PROGRESS, SATURDAY. JUNE 19, 1897.

A MORNING CALL.

"What's the matter, Viola ?" 'I'm bothered to death !'

'Why ?' 'With these horrid bills-it's quarter day or something-I believe every year has sixteen quarter days !" and she brought down her white hand angrily upon a packet of freshly opened bills lying before her on her writing table. A pretty looking woman sitting in a pretty room, periectly dressed, with fair, well arranged hair, and delicate white hands. Opposite to her was seated a man-young and good looking, stretched indolently in an easy chair.

'Tell George about them,' he said.

George's wite looked troubled.

'He makes such a tuss now, and scolds, and is so disagreeable that I hate asking nim tor money.'

Borrow of me.'

10

'You dear, kind Jack, certainly not. One beggar can't rob another ! Besides, you've no idea of the awful sum I want. Oh, dear. I'm so miserable !' And big tears stood in the lovely eyes that had given her the name of Violet.

'Don't worry,' he said, turning away so as not to see her tears, 'tote up the amount you owe, and tell me what it comes to.'

'I've done that already. I've been at it all the morning-it's a trightful amount-it comes to 2,000 pounds.

Jack gave a low whistle.

'Great Scott! I've nothing like that. How much does George allow you ?' "A thousand a year."

'And can't you manage on that? Why,

once we should have thought it a fortune ! 'Of course, but you see, I do spend a lot upon my clothes-no one can dress as I do upon much less, but that's not it, the fact is I have an awful drain upon me. Oh, Jack, I'll have to tell you, for I must confide in somebody, and you are such an old

friend. I wouldn't it you were rich, because then you would want to help me; but perhaps you can help me with advice.

'Tell me,' he said quietly.

'Well, you remember, don't you, the dear old days at home, when you were so much with us?'

'I should rather think I did ! That was a jolly little house your poor mother had on the river ! We did have good times, didn't we?

'Yes; but I'm afraid Molly and I both got the name of being rather imprudent.'

ted me to write, and I grew cold with months; you have made her life misfright lest someone should read it. I erable and mine a hell upon earth! hunted through the blotting book to burn You tried to make me believe that Caplike a choke, and his hand went up to his and lowered myself, through your slander-

kind in all his arrangements for me that I was more than ever touched by his goodness, and I grew so fond of him that I was never happy when he was away from me-But now everything is changed. He does not seem to care for me any more,' and a sob choked her utterance. 'He never goes anywhere with me. He hardly ever should pay them, he said, in a stern voice, that I had ample allowance, and must make

it do.' 'But, surely, Vi,' Jack said, in a husky voice. 'a thousand a year is more than enough for you to dress upon.'

'Ot course it is.' 'Then why that pile of bills ?' 'Now we come to the point. That old wretch Madame Devonne had found my

everything, and saying how well I looked drove rapidly home. and all that sort of flattery, and then she produced the letter from her pocket. 'Oh, I'm so glad you have brought it to me !' I exclaimed, and held out my hand for it;

but why did you take it?' I asked. ' 'I am very poor, Violet,' she answered, and I am getting old-I work no more-I will repose myself.'

'I said something civil and asked for my letter. Then she showed her hand and told me that unless I paid her well she would at once send that letter to my hus-

band.' Jack started to his feet with a furious exclamation.

'In vain I pleaded, then I grew angry,

fused to do, but said as long as I paid her

well she would not send it to George. I

have given her hundreds, and at last I had

to write and tell her that I had no more to

'Could you not have told George the

'I often longed to tell him, but it is all

so difficult to explain, and if he ever saw

the letter, he would find me judged by my

'Poor little Vi! I'm so glad you told

Before luncheon? Oh, Jack, and I

'I am going straight to Madame Da-

'Oh, Jack! Can you really do this? Oh,

Violet eagerly wrote it down with trem-

bling fingers, and then grasped his hands

in hers. 'You have always been so good to

me, Jack, and I wish George liked you-

somehow I fancy he doesn't; he will when

'Now I think he's a tool to be rough on

'No, I'm quite certain I didn't. Was it

'Oh, no, it didn't matter. Well, I must

What's that ? It sounded like George's

Jack walked to the door and opened it.

