

## FIRED AT RANDOM.

Hardesty had been called down to the town of his birth by the summons of the real estate agent into whose hands he had entrusted the care of the property he had received from his father's estate. Estate is a big and general word and many people use it in a grandiloquent manner in speaking of a corner lot in a marshy suburb. In Hardesty's case it meant a little better than that, but it was no vast Anneke Jans tract by any means.

He had not been in that little town for 17 years—indeed since the days of his school attendance. He recalled how on one summer afternoon he had vaulted out of a window just ahead of the schoolmaster's hickory, how when walloped for it at home he had left the house in anger, and how that night he had boarded a freight train bound Cincinnatiward—and had never gone back. Often he had thought of the old place and when the days of his middle age came they found him wandering and dreaming at odd times about Milt Woodard's cooper shop and the others things—but he did not go back.

After the death of his father and when he had come into the old family residence he seemed to wonder and dream all the more. Once he had met the father of Doras Alderman at a quadrennial session of the Methodist conference and had talked to him of Doras, who had been a schoolmate, but in general he had had little communication other than that witnessed in the letters which passed between himself and the real estate agent. Now, on this evening, 17 years afterward, he trundled into town in a sleeper and thought smilingly of the day when he had rolled out on a box car. The agent had written him to the effect that somebody had offered a famous sum for the old Hardesty homestead, purposing to cut it up into an addition to the city. The agent, a boyhood friend, had suggested that Hardesty come down from Chicago to give personal attention to the matter, for by so doing he believed that a few thousand dollars more could be realized.

Dreaming of the old days, Hardesty left the train at the depot. It was a stone and brick depot, he noticed, and not the little frame structure in which he and Tom Coyne had loaded in the summer of old days. He remembered Tom Coyne very readily, and thought with especial amusement and interest upon the episode of the bumblebees. Before reaching the town he had decided that the very first thing he would do would be to go into the little old wooden station and examine the walls to see if the initials 'D. H.' for David Hardesty, were still there where he had cut them on the wainscoting, to the lury of Johnny Clark, the station agent. He had counted a great deal on the pleasure of this investigation, and it annoyed him somewhat to step off the car and into a spick and trig depot of masonry construction.

After the affront of this evidence of progress and prosperity had somewhat worn away he started to walk down the road to the residence of the agent his old friend. He knew the location of the house, for as a boy he had been able to draw up a map of the town showing every residence, out-house, chicken coop and fence. Somehow however, he found the quest a little difficult. New streets appeared inviting him to walk down into what had been green fields, but which were now 'additions' and 'places' all built up with trimly painted frame houses.

He found the object of his search at last and was admitted. His friend the agent, who had only partially expected him, did not know him at first, and indeed Hardesty would have passed the other a thousand times before recognizing in his brown mustache and glossy collar, any semblance to the patched and freckled boy who had helped him to rob Frank Stone's historic melon patch. The agent introduced his wife and said Hardesty would remember her but Hardesty would have done nothing of the sort, except for the fact that he had learned from correspondence that his friend had married little Eda Stone, daughter of the sovereign of the melon patch.

They talked after dinner about business and about the improvement in the city—it had been a village in the old days—and about the advisability of Hardesty selling his property.

'Really,' said Hardesty. 'I don't know that I care to sell. You see the old homestead has been in the family for generations, and it seems almost a sacrilege to dispose of it. Why I was born in that house I used to look over the fence there at the gooseberry bushes in Gallagher's place and wonder—by the way, are the Gallaghers living there yet?'

'Oh, no! They moved away long ago, and a fine, big stone public school has been built there.'

'A stone public school? Why, Henry, when we were boys, a one room frame house did us pretty well. Do you remember how we used to revile the boys who attended the academy and call them 'academy rats,' because the academy had two rooms, and consequently two stoves?'

'Yes, and they called us district rats,' and we fought about it,' said Henry. 'By the way, Dr. Culver lived on the other side, didn't he? Well, there is a whisky cure institute there now—a big one—the third in the state.'

The next morning Hardesty started out to view the property before finally deciding not to sell. He declared that it was hardly worth while, as he had no pressing need for money, and it was always pleasant to think of the old times, and the old place, and the old home.

'When we get to that corner,' he said, proud to show that he still remembered things, 'we will turn and cross the common passing by old Mrs. Marvin's cottage and swinging to the right by Hen Gettle's hot-house.'

