

CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.

Mrs. Stapleton does not feel 'up to the mark,' and Penelope would only be in the way, as she has engaged a nurse as well as her maid, and keeps her room entirely. Penelope cannot help a thrill of relief, though she regrets to hear of her aunt's indisposition.

'Well P' says Jack. 'I am not to go yet. She is not very well, and can't do with me,' replies Penelope.

'By Jove! What luck!' exclaims Jack. He says it with his usual careless way of making himself pleasant, not because he was very much grieved over the idea of her loss, but Penelope glances up at him with a sudden joy that her going has been a relief to him.

His blue eyes are looking down into hers, and she thinks relief and happiness shine within them.

Her heart bounds, for Jack Armour has long been dear to her.

'Did you mind, Jack?' she asks, softly.

'Why, what did you think?' he asks, teasingly.

He is an arrant flirt by nature, and does not object to befooling poor little Penelope among the rest, cousin though she is.

'I certainly didn't think it affected you much,' she remarks, her heart still beating as Jack's words and glances have never made it beat before, for he has always appeared to her too calm—too high above them all—to entertain feelings quite like ordinary mortals.

'Oh! you don't know everything, little Pen,' he says, with what Penelope thinks a mysterious sadness. 'Some day you may understand me better.'

Penelope nurses this little speech in her heart for days.

Jack himself goes away smiling.

He is very amiable and sweet in the home nowadays, for he is in the height of his passion for Lizzie Talbot, and knows himself loved by her in return.

But Penelope Graham—poor Penelope!—thinks he is brighter and happier because her scheme of going to reside with Mrs. Stapleton has fallen through, and cherishes a little fool's paradise of her own.

Mrs. Armour herself, although knowing better Jack's views even begins to hope that he has changed them, and intends to think of Penelope, after all.

He goes about with a gay smile than usual, and unconsciously deceives everyone around him, for nobody guesses the wheels within wheels.

All this time, Penelope, having given up her school, does not encounter the Reverend Patrick Colquhoun, although she often gives him a regretful thought, and a wish that he may find some good woman to make him happy.

One morning, however, she meets him unexpectedly as they are both turning in at the gate of a pretty cottage that stands in a row at the other side of the common. It is the abode of a Mrs. Talbot, a washwoman, but a rather superior person for such a position, and considered by her neighbors as 'very respectable.'

She is none other than Lizzie's mother.

Penelope is a not infrequent visitor at the cottage, and has more than once seen and spoken to Lizzie herself, little suspecting she will one day be mixed up with her fate.

This morning, as Mr. Colquhoun sees her, he gives a glad start of surprise.

'Miss Graham! Penelope!' he exclaims. 'Then you did not go?'

'No; I am going later on.'

She shakes hands, and explains the cause of the delay.

Patrick's honest, plain face looks brighter than the girl has ever seen it.

'I was afraid to call at the Court, he says. 'I felt you would be gone. The new may have you with us for the autumn?'

'Yes; I expect I shall be here,' she says slowly, anxious not to excite his hopes.

'My aunt is always more or less of an invalid, and, when she has a sort of relapse like this her recovery is generally slow.'

They enter the cottage together.

Mrs. Talbot, usually a cheery, rather clever woman, looks, this morning, gloomy and out of spirits.

The cause comes out before long, for she is not one to keep things to herself, with such a sympathetic friend and admirer as Mr. Colquhoun, and such a gentle visitor as Penelope to listen to her.

It is concerning Lizzie, the much-loved daughter.

'The girl doesn't seem herself—don't eat nothing, and don't seem to rest. Sits about reading all day, and burns the candles at night over the same game.'

Spring Weather Weakness

Try as you may, you cannot escape the weary, worn out, don't-care-to-work feeling that accompanies spring weather.

Brain is not as clear as it ought to be; there is languor and listlessness instead of energy and activity.

Burdock Blood Bitters is what people need this weather.

It sets the liver, bowels, and kidneys acting, whereby all poisons are eliminated from the system; cleans the tongue, improves the appetite, purifies and enriches the blood.

MISS MARY J. IRWIN, Holland, Man., writes:

'I have used Burdock Blood Bitters as a spring medicine for three years now and don't think there is its equal anywhere. When I feel drowsy and tired, and have no desire to eat, I get a bottle of B.B.B.'

