ABYSMAL DEPTHS

OR BLINDFOLD ON THE BRINK OF PRECIPICES

CHAPTER XVII.

Wild, grotesque phantasma — a sense of intense suffering, aching pains, parching thirst, and an awful oppression upon the brain. And then I seemed to awake from a long, troubled sleep, and an agony beyond my power to describe.

Consciousness returned but slowly. For a time I could realize nothing beyond a sense of lulled pain and an absence of suffering. Gradually the power of sight and of concentrating thought came back. Then I found myself lying in bed, with thick, heavy curtains drawn round me; but where they met at the foot, I could perceive a thin streak of light — the light of a lamp or a candle. The bed was strange to me a large four-poster; I had never slept in such an one before. Where was I, then? How long had I slept? I must have been ill. Little by little my memory traveled backward, until it came to the cause of it all.

Was she found? was the eager, inquiring thought that rose upon my mind. I tried to sit up in the bed, but I was helplessly weak, and fell back again upon the pillows. I listened. I could hear a watch ticking, but no other sound.

Presently I made another effort, and, this time, I succeeded in drawing a little apart the curtains at the foot of the bed. Almost within my reach stood a table, upon which was a moderator lamp, burning low, a jug, a tumbler, and some physic bottles.

The faint rays of the lamp showed me a large, gloomy oak-paneled room, with the ceiling painted to match. The windows opposite me were covered with heavy curtains, and the furniture was dark and very old-fashioned. On one side was a huge fireplace, decorated with oak carvings; in the grate burned a cheerful fire, and there, sitting beside it dozing, with her face half toward me, was an elderly woman — a stranger to me.

Having finished my survey, I crawled back to my pillow, and lay still for a time, feeling very much exhausted with my slight exertion.

Presently the woman woke up, came to the side of the bed, drew the curtains, and looked at me.

"You are better," she said, kindly. "I am so glad. You had a long, weary time of it, but the doctor said there would be a change one way or the other to-night."

"Where am I?" I asked faintly.

"You're with friends, who have taken care of you," she answered.

"Tell me, is Clara found?" I asked eagerly.

"Oh, yes; she's all right, and will come and see you as soon as you grow stronger; but you mustn't talk, or you'll have a relapse."

If I had asked for the Emperor of Russia I believe she would have told me that he was coming to see me as soon as I was better. Her answers were by no means satisfactory, but I could perceive that it was useless to extract others from her.

Several days passed, and I saw no person except the nurse and the doctor. I put some questions to the latter, but he answered crabbedly, that if I wished to get well I must keep my mind calm and not ask questions.

To keep my mind calm with such memories as were haunting me was impossible; yet, in spite of my anxities, I grew stronger and better day by day. But the anguish of my mind gained strength with my body.

"Nurse," I said one day, determinedly, "I must know where I am, under whose care, and I must have certain questions of vital importance to me solved. I know you are concealing these things from me for a good motive, but it is a mistaken one. Instead of calming, this incertitude is torturing me, retarding my recovery. For Heaven's sake tell me where I am, whose house is this, and what people I am with?"

"Well, sir," she answered, "I am only obeying my instructions: if I was to go from them, I should offend my employers and the doctor, too, and I can't afford to do that. I will ask leave to tell you what I know, which I can assure you is very little. But if you make haste and get strong, and get about, you will be able to find out everything for yourself."

That day I got out of bed for the first time, and sat at the window. It looked like an extensive garden, encompassed, as far as I could see, by a high wall, lined within by rows of tall poplar trees. My room was upon the ground floor, and this wall and the trees bounded my vision. I could see naught beyond them.

"Am I near London, or am I in the country?" I asked.

"Please don't ask me, sir; I have had such strict orders to answer no questions," pleaded the nurse.

There was something very suspicious in this strict injunction to secrecy. If I were among friends, what need of so much mystery? Then flashed upon me for the first time the thought — had I fallen into Judith's hands? But this was not Tabernacle House. To whomever it might belong, it was certainly a gentleman's residence. But to dwell upon my thoughts, doubts, and fears would be tedious and superfluous; the reader has but to imagine himself in my position and he will understand my troubles far more clearly than I can write them down.

