

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

duced to see things in this light, and poor Jimmie remained in deep disgrace. She spoke of this incident to no one save Eileen; though once she asked FitzGerald what he thought of O'Sullivan. His answer was brief, but to the point. 'He's a cur!' he said quietly. Then he added as an after thought; 'Have nothing to do with him, Miss Donovan.' She was doubly glad then that she had refused his offer. Eileen had been indignant at the very thought of such a thing. 'The old beast!' she exclaimed. 'Fancy him wanting to marry you, dear.' 'Is that meant for a compliment?' inquired her cousin. 'You know what I mean,' said Eileen, laughing. 'He's a horrid old brute! Well I know he's not very old; still, he's not far off forty and you're nineteen. The idea! You must have someone very, very nice, Jimmie dear.' 'Yes.' 'Would you—insinuating—would you like to have Murtagh Magrath? Because—' 'No, I would not,' replied Jimmie firmly.

CHAPTER IV.

'Mr. O'Hea to see you, Miss Eileen, if you please.' Eileen was writing letters, but she rose quickly at the summons. Her father uttered an exclamation. 'What, again?' Well, I'm hanged if he isn't a persistent young villain! What's it all about, Eily, girl? Ha, ha! you're blushing, are you? There, run away and see your sweet-heart, and tell him that if he doesn't make haste I'll expedite his proposal with a shillelagh or a revolver, whichever he likes best.' O'Hea, in an immaculate riding suit, was standing by the window as she entered, his whip tapping impatiently on his boot. He came forward to meet her with a tender smile on his face. 'It's ages since I saw you,' he cried gaily. 'And I'm half worn to a shadow.' As a matter of fact it was exactly forty-eight hours since their last meeting, and he was looking particularly well; but when one is in love one is not exact as to details.

'I've brought you that book you were wanting,' he went on, producing a package from his side-pocket. 'I got it in Cork yesterday.'

'Oh, how good of you!' exclaimed Eileen.

'Not at all,' he replied. 'Sure, you know I'd do much more for you than that, Eileen—may I call you Eileen?' he added, drawing nearer to her.

'Yes, if you like,' she faltered. 'I suppose so.'

'And what will you call me?' he asked again. 'I don't know,' she murmured confusedly.

To herself she soliloquised—'Oh, I wish he'd make haste; this is so embarrassing. The last one was much quicker.'

But O'Hea was clearly in no hurry. He wished to do the business in style, and to let the pleasure be long drawn out. 'Will you call me Terence?' he whispered, taking her hand gently in his.

'Oh—I—it's not quite proper, is it?' gasped Eileen.

'What a fool I am!' she thought. 'I've never been like this before.'

'Of course it's proper,' said O'Hea promptly. 'And tell me now, Eileen dear, do you care for me a little bit?'

He drew her toward him as he spoke, and she did not resist him, though she remained silent.

'Do you care a little?' he repeated. She looked up at him with a smile, and their lips met in a first long kiss.

'Now, then,' he said, 'you must be a good girl, and do as you're told. Say "Terence dear, I love you."'

She repeated the words, somewhat inarticulately, it is true, but no doubt his collar was the wiser, if he himself was not, for her face was hidden on his shoulder.

They sat some time alone in the twilight; then O'Hea rose and took her hand in his. 'We are now engaged,' he announced, 'and must be congratulated.'

Hand-in-hand, they proceeded to the dining-room, where the whole family were assembled, expectant and excited, except, perhaps for the younger boys, who were engrossed in their tea.

So saying he rose, and led the way into the next room. 'I'm so glad, dear,' murmured Mrs. Desmond fondly, as she embraced her daughter; 'such a nice young fellow, and so handsome! He wants a wife, too, I'm sure; I noticed there was a button off his coat last time he came.'

in-law, like gentlemen. Mary, my dear, ring for glasses and the hot water!'

CHAPTER V.

It was agreed that Eileen's wedding was to be soon. Her parents held out for midsummer, but the young people themselves declared that Easter was quite long enough to wait for, and finally their elders' objections were over-ruled.

The engagement caused quite a stir in the place, and congratulations poured in daily upon the half distracted Desmonds. Murtagh Magrath took the news badly.

'Bad luck to that black fellow!' he exclaimed savagely. 'Couldn't he leave her alone? Haven't I known her these three years, and so have the first claim on her?'

His rage and disappointment were too great to be confided even to FitzGerald, and he went off for a two months' voyage to the East, giving out among his patients that his health required it.

FitzGerald said very little, but his friends observed among themselves that his laugh was hardly as jolly and careless as it was wont to be, and, though his gaiety was, perhaps, more reckless than it had been formerly, yet it was a trifle forced and strained.

He took to later hours, seldom turning in before two or three o'clock in the morning, and he sometimes drank rather more than was good for him.

Eileen very rarely saw him, for he took special care to avoid her, though she scarcely noticed the fact, so absorbed was she in the preparations for her approaching marriage.

Jimmie was glad that her cousin was so happy, but she was not altogether satisfied with the bridegroom elect.

'It's not anything I know about him I don't like,' she explained to FitzGerald; 'it's what I don't know about him. He seems to have come suddenly from out of the sea or somewhere, and, though the Desmonds pretend to know all about him, they don't really. He is undoubtedly a gentleman, he's undeniably handsome, he's extremely fascinating, but there's an air of mystery about him that I don't somehow like.'

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

A Farmer's Trials.

A SUFFERER FOR YEARS, THE RESULTS OF A FALL.

In His Weakened Condition La Grippe Fatigued Itself Upon Him, and Brought Him Near the Grave.

