Interesting Gossip About Notable Men and Women.

BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

If the once illustrious and historic name of Gortchakoff, borne by Prince Alexander, the great chancellor of the Russian empire during the reign of Alexander II., by Prince Peter, the field marshal of the Crimean war, and by Prince Michael, the able viceroy of Poland, has disappeared from the Almanach de Gotha, it is largely owing to the disgrace brought upon it by Princess Constantine Gortchakoff, whose stormy life has just been brought to a close at Monte Carlo through consumption. True, her brother-in-law, the late Prince Michael Alexandrovitch, contributed in a measure to drag the name in the mud, and indebted for his post as Russian envoy in Switzerland and in Spain to the power and prestige of his father, the chancellor, conducted himself in both these countries in such a fashion that none of his colleagues of the diplomatic corps was willing to shake hands with him. But the one who of all the family was the cause of the most scandal was his brother Constantine's wife, Marie Stourdza, daughter of that Michael Stourdza, who was one of the most rapacious of all those hospodars or Christian governors of what is now Roumania during the time when it was still subject to Turkish sovereignty. Some faint notion of the career of the Princess Constantine Gortchakoff may be gathered from the facts that she has been charged in court with the crimes of robbing her mother's corpse, of defrauding her brother, Gregory Stuordza, the Roumanian general and statesman; with conspiracy, perjury, and heaven knows what all besides.

A few years later her mother, the widow of the hospodar, died at Baden-Baden leaving property valued a few weeks prior to her decpise at the collossal sum of $18,000,000. The only member of the family with her at the time of her death was her daughter, the Princess Gortchakoff. It was well known to the family that the old lady was in the habit of wearing day and night a soft leather belt strapped round her body, containing her most valuable securities, precious stones and title deeds. That this belt was there in its place at the moment of her death is shown by the sworn evidence of the two sisters of mercy who tended her throughout her last illness. During the night which followed the death of the aged princess no one had access to the room in which the corpse lay except her daughter, Mme. de Gortchakoff, and on the next day when the remains were placed in the coffin the sisters of mercy noticed that the belt had disappeared.

Nor was this all, for it subsequently appeared that at the moment when the death agony commenced Mme. de Gortchakoff had dispatched a telegram to Paris summoning a remarkably clever locksmith of the name of Landry, who was known to have designed the locks of the four steel safes in which the old princess had hoarded all such of her valuables as she was unable to get into her leather belt. Landry arrived a few hours after the death, and spent a greater part of the night with Mme. de Gortchakoff in picking the locks of the safes, the keys to which had been so carefully hidden away by the old lady that it was impossible to find them, the duplicates being in the hands of her lawyers. When at length the local authorities presented themselves at the villa to make the duly prescribed inventory of the property left by the deceased, her legal representatives discovered that over $14,000,000, as well as all her jewels, had disappeared.

On being notified of the fact Mme. de Gortchakoff's brother commenced proceedings against his sister for the purpose of punishing her for her violation of the laws by seizing her mother's jewels and property, and also with the object of compelling her to disgorge the proceeds of what he termed to be the ghoulish robbery of her mother's corpse.

Besides the two sisters of mercy there were three other witnesses of Mme. de Gortchakoff's cold-blooded dishonesty on the night of her mother's death. They were her own maid, the confidential maid of the old princess, and the latter's house steward. Mme. de Gortchakoff, of course, took her mother's two retainers into her employ and rewarded them handsomely. When, however, she found that they had been cited to appear and give evidence in the proceedings brought by a Gregory Stourdza against her, she took them off with her to Germany. On reaching Frankfort she suddenly caused their arrest by the German police on charges of having stolen her jewels, and, as the gems which she had given them to insure their silence were found in their possession, the case looked black against them. In fact, it was not until many months had passed that they were able to succeed in proving their innocence and in recovering their liberty. Meanwhile the trial of the princess in the French courts had been adjourned, owing to the absence of these important witnesses, who, on returning to France, initiated on their own account proceeding for conspiracy and false imprisonment against her.

