

**A MIDNIGHT DRIVE**

Some years ago I was sadly in need of a change in the country, and, most opportunely, a doctor in Arlington was anxious to winter abroad, so I took his practice for six months.

Arlington was a picturesque little place some five miles from the sea. The people were most friendly and gave me a hearty welcome immediately. Dr. Seward, whose substitute I was, kept a smart little horse and buggy. The weather being unusually fine for the time of year, I immensely enjoyed the driving, for the country was new to me.

One day as I was driving home, when it was beginning to grow dusk, my eye was caught by the glow of the setting sun on the windows of a house standing on rather high ground near the sea.

It was an old red brick house and seemed much out of repair.

Turning to my driver I asked him who owned the place. 'It is called the Laurels,' was his reply. I was surprised at the curt speech for usually he was very talkative. Just then we turned a corner, and it was lost from sight. The matter then passed from my mind entirely. Soon after that the weather grew wild and stormy, so that my long drives became a nuisance instead of a pleasure, and on the evening of April 1 I came in at seven, really thankful that my day's work was over. This thought gave me the greatest comfort, and after dinner I settled myself in a large armchair drawn up to the blazing hearth and resigned myself to a cup of excellent coffee and a good cigar. The long, cold drive had made me drowsy, and soon, in spite of my interest, I fell sound asleep and dreamed of my school days.

I was awakened by the violent ringing of the surgery bell—an agitated sound, as though the ringer had been kept waiting some time and was growing angry.

The clock was just striking 11, so I must have slept for nearly two hours; then remembering that the housekeeper must have gone to bed, I roused myself and went to the door.

The rain had ceased, but heavy clouds were scudding across the sky, partially obscuring the pale moon. By the flickering light of the hall lamp I saw a young man, muffled in a dark cloak. He looked about 25 and his dark, handsome face seemed pale and disturbed.

'You are a surgeon?' he said abruptly, stretching out his hand.

I noticed that there was a bloodstained handkerchief twisted round his wrist, and so concluded he had met with an accident and needed my attention, so I said: 'Yes, come inside. The wind will extinguish the lamp, and I have no matches about me.'

'I want you to come with me at once. My brother has met with an accident. It is a matter of life and death. Come.'

'Where?' I asked hurriedly, shivering with cold, for he would not come in.

'To the Laurels. I implore you to make haste,' was the agitated answer.

'Your name?' I asked in despair, for the Laurels was five miles away.

'Guy Chivers. Are you ready? Come.'

All I could do was to step back into the hall, put on my fur coat, and ask him to wait while I harnessed the horse. He agreed to this and accompanied me to the stable, even offering to hold the lantern while I attended to the horse, for my man had gone to bed with a cold. By its light I studied his face. He had an almost faultless profile, with a hard mouth and dark, restless eyes. He looked rather like an actor. I could not say whether I liked his looks or not. Seldom, it ever, have I seen a face which so attracted and repelled me at the same time.

I had expected my tired horse to go slowly, but to my surprise he seemed unusually fresh, shied and even attempted to rear when my impatient visitor laid his hand on him. It was with difficulty that I harnessed him at all. The horse had always been perfectly quiet and steady before, but several times during that lonely drive I thought he would have landed us in a ditch.

At last we reached a rusty iron gate, where Chivers leaped out, and, seizing the horse by the bit, slipped the rein over the post. Then as I got down he flung open the gate and pushed me in.

'Quick,' he said, 'or we shall be too late!'

The house looked dark and forbidding, but a ray of light shone through the door, which was ajar. I felt strangely nervous and excited as I entered. What it this was a trap to rob and murder me?

My guide opened a door and disappeared from sight, leaving me alone in the uncanny place, which was quite unlike any house I was ever in before. I believe had he been gone one instant longer I must have made the best of my way out into the dark drive and left my patient to his fate, so unnerved had I become. However, as I took one step toward the door he reappeared, carrying a lamp which cast a curious shadow on the wall.

