### THE BLEEDING ROSE.

' Parbleu! The lady was in Paris three winters ago and broke several hearts, both French and English. I give you my word.' So said the Baron de la S meraye in answer to a remark which fell from my lips in the smoking room of the International Club

Boulevard Malesherbes, where the young bloods were discussing, far too freely, the beauties of the English colony in Paris.

I must confess that I was more than deeply interested in a certain Miss Alba Van Amster, whose quiet beauty heightened the cultivated talents and brilliant education that study had given her. Having hazarded the belief that this was the young lady's first season in Paris, in answer to a question from Count Bodega, who did me the honor, as he fancied, by being jealous of my intimacy with the Van Amsters, the Baron had chimed in with the above assertion-an assertion which chilled not a little the reverence which had accompanied my

worship of the beautiful Abla. 'If your intimacy admits of the question, added the loquacious Baron, 'ask la belle demoiselle if she remembers New Year's

eve three years ago.' A hundred years ago a man with my pretensions to gallantry would take every opportunity to advertise his admiration for a woman, and it would have been my peremptory duty to put my hand on my sword hilt, and in no measured terms to force my critical friend to the health of the immaculate and faultless beauty to whose affection

Now, in this prosaic end of the century, the Baron's light chatter only gave me food for reflection, as I put on my astrachan and sauntered homeward.

Alba, with all her honest, outspoken ways, had a secret which she had not yet thought fit to share with me.

After all, knowing her sterling qualities as I did, and, though not an affianced suitor, still admitted by herselt and mother into almost domestic relations, had I any right to question her on the past which could never, I was sure, have implicated her purity or trust?

I had only known Alba Van Amster for sixteen months, and the episode referred to had taken place, if there was ro mistaken identity, just three years ago.

Anyhow, tomorrow, New Year's day, the Van Amsters gave a dance in their lovely hotel in the Avenue d'Eylav, and l certainly did not intend to refer to any past New Year's eve without some very

good reasons. Three years to-night; and I wondered with a curious interest that only my intense devotion licensed, what could have made A ba so reticent about any former visit to

forbing and the night grew colder, I found suddenly that instead of turning to the right and going back to my hotel in the Chaussee d'Antin I had wandered to the left, crossed the Elysian Fields, and was treading the crisp, white snow not far from

Alba's own house. With the intatuation that holds a lover, I determined to see the window, if not the lights behind it, of the room where Alba slept. It was scarcely midnight. The stars were frostily brilliant, and a belated fiacre, coming from Passy, gave the only sound. and that but a faint tinkle of buckles and harness.

There was a light in Alba's window as I passed. Suddenly a wailing moan distinctly heard swept with a palpable breeze around my ears, and the white horse of the passing fiacre started like a two year old, and for an instant seemed terrified into a

A gruff objurga ion from the coachman, accompanied by a thump from the butt end of his broken whip brought the old hack to his senses, and dispelled by its matter-of fact realism the sensation of uncanniness which the moaning sound had

sent with a shiver through me. As I turned again to look at Alba's window I saw that the light had been extin-

At that moment the window, opening like most French windows, doorwise on to the balcony, flew sjar for an instant, but an icy breeze coming round the house banged it to, and swept the crisp snow off the sills in a wreath that looked almost like a human form as it flew past the railings. Then the same wailing scund sent a sec-

ond shiver through me, and I pulled up the collar of my coat, trying to close my ears At the next carrefour I found a fiacre

which soon deposited me at the door of my hotel. On entering my room I sat down and piled up the logs on the glowing embers, wi hout a thought of going to bed. Sleep was impossible. So Alba had some romance, but three

years old, which she could not or would not

After all, her past did not belong to me, any more than mine to her. What? Was I to swear to love and cherish without a right to bare her heart? Could I see into her soul as far as this screen allowed and no