There were also accusations of perjury and even of forgery. In fact, for a number of years the courts in France, Germany and Roumania were busy dealing with all these many charges laid at the door of the princess, whose great name, as well as her vast wealth, enabled her to escape any such indignity as imprisonment. Eventually the matters were settled by means of a compromise, and, although the Russian great world always remained aloof from the princess, yet her mansion in the Rue de Varennes, in the Faubourg St. Germain at Paris, and her villa at Nice were the scene of many splendid fetes, to which not only foreigners but also many of the leaders of the French great world would flock. The princess had quite a large circle of American friends among the cosmopolitan colony on the banks of the Seine, and, aside from her moral eccentricities, was a brilliant and original woman, whose delinquncies were, perhaps, more attributed to heredity than to any actual viciousness.

She leaves three children, one of them a son, Prince Alexander Gortchakoff, now 30 years of age, who has so far shown no signs of endeavoring to revive the grandeur of his family, of which he is the chief—a family which is descended in an unbroken line from Rurik, the first grand duke of Russia and founder of the Muscovite monarchy in 870. Among the ancestors of the Gortchakoffs are St. Vladimir and St. Michael of Tchernigoff. The other Princes Gortchakoff now living are descended from the great chancellor's cousins, and include Prince Sergius Basilowitch, Prince Sergius Demetrowitch, and Prince Peter Demetrowitch. But none of them has thus far achieved distinction or given any indications of reviving the glories of the name.

Lady Graham-Montgomery, who has just secured a divorce from Sir Basil Graham-Montgomery, after a quarter of a century of marriage, is the youngest of those lovely Moncreiffe sisters, eight in number, of whom the best known and the most beautiful were Georgina, Countess of Dudley (mother of the present viceroy of Ireland), and Lady Mordaunt, and the respondent in what was undoubtedly the most sensational and celebrated divorce case of the Victorian reign, since the then heir apparent was cited among the co-respondents, appeared in court, and cleared himself in the eyes of the court and of the jury. Lady Mordaunt is still living, and makes her home in Paris. Her only child, Violet Mordaunt, is now the Marchioness of Bath, wife of the under secretary of state for India, having been appointed to that place on the death, the other day, of the Earl of Hardwicke.

By a strange coincidence the Earl of Hardwicke was the partner of Sir Basil Montgomery on the stock exchange. Other titled members of the stock exchange, by the bye, are Lord Northampton's brother, Lord Alwyne Compton, and the Hon. Francis Curzon, Lord Curzon's younger brother, both of whom belong to the firm of Panmure Gordon & Co. Then there is Lord Borthwick, who belongs to the firm of Wark & Co.; Sir Edward Stracey, a young baronet, who was formerly in the Life Guards, is with Spreling & Co., while the Duke of Marlborough's brother-in-law, the husband of Lady Lillian Grenfell is with Govett, Sons & Co. Nor must I omit the name of Sir Frederick Banbury, who is likewise a shining light of the stock exchange, while the pioneer of the aristocracy among the stock brokers may be said to have been the late Lord Walter Campbell, brother of the Duke of Argyll. His partners were so proud in those days of his connection with their firm, and made so much of it, that some practical joker painted up on their office doors, above the name of the firm, the words "The Lord is with us."

I may mention incidentally that Sir Edward Stracey's cousin, "Jack" Stracey, is now the stepfather of Lady Dudley, wife of Ireland's viceroy. Mrs. Stracey is a sister of the late Val Prinsep, and her first husband was the unlucky Charles Gurney, who, away back in the 60's, wrecked both fortune and reputation to such a degree that his wife and daughters left him, Mrs. Gurney endeavoring very pluckily to earn her own living and that of her daughters by keeping a modiste shop in Bond street, London. It did not prove a success, and then friends came to the rescue, and while Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, took charge of one of the girls, Rachel, and wedded her to Lord Dudley, Lady Henry Somerset undertook the care of the other, and married her happily to Sir Thomas Troubridge.