'I think it purifies the blood and builds up the constitution better than any other remedy.'

Sits wrapped in a sort of dream, don't answer when she's spoken to, and is that silent there's no getting any satisfaction out of her. She must have a secret of some sort, that's what it is, and it makes me that uneasy. I'm regular upset,' says Mrs. Talbot.

'Wouldn't she tell it to you if you asked her?' says Penelope, thinking that, with Lizzie's innocent eyes, there cannot be much amiss.

'Oh! she always wriggles out of it, miss, with one excuse or another. She's a changed girl, that's what she is.'

'Is she not as good and dutiful daughter to you as she was?' inquires Mr. Colquhoun.

'Oh, yes, sir, as far as that goes; but there's something very strange about it to me,' replies Mrs. Talbot, with a wrinkled brow. 'I'm afraid I've spoiled her, and now she's beginning to have secrets from me.'

They try to console the disatisfied and rather anxious mother, and then depart, Penelope little imagining of what interest Lizzie Talbot's shortcomings might be to herself.

It is some weeks later when she has a great shock.

She has been visiting some poor cottager and has been delayed in her return home therefore it is rather late when she finds herself hurrying through the dew laden meadows in the direction of the Court.

A little way before her, over one of the hedges, she perceives what she takes to be two rustic lovers, wandering slowly and happily along, the girl leaning upon the man's arm and looking up into his face adoring affection.

Yet, something seems so familiar to Penelope in the young fellow's broad shoulders and general air, that she is puzzled, and involuntarily hastens her steps a little to catch them up and satisfy her curiosity.

When she does so, and recognises in the man her cousin, Jack Armour, and in the woman Lizzie Talbot, the fields, road, sky, and hedges seem all to swim around her and her heart to stop beating.

Jack walking with his arm around another girl, and that girl one so far beneath him in social position as Mrs. Talbot, the washerwoman's daughter.

Jack looking lovingly down into her brown eyes, and whispering tender nothings into her too attentive ear.

Can it be possible?

Is it true, or is it some horrible nightmare?

She goes home, without being seen by the lovers, but from the hour that this unexpected sight confronts her, Penelope feels that the world has changed, and herself with it.

She had never suspected that her cousin was the sort of man to descend to find his pleasure in the society of girls of Lizzie's stamp, or rather class, for she does not feel much inclined to blame Lizzie herself.

She is more just than the generality of her sex, and gives the reproach where it should be, and that is to the man.

He is forgetting himself utterly in associating with a girl so far beneath him and it he is deceiving her in any way he is behaving like a villain.

So Penelope Graham says to herself, and in spite of her usual gentleness, says it with burning indignation.

She thinks over the matter for a long time, but she does not see how she can act in it.

She does not wish to make her Aunt Margaret uneasy by detailing to her the fact she has discovered, she cannot attack Lizzie on the subject, and to Jack she would not say one word for any consideration.

Conscious of her own secret she fears he might construe her righteous rebuke into a more expression of jealousy.

So she carries about with her a heavy and wrathful heart in silence.

The very next day however, a month later than the one on which she was bidden to delay her visit, a telegram is again handed in at Stane Court.

Mrs. Stapleton is dead!

Penelope will now never more be wanted to beguile her dreary hours, and Patrick Colquhoun may hope to keep her yet awhile in the neighborhood where, even if she is not for him, he can at least occasionally hear her voice, or catch a glimpse of her sweet face.

But Mrs. Stapleton's death makes a material difference in Penelope's fortunes. It is only a few days after the receipt of the telegram that they hear the whole of the deceased woman's wealth is to become the possession of her brother's daughter, Miss Graham, her only relative in the world.

Mrs. Stapleton having been a rich woman, Penelope has become one also, to her own unbounded amazement.

Immediately Mrs. Armour is made aware of the fact, her heart bounds with the hope that her son will now see reason, and propose to the girl who is so dear to her.

She knows Jack is fond of ease and luxury, if not sufficiently fond of Penelope, and she somehow guesses she will not have very hard work to persuade him to carry out her wishes.

In her strong desire for the match, which she almost as ardently desired when her niece was penniless, Mrs. Armour overlooks the wrong that would be committed by her son proposing to a girl he cares for in only an idle, brotherly fashion.

'You won't be foolish about Penelope any longer, will you, Jack?' she whispers, appealingly, to him, one evening, soon after the news has reached them.