'No one is there-a footmin gone to the

'Do just come into the dining room and

In a few minutes Jack was driving rapid-

Lord George Maitland at the same time

was driving tar ahead of Jack in the same

direction. Arrived at a certain door in a

small street in Notting Hill, he asked for

Madame Devonne, heard she was in, and

was admitted. 'Let no one else come in

while I am here,' he said to the servant,

Madame Devonne was seated by the

fire, knitting, with the remains of a de-

jeuner-a-la-fourchette on a table at her side.

said, rising and holding out her hand.

Ah! milor, it delights me to see you !' she

Lord George bowed. 'Sit down, Ma-

ly across London in the direction of Notting

post most likely. I heard the front door

vonne, and if I kill her, she will give up

thought you would try and help me.'

Give me the woman's address.'

give.'

own handwriting.'

that letter.'

me. Now I must be off.

how thankful I shall be.'

anything of importance ?'

step !' Violet said suddenly.

be off.'

bang.

but it was all of no use I knew to read such a letter would break George's heart-he would never believe in me again for it would put me such a wicked-though, thank God, such a false-light that I should fond of you, after all.'-St, Paul's lose his love forever. At last I gave in London. and promised her everything if she would only give me back the letter. This the re-

it, and could not find it, so I thrust the tain Staunton was receiving from my book into the drawer and locked it-every wife the hundreds of pounds that you thing was in such a hurry at the last, you were compelling her to pay you as know. Well, then we married and went hush money. But all this villiany has come to Paris and had a lovely time. He was to an end. Your letter of this morning wonderfully good to me, and I learned to has led to a very different issue to what love him so dearly that I could not imagine you anticipated. According to your advice having ever thought I cared for anyone I went home unexpectedly. I stood un-Jack gave a curious sort of cough, half seen in the conservatory behind the boudoir collar, and he drew it aside from his neck. ous tongue, to spy-yes, to spy-upon my 'And then we came home here, and own wife! But I learned the truth-the whole truth. It you were a man, madame I should horsewhip you. As it is, you will give me those two letters immediately. I advise you to give them up quietly." Madame Devonne rose without a word.

and, unlocking a drawer, took out two letters, which she handed to Lord George. He glanced over them quickly, and then speaks, and when I hinted that I had an put them into his pocket. 'I think you will awful lot of bills, and I didn't know how I leave London shortly?' he inquired in a meaning tone as he rose to his feet.

'Probably,' she answered coolly 'your vile climate gives me the migraine, the spleen. And, as you say in your ugly language, 'the game is up.'

Lord George, without another word, left the room and went out into the street.

'That vile woman was right,' he said to himself. 'I have been a fool-a blackguard to have believed anything wrong letter, and one morning when George was out she called and asked to see me. You spied upon her. Brute that I was! But I know I never liked her, but I was so happy | will make it up to her-my Vi, my darling, that I felt in charity with everybody. She never again shall you have an unhappy began by being very pleasant, admiring moment!' And he called a hansom and

The next morning Violet received a letter from Jack :

'Dear Vi-I went to Madame Devonne's house yesterday and tound her out. I went again in the evening, when the servant told me that she had left tor Paris in a hurry. Shall I tollow her up? Yours ever,

'JOHN STAUNTON.'

The answer came quickly :

Dear Jack,-'Come to luncheon at 2. Your happy old friend, VIOLET.' 'P.S.-I really believe George is quite



situation as under-manager at sheriff's Pit. The weakness increased upon me, and I began to fear there was no reason to hope I should ever recover.

"I consulted two doctors, but received no benefit from the medicines prescribed by them.

"In this miserable condition I lingered along until February of this year, when I heard from a friend of mine of the benefit he had derived from the use of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I began taking is held upright this quicksilver rests at the this medicine, and was soon able to digest my food. Then I began to gain strength rapidly, and in two months was back at my work as strong as ever, and walked 88 miles during one week.