Charles Gurney survived until a few years ago, living in South America, and so rarely was his name mentioned by his family that when Lady Dudley's marriage took place she was referred to merely as the adopted daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, and figured as such in the "Peerages" of the first two years after her marriage, no mention being made of her father, although the name of Gurney is one of the oldest and most honored in England. Mrs. Gurney, as stated above, is now married to Major Jack Srtacey, who was devoted to her for many years, and is understood to have found in her second matrimonial venture a happiness that she certainly did not find in her first marriage.

To return to Sir Basil Graham-Montgomery. He served under Lord Roberts throughout the Afghan war. His elder brother, whom he succeeded in title, was killed in rather a shocking fashion by falling out of an express train in some inexplicable way while en route from Scotland to London, and was literally ground to pieces. He has two very handsome sisters, one of whom, after marrying the last Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, is now the wife of the immensely rich Earl Egerton, while the younger sister, Helen, curiously enough, married the late Earl Temple, who, on the death of his uncle, the last Duke of Buckingham, succeeded to the latter's Earldom of Temple though not to his dukedom, and likewise inherited his country seat known as Wotton, near Aylesbury, after which the late George W. Childs named his country place near Philadelphia. Up to the time of his uncle's death, Lord Temple was known as Mr. Gore Langton.

Baby Lion's Queer Nurse.

Leipzig, Germany, boasts of one of the most unique cases in zoological history. In January a huge lioness bore four cubs in the Thiergarten. She was an unnatural mother. On the third day after the accouchement she devoured one of her own offspring. It was feared that the remaining three cubs would share the same cruel death, so the baby lions were taken out of her cage and an attempt was made to raise them by the bottle. They did not thrive, however, and the superintendent of the Thiergarten was at his wits' end for a way to sustain the lives of his charges.

A fine Dalmatian dog belonging to one of the keepers had just given birth to a litter of pups. It was resolved to try to coax this dog to raise the cubs. She was taken from her litter and placed with the baby lions. It required little coaxing, however, to make her exercise maternal duties toward the felines. The sight of the big dog fondling and playing with the cubs is a rare spectacle for the Leipzigers these days.

He Was Laid Up For Over a Year

Till Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured His Kidney Troubles.

Now He's Perfectly Healthy and Able to Work—Gives All the Credit to the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Wapella, Assa., N. W. T., March 31.—Cured of Kidney Disease that had laid him up for over a year, Mr. George Bartleman, a well-known man here, is loud in his praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills, for to them and nothing else he claims he owes his cure.

"Yes, I had Kidney Trouble," Mr. Bartleman says. "I had pains in my back and in other parts of my body, and though the doctor did what he could for me I grew worse, till I was unable to work.

"Then I started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I took them all winter and summer while I was unable to work. I took in all twelve boxes, and now I am perfectly healthy. My pains are all gone and I am able to work. I heartily recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all sufferers from Kidney Disease."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure the Kidneys. Healthy Kidneys strain all impurities, all seeds of disease, out of the blood. That's why Dodd's Kidney Pills cure such a wide range of diseases, including Bright's Disease, Rheumatism and Urinary Troubles.

BANANA GROWING AT GUELPH COLLEGE

SUCCESS ACHIEVED IN ATTEMPT TO CULTIVATE THE FRUIT

A fine bunch of bananas has been grown and matured in the greenhouses of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph says the Canadian Horticulturist. The bunch weighed sixty pounds at the time of cutting Jan. 11, and there were 180 bananas in all on it, or to use a commercial phrase, 10 hands of fruit averaging 18 fingers. In point of size it compared very favorably with the large bunches seen in fruit stores, grown in the West Indies or Tropical America, although it is not of the the same variety usually grown there commercially.

