temper, and at times provoking him on purpose, just to see him bump his little round hard head against the oaken floor. Then, as he grew older, it was fun to hear him imitate the oaths his father used, and the had laughed at that until the habit became so firmly fixed that neither threats nor punishment could break it. And when the Sabbath bells were pealing forth their summons to the house of prayer, she had suffered him to stry away, offering but slight remonstrance when the robin's nest just without the door was pilfered of its unfledged occuprots, the mother-bird moaning over its murdered young, just as she was moaning now over her ruined boy. Poor Har-There was some excuse for him, ry! some apology found in the nature of his early training but for her who reared him, none. She might have taught him better. She might have sent him to the Sunday school across the way, where Sunday after Sunday she had heard the hymns the children sang swelling on the Sabbath air, Harry emetimes joining in as he sat in the cottage door, adjusting the bait with which to tempt the unsuspecting fish playing in the brook near by. A mo-ther's fearful responsibility had been ther's fearful responsibility had been hers. She had not fulfilled it, and it rolled back upon her now, stinging as only remorse can sting, and making her wish amid her pain that the boy, once so earnestly desired, had never been given her, or else had died in his cra-dle bed, and so gone where she knew the hardened in sin never could find en-

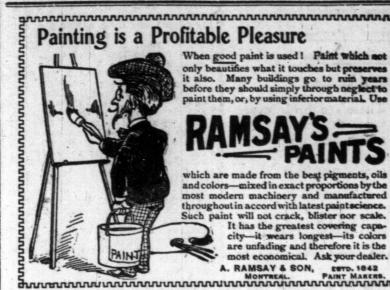
To be Continued

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