'I'm afraid we can't,' said the agent and friend. 'You mean to cross the common, don't you, as we used to in making the short cut for the river when we went fishing? Well,' as Hardesty nodded in a delighted affirmative, 'we can't do it, for it is

all built up now. Mrs. Marvin's cottage site is taken up by the residence of the mayor, and Hen Gettle's home is now his home no longer, but is a three story hotel. You see the town has been progressing in 17 years.'

Hardesty looked at his friend in wonder and not altogether in pleasure.

'On the way,' he said, 'I should like to pass the old one room school where Lo Ellenwood used to teach, and out of the window of which I leaped 17 years ago. It is down this way, isn't it?'

'It has been moved back in the lot, and a big grocery has been built on the front—the playground, you know, where we used to play foot and a half and sailors' Bombay. The old school has been converted into a stable for the horses of the man who runs the grocery. We abandoned it as a school ten years ago and erected a pressed brick structure down in the next block. We have been progressing materially.'

'You don't mean to tell me the old school is used as a stable?' cried Hardesty. 'And that playground gone too? Why, the happiest moments of my life and yours were passed there listening to half witted Billy Mendenall imitating birds songs and skinning the cat on the horizontal bar, which we bought by a popular subscription of old iron and rags.'

'Yes, it was in the way of improvement.' As they talked they walked. Hardesty hardly knew himself for the changes in the old town—the dear old town back to which he had looked so fondly. Off there in Chicago he had been in the habit of passing opinion on men and saying: 'Ah, you poor, hustling, deluded mortals, you are entirely different from Squire Lo Stone and Out Templar and the other quiet, tranquil souls in the other town where my old home is. I am glad I have that dear place. It will be like an anchorage to me in this stormy sea.' And now, and now—why, just think of it! The old school a stable!

'Henry,' he finally remarked, 'there is just one thing I seriously want to and must see. There used to be a big cottonwood tree over on the river bank—you remember it—where I carved my name one day—my name and that of a girl. I'm married now, but, do you know, I'd like to see that old tree and see if the initials are there yet. The girl was Ida Jordan. I suppose, of course, she has 12 children and—'

'She's dead, Dave—died two years after you left. And the tree has been cut down to give way to a lumber yard and—'

Hardesty interrupted him. 'Says,' he cried, 'you sell that stuff of mine for what you can get. I don't want to see it again. Your town is too prosperous for me. There's still one thing more I want to know. I want to lick the man who cut down that tree. Who is he? Where can he be found?'

'It was on my land, and I cut it down,' said his friend, the agent.—Chicago Record.



## Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. This is the only remedy known to the medical world that will relieve in a few moments and cure absolutely. The ingredients of Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure are essentially liquid, and hence neither is nor anything like it can be prepared in pill form.

## SOME BRAVE SURGEONS.

Military Operations Could not be Undertaken Without Them.

Persons who glorify military operations do not always stop to think that they could scarcely be undertaken without the aid of the medical staff. Here are men who must be consulted at every turn; who constantly suffer toil and anxiety in order to keep the troops at their fighting best, and who, in the day of action, risk their lives as truly as if they were heading a column. Blackwood's tells the story of an English sur-

geon who was mortally wounded at Majaba Hill, and who yet performed an act worthy to be rated with that of Sir Philip Sidney on the field of Zutphen.

The agony of death was closing in upon him. He had succumbed to his own hurt and weakness, but just at that moment he heard a wounded man shrieking in an extremity of pain. That was enough, and he crawled to the spot where the soldier lay, gave him an injection of morphia, and died.

During the Ashanti War in 1874, the English force was hotly engaged at Amoful, and one regiment was gallantly making its way through the bush. Several men had fallen, and every surgeon connected with the fighting line was fully occupied, when suddenly two Highlanders appeared, bearing between them a gallant old officer who had been shot in the neck. The arterial blood was spurting like a fountain from the wound, and the principal medical officer at once recognized the danger of the case.

'If that man is not attended to,' said he, coolly, 'he will be dead in five minutes.'

And though they were at the moment in an open space exposed to almost inevitable death, he stopped short and applied himself to his task. He extemporized a support for the poor fellow's head, and laid him down. Then while the ugly 'phit' phit' of bullets sounded about them, he tied the carotid artery with a steady hand as if he had been in an operating-room.