The variety grown at the college is Musa Cavendishii, or Chinese banana, being a native of the warmer parts of China, and is better adapted for greenhouse culture than the African or tree banana. The stem of Musa Cavendishii, from the base to the crown, where the bunch of fruit makes its appearance, is seldom over five feet in height. The bunch is produced from the center of the stem, at the base of the stalks of its immense leaves. A small portion of some of the leaves can be seen in the illustration. Some of them were over three feet in width at the broadest point, and over five feet in length, giving the tree a majestic tropical appearance. The stem commenced its growth in June, 1903, from the ground, so that it has taken about 20 months to grow and mature its fruit. After fruiting the stem is cut down, as it commences to decay at once, and a young tree or sucker is allowed to take its place. Usually the root produces a number of these suckers, but in greenhouse culture only one is allowed to remain, the rest being cut away when quite young.

The Chinese banana tree produces a shorter and broader bunch of fruit than the African and West India type. As to its quality, the general verdict of the students and others of the college and Macdonald Institute, among whom the bunch was distributed, was that the quality was even better and richer in flavor than those usually purchased in fruit stores. This usually arises from the fact that the bunch in question was allowed to reach its full growth before being cut from the tree, while those sold in stores have of necessity to be cut too early, and before the bunch has reached its full size, owing to the time occupied in reaching the point of consumption. The best time to cut greenhouse-grown bananas is as soon as any of the fruit shows signs of coloring. Cut at this time and hung in a warm room, they ripen splendidly in ten or twelve days.

Bee Wisdom.

Sir John Lubbock says that the bees of the genus Osmia arrange their cells in a row, and that the cells furthest from the entrance always contain females, while the outer cells always contain males. There is an obvious advantage in this, because the males come out a fortnight or more before the females, and it is, of course, convenient that those which have come out first should be in the cells nearest the door. M. Fabre arranged a number of glass tubes, of which the Osmias gladly availed themselves, and in which they proceeded to construct their cells. The tubes were so arranged that each was in two parts, an outer portion wide enough for a female cell, and an inner portion just large enough for a male cell. What happened? Some of the Osmias shut off the narrow ends, and used only the outer and wider portion. Others built also in the narrow part of the tube, and under these circumstances, contrary to the otherwise invariable rule, the inner cells contains males. M. Fabre concludes that these privileged insects not only know the sex of the insect which will emerge from the egg they are about to lay, but that at their own will they can actually control it! Certainly a most curious and interesting result.—Outing.

ELEVEN YEARS' STAY IN DARKEST AFRICA

WHERE LIVINGSTONE'S HEART WAS BURIED.

Mr. Poulett Weatherley, the explorer who has lately returned to London, was for eleven years buried in the heart of Central Africa, the only white man amid hosts of blacks. As the result of his long stay in districts hitherto practically unknown to civilization, Mr. Weatherley has succeeded in largely correcting the map of the interior of the Dark Continent and adding to our knowledge of the races. He also discovered the spot where the heart of the great Livingstone was buried, the exact locality of which had been lost, and he was instrumental in raising a permanent memorial in place of the decayed tree which had marked the site, and in obtaining a pathetic memento of the famous missionary for the British Museum in the shape of that part of the old tree which bore the original inscription cut by the natives who loved and mourned their white chief.

Interviewed by a representative of the London News, Mr. Weatherley gave a brief outline of his exploits. "I went out in January, 1894. My object in going was to circumnavigate the great Bangweuhu Lake, and to find the spot where Livingstone's heart was buried. No one had ever been round the lake. Glave, the American, who died while attempting to find the Livingstone Tree, was the last man who had any sort of accurate notion where the tree was. Both tasks promised interesting work.