'How can I propose to the girl now, mother?' he demands, although his mind has been virtually made up on the point long before the subject is broached. 'She'll ask me why I didn't do it when she had nothing. Penelope isn't a fool.'

'She won't do anything of the sort,' replies his mother, quickly. 'She will know of course, that you considered you had not enough to marry upon, and being, as you say not a fool, she will understand all about it without much explanation, and won't think of doubting your love. Penelope is far too much attached to you to imagine you a fortune hunter.'

'Oh, I don't think she regards me quite as you believe you'd have any difficulty with Penelope—I'm sure you wouldn't. Come, give me your promise you'll ask her. Don't tease me any longer.'

Jack hums and haws, affects reluctance to perform the action he is determined upon before other young men learn that Miss Graham has become an heiress, and finally consents to his mother's entreaty, as though it is entirely upon her and Penelope's own account, and he himself a little bit of a romantic victim.

Mrs. Armour is overjoyed, and asks him as a special favor, not to delay the proposal.

A FRANK LETTER.

Mrs. Elizabeth Berry Confesses that She had to Come Back to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

First Trial not a Fair One—One Box Didn't Cure Her—But Three Years Afterwards She Took Twelve and Succeeded.

BEAR RIVER, N. S., Apr. 16—One of the most useful testimonials ever given to the great remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills, is that of Mrs. Elizabeth Berry of this place. In her letter she lays her pen right upon the very point that has caused more failure than any other that ever existed—the lack of perseverance. She had been troubled with kidney disease for eight years. She tried but one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They failed to cure her. She stopped taking them. The story of her cure finally will be found a most useful object lesson, and her letter which follows should be taken to heart by every person with kidney disease in the Maritime Provinces.

January 18, 1900.

'I have been troubled with kidney trouble for eight years, until it became a chronic case. I tried different remedies but with little success. A friend advised me to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. I took one box, and that not helping me, I left off taking any more for three years.'

'I at last got so I could not dress or undress myself, and could scarcely sleep more than five minutes at a time all through the night. About a year ago I purchased five boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and they proved such a success that I got seven more boxes and took them. Now I can sleep, and am completely cured of kidney trouble, thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills. You can publish this in the Family Herald and Weekly Star, if you wish, and I hope it will help others who have kidney trouble.'

'Yours truly,
'MRS. ELIZABETH BERRY.
'Digby Co., N. S.'

THE MADNESS OF ELEPHANTS.

A Peculiar Orifice in the Head Supposed to be Connected With Their Insanity.

It is difficult to determine the greatest test of an elephant's intelligence; but no one who has watched the herds of elephants at work in the timber yards of India can fail to be impressed with their faculty of understanding what man requires of them. It is, however, in watching elephants when they are alone that the most remarkable observations are made. Thus an elephant has been seen repeatedly to blow dust over its back to dislodge flies, and then failing to reach them, to break off a branch and deftly use it as a fan to sweep away the insects, an act that required thought. On one occasion two elephants were seen at a spring. A large one pushed the smaller aside and took its place. The little fellow backed off, lowered its head

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and deliberately butted its companion into the pool, and made its escape.

A man who had several elephants under his observation in India once told this story: 'One of the elephants was kept in a corral, the door of which was bolted. This elephant came one day to the gate, carrying a pitcher in its trunk, which it overturned when we approached. Its master opened the gate whereupon the elephant marched to the spring and drank. Then it turned and opened the gate, by sliding back the bolt and entered the corral, then puts its trunk over the fence and ran the bolt in again. This man would speak in a low voice as follows: 'Maggie, I wish you would come and take my friend on your back.' The elephant would immediately respond. At a luncheon given by this gentleman he said, 'Maggie, will you oblige me by opening the claret?' The animal at once took up the bottle, in which the corkscrew had been inserted, and opened it without spilling a drop. An instance of the intelligence of the elephant is seen in the yards at Madras. Here many work, and gather as human laborers at the sound of a bell; but when the noon hour comes they invariably stop and cannot be deceived by deferring the ringing of the bell. Elephants are afraid of fire, but they have been known to work in tearing down buildings, aiding the men in preventing the spread of flames.'

