A GIFT OF A SOUL

her by these dark moods of her brother's friend, Juliette did not complain of her fate. She saw Pierre—tortured with anxieties, sombre and capricious indeed—but she saw him. In Paris she never saw him, consequently she had gained something by the change. She knew that the woman who exercised so evil an influence over him was at Monte Carlo, but she knew also was at Monte Carlo, but she knew also that the painter no longer spent all his time with her. If the chain was still riveted the links were loosening, and some day would doubtless end by breaking. This was her only hope. She had not much pride. But has one ever any pride who love? On the day she had not much bride. But has one ever any pride who loves? On the day following the dinner which had been so strangely terminated by Dr. Davisoff's story, at about 10 o'clock in the morning, Juliette, ner blonde head protected by an umbrella, and a little hacket or her any way were wilking also. basket on her arm, was walking along the terrace gathering flowers. The

weather was deligntful. The blue of the sky. A delicious preeze laden with saft odors came from the ocean. The waves, fringed with silver, died away at the foot of the rocks that bordered solitary little bay. Accompanied by his mother, Jacques left the house and began to walk slowly up and down in the sun.

Mine, de Vignes was a small and

Mme. de Vignes was a smail and slender woman, with a delicate face, expressive black eyes, and an intellectual forchead, crowned with hair which had turned prematurely white Her countenance wore the calm expression of a resignation that had become ability turcly white Her countenance were the calm expression of a resignation that had become babitual with her. She walked softly, and in silence, casting a glance from time to time at her son as if to measure the progress caused in his convalescence by the climate of the South. Jacques, stopping in the middle called the terrace, and scatting himself on the stone parapet which was warmed by the rays of the sun, watched through the crystal clearness of the water the strange colors of the subwater the strange colors of the sub-marine vegetation. Sitting in the marine vegetation. Sitting in the warm atmosphere, his head bared to the breeze, he forgot his illness, and felt stealing over him a vivifying sense of well-being. His sister approached him, having gathered her flowers, and softly kinging his sister approached him. softly kissing him said:

"How do you feel this morning? Did you sleep well last night? It seem-ed to me late when you came home." The sick man smiled at the recollec-tion of the follies in which he had which he had once consumed his nights, and taking of mimosa from the young girl's basket answered: "Oh, very late, indeed! It was

past ten!

Juliette remained silent for a mo-

Do you like this Doctor David-

"Yes, he is an agreeable companion, and his scientific knowledge is genuine and profound, notwithstanding the satanic character it sometimes assumes. Besides, I do not believe he is so demoniac as he tries to apear. But it is an incontestible fact that since he has been attending me I am better."

"Ah, my dear boy," cried Mme, de "Prithful to your promise, my dear Davicoff," he said, pressing his friend's hand, "How many thanks I ome!"

The dector saluted Mme, de Vignes and her daughter. His countenance dath im with astonishment and Juliette with terror. Why this constraint with attitude, this silent terror where the early visitor.

The died meet his early visitor.

Partiful to your promise, my dear Davicoff," he said, pressing his friend's hand, "How many thanks I ome!"

The dector saluted Mme, de Vignes and her daughter. His countenance dath in with astonishment and Juliette with terror. Why this constraint was constraint to your promise, my dear Davicoff, he said, pressing his friend's hand, "How many thanks I ome!"

Notwithstanding the grief caused seem divine to me. Let him be what er by these dark moods of her brobe he will, if he will only cure you. In any case he is perfectly well-bred and of good social standing. But he might

be a rustic and I would still adore him. All I ask from him is to give you back your health." "Hs is to come this morning to se if my last night's dissipation was in-jurious to me. This will be unfor-tunately, one of the last visits he will make us. He starts very soon for the east with his friend and patient Count

'The Russian to whom the beautiful white yacht anchored in the road-stead of Villefranche belongs."

"The same."
"Was he one of the guests last night?"

"No; he scarcely ever leaves his vessel. It is said that he guards there, with jealous care, a Circassian whom he has carried off, and who is reputed to be the most perfect beauty it is possible to imagine. Her apartment is furnished with Oriental splendor. She is served by women sumptu-ously attired. In the evening the most exquisite music may be heard from the vessel. It is produced by musicians on board hired to divert the Count and his lady love. This is the person with whom Davidoff is said to sail for the Land of the Thousand and One Nights.

"I do not think he is very much to be pitied," said Mrne. de Vignes gayly.

"Last night he did his best to per-Last night he did his best to persuade Pierre to accompany them. Woreseff, who adores artists, had thought of taking with him a painter who might make some sketches of the principal episodes of the journal.