"Lake Bangweuhu is one of the most beautiful spots on earth. I doubt if there is any place where more gorgeous and delightful color effects can be seen. The meaning of its native name is 'There where the sky and water meet.' Speaking roughly, the diameter of the lake, which is nearly circular, is about forty miles, so that from almost anywhere the water forms the horizon, and there is a wonderful, quivering haze which melts the line into the sky, making the native name seem a perfectly accurate one.

"Nearly all round the lake is the vast Mwero Marsh, which began by almost killing me. I got fever, and when I went up into the plateau, about six thousand feet in elevation, I nearly died. But my people stuck around me nobly.

"One of my greatest friends was Mewenge, chief of the Southern Va Usi. He had never seen white men, but had heard of them, and when I sent up word that I was coming to visit him he grew alarmed, and so made himself very drunk. When I went to his tent he rushed out, and seizing me by the arm, slashed his axe over my head into a tree behind me. For the moment I fancied my life had come to an end. I was, in fact, surprised to find that the top of my head was still where I prefer it. But natives are very loath to kill a white man right away at sight, and Mewenge was curious, as they all are. You must remember that to him a white man was a far greater curiosity than a Chinaman with his pigtail is in the streets of London. The next moment he was pulling up my shirt sleeve to see if my arm was white. That gave me time to tell him that if he wanted to kill me he might, but that it would be more interesting not to.

"After that Mewenge and I exchanged visits in royal fashion. To do him due courtesy, as I thought, I sent him back in my machila, the thing we are carried in. But when his people saw him they exclaimed that he looked dead. The Va Usi carry their dead in that way. Mewenge took on an awful dread. He fancied it was a trick I had played upon him to bewitch him and so cause his death. The tribe flew to arms at once, and I had no end of trouble.

"I struck the lake on the southwest, near Kasoma's boma, as the natives' village is called. Everybody had told me that the Vena Kavende would certainly make war on me. I sent word to their dreaded chief, Kasoma, and then set out by boat with nine of my men. When we neared the boma, and 2,000 armed men rushed down to the edge of the lake, we found we had left the rifles behind. I knew that to turn back then would end everything. With my heart in my mouth I jumped ashore alone. I was in a dead funk, but as I stood before the chief I could see his heart throbbing on his naked chest, and I knew he was in as bad a way as myself. 'Good morning, how do you do?' I shouted. The chief gave a signal, and I put my hands in my pockets to meet the end calmly. The same moment the chief and every man of the 2,000 knelt down, bowed their heads, and clapped their hands in unison. After all, a little bluff is a great help in dealing with natives.

"Old Mshaota, the chief who helped me find the Livingstone tree at Chitamba, in the Itala country, had not forgotten Livingstone, and told me a strange story. Livingstone, he averred, was shot. Everybody, he said, knew that it was so. He alleged that the murderers were Kavende, but I could find no corroboration among the Kavende. Mshaota was very amused when I showed him English maps of his country, and after he got to understand them he said they were badly drawn, and he was quite right. Most of the early map-drawers were 'rushers.'

"In March I returned to the Zambesi. That, I think, is the richest country on earth. You can see things grow there. On the Congo I had little to do with the Belgians. I was often for two years without seeing a white man. I, therefore, cannot speak as to the atrocities which have been talked about. It is difficult to tell second-hand, because mutilation is a common punishment among the natives themselves. I knew one man who had been deprived of his eyes, all his toes, four fingers from each hand, and other members for various tribal offenses."

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Stomach Heart Kidneys

Slaves of the Inside Nerves

Our lives, from moment to moment, depend on a set of tiny, delicate nerves which are so small that fifteen hundred of them could lie side by side in an inch. Ten times more tender and sensitive than the pupil of the eye.

Yet, night and day, unguided and unseen, these little nerves must keep the stomach, the heart, the kidneys, in healthy action. For these organs have no power—no self control. The power is in the nerves. The nerves are the Masters. The organs are their slaves.