One afternoon, I had fallen asleep over the fire; suddenly I awoke with a jerk; the rays of a red, autumn sun were streaming across me, and falling full upon the face of Judith, who was leaning against the fireplace looking at me.

At first I thought it was a specter of my sleep. I could not believe my eyes; but I was not long left in doubt as to the reality of the vision. An ironical smile curled her lips at the sight of my dismay.

"A visit from your wife is evidently an unexpected pleasure," she said mockingly.

I could not answer her; I could not only bury my face in my hands, and shudder at her appearance.

"Is this my reward for all the tender care that has been given you during your illness? — for bringing you away from those wretched lodgings, where you might have died? Our married life seems likely to be a bright one."

She still spoke in the same devilish irony.

"Would to Heaven you had left me to die!" I cried.

"Would not that have been very unnatural in a loving wife?"

"You are no wife of mine!" I cried desperately.

"You will find it rather difficult to prove that, or to shake me off."

The tone of irony was gradually changing into one of fierceness.

"The form of marriage was forced upon me. I was not a free agent; I was under an occult influence; besides which——"

"Who would believe such a story?" he demanded, with a laugh. "Would the wooden-headed world that believes in nothing but what it can see and feel? It would look upon you as a madman, not even safe to be loose."

I felt that her words were too true.

"So you thought not only to escape from me; but with the malignity of all cowards, you sought to be revenged — to drive me and my father out of house and home, by setting an old enemy upon our track!"

"I swear most solemnly it was not."

"Silence, liar!" she interrupted fiercely. "I had it from the man's own lips. But your plot has rebounded on yourself, for it was he who not only told us of your whereabouts, but gave you into our hands. So much for your precious scheme!"

What motive could Mr. Montgomery have have for such an act of treachery? To argue with her was useless.

"What pleasure can it be to you to torture me in this manner?" I cried. "Why not leave me to myself?"

"Because I hate you, and because I have motives of my own. It gives me pleasure to torture you. No living being has ever made me feel so deeply the degradation of my life as you have; you, a miserable, spiritless outcast, that some mother, no better than myself, has hidden away as a thing of shame; you, whom, as a brat, I have beaten with a rod, and always despised; you shudder at my approach, and turn your eyes from me with loathing; and you ask me what pleasure it can be to me to torture you! From the hour of my birth, my life has been one torture. I have ever been the victim. At last, the tables are turned —you are my victim; and as others have dealt by me, so will I deal by you! No mercy was ever shown to me; why, then, should I show it to others?"

She was still standing against the fireplace. I dared not look at her, but I could feel the tigerish ferocity of her eyes.

"But I did not come here to rave. First, I came like a dutiful wife, to congratulate my husband on his convalescence," she went on, resuming the old irony of voice; "and to comfort him with the knowledge that he is in affectionate hands; and, in the second place, to arrange certain matters of business with him, which, if he will oblige me with a few moments' attention, I will explain. In the course of to-morrow, a woman will come here — in short, the woman who committed you to my father's charge. I require that you shall unhesitatingly acknowledge me as your wife in her presence."

"Never!" I exclaimed firmly. "You may kill me, but I will never utter such words!"

"I have the means of forcing you to speak them, or any other words that I may choose to dictate to you."

"Oh, I know your horrible power too well; but——"

"I shall not need to use that," she cried. "I can bend you to my will by more commonplace means."

At that moment the door was thrown open. I turned my head, and saw Mr. Rodwell standing upon the threshold.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I was sitting in a large easy chair, with my back toward the door, and he did not see me for a time, although, by a sidelong glance, I could distinctly see him. He started at the sight of Judith, as though he had not expected to see her, exclaiming, "You here!"

She did not change her position, save to turn her face to him.

"You did not expect to see me?"

He seemed to be too much taken aback to answer.

"Pray walk in, and allow me to introduce you to my husband," she said, with the old irony. "Another unexpected pleasure, no doubt!"

Mr. Rodwell advanced into the room, looking somewhat bewildered; but when he saw me, he started up

"What is the meaning of this? Who has dared to bring this fellow here?" he cried.

"I have dared!" she answered calmly.

"This is too much, Judith."

"Too much! — a shelter in this old disused house too much for the man who has so generously taken an awkward burden from your shoulders!" she cried mockingly.

"But how came you here? How did you know of this place? I cannot understand all this!" He spoke in a more modified tone, but still looked vexed and wrathful.