"And your friend did not consent? asked Julette with a forced smile. "No, he is contemplating another journey, but he wishes to make it

These words, which had so ominous a sound, were followed by a moment's

Jacques, suddenly struck by the sinister meaning which might be given to words uttered by him without any arriere pensee, remained thoughtful, recalling the bitter expressions to which Pierre had so often given ut-terance. Juliette looked at her brother with a pang at her heart, divining his painful emotion, and herself unable to recover from the shock she had receiv ed, It seemed as if both of them were about to meet with some misfortune of which those words were the threat ening presage. And they were silent, assailed by lugubrious presentiments. The rolling of carriage-wheels on the "You are laughing at me. That does not alter the fact, however, that you went out last night for the first time since we have been here."
"My dector gave me permission to do so. He was one of the guests—and a doctor never finds the pleasures in which he himself—participates hurtful."

The rolling of carriage-wheels on the route to Benulieu recalled them from their painful thoughts. They looked at one another in silence, and each was frightened at the other's pallor. Then they turned their gives to the gate of the villa, before which a carriage bad stopped.

The Russian doctor, dressed in black and looking very serious, descended

and looking very serious, descended from the vehicle and advanced toward them. Jacques, rose, and assuming a more cheerful look went forward to meet his early visitor.

Wignes, "that alone would make him was it he feared to tell? What had

when the quantity and improves the quality of your crops?

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happened that caused him to wear this mournful countenance and gloomy air? The Russian raised his eyes toward Jacques, and slowly, as if seek-ing to prolong a situation which de-ferred some painful communication,

"Do you feel well this morning? Did you sleep soundly last night? Have you any fever to-day?"

you any fever to-day?"
He felt Jacques' pulse, holding his wrist for a few moments between his it is stronger. You can be

reated like a man now," he added.

Jacques looked at the doctor and in
a hollow voice said: "Has anything happened serious en

ough to require such precautions?"

Davidoff nodded in the affirmative, without speaking. "And you hesitated to tell me of?" resumed Jacques.

"And now? "And now I am ready to tell you."

He lowered his voice a little so as not to be heard by the mother and sister of the young man and said:
"It would be better, however,

wait until we are alone. They all walked slowly toward the house. When they were in front of the parlor, the blinds of which were the parior, the binds of which were partly closed to shut out the sun, Mme. de Vignes and Juliette paused. The young girl looked at the doctor anxiously. She felt that the mysterians when her ous words he had just spoken had some secret connection with the thoughts that had troubled her at the moment of his arrival. The image of Pierre Laurier appeared before her, pale and indistinct, and seeming as if vanishing into nothingness. The serious communication which Davidoff had to make related, she was sure, to the painter. Of what nature was it? A shudder passed through her frame On this beautiful sunny morning she cold. She saw the blue heavens veil themselves in obscurity, the sea grow dark, the verdure of the pine trees lose its color. A knell sounded in her cars. Overcome by her funereal hallucination, her brain whirled and the earth seemed slipping from under

The voice of her mother pronouncing her name recalled her to ner-self. Her eyes unclosed, her vision grew clear, and the sky was once pright, the sea blue, the trees more bright, the sea blue, the same; her more bright, the sea blue, the trees green. Nature was still the same; her heart alone was oppressed with anguish, and her mind filled with gloomy foreboding.

"Come, Juliette," repeated Mme, de Vignes, "I think your brother wishes to be alone with the doctor."

The young girl east an angealing

The young girl cast an appealing glance at the Russian, as if it depended upon him whether the calamity she eared had taken place or not, then with a deep sigh she went into the

The two men had seated themselves near one of the iron columns support-ing the glass roof of the veranda, around which twined clusters of fragrant heliotrope. They remained silent for a moment, each thinking of the revelation which was to come.

the revelation which was to come.
Then Jacques, with the egotism of
the invalid, said tranquilly:
"What have you to tell me, my dear

"A very sad piece of news, very sad indeed. It was brought to me indeed, it was prought to me this morning, and I confess that I am still completely overwhelmed by it. If it were not necessary that you should be told of it, I would have deferred my painful task, but it so nearly concerns

Jacques, grown suddenly nervous, In the Spring Most People Need interrupted him: "What a preamble! How am I con-

To you. The articles were taken to

the Governor, who, knowing how in-timate we are, caused me to be notified in order that I might break the news to you.'

news to you."

Jacques' eyes seemed suddenly to recede in his head, and his mouth twitched convulsively, as he said:
"It concerns some one, then, with whom I am closely confected?"
"Very closely."