'Come up stairs,' he said quickly. 'Harold is there. Step quietly.' And he led the way into a large room, which struck me as the most uncomfortable bedroom I ever entered. But instantly my whole attention was fixed on a slim, boyish figure lying on the bed, fully dressed, with the blood flowing from a deep wound in his left side.

For a minute I thought him already dead, but he raised his head feebly as we entered and whispered faintly: 'Guy it was my fault. I struck you first.'

Chivers leaned over him and raised him in his arms, so that the fair, curly head rested on his shoulder, and said: 'We were mad, Harold, both of us. She was not worth my brother's life. Here—and he beckoned me to approach the bedside. 'Save this boy's life and all my property shall be yours.'

I was about to protest that doctors do not take such exorbitant fees, but even as I stepped forward the lad turned from me with a painful effort, clung to his brother

and sobbed out his young life in his arms.

I was horrified, although in my professional experience I had attended scores of deathbeds. In silence I advanced to help the poor young man, but he laid down the lifeless form and came to my side, saying coldly:

'You are too late, sir. Now go.' And he pointed to the door.

'But, Mr. Chivers,' I began, it is necessary that—My sentence remained unfinished. Something I know not what, took possession of me, and I found myself running like a madman down the dark avenue, without any knowledge of how or why I left the house. A great terror overcame me, but my good Dixie was still tied to the gatepost, and I scrambled into the buggy and urged him homeward.

When my man arrived next morning, he said reproachfully: 'Whatever's been happening to Dixie, sir? He's that done you'll not be able to drive him for a week?'

'I was summoned in a hurry last night,' I replied with caution. 'John, does Dr. Seward usually attend the people at The Laurels?'

'The Laurels? Why, bless you, sir, there ain't no people there. It's been empty for years, 'w's the astounding reply.'

A little later I met the rector as I was going through the village.

The reverend gentleman saw at a glance that I was much perturbed, and I tried to talk commonplace. Soon, however, the question slipped out: 'Do you know anything of The Laurels?'

'Ah, it is a strange, uncanny place,' was his answer. 'No one lives there, and the natives all give it a wide berth. Two brothers named Chivers owned it at the end of the last century. Legends say that they were devotedly attached to each other, but both were high spirited, fiery fellows, and—a woman in the case—doctor, they fell in love with the same girl, a niece of one of my predecessors, I believe. Their servants, who lived on well into this century, used to say that she secretly favored Harold, the younger, but one day she promised to run away with Guy. The boy (he was scarcely more) discovered this, and, in a passion, struck his brother across the face.'

'They fought a duel, and it was not until his brother lay dying at his feet that Guy relented. Then he searched the country far and wide for a surgeon, and found one at last—just too late. The boy died as they entered the room. Guy blew his brains out the day of the funeral, and the villagers have some foolish tale that the house is haunted. But that is of course, mere talk.'

'What day did all this take place?' I gasped, feeling sick and giddy.

'Let me see, I know—somewhere this time of year,' said the rector. 'Why it was the 1st of April.'

My strange experience has always been an unexplained mystery to me. That I was not dreaming was well proved by the mud on the buggy, by poor Dixie's exhausted condition and by the mark of wheels in the deserted drive at The Laurels. John T. Hall in Owl.

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possible undertaking, as the animals were not sufficiently skillful to climb a rope ladder to the upper deck. But the trainer knew his beasts, and was equal to the situation.

He ordered the smallest of the troupe to lie down on the gangplank, and the animal complied without a whimper. The elephant was then asked to roll on board, which command was also obeyed promptly. The monster brute made but two revolutions, and found himself bound for Milwaukee.

In telling the novel occurrence, one of the dockmen said:

'We got them on board safely by rolling them down the gangplank, but it was a tight squeeze for the two biggest. When the steamer felt the weight of the elephants on one side, she listed some, but was properly trimmed at last, when the keeper ordered them to lie down amidships. They did as they were bid, without making any objections. I suppose they thought they were going back to Africa. I've seen horses make more trouble than those elephants made when being loaded.'