"It is very easily explained. My husband being away from his loving wife, was seized with brain fever in some wretched lodging; the parish doctor who was attending him said that it would not be safe to remove him any great distance. In this dilemma, Mr. Montgomery, who lived a door or two off, proposed that he should be taken to a house of yours, of which, for certain reasons of your own, you had given him the keys. As my husband's life is very precious to me just now, I thankfully accepted the offer."

"Curse him!" muttered Mr. Rodwell, between his teeth.

"Who? Mr. Montgomery, or my husband? If you mean the poor professor, he thought he was doing everything to please you in serving so old and valued a friend of yours."

"Cease this infernal mockery, Judith, and tell me the meaning of all this."

"Do you wish me to be serious?" she asked menacingly.

"I wish to know by what right you have brought this fellow into my house?"

"By the right of my own will, John Rodwell; dispute it at your peril!"

There was no mockery in her tone now; it was terribly in earnest, and her eyes shone with their old strange metallic luster. But he met them with a fearless look, although the flush had died out of his cheek, and the aggressiveness out of his voice.

"If you desire a scene, it had better be out of the presence of witnesses," he said quietly.

"What I have to say shall be said here. I have no secrets from him, and what I have to say I would have him hear."

"I decline the conference." He was moving away.

Like a panther she bounded past him, and placed her back against the door. "You do not leave this room until you have heard all I have to say!"

He paused irresolutely for a moment; then, shrugging his shoulders, he threw himself nonchantly into a chair, with a tempestuous sneer upon his lip, saying, "I must yield to a lady's violence."

"Put an end to this tone of sneering contempt," she cried fiercely; "do not gloat over the wrongs you have done me, or I will show you no mercy. I will ruthlessly crush every plan and hope of your life!"

"You?" he sneered.

"Yes, I, your despised, cast-off light-o'-love, hold all your finely-woven schemes in the hollow of my hand. Suppose I were to send information to Bow Street of the whereabouts of a certain young lady, for whose discovery a hundred guineas reward is offered, where would be the fortune you have been scheming, and sinning, and fawning for through your whole life?"

He turned aside, and remained silent for some seconds. When next he spoke it was in altered tones. "Tell me what you want? Is it money?"

"Money!" she cried. "Money from you! Look here," and she tore open a lady's reticule that lay upon the table; "there are two fifty-pound notes you sent me inclosed in your farewell letter; look what I do with them!" And she tore them into shreds. "Here are the presents you gave me; see what I do with them!" And she took out some trinkets, and crushed them beneath her feet. "Now will you ask me if it is money I want of you?"

Her face was something awful to look upon in its deadly pallor, and convulsive quivering, and those glaring eyes. That man, with all his iron will, quailed before her.

"What do you want, then?"

"Respect, and I will have it. If I can no longer claim it from the world, it is your doing."

"From what grand position of respect did I pull you down?" he asked scornfully.

(To Be Continued).

A WINTER SCOURGE.

La Grippe or Influenza Responsible for Hundreds of Untimely Deaths.

La grippe starts with a sneeze—and ends with a complication. It lays a strong man on his back; it tortures him with fevers and chills, headaches and backaches. It leaves him a prey to pneumonia, bronchitis, consumption and other deadly diseases. You can avoid la grippe by fortifying your system with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They protect you; they cure you; they up-build you; they banish all evil after effects. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills ward off all winter ailments. They cure all blood and nerve disorders. They are the greatest blood-builder and nerve tonic that science has yet discovered. We know this to be the solemn truth, but we do not ask you to take our word alone. Ask your neighbors, no matter where you live, and you will learn of someone who has been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, after other medicines had failed. It is upon the evidence of your neighbors that we ask you to give these pills a fair trial if you are sick or ailing. Mrs. Emma Doucet, St. Eulalie, Que., says:—"Words can hardly tell how pleased I am with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had an attack of la grippe which left me a sufferer from headaches and pains in the stomach. I used several medicines, but nothing helped me until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began them I was weak and very much run down. The pills have completely cured me and I not only am as strong as ever, but have gained in flesh." The genuine pills always bear the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the label around every box. Substitutes can't cure and to take them is a waste of money and endangers life.

Breathing Disease.