Davidoff slowly drew from his pocket the card on the back of which the

Davidoff slowly drew from his pocket the card on the back of which the painter had written his last farewell, held it toward his patient. The latter, with something like terror, took the thin piece of pasteboard in his hand and read the name engraved upon it. A sudden flush mounted to his cheeks, as he cried:

"Pierre! Pierre! Can this be pos- blood.

He remained speechless for a moment, his gaze fixed on the Russian doctor, who observed him in silence, motioniess and sombre. Both were

very silent as if fearing to hear even the sound of their own voices. They exchanged a glance of horror and incredulity, so difficult was it for them to believe that this being, a short time since so full of life and vigor, should have vanished in a moment. Yet such was the fact.
Pierre would never again appear
amongst them. His place beside them
was to be forever vacant.

Jacques without a word looked once more at the card, the name on which he had just read, and brushing away he had just read, and brusning away with the back of his hand the tears which filled his eyes, proceeded to read the last farewell addressed to him by his friend. He read aloud the lines traced in pencil with a trembling hand on the preceding night. His voice was choked by an overpowering emotion. on the preceding night. His voice was choked by an overpowering emotion. He understood from what he read, that his friend was weary of his suf-fering and his degradation, and that he desired to die in order to escape from them. But he saw also that in ending his life the thought had come to him to make this strange compact with fate, which should allow him live again in Jacques. He read slowly

"I am going to try the experiment of which Davidoff told us: I bequeath to you my soul. Live happy through me and for me."

A horrible hope lighted up the eyes of the sick man, at the same time that a sigh broke from his lips. He was overwhelmed with grief, but a vivify-ing faith had already taken root in his

"It was I who saw him last," said the Russian doctor. "He left me to visit Clemence Villa. A violent scene, such as took place daily between them, must have occurred. He left the house, and after that no one knows what happened. Some coastguards who chanced to be on the road to Vintimille during the night on the lookout for smugglers, with whom they exfor smugglers, with whom they ex-changed shots, found the coat, the hat and the card near the spot where the

and the card hear the spot where the affray took place."
"And his body?" Jacques asked.
"The tide will doubtless wash it ashore later. It can then be buried in holy ground, and his friends can go shed their tears over his grave."

A deep groan, and the noise of a falling body in the parlor, were heard at the same moment. Jacques and the doctor started to their feet in Davidoff went hastily forward, terror. Davidoff went hastily forward, drew the blinds, and uttered an exdrew the blinds, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. At two steps from the window Juliette was lying unconscious on the floor. She had caught a chair to support herself with, which had fellon to the ground with caught a chair to support hersel with, which had fallen to the ground with her. Pale and with closed eyes, she looked as if she were dead.

The two men hurried into the house, At the water Market Market Course.

liouse. At the noise Mme, de Vignes had appeared. She had no need to ask any questions. Through the open door she had seen her daughter. For this woman, apparently so frail, to take Juliette in her arms was the work of an instant. She laid her or the of an instant. She laid her on the sofa, examined her countenance, placed her hand upon her heart, felt it beating, and, somewhat reassured, asked

'What has happened?" "What has happened?"
Davidoft approached the young girl and moistened her temples with water Jacques did not give his mother the card on which was written the last will of his friends bequeathing to him his soul. He only uttered the words: "Pierre is dead." "Pierre is dead."

It seemed as if these words had

To seemed as it these words had power to make themselves heard by Julictte, even in her unconscious state. She sighed, opened her eyes, rozognized those round her, and returning

to life and to suffering at the same time, burst into tears.

Mme. de Vignes and her son exchanged glances. Jacques cast down his eyes. Then the mother, divining the secret of the virginal love of Julicitie, uttered, down sixty over the secret of the virginal love of Julicitie, uttered, down sixty over the secret of the virginal love. Julicite, uttered a deep sigh, and began to weep with her.

Davidoff took Jacques by the arm

and led him out of the house. On the terrace the air was mild; the sun drew their fragrance from the odorous lants; the light breeze gladdened the heart; the sea was of a sapphire blue, the swallows skimmed along the surface of the water with joyful cries. It seemed to the doctor that his patient was no longer the same; he walked with a firm step, he held himself erect; his eyes, a moment before hollow and dull, shone brightly. He did not speak, but from the animated ex-pression of his face one could divine that a sudden exaltation had take doff, with an expression of bitter

BANISH PIMPLES AND ERUPTIONS

a l'onic Medicine.