And my thoughts would revert to the Baron's words at the club, and then my astral body traveled over the wrong road again to my Alba's window, and I heard

again the mournful wail outside mine. I don't know when I fell asleep. But I awoke chilly and shivering. The embers, | had suffered from tears or illness. choked with ashes, gave a feeble blush to the grate, and I crept into bed with that

coffee to my bedside. I knew the Baron always breakfasted about noon at the club, and, determined to worm some facts out of him I took a constitutional in the Champs Elysee before tack-

ling the noble foreigner. "Baron,' said I, as we sat on a pilaff and

some scrambled eggs, a l'Espagnole, 'was there a duel in the case of Miss Van Amster when she was last seen in Paris?' At this moment there came into the dining-room a tall handsome man, of Spanish type, with flashing, dark eyes and pale

with all the style of a military chief about 'Comment, mon cher Colonel!' cried the little Baron, jumping up and shaking the newcomer's had affectionately, 'What good wind blew you this way? It is three years

complexion, dressed to perfection, and

since you gave Paris the pleasure of your Then, introducing me, the Baron forced the Colonel d'Espartello was a Basque, with all the fougue and Southern enthusi-

asm of his race. He har just returned

#### Dollars or Kicks

for women, according to whether they do, or don't do, their washing in a sensible way. If they use Pearline, it means good, hard dollars saved. Pearline is economy. All that ruinous rubbing that makes you buy linens

and flannels twice as often as you need to, is spared, to say nothing of your time and labor. See the troubles that women have to endure with other ways of washing. There's that hard, wearingout rub, rub, rub, or the danger of ruining things with acids if you try to make it easy. Washing with Pearline is

absolutely safe. Send Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, it Back and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back.

In the back is never peddled, in place of Pearline, be JAMES PYLE, New York.

you lest Paris shortly after that unfortunate affair of Prevelles. I suppose you know the lovely Mess Van Amster is again

'Not really!' replied the handsome Colonel, with a tinge of color passing over his pale cheeks. 'But I have overcome that infatuation long ago. Poor Prevelle! It was, indeed, an unfortunate affair. He was far more deeply in love than I was; know! that is quite certain.

The subject seemed unpleasant, and soon the young Colonel was entertaining us with his accounts of a new French acquisition in Africa, and how his gallant men behaved in the sanguinary skirmishes they had with the natives. And then he suddenly remembered an appointment. When he had left us, my friend, the Baron, rolling a cigarette in his fingers, said to me as he lighted his smoke:

"That is almost the answer to your question. Le beau Colonel, just gone, was also one of the fair Alba's admirers. He was the Prince's second in his duel with Armande Prevelle. But you know nothing about the duel? Is it possible? Come for a stroll outside and I will tell you dress.

'When the Van Amsters, mother and daughter, were last in Paris-there is a Capel Court, for the better gilding of Miss Alba's dowry-Miss Van Amster was no

experience. And, as my reflections grew more ab- English colony, but speaking our language the ball-room, the flower was again yellow, but admitted to me that her case was very bibing and the night grew colder, I found perfectly, and having the best Holland though drooping. Strange, very strange! critical. She drooped away to a veriblocd in her veins, she has been much sought after by Parisians of the highest

> 'There was no doubt that she was as fond of Prevelle, the handsomest man in Paris, as he was devoted to her, until the arrival of Prince Kracovieff from Nice, where the girl had met the Russian the winter previous. The Muscovite needed funds and had a real title for sale, so that | duced: Prevelle soon found himself second favorite.

'Two or three nights before the new year Prevelle had given a superb bouquet o Miss Alba, who took the finest orchid in the bunch to adorn the Prince, and though the coquette tried to pacify the Parisian, he felt it badly.

'It was scarcely to be supposed that a and it was not long before an opportunity accurred at the club for a quarrel. 'Bref-Prevelle slapped the Prince's face

and a duel took p'ace the day before le jour de l'an, just three years ago. 'You wonder, perhaps, how I know all

these details. I was the other's temoin, and Prevelle died in my arms. 'They fought in the Bcis de Boulogne

with pistols. 'The first fire passed without injury to one or the other; but the second from the Russian would have gone through poor an obstacle. Curiously enough when we looked to the wound we found a large rose bud had choked up the hole in his chest carried inward by the bullet.

'Prevelle never breathed again. All the hemorrhage was within; but the petals of the flower were stained with his life blood. 'Poor boy! He was buried with the flower in his heart.

'There was a great row about the affair. Kracovieff returned to Moscow, and the Van Amsters went back to England.

'Now you know why I told you to ask Miss Alba if she recalled the reveillon of of three years. I confess I always feel bitter when I think of my poor friend's introspective. You know, dear, I am no death. But after all, why should I try to flirt. give the girl he loved pain? I have no

right to be the young lady's judge.' had found nothing ecquettish about Alba Van Amster. She had been true and sincere in everything but the fact that she never spoke of a former stay in Paris.