Infectious diseases are breathed into the system from those affected with disease or from bad smells; yet how many women breathe daily the offensive steam from common soaps made from rancid fats, and keep their hands for hours in such solutions, and the clothing from such soap suds is worn next the tender skin. No wonder disease and eczema are prevalent! Users of Sunlight Soap —Octagon Bar—know the difference between that and the pure, healthful smell from the vegetable oils and pure edible fats in Sunlight Soap. 203

MENDING BROKEN NERVES

SURGICAL TRIUMPH OF DR. JAMES K. YOUNG.

Wonderful Operation on a Four-Year-Old Child in Philadelphia.

An unexplored world is opened for the surgeon by the discovery that a paralyzed limb can be restored by uniting a dead nerve with a living one, thereby restoring the connection with the system and re-establishing the lost current of power.

This wonderful result has actually been attained by an operation just performed by Dr. James K. Young of Philadelphia. He has long held the opinion that the surgeon's knife could be used in diseases of the nerves as well as of the body. The delicate nature of such an operation, and the fear that shocking consequences would result from cutting into the nervous system, has, however, deterred physicians from attempting to carry such a theory into practice. A case presented itself recently that seemed to offer a favorable opportunity for experiment, and it was determined to make the attempt.

PARALYSIS OF THE FOOT.

The patient was Mamie Weis, 4 years old, whose foot was paralyzed so that she could move it from right to left, but not from left to right. It seemed to the surgeons who examined the case that if the dead nerve whose function it was to give power to the muscles could be severed at a point where life still remained and united to the nerve that moved the foot on the other side the limb would be restored to its normal condition. If the chart of the nervous system be studied it will be seen that the nerves separate from one center above the knee, one branching to the right, the other to the left.

In Mamie Weis' case the trouble was that below the knee the nerve was sound, but it had lost connection with the system and was powerless for lack of force from the main source of supply. As explained by Dr. Young, it was like a telegraph wire that had ceased to work because of becoming disconnected at some point between the main line and the sounding key. The logical course in such an emergency would be to reconnect the wire and restore the flow of electricity. Applying this reasoning to the case of Mamie Weis, Dr. Young argued that if he could sever the nerve and attach it to the nerve that runs parallel with it the lost current would be regained and the paralysis cured.

GREAT CARE NECESSARY.

As may be imagined, such a delicate operation was not performed without careful preparation. Dr. Young studied the nervous system in that part of the human anatomy with great attention for several weeks. He located the nerve by means of studious exploration in the dissecting-room and was ultimately assured that he could find the nerve in a living person's leg, sever it at the right point and reunite it to the living nerve. It is impossible to imagine anything more thrilling in surgical science than this operation. To find a nerve in the network that runs through the human body is a work requiring the utmost skill. But to sever that nerve, transfer it to another part of the limb, bore a hole in the living nerve there and insert the end of the severed nerve in this hole, is almost too delicate an operation for human comprehension. Yet this was actually done, and done successfully.

But it was one thing to perform an operation in the presence of a crowd of medical men and another to declare the skill of the surgeon had cured paralysis. It would take weeks before the bandages could be removed in order that the joined nerves could be examined to see whether they had united. There was nothing to guide the surgeons. Bones unite, of course. It is an easy matter to join the ligaments. But no one could say that one section of the nervous system could be made to grow to another, for no one had ever tried such a thing.

A COMPLETE SUCCESS.

There was nothing for it, therefore, but to wait developments, giving nature plenty of time to aid the skill of the surgeons. It was determined to say nothing about the operation to the medical fraternity until the bandages were removed. Dr. Lorenz, when in Philadelphia, was let into the secret and expressed wonder at the daring of the American surgeons. He requested that word be sent him concerning the actual result of the operation.

It has just been made possible to do this. The bandages were removed from the limb and it was found that the nerves had united perfectly, and, most gratifying to all, the paralyzed limb had been restored to a normal state, little Mamie Weis being able to walk like other children, without a trace of her former disability. The accompanying picture shows the little girl just before she left the hospital, completely cured of her palsy, the nurse putting the shoe and stocking on the limb that the surgeons had restored.

The possibilities suggested by the success of this operation are limitless. Now that it has been proved that a paralyzed nerve can be restored and made useful by being joined to a living one, there is no reason why paralysis in almost any part of the body cannot be cured by the use of the knife.