Understand first that we have two entirely separate nerve systems. When we walk, or talk, or act, we call into play a certain set of nerves—nerves which obey our mental commands. That is why the arm can be raised, or the mouth opened, or the eye shut, at the slightest desire. That is why your fingers can delicately pick up a pin one moment, and hold a heavy hammer the next.

But these are not the nerves we are to consider here.

It is the inside nerves that manage and govern and actuate the heart and the stomach, the kidneys and the liver and all of the vital functions. You cannot control these nerves. By no supreme effort of mind can you make your heart stop or start—nor can you even make it vary by a single beat a minute. And so with the stomach and the liver and the kidneys and the bowels—they are automatic—they do their work at a certain set speed whether you are awake or asleep—whether you want them to or not.

It is on these inside nerves that life and health depends. So long as these nerves perform there proper duties we are well and strong. When they fail, we know it by the inevitable symptoms—stomach, heart, liver, kidney troubles.

Thus, we find that most forms of illness are, after all, only symptoms of the REAL trouble — INSIDE nerve trouble.

For instance, indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles—diabetes, Bright's disease and other kidney disorders—heart troubles, liver troubles, bowel troubles, nervousness, fretfulness, sleeplessness, irritability—all of these ailments are due to this single cause. Painful, disagreeable and dangerous, though they be, they are not separate diseases—and they are not to be treated as such. They are merely OUTWARD signs of INWARD trouble — NERVE trouble.

There are different centers and branches of this INSIDE nerve system (frequently called the Sympathetic Nervous System). But each branch is so closely connected with the others that breakdown ANYWHERE usually means breakdown EVERYWHERE.

This explains why stomach trouble develops into heart trouble—why indigestion brings on nervousness—why diseases become complicated. It explains, too, why ordinary medical treatments are wrong—why medicine so frequently fails.

For, despite the discoveries of science, the common remedies of the day are designed to treat the organ, not the nerve—the SYMPTOM instead of the cause.

Don't you, though you may not know medicine at all, see that this is wrong? That it is mere patchwork? That while the suffering organ is enjoying its temporary relief, the nerve that is really sick may be getting worse and worse? Does this not explain to you why relapse so frequently follows a supposed cure? Does this not account for the uncertainties of medicine?

More than thirty years ago this thought came to me:

"If life and health depend upon perfect heart action, upon proper stomach digestion, upon correct kidney filtering, why does not life itself depend upon these life governing power nerves—these inside nerves.

I realized, too, that all ailments which result from one cause may, of course, be cured by one remedy. I resolved not to doctor the organs, but to treat the one nerve system which operates them all.

For those who treat only the symptoms need a different remedy for each. Such treatments are only palliative; the results do not last. A cure can never come in disease of the stomach, heart, liver or kidneys, until the inside nerve power is restored. When that is done, Nature removes the symptoms. There is no need of doctoring them.

My remedy—now known by druggists everywhere, as Dr. Shoop's Restorative—is the result of a quarter century of endeavor along this very line. It does not dose the organ or deaden the pain—but it does go at once to the nerve—the inside nerve—the power nerve—and builds it up, and strengthens it and makes it well.

There is no mystery—no miracle. I can explain my treatment to you as easily as I can tell you why cold freezes water and why heat melts ice. Nor do I claim a discovery. For every detail of my treatment is based on truths so fundamental that none can deny them. And every ingredient of my medicine is as old as the hills it grows on. I simply applied the truths and combined the ingredients into a remedy that is practically certain.

In more than a million homes my remedy is now known, and relied upon. Yet you may not have heard of it. So I make this offer to you, a stranger, that every possible excuse for doubt may be removed. Send no money—make no promise—take no risk. Simply write and ask. If you have never tried my remedy, I will send you an order on your druggist for a full dollar bottle—not a sample, but the regular standard bottle he keeps constantly on his shelves. The druggist will require no conditions. He will accept my order as cheerfully as though your dollar lay before him. He will send the bill to me.