"I may mention that for ten years I had a bad knee; I feared the bone was damaged, and expected to have to undergo an operation. But whilst taking Mother Seigel's Syrup, to my surprise and delight, all the trouble left my knee, and I can now walk without pain. Had I known earlier of this remedy I should have been spared great misery and expense. I will gladly answer inquiries concerning my case.-Yours truly, (Signed) Henry Champion." Mr. Champion has told his own story so plainly that little is left to be said beyond expressing our own pleasure at his restoration to health. The jaundice with which his open and obvious illness began was the result of gastric disarrangements which existed some time before, although he probably did not greatly notice or heed them. George told me to ask you. He came Then came the sudden outbreak in his early home yesterday just like his old self, life; then a long comparative suppression and was so sweet and nice to of the evil; and then the second outbreak me. He asked me if I had any bills, in 1892. It was a slumbering volcano with and wrote a cheque for them, saying he two eruptions. The leg trouble was the liked doing it, and in the end I told him | result of uric acid poison in the joint, the everything, and he was so happy and good. same as in rheumatism and gout-all caus-

VIOLET.' ed by the stomach fermentation.

not have accomplished the feat of decapitation with an ordinary sabre, and asserts that the Turk's yataghan was 'loaded' with quicksilver. A yataghan, he explains, is a short sword, shaped something like a butcher's cleaver, with an apparently hollow tube running along the back from hilt to point. This tube carries a charge of quicksilver. When the sword hilt. As a blow is struck the liquid metal is hurled down the grooved channel, lending deadly additional weight to the blow. Such a weapon, it is claimed, was in Mahmoud's Bey's hands when he dashed ahead of his troops and decapitated the Greek officer who was firing at him.

The assertion made that this is the sole instance of its kind in the history of a hundred years is not borne out by facts. The same teat was performed during the civil war, not with a 'loaded' yataghan, but wi h an ordinary United States army sabre. The man who wielded the sword in this episode, Col. E. Bloss Parsons, died two weeks ago in Rochester, N. Y. Col. Parsons was one of the wealthiest and best known men in New York State, and though he had never related the story, the details were found among his private papers a'ter his death. The incident was illustrated and described in Harper's Weekly at the time.

It was in 1864. Col. Parsons, who was noted as a horseman, was attached to Gen. Sheridan's staff. While reconnoitring one day with a squad of troopers under Gen. Davis, they were surprised by a detachment of Confederate cavalry. A pitched battle ensued, and Parsons, who was in the rear, saw a rebel officer level a revolver at Gen. Davis's head. Jabbing the spurs into his horse, he swung his sabre above his head, and, dashing by just as the officer fired, he made a terrific full-arm sweep. The Confederate's head leaped from the shoulders as swittly as if it had been severed by a guillotine. The feat is more remarkable when it is considered that Parsons was a slim, beardless fellow of 21. In comparison, Mahmoud Bey's single slash with his yatagban loses much of its importance. Col. Parsons was brevetted General for distinguished services during the war; but characteristic modesty forbade the use of title when he returned to civilian life. Not only did he perform the only authentic feat of decapitation during the civil war, but he was the hero of a remark able ride. A few days before the battle of Gettysburg was fought Gen. Meade had an important message to send to Gen. Harding, a hundred miles distant. As the route was through a country swarming with rebels, the message was written on tissue paper, that it might be swallowed in case the carrier was captured. The commander was in doubt regarding a suitable messen. ger. He summoned Gen. Davis to headquarters. 'General, who is the hardest rider, as well as the most trustworthy man, in the service ?' asked Meade. 'Col. Parsons, sir,' was the prompt reply. 'Seid him to me at once.' It was 6 o'clock on Monday night when Gen. Meade gave the young officer his in-structions. He was to ride with all haste to Gen. Harding's headquarters and return at once with an answer. The messenger retired. Two hundred miles were to be covered. The roads were heavy, and they led through the enemy's country. Exactly at noon on the following day Col. Parsons entered Gen. Meade's tent. The latter's face grew purple with rage, and he ripped out a string of oaths. 'Is this the way you obey orders ?' he thundered. 'What are you hanging around camp for? You ought to be with Gen. Harding by this time.

Beastly gossip

'Yes, but I'm atraid we gave cause for it. Look how you and I used to go for moonlight excursions on the river, to come back to find Molly and Captain Dacres walking in the wood !"

'There was always that horrible old woman, Madame Devonne, about !'

· 'Hateful creature !' Violet exclaimed, angrily.

'And after all, what harm did we do? whole truth.' Wby, I never even kissed you except once !' and he sighed.

"Yes-only once,' and she laughed and blushed; 'but I must go on with my story. You remember the first time Captain Dacres brought George to see us?'

'Perfectly,' he said drily.