A MOTHER'S DELIGHT.

Is to See Her Little Ones Healthy, Rosy and Happy.

All mothers delight in seeing their little ones bright, rosy and happy, but unfortunately all mothers do not use the best methods to gain this result. When baby is cross and fretful they give him "soothing stuffs," believing they are aiding him—but the result is just the opposite, as these soothing stuffs are poisonous and dangerous. Baby's Own Tablets should always be used and they will be found a prompt relief and speedy cure for all the minor ailments from which little ones suffer. All experienced mothers use these tablets and all mothers who use them praise them. Mrs. S. M. Black, St. Peter's, N.S., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for most of the ailments from which little ones suffer and I find them the best medicine I have ever tried. No mother should be without them in the house."

These tablets are good for children of all ages and can be given with absolute safety to a new born babe. Sold by druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Send us your name on a post card, and we will mail you a valuable little book on the care of infants and young children.

IN THE KING'S KITCHEN.

Edward VII.'s New German Steward Stirs Up Trouble.

Discontent is beginning to become manifest among the retainers of the royal household over the new domestic arrangements, which are not working smoothly. The chief complaint comes from the royal tradesmen, who are thoroughly dissatisfied with the new regime of domestic economy as now practised in the King's kitchens. Most of the old servants at Buckingham Palace have been superseded and a new German steward has been installed. His notions of economy are causing the present outcry among the royal warrant holders. The tradesmen have been suffering for some time past under an arbitary system adopted by the Palace officials. On receiving accounts for goods supplied these officials quickly knocked 2½ per cent. off the total amount demanded, and then, without consulting the tradesmen, forwarded the reduced amounts.

The latest phase of the trouble has been the quibbling by the King's economist over the cost of most of the groceries and other commodities, the tradesmen refusing to reduce the prices the few pence demanded. The result is that purchases have been made at a cheaper market for the Palace kitchen, at which the Bond street warrant holders indignantly protest.

In one instance the price of lard forms the subject of a violent controversy between the Palace officials and the tradesmen. The price has always been a shilling a pound. The steward recently demanded that it should be supplied at eight pence a pound. The tradesmen offered to accept 10 pence a pound. The matter remains in this position and has become so acute that it is about to be submitted for grave consideration at the next meeting of the mysterious Board of the Green Cloth.

NOT SO BAD AS THAT.

Sympathetic Listener — "In those dreary, desolate wastes, Mr. Dashpole, I suppose you grew fond of even your dogs."

Returned Arctic Explorer — "Heavens, no, miss! We had plenty of pemmican and walrus meat."

First Dear Girl — "Congratulate me, dear. Mr. Simpkins proposed last night and I accepted him." Second Dear Girl — "Congratulate me, dear. Mr. Simpkins proposed to me night before last and I refused him."

SALADA

Ceylon Tea is the finest Tea the world produces, and is sold only in lead packets.

Black, Mixed and Green.

Japan tea drinkers try "Salada" Green tea.

What Frightened Kingdon

"This question of courage or bravery," said Colonel Rumford, "is as complex as it is interesting. Pride is responsible for many displays of gallantry; stupidity, I feel sure, accounts for many a sullen defence; and I've always noticed that the men most nervous and excited before going into battle become seized with a sort of ecstasy in combat that is pretty sure in time, to make heroes of them. Lieutenant Kingdon was, however, a different kind of man. He was not very vain, far from stupid, always cool, whether before, during or after a fight—a perfect type, I think, of the officer risen from the ranks.

"He was acting adjutant of my regiment when we went down below the Bagbag, having been just transferred from the Eleventh. I must tell you that we were all badly fooled on that excursion, for the Filipinos made no show of defence until after we were well into the jungle and had even turned back toward our base. We had to make a three-day halt at Arroyo going down, and there we got very friendly with Major Effingham, an Englishman who had the best house in the town and lived in it with his wife, his daughter, and a nephew, who was about 14 years old. Lieutenant Kingdon, who was a great fellow for the girls, got a good deal of chaffing from all of us about a pretty little brown sweetheart he picked up at Arroyo, and more than once at Effingham's we drank to the health of the girl—"Zu-Zu," as we had nicknamed her. Kingdon took it all good-naturedly, and I don't think he ever had a serious thought about her.