One brave man had done his duty with the simplicity of true heroism, and another brave man had been saved for the service of his country.

## SEAFORTH.

Long Remembered Trouble, Now a Thing of the Past.

A Seaforth lady gives an account of her rescue from a lifelong ailment:

'Ever since I can remember I have suffered from weak action of the heart. For sometime past it grew constantly worse, reducing my health to a very low state. I frequently had such sharp pains under my heart that I was fearful if I drew a long breath it would cause death. In going upstairs I had to stop to rest and regain breath. When my children made a noise while playing I would be so overcome with nervousness and weakness that I could not do anything and had to sit down to regain composure. Oftentimes my heart would seem to swell, and give me great pain. My limbs were unnaturally cold, and I was subject to nervous headaches and dizziness. My memory became uncertain and sleep deserted me.'

'I have been taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I got at Mr. Fear's drug store, and as a result I am very much better. I have improved in health and strength rapidly since commencing this treatment. The blessing of sleep is restored to me. My heart is much stronger, and the oppressive sensation in it has vanished. I can now go upstairs without stopping and with the greatest ease, and I no longer suffer from dizziness or headache. It seems to me the circulation of my blood has become healthy and normal, thereby removing the coldness from my limbs. I can truly say that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done me a world of good. (Signed) Mrs. J. Constable, Seaforth Ont. Mrs. Constable is the wife of Mr. James Constable who has been a resident for over 25 years, and both he and his estimable wife are well known in Seaforth and the surrounding country.'

Laxa Liver Pills cures constipation, biliousness, and sick headache; 25c.

## HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER.

How one Dog Punished Another for Getting in a Mischief.

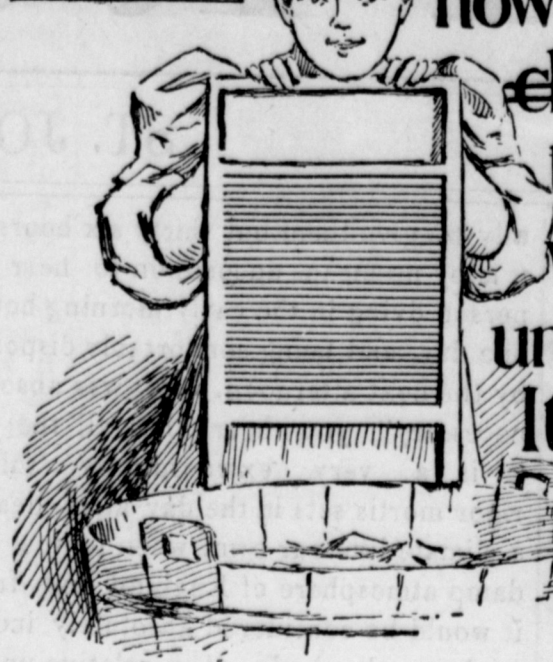
Two dogs are still held in pleasant recollection in Melrose, Mass. One was a shaggy, lumbering, elephantine Newfoundland named Major, the other a sleek, wiry little black-and-tan called 'Kikie.' Both Major and Kikie have long since passed to their reward, but this story of their friendship is still told by those who knew them.

A few hundred yards from the home of the woman who owned the dogs was a railroad crossing. Kikie had the bad habit of rushing down the street to this crossing whenever he heard the whistle of an approaching train. He would then dash along beside the cars and bark furiously. Many a time he had been punished for it, but the roar of a train was always too much for his good resolutions.

One day—the pitcher that goes too often



NO ONE KNOWS how easy it is to wash clothes all kinds of things on wash day with SURPRISE SOAP, until they try. It's the easiest quickest best Soap to use. See for yourself.



to the well, you know—some portion of the flying train struck him. He fell into the ditch beside the track, and there he lay till old Major's barking attracted the attention of a passing friend.

The little dog was taken home, his wounds dressed, and his battered frame nursed back to health. During his convalescence Major was always with him, and doubtless often said: 'I told you so,' and 'I hope this will teach you a lesson.'

But, alas for Major's hopes! Kikie was no sooner out-of-doors again than he resumed his dangerous habit. Major, however, had apparently made up his mind that moral suasion was useless, and physical force must be employed.

The next time Kikie started for the crossing Major followed. The little dog was light and quick-motioned, and 'got into his stride,' as the horsemen say, in the first few yards. Major, on the other hand, was heavy and slow at the start, and before he was under full headway, Kikie was fifty yards ahead.