Perhaps one of the most interesting features about the elephant is the fact that at certain times it becomes dangerous. Whenever trainers or keepers are killed by elephants it is by those animals which are said to be 'must.' It is the head of an elephant is carefully examined, between the eye and the ear a very small hole or orifice not much larger than a head of a pin will be seen. This is the opening of a gland according to all elephant experts, is the seat of trouble in the case of ugly elephants. A keeper who was with elephants all the time said that he had often seen elephants select a small twig or straw and carefully probe the opening. The keepers are of the belief that when this duct becomes clogged the elephant becomes insane. Elephants that are must, or mad, are affected in different ways. Some become very sleepy; others are seized with a mania to kill everything in sight; others brake away and take to the woods and never recover, seemingly venting their spite against all mankind. So universal is the belief among elephant men that the period of must or madness is associated with the little orifice in the side of the head that when they see oily fluid coming from it, the animal is shackled and watched, and considered dangerous. This peculiar secretion flows for a while, the temples swell, and the elephant is as mad as it can be.

In India the term rogue, or mad elephant, is applied to the must elephants, and if their was an elephant insane asylum such elephants would be the patients. The flow of must from the little orifice referred to is observed in both male and female, but curiously enough not in females in confinement. When an elephant becomes insane from must, or some other cause the first symptom as a rule, is a desire to kill every other living thing. It will allow a keeper to approach, then suddenly snatch him up with his trunk and hurl him to the ground, or it excited by a crowd, it will burst its bonds, and rush into it trampling people down, or trying to kill them. In many cases this period of must is temporary; again the animal appears to go insane in every sense of the term.

In their native wilds a must elephant becomes what is termed a solitary; in other words, it avoids its own kind very much as does a human lunatic. Last year these solitaires killed sixty one persons in India. Parts of that country are frequently terrorized by mad elephants, and rewards are offered to hunters to kill them. Some time ago the natives of Jubulpore, in a central province of India, appealed to the Government to protect them from a mad elephant. This elephant was called a man eater from the fact that it was supposed erroneously to devour its human victims.

The elephant undoubtedly had a craze for killing human beings. To secure its prey this elephant, which was called Mandla, and was once a tame animal, would break into homes, rushing at the frail walls like a battering ram and seizing the occupants as they ran out. The government sent a detachment of troops to the haunts of this beast and finally this mad elephant was brought down by a rifle bullet, but not until it had destroyed hundreds of dollars' worth of property and many human beings.

A remarkable mad elephant patrolled the country known as the 'Doon' in India, killing natives for fifteen years before it was slain; and in that time it destroyed a vast amount of property and scores of lives and many domestic animals. The elephant was originally owned by the Government, and when it escaped it wore a shackle and chain, the clanking of which became well known to the natives, who when they heard it, ran for their lives. In Ceylon the mad elephant is called a horajor ronkedor, and some years ago it took possession of the famous Rangboade Pass and held it against all comers. This elephant had a peculiar method of destroying its victims, which was to seize them by the feet and beat out their brains against a bank. Coming upon a party of travelers it killed those it could catch, tore the carriage in pieces and destroyed every article that could be pulled apart. Another mad elephant rushed at a gentleman and his valet, killing the latter, but in trying to wrench an arm from the former the elephant threw the man aloft with such force that he landed in a tree and so escaped. It is not uncommon to read advertisements in the Ceylon papers to the effect that a reward will be offered for the destruction of an insane elephant that has taken possession of some part of the country.

Mad elephants are not unknown in the United States. The famous Dom Pedro, owned in Philadelphia, went mad. The well known Chief, owned by a circus, went mad, and in Charleston, S. C., killed its keeper before hundreds of people, and would have killed others had it not been for the coolness of the other keepers. The pet elephant of the Duke of Edinburgh, Tom, went mad in the same manner and killed its keeper. Perhaps the greatest panic ever occasioned by an elephant in this country was that caused by the sudden madness of Emperor, which belonged to Barnum. The elephant first displayed evidences of insanity in Troy, where it suddenly ran away and plunged into the iron foundry of Erastus Corning. Then it rushed out and killed or injured several persons. In addition it destroyed \$4,000 worth of property. The elephant Romeo, of the Forepaugh company, was undoubtedly insane and had a record, when it finally died, of having killed three men and destroyed \$50,000 worth of property. Barnum's Albert was another insane pachyderm.

A CARD

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.

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