"But coming back, as I told you, we had an ugly time. A mob of pretty well-armed Tagals had got in between us and were making one of their celebrated bluffs at real warfare. They did rouse all the natives, even the rascals who had sworn themselves 'Amigo' about two weeks before, and we got at least an excuse of a fight at every village we came to. We hadn't enough men to leave a garrison any place, and the best we could do was to drive off the natives as fast as we met them. In this way we got back to Arroyo wondering how the Effinghams liked their surroundings, and pretty sure that we'd get the best fight of the expedition right there. We weren't mistaken, either, for the rascals had rallied in force, dug up some breastworks and were occupying those we had made during our temporary visit. We weren't strong enough to sweep them off the map, our ammunition was running low, and, to tell the truth, I began to suspect that at last I was in for a taste of sure enough war. We went to work a bit cautiously, therefore, and fought our way closer, for two days before we realized that our only hope lay in a 'coup de main,' as Effingham persisted in saying. It was on the third day that we got the only genuine response to our advance, and then a very ugly thing happened. The hottest firing came from an old thatched shack, and three or four of our fellows were dropped before we knew it. Kingdon got tired at last, and, thinking that he saw a human target through a hole in the thatch, he borrowed a rifle and emptied a clip at the opening. Whether his shooting—he certainly was a crackerjack—scared the garrison I don't know, but when we cleaned out that shack there were seven dead Filipinos, besides a woman—'Zu-Zu!'

"I think that must have hurt poor Kingdon, for he didn't act like himself after that; seemed to believe that he had killed her, and began to mope a bit. He looked after her burial, too, and then seemed to liven up again. We found Major Effingham all right, and right glad he was to welcome us, for he'd made up his mind to clear out for civilization till the province was finally pacified. We had been sitting up quite late the night before we were to resume the march—major was a great hand for cold punch—and, somehow, we got talking about ghosts, superstitions and some of the supernatural things in which the natives firmly believed. It was past midnight, and the tropical moon was just setting, when Miss Effingham, looking out of the window at a dismal little church set in the midst of a graveyard across the road, said: 'Mr. Kingdon, you may not believe in ghosts, but I daresay you wouldn't like now to go across into that deserted church and fetch me, say, a candle or a bunch of those flowers from its altar. I'd like to carry off a small memento of Arroyo and of—of your courage.'

"Kingdon laughed merrily for the first time since he buried Zu-Zu, and started for the church. Except the Effinghams the whole town was empty, for our men were strung in a belt of sentries all around the village, and the guard was at the lower end. So we laughed as we watched Kingdon run across the road, leap the low fence and disappear into the gloomy doorway of the church. We expected him back within 10 minutes but got to chatting. In 20 minutes he had not returned. In half an hour Miss Effingham went to the door and listened. No sound but the far-off cry of the sentries and the occasional howl of a dog broke the stillness. Then I became worried, summoned my orderly, who brought lanterns, and, with Major Effingham, followed Kingdon's route into the church.

"We found him face downward, with his head towards the door, just at the foot of the little steps that led from the sanctuary down into the middle chancel. His feet were on the lowest step, his head was on the earthen floor. He was quite dead. We picked him up and sent for the surgeon, who was in our little field hospital with the wounded. There was not a scar, a bruise, a wound, upon his body. In his right hand he clutched a half-burnt wax candle, and a little tuft of paper and feather flowers he had taken from the altar for Miss Effingham. I can't tell you exactly how I felt then, but Major Effingham, who was quite superstitious, and the women, who had imbibed a lot of native folk-lore, were all heart-broken as well as terrified at the horrible culmination of the harmless prank.

"Well, a battalion of the Thirty-fifth came to relieve us about daylight, and we made a forced march to headquarters, carrying Lieut. Kingdon's body with us. Our surgeon was determined on an autopsy, and I must say that it seemed a necessary procedure under the circumstances. I had a secret belief that some Filipino, skulking in the empty church, had in some way, by poisoned knife or the prick of an envenomed pin killed Kingdon. An examination of the body, however, showed that there was not a scratch, not the least abrasion of any kind, but there was a fresh rent in the lieutenant's blouse, just near the hip seam on the left side. 'He would have died suddenly within a month probably,' our surgeon assured me, 'for he had an acute affection of the heart. That tear in his blouse must have been made by a nail.'

