

A FLOOD THAT HELPED.

Grandmother Melton lighted the kitchen lamp and set it in the middle of the table. 'We might as well have supper,' she said. 'Your father probably won't be back till late.'

Fred and Polly drew up their chairs, and Grandmother Melton brought a steaming bowl of mush from the stove and dished it into two smaller bowls.

'I'm as hungry as a bear,' observed Fred between mouthfuls. 'I think it's a shame we have to go so far to school. There isn't a single boy or girl in Springfield that has to go half so far as we do.'

'I don't see why father doesn't move down there,' complained Polly, pouring more of the rich yellow milk over her mush. 'he could get to his work just as well, and it would be ever so much pleasanter than this lonesome place.'

'You must remember that your father isn't a rich man,' answered Grandmother Melton, gently. 'He owns this cottage, and if he moved he would have to rent another home and perhaps he couldn't sell this one.'

The Meltons had only been in their new home since the summer before. Both Fred and Polly had enjoyed it very much indeed during the pleasant warm weather of August and September. Then the wide, swift Mississippi had gleamed through the willows, and there had been unlimited boating and swimming and fishing. But with the coming of winter the roads choked full of snow and ice, and the winds swept over the river sharp and cold, and it was a dreary, lonesome walk of four miles to school at Springfield.

As the winter progressed they had complained more and more, and now for a week, owing to the spring freshets, Polly had been unable to go at all, and Fred was compelled to make a long detour over the bluffs to avoid the lagoons in the river bottoms.

'They'll all get ahead of me,' Polly had sobbed; 'and I can't pass my examinations.'

That morning Father Melton had gone up the river to help watch the levees. Reports had been coming from St. Paul, St. Louis, Cairo and others points farther up the great river that the water was rising rapidly. The levees must be watched night and day to prevent breaks. On leaving his home that morning Mr. Melton had told Fred that he would be back before dark, and that there was no danger to fear from the water. All his neighbors had told him that his cottage was high enough to be safe, even in the greatest floods.

'It's after 9 o'clock now,' said Polly, as she arose from the table; 'I wonder where father is?'

'I'd go out and watch for him if it wasn't raining so hard,' said Fred, and then he looked around toward the doorway anxiously.

He caught his breath suddenly. Then he half rose from the table and pointed at the floor. Grandmother Melton dropped her fork noisily on her plate and her eyes followed the direction indicated by Fred's finger. Polly sat still and gazed at the other two, wondering what it all meant.

There on the floor, crawling from the door, was a dark wriggling object. At first Fred had taken it to be one of the swamp rattlers so common to the Mississippi bottoms, and his first impulse was to spring for his father's rifle which stood in the corner.

'It's the flood,' said Grandmother Melton when she could get her breath.

By this time the black ribbon of water was spreading, slipping into the cracks and creeping out over the floor toward the table. Polly broke into a cry of terror. Even Grandmother Melton seemed uncertain what to do.

Fred suddenly roused himself. He remembered that he was the man of the house and that he must watch over and protect it in his father's absence. So he sprang from his seat and threw open the door, not without a throb of fear. It was dark outside, and rain came down in torrents. Curling up over the step they could see the muddy water, and they could hear the sound of it slapping against the house. It stretched away into the darkness in all directions as far as Fred could see. He knew that already it must be a foot or more high around the house.

'The levees are broken,' said Polly, in a scared, awed voice. 'Do you think we'll be washed away?'

At that moment something bumped against the side of the house with so much force that the dishes rattled. Fred ran to the side of the window, peered out, and found that a big log had washed down against the building.

Grandmother Melton, who was usually cool and brave under the most trying circumstances, was wringing her hands in terror.

'Run up stairs,' shouted Fred, 'and Polly and I'll bring all the stuff we can with us.'

Grandmother Melton waited no longer. She crept up the narrow stairway to the attic. Fred ran to the cupboard and began filling his arms with dishes of food, while Polly in her excitement seized the first thing that came to hand—grandmother's rocking-chair—and struggled up the stairs with it.