That night there was a dance at the Van Amsters,' and naturally I was one of the first to arrive.

Alba was not by any means looking radiant. She was terribly pale, and her eyes were red at the edges of the lids, as if she

I brought with me the choicest bouquet I could find at Delaunoy's and she was on moaning sound in my ears, only to wake the point of removing a yellow rose and again when Francois brought my morning giving it to me when the memory of that duel seemed to traverse both our brains. My gesture must have been treacherous, for her face grew hard and she said, as a tear came in each lovely eye:

'Then you have heard the story, tco?'

from Africa, where he had lately received his rank.

'Apropos,' said the chattering Baron, with a deep sigh Alba took the rose, whose pale lemon-colored petals were like wax, and placed it in the echancrure of her

At the same instant a waltz struck np, and almost automatically we glided into the ball-room among the dozen couples already assembled.

Only once in the dance did my partner speak. She whispered: 'You won't think unkindly of me, will you? Oh! why-why did they let you

After the waltz we went into a small conservatory near the mother's boudoir, and set down on a Persian settee surrounded by ferns and smilax. She turned her face pleadingly to me and was about to speak, when she noticed my eyes riveted on the rose in her corsage.

The yellow petals had turned red.

She saw it, too; and clutching spas-modically at the chiffon around her bosom, she suddenly gave a cry of mingled pain and tear, and fell in a faint upon the conch. At the same time her grasp on the gauzy material, tearing it away, added to her sudden fall backward, revealed just over her heart a mark like a splash of blood. This was the reason then for her high

But it must have been an eruption of late date, for a natal wine mark would have been visible with the decollatage she used fa her living, I am creditable informed, to allow he self. Her cry brought her wrapt up in stocks and buried in your mother to my aid, and she was carried by pletely, and she gradually grew worse. her maid to her room still unconscious.

I stood still, staring at the rose which I less lovely than now, but without today's held in my hand; but the blood stain seemed to fade from the petals, and when I Not only is Alba far the prettiest in the reached home, without knowing how I le't and he did his best to stop her hemorrhage,

On calling to inquire after Miss Van Amster's condition the next day, the butler, in the low, pathetic voice which well-trained servants use when there is dangerous illness or a death in the family, told me Miss Alba was not allowed to see anyone, but that the young lady had sent down a letter to be delivered to me personally if I called. The letter was from Alba, and is repro-

'Dearest-If I have never told you of the sad affair which, three years ago, changed me from a flighty coquette to a reasoning woman, it was for fear you, whose affections I cherish should think me still the heartlessly selfish creature I was at that time.

'My girlish inclinations picked from out my circle of beaux a bright and cultured Frenchman would take the affront coolly; Frenchman, known on the Boulevard as the best-looking man in Paris. I don't think I knew what love meant; but Armand Prevelle danced well, played beautifully, and

was generally attractive. 'At the same time, Prince Kracovieff was encouraged by my mother, who little knew what a Russian prince was worth, but had strange hankerings after what she fancied

a reyal connection. 'How thoughtless I was and how little accustomed to thinking of others, was well shown in the little incident which gave rise to a fatal duel. I had just given Armand Prevelle's heart had it not been checked by the prettiest rose I could find in our conservatory, when I took from his bonquet the blossom offered to the prince, careless of pain the act might give. I have never torgotten the broken-hearted look Armand gave me when he turned away and left the ball-room.

'I never saw him again alive. 'I say 'alive,' for I saw him only two nights ago; and that is what you must know now.

'I have never had any belief in spirits revisiting the earth. 'I had in my fondness tor you almost

torgotten the past, except inasmuch as that said experience had made me serious and

'It was on New Year's Eve, and fatigued with our preparations for the dance of The story was true, no doubt. and yet I to-right-I am writing in bed, against orders, and it is not yet midnight-I had gone to my room rather earlier than I am accustomed.

'I was half undressed, and, having sent Fanchette to bed, I was examining my new ball dress, when I heard a sigh behind me. 'I turned, in doubt as to my senses, and there in the middle of the room stood Armand Prevelle, dressed in black, as he must no doubt have been the day of the duel.