When the boat got well under way and felt the swell of the water as the east winds blew, the elephants provel themselves good sailors, and trumpeted their delight. They looked out at the broad waste of sea and sky, and watched the distant sails with as much interest as did the two-legged passengers above them.

The smallest one, however, when the city had long been left behind, felt somewhat uneasy. He rubbed his ponderous stomach with his trunk, and delivered a shrill trumpeting sound which drowned the noise of the big whistle. The captain tried to make a trade for the animal, as he said that his vocal strength far exceeded the powers of the vessel's deep voiced foghorn.

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**SEE THAT LINE**

It's the wash, out early, done quickly, cleanly, white.

Pure Soap did it **SURPRISE SOAP** with power to clean without too hard rubbing, without injury to fabrics.

**SURPRISE** is the name, don't forget it.

**A CRIPPLE FOR LIFE.**

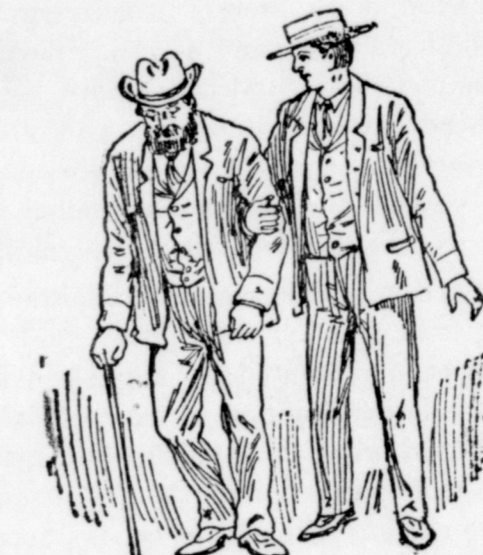
50 DOCTORS SAID CONCERNING RICHARD B. COLLINS.

He Spent Months in the Toronto Hospital Without Any Benefit—Pink Pills Cure Him After All Other Treatment Failed.

From the Echo, Wlarton, Ont.

The Echo presents to its readers the following plain statement of fact, with the simple comment that a medicine that can perform so remarkable a cure is simply invaluable, and it is no wonder that the aggregate of its sales throughout the country is enormous.

I, Richard B. Collins, hereby make the following statement, which can be confirmed by any number of witnesses in this section of the country. I first began to complain about five years ago. I had then been working in a fish shanty, and was wet almost the whole time, summer and winter. I was then confined to the house for three months. This was my first attack and on getting better I commenced work again the first of the following February and continued at it until the next January when I took a much worse attack. The doctors pronounced it rheumatism and after treating me for that disease until about the first of



May, they discovered that my trouble was disease of the hip joint, and advised to go to an hospital. I went to Toronto and stayed in the hospital five weeks and then returned home. I, however, did not recover, and was compelled during the following summer to go back to the hospital where I remained three months, getting worse all the time. I was told I could not be cured and when I left was only able to walk by the aid of crutches. I then came home and was not there long before I was taken to my bed. I continued in this state until January following, when I was advised by several friends to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I took their advice and before I had finished the fifth box I began to improve, and by the time I had completed a dozen boxes I was able to walk without crutches, and have never used them since. I was able to do light work in a short time, and in January last (1897) I commenced working in the woods and have no trouble from the hip unless over-exerted. During the last three years I have spent \$300.00 in doctors' bills, and medicines, trying everything recommended, but without any good results until I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, to which I owe my restored condition, as the doctors gave up all hopes of ever seeing me out of bed alive and well. I may say that before I began taking Pink Pills during my last attack, I put in many a night so bad that I never expected to be alive in the morning.