'We'll need clothing more'n anything else,' called Grandmother Melton.

'Fred ran back. The floor of the cottage was now entirely covered with water. He splashed through it and seized all the clothing, coats and jackets he could carry. Polly bravely wiped away her tears, and when Fred brought the loads to the stairway she ran with them to the bedroom where Grandmother Melton was sitting.

By this time the building had begun to shake and quiver as the water beat against it.

'She's going soon,' shouted Fred. 'I'm afraid the water will reach us up here,' suggested Grandmother Melton.

Fred looked up. The ceiling was low and just above him there had been an old trap-door, now nailed up. Instantly Fred seized the ax and burst it open. Above

they could see the dark sky and the rain coming down in steady torrents. Fred piled a trunk on top of the table and climbed out the roof.

He couldn't see far, but he could hear the roaring of the water from every direction. His heart sunk: he felt sure that they would all be drowned. Suddenly something thumped heavily against the side of the building, and the next instant the front end of the room went up and grandmother and Polly slipped down toward the rear end. Fred narrowly escaped being hurled off the roof.

'We're going! We're going!' screamed Polly.

'We're just off the foundation,' answered Fred, as bravely as he could.

Then he swung back down into the bedroom and helped Grandmother Melton and Polly up through the trap door to the roof. He covered them up as well as he could and told them to cling to the ridgepole whatever might happen. Then he ran down for a coil of clothesline. This he tied firmly to the window at one end of the bedroom, carried the other end up through the trap-door, along the roof and dropped it over the eaves. Down he went again and fastened it to the other window frame. It would do to hold to. Hardly had he finished his work when the building gave another great lurch.

'Hold on!' shouted Fred.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when he found himself thrown violently from his feet. He caught a glimpse of the water pouring up the stairway, and then the lamp was capsized and went out. Next he found himself pounding about in the water.

'Fred! Fred!' came the agonized voice of Polly.

'Here I am!' spluttered Fred. In falling he had caught the edge of the trap door and Polly helped him to the roof.

'We had all we could do to hold on,' gasped Grandmother Melton.

'We're moving,' shouted Polly.

They rocked and scraped and bumped along with the water swirling and crashing around them.

'It's our first voyage,' said Fred, with an effort to laugh; 'praps we'll wind up in the Gulf of Mexico.'

But Polly didn't laugh, neither did Grandmother Melton.

A few minutes later they heard some one shouting far out on the stream and they saw the glimmer of a lantern. They shouted in return, but there was no answer, and presently the lantern was swallowed up in the darkness and the three castaways were even more lonesome and terrified than before.

They were compelled to cling firmly to the rope and the ridgepole all the time, for the house was continually bumping against obstructions in the stream and careening and jolting like a boat in a rough sea. Besides this, they were wet to the skin and shivering with cold and fright. Occasionally huge forms would loom up near them, and they would see the outline of trees or buildings floating down the river. They were momentarily afraid lest their boat should bump into something and be broken up. If this happened they knew they would have small hope of escape.

Quite suddenly they felt the building grind on something, and then, with a jolt, it came to a standstill. They could hear the timbers strain and creak and the current of the stream splashing about it, but it did not move.

'Well, we're anchored,' said Fred. 'I suppose we're out somewhere on a sand-bar in the Mississippi.'

'Do you think we have reached Memphis?' asked Polly, anxiously.

To Polly it seemed as if it had been drifting for hours.

For a long time they remained almost still. Occasionally they joined their voices in a great shout, but there was no answer. Fred said the water roared so loud that no one could hear it, anyway, but it eased their spirits to be doing something.

At last they started again with a jerk and a shiver, as if some of the timbers of the building had given away. They bumped on for what seemed an endless time, and then, after scraping along for some minutes, they again stopped. By this time the rain had ceased and the moon shone out faintly through the clouds.