'Though an icy shudder passed through me, I still had presence of mind sufficient to assure myself my senses were playing me false when, with the same look that I remembered, the phantom of Armand put his hand into his breast and drawing forth the yellow rose, all dabbled with blood, he threw the blossom at my bosom. Then the lights went out, the window opened and shut with violence, and I remember no I could not reply for the moment, and more. Finding myself, with daylight, ly-

ing on my bed, I imagined I had fallen asleep and dreamed the terrible dream. But, on looking at myselt in the glass,

what was my horror when I saw just over my heart the splash of crimson which noth-

ing has removed.
'I shall go down to my grave with it still there. Of that there shall be no doubt. est, I shall surely die.

'And yet I had hoped for a beautiful, bright existence in your love. Oh! what have I done? Why did my mother make me lie to myself and all around me? 'It is close on midnight. Ah! If you were only near me to defend me. Icy, icy! As

cold as death-When I called a second time the shutters were up. Alma Van Amster had dreamed -Honor Lucelle.

### A FATHER'S STORY.

HAPPINESS RESTORED WHEN HOPE HAD ALMOST GONE.

His Daughter Began to Droop and Fade-Was Attacked with Hemorrhage and Life was Despaired of-She is Again Enjoying Robust Health.

From the Brantford Courier.

A recent addition to the Grand Trunk staff in this city is Mr. Thos. Clift, who is living at 75 Chatham street. Mr. Clift, who was a policeman in the great city of London, is a fine looking specimen of an Englishman of the type so often seen in the Grand Trunk employ and who makes so desirable a class of citizens. Since his advocate here he has been a warm advocate of that well known medicine, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and through his endorsement, dozens of boxes have been sold to his triends and acquaintances.

A Courier representative, anxious, although not surprised, to know the reason for Mr. Clift's warm eulogy of the pills, called on that gentleman recently. Mr. Clift willingly consented to an interview, and in the following story told his reason for being so sincere an advocate of a world renowned medicine. 'Some five years ago,' said Mr. Clift, 'my daughter Lily began to droop and fade, and became disinclined either tor work or pleasure. A doctor in London was called in and he prescribed exercise and a general 'rousing up' as the best medicine to effect a cure. My daughter did her best to follow his instructions, but the forced exercise exhausted her com-One night I and my wife were terribly alarmed by a cry from Lily, and hastening to her room found her gulping up large quantities of blood. I rushed for a doctor table shadow, and for weeks when I went to bid her good-bye in the morning as I went to my work I feared I might not see her alive again. This went on for a long time until one day a friend reccommended my daughter to try the effect of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She consented to do so and in a comparatively brief period a decided benefit was preceptible. She persisted with the use of the pills and gradually rose from a bed of suffering and sickness until she once again attained robust young womanhood. For the last three years she had been in excellent health. It was Pink Pills that virtually brought her from the mouth of the grave and preserved for me my only daughter. Now do you wonder why I sound their praises and recommended them at every opportunity? Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the

root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, Iccomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc. these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and shallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail post paid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2 50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be 'just an good.'

### RESULT OF A FLOOD

'Hi, Marse John! Dat ar Pelton boy's huntin' our hogs ag'in.'

John Hartwell, who was busily hammering at some piece of boyish carpentery in his tather's workshop, turned a pair of kindling blue eyes toward the excited young darkey who rushed in with the above information.

'What's that you say, Tom Pete?' Tom Pete repeated his statement, adding the remark that the Pelton boy was 'a-heavin' sticks at 'em, a' makin' 'em run like de ole Nick!'

John put down his hammer and ex-'I'll see if I can't put a stop to this business, once for all!

As he spoke, he strode out of the workshop and started across the cornfield, with such an air of angry determination that Tom Pete, running after him, kicked up his up his heels and grinned, in high glee at the prospect of a collision which was sure to bring the Pelton boy to grief.

John Hartwell and Tracy Pelton were foes of long standing, though neither of them could tell exactly how their feud had

The Peltons owned a small plantation on the Sunflower river, and the Hartwells

# Troubles of a Clergyman.

## there. Of that there shall be no doubt. He and His Family Are Wonderfully Blessed by Using Paine's Celery Compound.

medicine of the present day has ever been | buy. so highly spoken of, and so generally recommended by the clergymen of Canada,

ss Paine's Celery Compound.

The honest, prompt and effective results that are always obtained by the users of Paine's Celery Compound call forth unstinted praise, after health, vigor and happiness take the place of sickness, weakness and disease. In all the church paris hes of our country, clergymen are quietly spreading the joyful news that Paine's Celery Compound banishes ill health and

makes people well.