"That is what you are now about to learn," replied Davidoff, looking at his patient so intently that his glance seemed almost stern. "At about one o'clock this morning a suicide was committed, close by Monte Carlo. A man threw himself from the cliff into the sea. Some custom-house officers, making their rounds, found his overcoat, his hat, and a few words—addressed to you."

blood is out of order is the pumpies, unsightly eruptions and eczelna that come frequently with the change from winter to spring. These prove that the long indoor life of winter has had tonic medicine is needed to put it right. Indeed, there are few people overcoat, his hat, and a few words—addressed to you." One of the screst signs that the in disfiguring cruptions. To this same condition is due attacks of rheumatism and lumbago; the Jains of sciatica and neuralgia; poor appetite and a desire to avoid exer-tion. You cannot cure these troubles by the use of purgative medicines on need a tonic, and, a tonic only, and among all medicines there is nonequal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for their tonic, life-giving, nerve-restoring powers. Every dose of this medicine makes new, rich blood which drives out impurities, stimulates every organ and brings a feeling of new health and energy to weak, tired, ailing men, wemen and children. If you are of sorts give this medicine a trial and see how quickly it will restore the appetite, revive drooping spirits, and fill your veins with new, health-giving

You can get these Pills from any



irony, looked at him thus transformed

by hope.

Then, as he thought of Pierre Laurier dead, and of Juliette weeping, the Russian smiled sardonically in silence. He thought that in order to restore this selfish young man to life the sacrifice of two human beings was a heavy price to pay, and he could fancy he saw a pair of lovers, young and happy, walking arm in arm in the intoxicating perfume of the flowering orange trees, on this beautiful terrace under this cloudless sky. But the vision swiftly passed, and Davidoff aw only Jacques, revivifying already by the blood of Pierre and the tears of Juliette, walking by his side tri-

CHAPTER III. While he was swimming with all

his strength toward the drowning

man, Pierre, his figure brought into sharp relief by the light of the moon, at that moment unclouded, had been perceived by the custom-house of-ficers, who were in ambush on the cliff. Two shots passing close to him, a sharp whizzing sound in his ears, a dash of spray thrown up by the ball, told him that he had been mistaken for a smuggler. He raised himself on the crest of a wave and cast a rapid glance around. Ten yards away a black form was struggling in an eddy; two hundred yards farther off the boat, impelled by the efforts of the rowers, was making for the cutter, which tacked about in the open sea. open sea. A few vigorous strokes brought Pierre beside the wretch who was struggling desperately though almost unconsciously with the waves. Pierre grasped him vigorously, raised his head above the water, and with all the force of his lungs gave a cry, which, borne from wave to wave, reached the boat. The man at the tiller raised himself up a this appeal, looked around attentively, and erceiving the two men struggling in ne water in the moonlight, responded ith a sharp whistle. Immediately the water in the mooningnt, responded with a sharp whistle. Immediately the oars ceased to strike the surface of the water. The boat stopped, and the cutter, as if obeying orders previously received, headed towards the land. Weighed down by his human fraight, and collecting all his strength. reight, and collecting all his strength reight, and collecting all his strength Pierre made slow progress. His clothes clinging to his body prevented the free movement of his limbs, and the could scarcely breathe. The waves now passed over his head. He no longer made an effort to swim Is no longer made an effort to swim. It seemed to him that an irresistible power drew him downward, and that invisible bonds weighed heavily upon his limbs. A buzzing sound filled his ears, and his darkened vision could no longer behold the sky. He thought ower drew him downward, and that longer behold the sky. He thought to himself. "I shall never have the to nimself. I shall never have the strength to reach the boat, and I am going to die along with this unfortu-nate wretch." He was seized with nate wretch." He was selzed with despair at not being able to save this man, whom he had never seen before, and whom he held as closely clasped as if he had been a tenderly cared-for

(To be Continued.)

GERMANS ARE MUCH MISLED

Prisoners Talked With in France Widely Misinformed.

Russians Beaten, Britain Totally Blockaded.

(English Exchange.) On the barrack ground of Issoudun met two German prisoners who could speak English, a cavalryman belonging to one of the smartest regiments in Prussia and a boy from Hamburg who had been in a shipping office. The

lonowing conterration took piace: "When do you think the war will end?" in November," said the cavalry-

man, who spoke the English of his mother, a Brixton woman. "We shall, That is not the impression outside

Germany. You know the Russians have Przemysi? That was against the Austriane -he put an emphasis on the word

We" have beaten the Russians. They "But if Roumania and Italy come in,

den't you think Austria will be crushou? "Italy can have all she wants for the asking, and Roumania is of no importance. Moreover, we have plenty of soldiers in Germany. In time we shall

do everything. The boy from Hamburg interposed with a question: "How many men from England are there in France?" he asked.