'There's lights,' cried Polly, joyfully.

Sure enough, on the hill, not such a great distance away, they could see many lights gleaming out over the water. Nearer, there were other lights moving about, as if in boats.

'It's Memphis,' said Polly, and then they all shouted at the top of their voices.

But no one heard them. The water roared too loudly. So they sat for hours and hours—it seemed to them—until the gray light of morning began to break in the east. They strained their eyes as it grew brighter and looked off across the gray flood of water with its scattering heaps of wreckage to the town on the hill.

'I thought Memphis was a bigger city than that,' said Polly.

'It isn't Memphis,' said Fred, with a little joyful ring in his voice that made Polly and her grandmother look around quickly; it's Springfield.'

'Springville!' And Springfield it was. They could see the little weatherbeaten church on the hill, and the red brick schoolhouse, and Judge Carson's home, and a great many other familiar places, although some of the buildings that had stood near the river had disappeared.

'But haven't we come only four miles?' said Grandmother Melton, looking greatly surprised.

Halt an hour later two boats came alongside and the castaways were carried ashore. On the bank Polly found herself in the arms of her father crying and laughing all at once. Father Melton looked old and worn and worried. He had given up his family for lost, and he was bravely helping the other people in the work of rescue.

After the flood had subsided the Meltons went down to look over their home.

Father Melton hardly knew what to do, but Polly spoke up quite promptly. 'I tell you, father, let's leave it right here and live in it; Fred and I won't have so far to go to school.'

And what do you think? That is just what Father Melton did. He straightened the house around, built a new foundation under it, and the Meltons are living there to-day, quite happy and contented. So you see the flood helped two persons at least—Polly and Fred.—Chicago Record.

A LABORING MAN'S LEG. A RUNNING SORE RENDERED IT USELESS. HE COULDN'T WORK TILL HE HAD IT CURED BY KOOTENAY WHICH CONTAINS THE NEW INGREDIENT.

It goes without saying that the average working man finds it difficult to ply his daily avocation without the aid of a pair of good sound legs. To have either of his lower extremities incapacitated by disease is a serious matter. It means inability to provide for himself and those depending on him for support, to which is added the distress and suffering both mental and physical he is called upon in consequence to endure.

Mr. John Dawson, a respectable laborer living at 77 Jones St., Hamilton, Ont., states under oath that about seven years ago an inflammation appeared upon his knee, which continued to grow worse until about three years ago when it got so bad he was unable to work. He tried ointments and various remedies, but the sore continued discharging and the pains in his back were very severe. Last winter he commenced taking Ryckman's Kootenay Cure and in a comparatively short time the sore healed up, the pain disappeared from his back and he was able to resume his work. He thinks there's nothing can beat Kootenay, and he's right.

The whole secret of the cure lies in the thorough blood cleansing properties of the "new ingredient," which is the essential element of Kootenay.

It goes right through the system and eradicates all humors from the blood and in consequence there is a rapid replacing of diseased or decaying tissue by a healthy healing process. Don't be cajoled into taking any substitute for Ryckman's Kootenay Cure. If your druggist does not keep it, send \$1.50 for a bottle to the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont. Chart book sent free to any address. One bottle lasts over a month.

STUART AS A READER OF CHARACTER.

He regarded the Shape of the Nose as of Great Importance.

'I don't want people to look at my pictures and say how beautiful the drapery is; the face is what I care about,' said Stuart the great American painter. He was once asked what he considered the most characteristic feature of the face; he replied by pressing the end of his pencil against the tip of his nose distorting it oddly.

His faculty at reading physiognomy sometimes made curious hits. There was a person in Newport, Rhode Island, celebrated for his powers of calculation, but in other respects almost an idiot. One day Stuart, being in the British Museum, came upon a bust whose likeness was apparently unmistakable. Calling the curator, he said, 'I see you have a head of "Calculating Jemmy".'

'Calculating Jemmy!' repeated the curator, in amazement. 'That is the head of Sir Isaac Newton.'