Just here it is imperative that we sound a note of warning for the benefit of all who determine to use Paine's Celery Compound,

Clergymen of all the various Christian, as there are miserable and deceptive celery denominations have from time to time preparations sold in some places. Be sure given the strongest of testimony in favor you ask for "Paine's," the kind that cures; of Paine's Celery Compound. No other see that the name is on each bottle you

The Rev. C. A. Schlipf, of Killaloe, Renfrew, Co, Ont., writes as follows:

"I have much pleasure in stating that I have used Paine's Celery Compound with grand results. Some time ago, loss of appetite, and symptoms of kidney trouble and urinal disturbances made life miserable. Having heard much about the virtues of Paine's Celery Compediator onderful

and settled on the next place. Tracy and John, who were nearly of the same age, became acquainted and were peaceable enough for a time, though they had occasional disagreements, like all

neighbor' boys. But some difficulty more serious than usual had led to ill-feeling between them, which had broken out at last into open warfare; so they were now declared and downright enemies. It was a pity, for they

were both fine boys, each in his way. John was a stout young athlete, quicktempered, quick-witted and merry, always ready for work or play, and throwing himself into both with equal energy; while Tracy was of a quieter disposition and did not get angry or enthusiastic in a moment, but was slow to alter his opinions after they were formed.

'Obstinate as a mule!' John said, not stopping to think that Tracy's affection was even more deep and lasting than his wrath; that he could be a very constant friend as well as an obstinate enemy.

John was in an exceedingly belligerent frame of mind when he reached the edge of the field which bordered on the Pelton place, and beheld his father's fine drove of hogs rushing pell-mell through the cornstubble pursued by a slender, dark-eyed to hit us, dough—it's gwine to pieces.' In boy, who was vigorously pelting them with fact, the mass of timbers began to fall apart sticks, clods of earth or whatever he could lav his hands on.

John, peremptorily. 'Mind your own business and keep your hogs at home !' retorted Tracy, as he bombarded the hoge with a shower of cornstalks. 'I should think this was my business, and I'll attend to it in earnest if you don't look out !' cried John, bristling with wrath and resolution. It you hit one of those hogs

again I'll hit you !' Accepting this as a challenge, Tracy promptly threw a short stick, which took the largest of the hogs behind the ear and sent the whole drove scurrying tumultously

towards their owner's premises. John snatched up the stick and hurled it back at tracy, striking him on the shoulder with torce enough to make him very angry, if it did not hurt him much. He flew at John with doubled fists, and

John, nothing loath, received him in the same manner. The result was that Tracy got whipped, as usual; for the two boys had had several battles already, and, though Tracy invariably came out second best, he never

shrank from a fresh encounter with his stronger foe. As for John, though he returned home after the battle flushed with triumph and greatly admired by Tom Pete, yet he was perfectly aware that his victory had not settled anything. It was quite certain that Tracy was still determined to chase the hogs and otherwise annoy his enemy when-

ever he got a chance. However, during the days that follwed neither of the boys had any time to waste in fruitless hostilities. They were sufficiently occupied with the business which was now demanding everybody's attentionthat of saving their persons and propert, from destruction by the waters of the river, which, after rising rapidly for three days, had overflowed its banks and was fast inundating the whole region.

Water from other streams poured in to buildings were swept away. And still the flood rose higher day by day.

People were obliged to move into the upper stories of their houses; then as the water crept up higher, to take refuge on the roots; and, at last, they were forced to flee for their lives to the high ground, at a distance of many miles.

Mr. Hartwell had built a sort of flatboat or scow, as he called it, which proved extremely useful to himself and his neighbors in this perilous time.

It was constantly in use, conveying people to the hills, picking up valuable floating property and taking off the sheep and cattle which were huddled in crowds wherever some bit of high ground formed a the boys, he was very much surprised to tiny island in the very midst of the flood. off a number of cattle, as many as the

scow could safely carry, he started with his son to another man to paddle them to a place of ginhouse. safety. leaving John and Tom Pete on the Lousestop, which was still out of water. heavily loaded, the boys volunteered to re-

main behind and wait for his return. In the meantime they amused themselves by fishing for driftwood and such floating erty as the waters brought within their reach.