"We went back to Arroyo and to the church," concluded Colonel Rumford, "and sure enough, in the pillar of the sanctuary railing, a jagged, protruding nail with some threads from Kingdon's blouse explained the rent garment. In hurrying down the steps with Miss Effingham's mementos, a sudden tug at his blouse, coming out of the darkness, as by some ghostly hand, had frightened poor Kingdon for the first time in his life—and the last."

TROUBLES OF AN EX-REEVE

WERE EASILY DISPOSED OF BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

W. G. Cragg, of Dresden, Had Inflammatory Rheumatism, and Was Cured Slick and Clean.

Dresden, Ont., Jan. 19.—(Special)—"Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me slick and clean of the Rheumatism," says W. G. Cragg, ex-reeve of this town. "It was the Inflammatory Rheumatism I had, and I think Dodd's Kidney Pills are as fine a remedy for that as I want. I am as sound as a bell now as far as Rheumatism is concerned."

This is Mr. Cragg's experience, and it is the same as many others. People generally here are learning that Rheumatism is simply a result of Kidney Disease—that if the kidneys do not do their duty and take the uric acid from the blood, it crystallizes at the muscles and joints and causes those tortures too many people know too well.

"I had been troubled with Inflammatory Rheumatism for eight years," continues the ex-reeve. "I could scarcely get around to do my duties in my store. I tried doctors and medicines without getting any benefit, till I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Six boxes cured me completely."

Cure the kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills and your Rheumatism will cure itself.

A DREAM GONE BY.

Harry — "Can't you think of anything that would make you happy, Harriet?"

Harriet — "Yes; I wish I were a little girl again, to play with the paper dolls made nowadays."

In "Lloyd's Register of Shipping" each ship is marked with a letter and a number. The letter denotes the character of her hull, the number that of her anchors, cables, and general furniture.

HIS OWN FREE WILL.

Dear Sirs,—I cannot speak too strongly of the excellence of MINARD'S LINIMENT. It is THE remedy in my household for burns, sprains, etc., and we would not be without it.

It is truly a wonderful medicine.

JOHN A. MACDONALD,
Publisher Arnprior Chronicle.

REAL THING.

"Saratoga chips, hey?" muttered the guest at the cheap lunch counter, who had broken a tooth on one. "I guess that's what they are — chips from the old trunk."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address,
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

THE PROFESSOR.

"Is there any good reason," suddenly inquired some one in the group, "why money should be called filthy lucre?"

"Not in this town," said the professor. "We use so little of it for cleaning the streets."

AN ADMIRABLE FOOD

EPPS'S COCOA

FOR MAINTAINING ROBUST HEALTH IN COLD CLIMATES.

IN THE RIGHT LIGHT.

"Yes," said the young man, as he threw himself at the feet of the pretty school teacher, "I love you, and would go to the world's end for you."

"You could not go to the world's end for me, George. The world, or the earth, as it is called, is round, like a ball, flattened at the Poles."

"I know; but what I meant was that I would do anything to please you. Ah, Angelina, if you but knew the aching void——"

"There is no such thing as a void, George. Nature abhors a vacuum. But, admitting that there could be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be a void if there was an ache in it?"

"I meant to say that my life would be lonely without you. I would go anywhere to be with you. If you were in Africa, or at the North Pole, I would fly to you. I—"

"Fly! It will be another century before man can fly. Even when the laws of gravitation are successfully overcome, there remains, says a great authority, the difficulty of a balance——"

"Well, at all events," exclaimed the youth, "I can get over that! I've a pretty fair balance in the bank, and I want you to be my wife. There!"

"Well, George, since you put it in that light, I will."

"We might as well consider our engagement as broken, Reginald." "I don't see why. Your father said postponed." "Postponed until you arrive at years of discretion, and in your case, Reggy, dear, you know what that means."

20 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD EVERY YEAR.

Happiness is the absence of pain, and millions have been made happy through being cured by St Jacobs Oil, of RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, LAMENESS, SCALDS, BURNS, SPRAINS, BRUISES and all pains for which an external remedy can be applied. It never fails to cure. Thousands who have been declared incurable at baths and in hospitals have thrown away their crutches, being cured after using St. Jacobs Oil. Directions in eleven languages accompany every bottle.