Will you accept this opportunity to learn at my expense absolutely, how to be rid forever of all forms of stomach, heart, kidney ailments—to be rid not only of the trouble, but of the very cause which produced it? Write today.

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Dr. Shoop's Restorative

Ways of the Grizzlies.

Even as a boy Standing Wolf had a remarkable knowledge of the ways of bears. He had learned not only from his father and mother and from the many skillful hunters he came in contact with, but also from his own experience. Sometimes when he was hunting alone (for he was often unaccompanied by his mother) he would discover on the mountains a grizzly bear, sitting upon a projecting rock ledge, gazing for an hour at a time down into the valley far below. At first he thought the bear was bewitched with the scenery; afterward he came to the conclusion that it was only watching for game. For, if Standing Wolf's vantage-ground was good, he, too, would sit there by the hour and watch the bear. Thus he discovered that when anything living was descried below the bear would make its way down the mountain side in pursuit—whether it was a moose or a mouse. Once Standing Wolf followed the trail of a grizzly that had dragged a moose over the roughest kind of ground, even over fallen timber, for a distance of two long miles. The bear had taken the deer by the neck and twisted the carcass over his back that he might the more easily half drag and half carry it to his lair, where his young were whimpering. For the male grizzly, like the female, will carry food to the cubs, and will even take turns with his mate as guardian and protector of the den.—Metropolitan Magazine.

A Canadian Mark Tapley.

He was an Irish-Canadian, but we call-we him Mark Tapley. His proper name was O'Connell or O'Donnell, but when you are living with a flying column of a few thousand men whom you never met until a week before, and may never meet again a week after, you haven't time to remember proper names. Mark had come to South Africa in a horse transport, and was up to the front with the Kimberley relief column, ostensibly in the transport service, but really on his life mission of hunting for trouble and incidentally enjoying it.

It was a couple of days after the big fight at Modder River, and Lord Methuen, not finding enough dead Boers located in the surrounding scenery to provide statistics for his official report, ordered the Modder River to be fished for them. Mark was one of the men assigned to that cheerless task, and he enjoyed it. He told me with a smile as he looked up from groping in a mud-hole for a possible body that "he wasn't gettin' many, but expected his luck would change soon."

Towards nightfall Lord Methuen and his staff rode up and inspected the row of ghastly bodies that were laid on the shore, and Mark Tapley, dripping wet, stood in their midst, shivering cheerfully. He huskily answered the questions asked.

"Very bad cold you have, my man," said Methuen finally, gathering up his reins and giving the signal to move.

"Oh, yes, my lord, it's pretty bad," Mark hoarsely and brightly whispered, bringing his hand smartly to his helmet, "but," and he pointed to the row of dead men lying stiff and cold on the rocky shore, "I guess any one of them fellers 'ud be mighty glad to have it."

Mark always looked on the cheerful side of life.

HELPFUL MEDICAL HINTS.

Importance of Keeping Your Blood Purified.

Does your head feel heavy and ache? Your throat dry, nose stopped up and hot, no appetite, little chilly feelings creep along the spine, hands hot, feet cold, tongue furred, eyes burn, you feel sick all over? Ever felt this way before? You are bilious. Nip it in the bud; do the right thing first. Promptness will work wonders. Start using Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills, take two to four at bed time. You won't need any more; they will cure you in a night. Don't wait till you get down on your back, then it will take longer, but, even then, these pills will cure in a short time. They promptly remove the congestion of the circulation and drive out the bilious accumulations, restoring harmonious action to the digestive organs, stomach, liver and bowels. Just one day's use of Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills will ward off and cure any bilious attack, warm up your spinal nerves, restore the appetite and free the blood of any impurities. They are good for young or old, never gripe or cause unpleasant effects. Get a bottle of your dealer today and take them home with you and use them when you experience any departure whatever from a healthy standard. They save you from sickness.

Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills cure constipation, biliousness, headache in one night. All dealers, 25 cents.

All genuine signed W. F. Smith.

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