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and build up and renew the entire system. Sold by all dealers and post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

Dogs certainly understand speech. A man visiting a minister in Roanoke, Va., was asked to see if he could bring into the conversation the word 'holes' without attracting the notice of the minister's dog. He tried it more than once, not emphasizing or making the word louder than any of the others. The first time the word was spoken the dog looked apprehensively at the speaker. The second time he rose, curled his tail between his legs and stood watchful, while the third time 'holes' fell upon the ear he left the room with shame printed all over him. The explanation given by the minister was that the dog had dug holes on the front lawn and being sharply reproved, verbally, for it. Another dog that killed a tame duck was not whipped, but scolded, and now every time he hears the word 'duck' he will rise and crawl away.



Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.

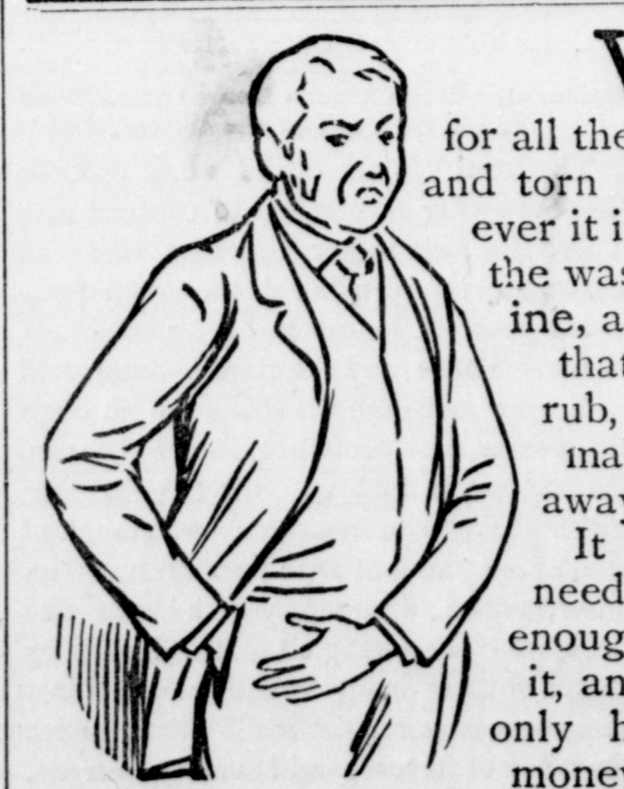
Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and peculiarly effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose cures. 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 it nor anything like it can be prepared in pill form.

**THREE CURIOUS PLANTS.**

The Cannibal Tree, Grapple Plant and Vegetable Python.

Three of the most dangerous of vegetative plants in the world are the 'cannibal tree' of Australia, the 'death' or 'grapple plant' of South Africa, and the 'vegetable python' of New Zealand.

The 'cannibal tree' grows up in the shape of a huge pineapple, and attains a height of eleven feet. It has a series of broad, board-like leaves, growing in a fringe at the apex, which forcibly brings to mind a gigantic Central American agave; and these board-like leaves, from ten to twelve feet in the smaller specimens and from fifteen to twenty feet in the larger, hang to the ground and are easily strong enough to bear the weight of a man of 140 pounds or more. In the ancient times this tree was worshipped by the native savages under the name of the 'devil tree,' a part of the interesting ceremony being the sacrifice of one of their number to its all too ready embrace. The victim to be sacrificed was driven up the leaves of the tree to the apex, and the instant the so-called 'pistils' of the monster were touched the leaves would fly together like a trap, crushing the life out of the intruder. In



**Who pays**

for all the clothes, etc., that are worn out and torn to pieces in the wash? Whoever it is, he or she ought to insist that the washing shall be done with Pearl-line, and with Pearl-line only. Then that ruinous, expensive rub, rub, rub, over the wash-board, which makes all the trouble, will be done away with.

It isn't a little matter, either, this needless wear and tear. It's big enough to pay any man to look after it, and stop it. Pearl-line saves not only hard work, but hard-earned money.

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