'And how mamma called me up to her room and told me, with tears in her eyes, that she felt sure that she had not long to live-don't look at me, Jack, for I can't help crying when I talk of mamma-and how poor Molly and I would be when she died, because some pension stopped at her death, and then she said that she had heard that Geo: ge was a good man and very rich., and that her one prayer was that he might take a liking to one of us.'

'And he plainly showed the very first visit that he had taken a liking to Vi?

he knows you better, but now-' 'Yes, I think he did. Well, to go on-I'm awfully ashamed of what I have to tell the sweetest wife a man ever had. I say, you !' and a deep flush spread itself up to Vi. did you ever get a letter from me a the roots of Violet's hair, that lovely, dark little before your-your marriage? You gold hair that was part of her charm. never answered it.' 'All right; don't mind me.'

'You know,' she went on, nervonsly, just about that time, in spite of our brotherly and sisterly protestations, I had begun to be fond of you-at least' (with an awkward laugh) 'I tancied I was!'

'By Jove !' and he turned quickly in his chair and looked with a strange expression in his eyes at the lovely woman before him. 'I know it was very silly and very horrid

of me, because, of course, I knew all the time that you only thought of me as a nice sort of sister.'

go,' Viola entreated. Jack gave a harsh laugh and rose to light a cigarette. that fiend of a woman.'

'Well, when George proposed to me I was dezzled by the idea of being his wife and living in a big house, and having lots Hill. 'I'm glad she never got that mad of diamonds and carriages and things, and above all. dear mamma was so relieved letter of mine,' he said to himself with a beart; at times I also had attacks of dizziand happy. and so I said 'Yes !' got hold of it. Well, I shall go back to

George I did not love him. I found him folly. cold and shy, and I telt halt atraid of him, to just before the wedding day I did a dreadful thing. I-I wrote a letter to you and asked you to run away with me, and I told you I was much fonder of you than I was of George, and in short, I wrote a very silly letter, full of nonsense I did not half mean, because just about then I had begun | slipping a sovereign into her hand. to feel that I might learn to love George in time.'

Jack's face was ashen; his mouth was firmly set and his hands clenched.

'Madame Devonne came into my room as I was writing, and, afraid lest the letter should be seen, I thrust it into my blotting dame, he said, sternly. 'I have but one book. Then Molly called up that George was waiting for me downstairs; I ran down letters of which you sent me copies, one lace, and he seemed to lose his shy manner and told me how he loved me, and he was so nice and-somehow what he said gave me a new, odd sort of feeling toward him, and I knew for the first time since our engagement that-well. that I cared for him.' Jack walked to the fireplace and knock-ed off his cigarette ash, and Violet went

Two Volcanic Eruptions.

You may say it is no great thing to walk an aggregate of 88 miles in one week. Nor is it, for a man in good form, who is more or less used to walking; but for a man no longer young, who hasn't been really sound for thirty years, and who for ten years had such a bad knee that he feared he should have to undergo a surgical operation-why, for him, I should say, it is a pretty fair record.

The man I am talking about is Mr. Henry Champion, of Kosedale West, Pickering, Yorkshire. His business is mining, yet he is also a local preacher and lecturer, and is well known and highly respected in his district, where he has resided for 30 years.

About 1863 it was that Mr. Champion had a bad attack of jaundice. Two doctors, who were successively appealed to, tailed to relieve him, and he went to the York hospital, where he was under treatment for several weeks.

It is just as well to say here, and now, that jaundice means that the blood is loaded with bile, due to the swelling of the intestinal mucous membrane at the point where the bile makes its exit. Thus dammed back. the bile-which is a poison when in the blood-fills the tissues and causes the skin discoloration so well known as one of its symptons. The prime cause of all is gastric catarrh, which has extended beyond the stomach into the intestines.

There. Now let us have Mr. Champion's account of himself in his own words. In a letter, dated May 31st. 1893, he says: After my experience with the jaundice]

had for many years, off and on, attacks of indigestion and palpitation of the heart. Still, I got on fairly well up to July of last year, 1892.

At that time the foundations appeared have a little something to eat before you to be giving away beneath me. I had a toul taste in the mouth, a poor appetite, 'I couldn't eat anything till I've tackled and pain at the sides and across the chest atter eating; also a gnawing sensation at the pit of the stomach. I was constantly belching up a sour fluid, and was much troubled with pain and palpitation at the sigh. 'I suppose that vile Frenchwoman ness and pain at the top of the head.