There was a strong current setting past the house, and anything which happened to drift into this eddy was borne along so swiftly that a quick hand was required to capture it; but the boys had a long rope and a pole with a hook at one end, and by means of these implements they hauled in quite a collection of miscellaneous articles. 'Hi!look dar!' cried Tom Pete, sud

benefit.

"I am pleased to say that the Compound was productive of great results in my family as a home medicine; all are much pleased

had come from the north some years before | a-coming down de stream. Is you gwine to ketch dat ?

'No; let it go, ' said John, with a scowl. 'I'm not going to save his old doghouse for him—yes, I will, too!' And impulsive John reached out his pole and drewin a gaily-painted kennel, which

he had at once recognized as the habitation of Tracy's favorite hound. It was a cumbersome article to manager, put the two boys contrived to get it on the housetop by dint of stout fugging. As John straightened up after the litt, he remarked

with an apologetic accent:—
'It cost Mr. Pelton three dollars to get the old thing painted, and I haven't got anything against him!

At this moment Tom Pete gave utterance to another excited 'Hi!' 'Dar's a hull raft of stuff acomin' down f'm Pelton place, 'he said. 'Sumfin's done busted ober dar!'

'Aust be their ginhouse; father said he was afroid it wouldn't stand, 'replied John gazing regretfully at the mass of board and timbers which came swiftly down the current. 'I hope all that lumber won't come bumping against this house, ' he added, with look of apprehension.

and drift away separately, and John got ready with his pole to pull in the beards as 'You stop that, Tracy Pelton!' shouted | they were sweeping past. All at once, with

great shout, he exclaimed :-'Tom Pete, there's somebody hanging on to that board out yonder!"

It's dat ar Pelton boy!' cried Tom Pete. 'He'll git drownded, sho' !' Before Tom Pete spoke, John had become awar that it was Tracy Pelton who clung to that drifting board, and his whole generous heart went out to his helpless foe

in a moment. 'Tom Pete, you hold on to the rope," he said, hastily twisting a coil of it around his arm as he spoke. 'We can't reach him with a pole, and he don't know how to swim. I'll have to go after him.'

'Is you gwine to drown'd yo'self fo' dat kin' ab a feller?' Tom Pete demanded, with strong disapproval. 'Of course not. I'm going to save him.'
'He ain't wuff savin,' declared Tom Pete,

contemptuously. 'What are you talking about,' said Johnt with flashing eyes. 'He's the pluckies, fellow to fight that I ever saw. Do you suppose I'm going to let him drown because he doesn't happen to be the best friend I've got? What do you take me

for, anyhow? And John, with a shout of encouragement to his imperilled foe, flung himself into the water and struck out to Tracy's aid. He was a sturdy swimmer, and in a few moments he came alongside of the board to which Tracey was clinging, and

fastened his rope to it. Tom Pete began to haul in the rope with great zeal, while John, putting one arm under Tracy's shoulder, and swimming with the other, aided in propelling him to the housetop, where they quickly drew him up, wet, weak and shivering, but by no means devoid of the courage and 'pluck' which John so much admired.

'John Hartwell, you're a good fellow,' said he, clasping John's hand, with a look that spoke more than his words. 'I swell the torrent, cattle were drowned and | thought I was gone when the gin house went, and I can tell you I was glad when you called out to me. You have saved my life, and I shan't forget it.'

'How came you on the ginhouse? I thought your folks had all gone to the hills, asked John.

'Father and I came down to feed the stock on the high knoll,' answered Tracy. 'I thought I would be safe enough on the ginhouse, while he went over there with a boatload of corn and hay. But it gave way, and went over like a pile of chips. This current was too much for it. It will cost father a pretty penny to build a new g'nhouse,' he added, ruefully.

When Mr. Hartwell came back to get find Tracy Pelton in their company; and One day, when Mr. Hartwell had taken when Mr. l'elton discovered what had happened he was too grateful for the rescue of his son to complain about the loss of his

When the waters had finally subsided, so that people could return to their homes, He intended to come back for another load of stock, and as the scow was so found themselves much poorer for lost stock and injured property; the flood had one good result for John and Tracy—it had made them friends .- Golden Days.

Suddenly Attacked. Children are often attacked suddenly by painful and dangerous Colic, Cramps, Diarri & Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, etc. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt and sure cure which should always be kept in

Rough cloths are again to the front in the new jackets—they always look well and denly. 'Dar's de Pelton boy's degheuse are most serviceable.

the house.