On another occasion, while dining with the Duke of Northumberland, his host privately called his attention to a gentleman and asked the painter if he knew him. Stuart had never seen him before.

'Tell me what sort of a man he is' 'I may speak frankly?' 'By all means.'

'Well if the Almighty ever wrote a legible hand, he is the greatest rascal that ever disgraced society.'

It appeared that the man was an attorney who had been detected in sundry dishonorable acts.

Stuart's daughter tells a pretty story of her father's garret, where many of his unfinished pictures were stored:

'Th garret was my playground, and a beautiful sketch of Madame Bonaparte was the idol that I worshiped. At last I got possession of colors and an old panel and fell to work copying the picture. Suddenly I heard a frightful roaring sound; the kitchen chimney was on fire. Presently my father appeared, to see if the fire was like to do any damage. He saw that I looked very foolish at being caught at such presumptuous employment, and pretended not to see me. But presently he could not resist looking over my shoulder.'

'Why boy' said he, 'so he used to address me—you must not mix your colors with turpentine; you must have some oil!'

It is pleasant to add that the little girl who thus found her inspiration eventually became a portrait-painter of merit.

Pile Terrors Swept Away.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment stands at the head as a reliever, healer, and sure cure for Piles in all forms. One application according to directions will cure chronic cases. It relieves all itching and burning skin diseases in a day. 35 cents.

'He can take the Bible apart as good as any man I ever seed,' said a colored gentleman, in criticism of his pastor, 'but he can't put it together again.'

GRENADIER AND BUTCHER

A Military Bandsman of 50 Years' Standing and a Young Butcher Experience the Marvellous Curative Power of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

A NEWSPAPER INVESTIGATION.

In the Case of Mr. Henry Pye Diabetes Had Brought on Paralysis—Two Doctors Said Wm. Wade Was Dying of Bright's Disease.

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Them.

Each of them tells an interesting story to a newspaper Reporter—

Mr. Pye played in the Marine Band at the Duke of Wellington's funeral—In the Royal Grenadiers' Band for over 20 years—He had given up hope when Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him—Wm. Wade, after being sick for years with Bright's Disease and his life despaired of, tests the power of Dodd's Kidney Pills and is now in good health.

From Mail and Empire.

The reputation which Dodd's Kidney Pills enjoy today must have been built upon a broad foundation of sure curative qualities. To verify this view, a Mail and Empire representative yesterday investigated two wonderful cures that have been talked of in the East End of the city, and the results of the enquiry are worth recording.

The first man interviewed was Mr. Henry Pye, 115 Pape ave. He is a genial, happy, prosperous-looking man of sixty-five years, and was very pleased to see any one who wished to talk about Dodd's Kidney Pills. 'Why shouldn't I talk about Dodd's Kidney Pills?' asked Mr. Pye. 'In the first place, they saved my life—no doubt about that—and in the second place it hadn't been for them, I couldn't have kept my situation. A neighbor of mine, Mrs. Farrell, she's a great Methodist, was cured by them, and she calls them God's Kidney Pills.'

'But you want to hear my story. I'm a bandsman, you know. By trade I'm a shoemaker, but six years ago I laid away my last, and since then have given all my time to music. I've been a member of the Royal Grenadiers' Band for twenty years. It's just fifty years ago last month since I joined the Marine Band in England. I played at the Duke of Wellington's funeral in 1852.'

'For thirty-five years I have lived in Toronto.'

In the winter I play at the rinks. Two years ago the first night was very cold, and I got chilled through. This was the beginning of my sickness. Last summer, when the Grenadiers went to Berlin, I could hardly get through the day. The next morning I got up feeling pretty well. But after breakfast I was taken with frightful pains in my back. I had to send for a doctor. He gave me morphine, and pronounced it a very bad case of diabetes. In a week I lost forty pounds of flesh. I would drink so much water that I would go out and vomit. But I would come in with just as great a thirst as ever. I must have drank gallons of it a day.'