"Less than half a million probably," he was told, "and as yet none of the new army; and there are a million of the new army, all well equipped, trained, and ready to come when they dictated his old linglish to a steno-

are wanted."
"But what is the use of them if you

there is only one service running from England, and that is to Flushing?" THE BLOCKADE.

Perhaps we laughed more than was polite even in speaking to a German prisoner, but the laugnter seemed to convince the Hamburg shipping clerk and the cavalryman that he had made a mistake.

"Do you really believe that?" they were asked. "Has no one told you that the mail and passenger boats are running as usual, and that out of thousands of vessels entering British ports every week your submarines do not get more than three or four?" The faces of the prisoners showed their disappointment plainly.

Then an American journalist joined

why do your people sink merchant ships with civilians on board and nev-er give them a chance to save their lives? That sort of thing won't win any battles for you and only exasper-ates neutral countries."
"What does America think about

the war?" asked the cavalryman.
"America knows," said the journalist, who was once a United States senator and a Roosevelt roughrider in the Cuban War, "that she can't afford to let Germany win. We can't let any na-

ret eermany win. We can't let any nation that keeps a million men under arms rule the world."

The conversation went back to "frightfulness" and the question was called.

"What is the good of enraging the world by pouring burning petrol on men in order to gain a few yards of

The Prussian replied with a curious evasion of the question and a direct assertion.

"That will soon be over," he said. When the dry weather comes we shall be able to move our heavy artillery, and then we shall advance

SPREADING KNOWLEDGE. Other German prisoners gathered round, and looked in the faces of those who could speak English as if those who could speak English trying to catch a reflection of the trying to catch a reflection of they things to eaten a renection of the things they were being told. They knew about the British victory at Neuve Chapelle, but considered it an

Neuve Chapelle, but considered it an incident only, and did not realize how much was due to the weight and accuracy of British artillery.

"Your infantry are good," said a third English-speaking prisoner. "I have fought against Irish regiments. We made a mistake there. We did not think the Irish would fight. But the blacks are no good and you have no blacks are no good, and you have no leavy guns.

Again it became necessary to add a little to their store of knowledge regarding the progress of events since regarding the progress of events since the new year. Their faces were long-er when the talk was over, but they brightened up with the suggestion that the new English army and the new French army, and the forcing of the Dardanelles, and a few more cheery suggestions about the partici-pation of the Paited States should the pation of the United States, should the J-28 sink a United States vessel, would tend to shorten the war and send them all home again.

She Soon Gained Forty Pounds

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Dodd's Kidney Pills do wonders for run-down people because they cure the Kidneys. Cured Kidneys strain all the impurities, all the poisors, out of the blood and the pure blood carries new nourishment, health and life to all parts of the body. That's why we new nourishment, nearth and the all parts of the body. That's why so many people say, "Dodd's Kidney many people say, "Dodd's Kid Pills gave me a new lease of life.

TO THE FIRST ROBIN

Good mornin'. Mistah Robin, wha yo been so long?

I declar' I thought I nevah was a-gwine to hear yo' song
A singin' foh de springtime. Jist yisterday I said:

"I shorely am a wanderin' is Mr. "I shorely am a wanderin' is Mr. Robin's dead?"

And when I woke dis mornin' a-hearing of yo' song.

I said, "The spring's a-comin', yes, it's a-comin' right along."

So bress we' heart, ma honey, dis mornain', when I heard
Dat some o' yols. I shorely said, "be
good Lowd bress' dat bird,"
Fo' de springtime am a-comin'. its.
a-comin' by and by.
Foh dat robin is a truthful bird-1 a-comm by and a recommendation of the problem of th

on de fish'll be a bitin' all up an' down de criek, ' de of hen be a-cluckin' to her little An' de of hon he a-trucer.

Chirpin' chick.

Soon we'l hat a root o' sas'frass 'to
make a little tea,
make a little tea,
an' a mess o' treens an' bacon clat's.

An' a mess object to the 'a-cluckin' to her little mess of ireens an' bacon clat's ad enough foh met desprises yo' heart I has 'em most aars in de spring.

Ittle while arter I heals dat-robin -W. A. Paxson, in "Western Christ-ian Advicate,"

REVERSAL, BUT RIGHT.

(Pittsburg Gazette-Times)

grapher?"
"Look at the way it's spelled." cannot bring them over-you know Philadelphia Ledger.