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APPLES.... If you have a carload, or more, of A 1 stuff we can place them for you, or will ship them for you and make advance against the shipment.

The Dawson Commission Co., Ltd., Toronto

ACCORDING TO FORM.

The commander of the regular army post in the far west summoned an orderly.

"Inform Private Smith," he said, "that his application for a new surcingle, made some time since, has just been approved by the department."

"Colonel," replied the orderly, touching his hat, "Private Smith died six months ago."

The lapse of 60 years bars actions for the recovery of real property when brought by the Crown against a subject; so the undisturbed possession of a piece of stolen commonland for this period makes its title valid in law.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

"Herbert calls on me every evening," said the confiding girl. "Don't you think that is a sign he really cares for me?" "I can't be sure," answered Miss Cayenne, "whether it indicates that he is in love, or that coal is scarce at his house."

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

An A B C book, beautifully illustrated, is one of the latest advertising productions of Massey-Harris Co., Ltd., the makers of the famous Massey-Harris farm implements.

By mentioning this paper and sending your name and address on a post card to the Company in Toronto you can obtain a copy.

STATES OF FELICITY.

Eustacia — "How pleased Eleanor looks to-night?"

Edmonia — "Yes; she's either had a proposal, or some man has sent her a box of candy."

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.

When traveling you should bear in mind the road and the trains that will take you to your destination in the fastest time, and in the most comfortable manner. The Grand Trunk service excels in both particulars and passengers from Toronto to Montreal, Buffalo, New York, Detroit and Chicago, will find the day trains equipped with wide vestibuled coaches, handsome Cafe Parlor and Dining Cars serving meals "a la carte." The night trains carry Pullman sleeping cars to all above points. You can leave Toronto for Montreal and east at 9 a. m. and 10 p. m. for Buffalo and New York at 9 a. m., 4.50 and 6.15 p. m. and to Detroit and Chicago at 7.35 a. m., 4.50 p. m. and 11.20 p. m. Tickets, reservations, etc., at city office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

The Bank of England began operations on January 1,1695, at Grocer's Hall, Poultry. In 1696 it stopped payment altogether for a time. In 1745 it had to pay claims in sixpences in order to keep afloat.

WHAN THE LAMPS ARE LIT.

The children like to get an attractive book to read after supper—so do the old folks sometimes. We have pleasure in informing our farming readers that by sending their name and address on a post card to Massey-Harris Co., Ltd., Toronto, they will be sent a Massey-Harris Illustrated, free of charge, for one year. It is a bright little magazine, containing many new pictures and some good reading. Don't forget to mention this paper, or you may not receive the journal.

Lundy Island Lighthouse shows its light 540 feet above the sea, and can be seen 31 miles away.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Tommy — "I think mamma is an awful gossip." Ethel — "Oh, Tommy! how can you say such a thing?" "Well, she is; everything I do she immediately goes and tells papa. I hate gossip."

NOW IS THE TIME

To use Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It is an antiseptic, healing dressing, applied directly to the diseased surface by the patient himself, who blows the powder through a tube into his nostrils. The cure dates from the first puff.

You needn't snuffle from colds or hay fever if you have the catarrhal powder in the house. Cures a headache in ten minutes.

Rev. J. L. Murdock writes "I have used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder for the last two months and am now completely cured of Catarrh of five years' standing. It is certainly magical in its effect. The first application benefited me within five minutes."

Dr. Agnew's Pills

costing 10 cents for forty doses, two-fifths the price of other first-class pills, first cleanse and then cure the bowels and liver forever. 1

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HE HAD.

"Have you ever written anything," said his cynical friend, "to make the world happier or better?"

"Rather," quoth the insurance agent who sometimes dabbled in verse. "I have written $400,000 worth of life insurance within the last year."

THE WABASH RAILROAD

Is the great winter tourist route to the south and west, including the famous Hot Springs, Ark., Old Mexico, the Egypt of America, Texas and California, the lands of sunshine and flowers. Your particular attention is called to the fact that passengers going via Detroit and over the Wabash, reach their destination hours in advance of other lines. The new and elegant trains on the Wabash are the finest in this country, everything is first class in every respect. All round trip winter tourist tickets are now on sale at lowest