"It wasn't long before I became so weak 'But, you see, Jack. when I accepted India, and stay there till I feel cured of my I could scarcely walk about; indeed, I had was so bad that I was obliged to resign my the subject claims that Mahmoud Bey could no strength for anything. In September I

not so particular about this?

ilinns

He will be wise to look out for it in future, and use the Syrup on the first sign of indigestion. In this way he may ward off the enemy and do his work unmolested.

DECAPITATION IN BATTLE.

Col. Parson's Hard Stroke in the Civil War and His Remarkable Ride.

It is claimed by authorities on the art of war that the greatest blow of the campaign between Greece and Turkey was struck by Col. Mahmcud Bey, who with one swift stroke of his sword completly severed a Greek officer's head from his body. These same authorities generonsly admit that this trick may have been quite common in ancient times, when stalwart men swung heavy battle axes, but they agree that it is practically unknown in modern warfare. They point triumphantly to the fact that there is no record of any such feat having been performed during the Franco-Prussian war, though cavalry charges and fierce hand-to-hand conflicts were frequent; and the Prussian has a reputation as a sabre swinger. Therefore they are inclined to be skeptical on the subject and speak of Mahmoud Bey's feat as a marvellous ex-

ample of strength and dexterity. History is silent on the subject. There is not a plethora of literature bearing on its accomplishment. The original of all such stories is, of course, 'The Adventure of Jack the Giant Killler,' which, for obvious reasons, does not help the subject. Scott describes a similar episode in 'The Talisman ;' but the best decapitation story, from an artistic point of view, is found in the memoirs of Capt. John Smith. The doughty Captain vouches for the veracity of the details, though that is no good reason why we should not use the customary pinch of salt. According to his truthful chronicle he overcame in tournament the three champions of the Turkish army, decapitating each one with a single blow of his heavy sword.

'I have just returned from Gen. Harding, sir.

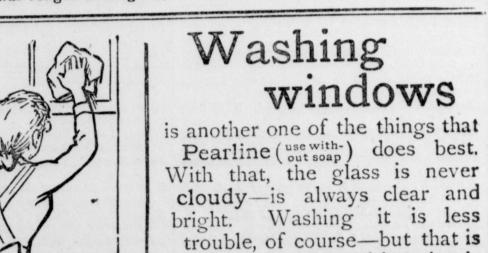
.You lie !' exclaimed the exasperated General.

Parsons's face paled, and he dug the nails in his hands to restrain himself. 'Gen. Meade,' he said, in a voice that ill concealed his anger, 'if you were not my commanding officer, I would knock you down for that insult.' Without the formality of a salute, he turned on his heel and left the tent. Meade afterward made an ample apology.

Col. Parsons killed two horses and went himself without a particle of food. For eighteen hours he was not out of the saddle.-Chicago-Times Herald.

Dropsy Cared with One Bottle.

A great cure and a great testimony. For ten years I suffered greatly from Heart Disease. Fluttering of the Heart and Smothering Spells, made my life a tor-ment. I was confined to my bed. Dropsy set in. My physcian told me to prepare for the worst. I tried Dr. Agnew's Cure tor the Heart—One dose gave me great re-lief, one bottle cured the Dropsy and my heart.'—Mrs. James Adams, Syracuse, N. Y.



A writer who is evidently informed on

thing to say-give me at once the two and then he gave me that lovely pearl neck- written by Lady George Maitland and the other by Captain Staunton.

"Ab, milor, but I have them not." 'It is useless to lie. Give them to me at once, or I will have you arrested on the charge of blackmailing, chantage you call

it in your country.' 'Ah, but Violet is elever ! She has confessed to her good husband; she says she means nothing, and milor believes, and yet she loves the handsome Jack, and_____'

'I forgot the letter till late, and then I thought what an idiot I had nearly made of 'Silence !' thundered Lord George. 'Not another word ! You have been myself, and knew that it was only a ner-vous sort of sentimentality that had promp- blackmailing my wife for many the case with everything that is washed with Pearline. And about the sashes and the

frames; remember that Pearline, when it takes the dirt off, leaves the paint on. Haven't you noticed that certain imitations are

Pearline

'I Built my house on dotted veils,' a well known oculist is said to have remarked when somebody commented upon its ex-pensiveness. And as the ladies continue to wear spotted veils, he will probably be able to keep up his establishment.