But there was conscious rectitude and stern resolve, and the force of a moral principle in Major's gait. He doubled himself up and let himself out in a way that was good to see, and he overtook Kikie within ten yards of the crossing.

With one blow of his paw he batted his small friend over, placed his great foot on the little dog's chest, and him down while the train rushed by.

Kikie lay perfectly still. When the last car had passed, old Major removed his paw with a bark and a growl which said as plainly as speech: 'There, you little fool! Can't you learn anything? Do you want to get hit by the ears again?' and Kikie got up and followed Major home with his tail between his legs.

Many a time all this was repeated to the delight of those who saw it. Kikie never failed to get the best start, but Major always caught him before the crossing was reached, always knocked him over and held him down till the whole train was safely past. Kikie never learned wisdom, but Major never gave up as 'past reformation.'

## CURED OF SCIATIC.

Left Hip Affected—Suspected Kidney Trouble—Relieved and Perfectly Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Toronto Junction, Mar. 22 (Special)—Mr. H. Playter, is not a difficult man to find as everybody here knows that he is foreman at No. 1 Fire Hall. He was the picture of health when called upon by your correspondent and told his story thus:—

'In April 1896 I suffered from a severe attack of Sciatica affecting my left hip and the leg to the tip of the toes. I suspected it came from some form of kidney trouble and as they had been recommended I procured a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills.'

At the end of the fourth day I was entirely relieved but desiring a permanent cure I continued to use that and another box and am now perfectly cured and as well as ever in my life. A brother of mine living at Pine Orchard has been cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

## SOME NERVOUS ENGINEERS.

How Some of Them Allow Their Nerves to get the Better of Them.

A London police official gives an interesting reminiscence of the early days of railway management in Ireland. He was travelling over a new line in the western section of the island, and had as his companion in the compartment of a railway carriage an eccentric man, who showed many signs of nervousness and uneasiness after a certain station had been passed.

Finally the man seemed to lose control over himself. Springing to his feet he let down the window-sash of the door. In another instant he opened the door by means of the handle outside, and seemed to be preparing to take a leap from the train.

His companion, greatly alarmed, seized him by the shoulder, but was roughly shaken off.

'I know what I am about,' shouted the excited man, 'and shall not jump unless it be necessary to do so.'

The train was trundling slowly over a bridge at the moment. When it reached the opposite bank and was clear of the bridge, the man recovered his composure, closed the door, raised the window sash, resumed his seat, and in a moment was deeply interested in a book. His companion, who had been taken aback by these remarkable proceedings, remarked quietly: 'You must excuse my curiosity, sir, but you really ought to explain why you have been so strangely excited.'

'Well, sir, I can tell you in a few words. I was the engineer of this branch of the line. The bridge which we have passed was improperly constructed, but through no fault of mine. My advice was overruled. I know that the bridge is unsafe and when ever the train by which I may be travelling

approaches it, I insist upon taking proper precautions for my own safety. I open the door and am ready to leap into the stream unhampered by instructions, so as to be clear of the wreck if any accident shall occur.'

'As a fellow traveller, you ought to have warned me of my own danger, instead of acting like a madman.'

'You would have been in my way. Self-preservation is the first law of life.'

The veteran police official took pains to avoid travelling over this line until the unsafe bridge had been condemned and rebuilt.

## TRUTH STAMPED ON EVERY LINE.

I have read somewhere that in the salt mines of Poland the work horses gradually grow blind. Well, the loss of sight is no affliction to the poor creatures, as, when once introduced into those horrid regions, they never once come out alive. Yet they work just as well. Why see where there is no daylight, nor anything to look at? On the other hand, what a terrible thing is the deprivation of a sense when objects where-with to gratify it are abundant on all sides! An impression illustration of this occurs in a letter which we have been requested to publish. Here it is:—

'At Michaelmas, 1880, it was that I began to feel low, weak, and weary. My mouth tasted badly, and I had a strange feeling at the pit of my stomach; it was a sensation of sinking down, as we sometimes have it in a dream. I could eat but little, and what I did eat gave me pain and a feeling of oppression at the chest and sides. Also I had great pain at the heart and palpitation, and brought up a nasty sour fluid into my mouth.'