'But could you still get round all right?' 'Well, no. My right leg began to be paralyzed, and at times my foot would swing about as if I had no control of it. I was living on Grant street then, but as I couldn't walk, I thought I might as well ride a bit farther, and come out here to get the country air.'

'I have been accustomed to play in the band at the Exhibition, and last year, as the Exhibition time drew near, I was anxious to stick to it for that engagement, thinking it would be my last. I was beginning to feel the paralysis in my fingers, so that I could scarcely work the keys. My friends, too, thought it was all up with me.'

'During the Exhibition I stayed with my daughter, who lives in Parkdale. I was getting worse every day. My son-in-law

said he had heard of several women in Parkdale who had been cured of kidney disease by using Dodd's Kidney Pills. So he got a box for me, and I started taking them. Before two days I began to feel better. I took that box and ten others. By that time I felt so well that I stopped taking them, except occasionally. My health is now first-rate, but I still take the pills, off and on.'

'Last winter I played sixty nights at the rink without the least inconvenience. Yesterday I walked ten miles. Last summer I could no more have done that than fly. Really, I feel myself getting stronger every day. I can run up the four flights of stairs to the band practice-room easier than I could crawl up them last summer. I'm just about my healthy weight and fit as a fiddle.'

'I tell you Dodd's Kidney Pills are all right. I've started a dozen people taking them since I was cured. My daughter, who has been sick and doctoring for a long time has begun to take the Tablets, and she says they help her as nothing else has done.'

William Wade, the nineteen-year-old son of Mr. Henry Wade, the well-known East End butcher, 940 Queen street east, was another who it was reported had been marvellously cured. When seen by a Mail and Empire representative, he was in the act of hoisting a hundred-and-forty pound quarter of beef to his shoulder and carrying it into the shop.

'Are you the boy that was thought to be dying of Bright's disease a year and a half ago, and had been given up by two doctors?' asked the newspaper man.

'I am, and it was a pretty close shave I had.'

'Well, you don't look much of an infant or invalid now.'

'You saw what I was doing. Well, I was as good as a corpse a year and a half ago. It'll just take a minute to tell you about it.'

'Six years ago I had a bad attack of diphtheria. I was just over it when I went hunting, and got a relapse. Kidney trouble set in. It would come back every spring and fall for three or four weeks. Of course, the attacks became more severe, and in the intervals I was of little use to myself or anyone else.'

'A year ago last fall I got so bad that two doctors were attending me daily. It was Bright's disease, they said. They said, too, that if I got over that attack I would not be able to work for six years. Before long they gave me up altogether, and said my death was a matter of a few weeks. It was then that some one brought me a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I took fifteen boxes, and was cured.'

'I continue to take the pills occasionally, especially after heavy lifting. Now I can do a heavy day's work and feel first-rate after it. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to everyone that I know has kidney trouble.'

Dockery Got His Kind.

Col. Joe Johnston, who has been a Post Office Inspector for long years, is an old chum of Dockery of Missouri. The other day after dinner at Willard's the two stepped to the cigar stand to get what is indispensable to every true Missourian.

'Let's have some of the kind of cigars Dockery always smokes,' said Col. Johnston. 'Here, Dockery, take one, and put two or three in your pocket,' added the Colonel, with much exhibition of conscious liberality.

Dockery availed himself of the treat, but without great enthusiasm. 'Now,' said the Colonel to the man of

cigars, and beaming with comfortable feeling, 'give me some good cigars for myself.'

Have You Any of These?

Palpitation, Fluttering of the Heart, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Swelling of the Ankles, Nightmare, Spells of Hunger and Exhaustion. These are the most pronounced symptoms of Heart Disease. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart will give relief inside of 30 minutes, and will effect a speedy cure in most stubborn cases. It's vegetable, it's liquid, it's harmless, it's wonderful.

A woman don't care how cold she is, only she doesn't look frozen.