'In January of the next year I removed to a house in Thurlow Road, which was damp. I took cold and my trouble grew worse. At first I had a dreadful cough, which gave me no rest night or day, and nearly shook me to pieces. The fits of coughing would last for two or three hours at a time, and I would retch and throw up frothy phlegm until I was sick and exhausted. After a time my breathing became so difficult I had to be propped up in bed, and for hours I would lie gasping for breath. I had night sweats so bad that my linen and pillows were wet in the morning. Owing to the cough and the shortness of breath I got little or no sleep at night for weeks together, and could barely stand on my feet.'

'I struggled on as best I could, my neighbours kindly assisting me. I was so nervous that if any one merely knocked at the door it would set my heart fluttering and thumping until I could not breathe. People said I had consumption, and would never get well. I had lost all faith in—'

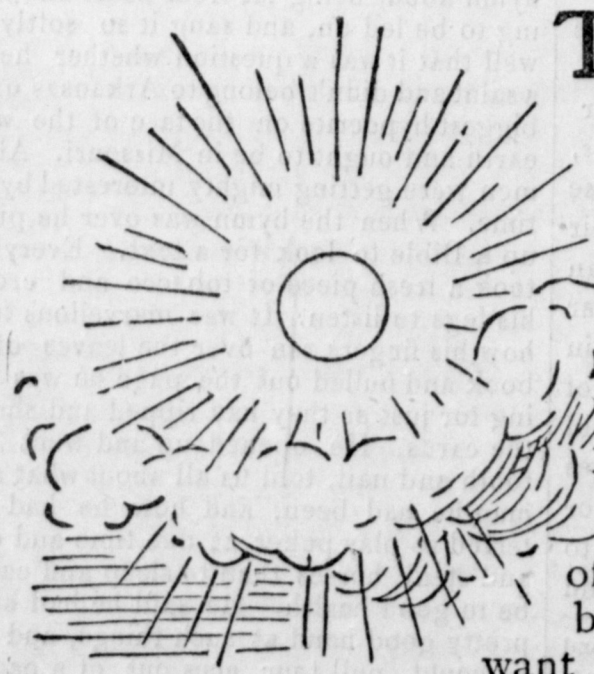
'While in this condition, and fast drifting to the grave, my husband heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and persuaded me to try it. This was in May, 1881. Without a particle of confidence that it would help me, I began taking it nevertheless, and in a few weeks my appetite returned, and my food digested and strengthened me. The tide had turned. Soon the cough, the palpitation and the night sweats left me, and not long afterwards I was well. Oh, none but those who have suffered as I did know what that word means.'

'I thank God I took Mother Seigel's Syrup. It surely saved my life. You may what I say if you choose, and I will gladly answer questions. I am a dressmaker, and have lived in this neighbourhood twenty-eight years. (Signed) Mrs. H. Radford, Great Bradley, near Newmarket, August 18th, 1892.'

The lady need not feel the slightest anxiety as to her statement being believed. The stamp of truth is upon the face of it. Thousands in England are even now passing through the same dismal experience—so full of gloom and pain. Heaven only knows whether any of them will come as well out of it as she did. It depends on their finding the remedy. But what was Mrs. Radford's disease? Was it consumption? People thought so, she says; and the cough, the night sweats, the emaciation; these had a frightfully consumptive look.

Yet no. Her malady was not of the lungs, but of the digestion, and of that only. That bad taste in the mouth, the loss of appetite—away back at Michaelmas, 1880—these things throw light on the mystery. That deceiver, that destroyer, fatal as consumption, yet wholly different—indigestion and dyspepsia, that was the ailment which made this woman despairing and almost reckless of life. Whatever may be the case with true consumption, it is sure that its counterfeits can be cured, for Mother Seigel's Syrup does it in every instance when faithfully used. Let the suffering take fresh notice of that fact and cheer up.

The poor salt mine horses don't miss their eyesight, but human beings miss their health, for health is all and everything. No wonder Mrs. Radford should say, 'Nobody knows what the word 'well' means until he is ill.'



## The sun shines.

We all know that. And there's another thing that's just as certain, viz.: that with Pearlina you have the easiest, the safest, the quickest, the most economical washing and cleaning.

Look at the millions of women who are using Pearlina. Look at the hundreds of millions of packages that have been used. What more do you want in the way of evidence? If Pearlina were not just what we say it is, don't you suppose that the air would be filled with complaints?

Millions NOW USE Pearlina