Mr. William Silver is a well known farmer living near Hemford, N. S. During his life he has passed through much sickness, but now, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he is again enjoying vigorous health. To a reporter who recently interviewed him Mr. Silver said:—"I am now in my 62nd year, and I may date the beginning of my trouble to my sixteenth year when I was thrown from a horse's back and had my spine somewhat injured. This was always a weak spot and it seemed to leave me more susceptible to the other troubles, as it grew worse as I advanced in years. As a farmer I always had to work hard, and often to expose myself to inclement weather. My back trouble was finally aggravated by indigestion, and as this affected my appetite, I was very much run down. Finally a few years ago I was attacked with la grippe, which developed into pneumonia. My family doctor succeeded in conquering this trouble, but for six months I was not able to leave the house, and all that he could do for me did not bring back my strength. Finally I consulted another doctor, but with no better result. In fact before I stopped doctoring I had tried four different physicians and all the time instead of getting better I was growing weaker. Some eighteen months had now elapsed since my attack of la grippe, and during that time I was not able to do any work. My whole system seemed exhausted, and my nerves shattered. On fine days I would go out for a while, but often I would become so weak and dizzy that I could scarcely get back to the house. One day a neighbor asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I thought the advice might be worth taking and I sent for a half dozen boxes of the pills. Before they were gone there was no doubt I had found a medicine that was helping me, and I got a further supply. I continued taking the pills for about three months, and before I quit using them I was feeling better and stronger than I had done for years. Every symptom of the weakness that had followed la grippe was gone, and my back which had bothered me for so many years was almost as strong as in boyhood. I have since done many a hard day's work, and been exposed to bad weather, but without any evil effects, and I can truly say, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored me to vigorous manhood."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such cases as the one noted above because they create new, rich, red blood, thus strengthening weak and shattered nerves. They do not purge and weaken like other medicines, but strengthen from the first dose to the last. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

As Good As Her Word.

'I never saw a woman as angry as Rhoda Flyppe was at Harry Skymore. He took a snap shot of her once when her bangs were all out of curl. She said she'd get even with him if it took her a hundred years.'

'I guess she must have meant it. She married him last week.'

DEATH ALWAYS PAINLESS.

Entire Peace of Body and Mind, Says a Physician of Wide Observation.

More material than was the Psalmist, who asked, 'O Death, where is thy sting?' the physician of to day not only asks the same question, but answers it.

'It has none,' says Dr. C. Prun Stringfield, who has made extended observations of the phenomena of death in its many forms. 'In his last supreme moments man has no need for spiritual or physical comfort. The peace of mind and body are his without the aid of priest or physician, either.' Dr. Stringfield holds that dissolution is not only painless, but that the dying—conscious at all—become reconciled to the approach of it. This welcome to the destroyer may be extended only a minute before life goes out, or the patient may have been awaiting his coming for weeks and months.

'I have found that most persons under 35 years of age make a fight for life to almost the last moments,' said Dr. Stringfield. 'Beyond 26 and 40 years, something in the contemplation of death reconciles them to it, or else they welcome it as a release from cares and responsibilities. The strong young nature, making its instinctive fight against death, may in mental protest almost to the last moment, whereas a man of 50 years probably would realize his position and await the end calmly, perhaps for hours. But in that supreme moment of passing, each would find the peace of leaving life.'

'Right there is one of the great mysteries of death. Even when the mind has become completely reconciled to death we find the whole physical framework fighting it. There is the muscular struggle for breath, sometimes to the last. Even when a man has been dead for hours his muscles will twitch and react from the irritation of electrical currents. Yet the mind of the dying one may have welcomed death as a boon. Long sickness and intense sufferings may have much to do with reconciling a person to death long before it comes. Then many persons in normal health tire of living. Not for any one reason, but because they have figured that life isn't worth the trouble. Two remarkable cases of the kind are under my observation now. They are a widow and her daughter-in-law. They are not morbid. They would never commit suicide, but they would not care if death should come tomorrow. There is every reason for their living too. They are wealthy, move in good society and are unusually intelligent. Take these two women, and other conditions being equal they will die much more easily than one who has never thought of death. No acute disease, either, could shake them in their desire for death. The mind is dominant over the body.'

Dr. Springfield believes that a person may die in full possession of his faculties up to within one minute or less of final dissolution.

'In the case of the man Rigby who died in the Grand Pacific hotel a short time ago, he talked of Yorkshire, of his wife and of half a dozen other things. He could have been asked a question concerning any period of his life and he would have been able to answer it five minutes before he died. He was no unusual example, either. Sometimes it looks as if there was a clearing up of the brain of a man until his faculties are keener than normal when he is on the threshold of life.'

'No doubt there are visions and hallucinations just at the point of death. Things get far away. They see trees and streams and meadows. I recall the case of a woman who was dying. Her husband was at the foot of the bed, crying, when I spoke to him, telling him if he wished to have a minister present he would better send for one.'

'But the woman heard me. She started up in fright, exclaiming that she was not going to die, that I had not right to frighten her so. She was shaking with the fright of the suggestion. I tried to soothe her, but she kept crying out that she was not going to die—that she did not want to die. But suddenly she lay back with closing eyes, sighing that she had found such peace. Only she was uneasy that Alphonse, at the foot of the bed, was getting so far away. She saw beautiful meadows and flowers and birds, but she was uneasy that Alphonse would not come. 'So far away,' she complained with her last breath, and was dead at the instant.'

Proof of Honorable Intentions.

An old gentleman walked into the prosecutor's office yesterday with an air of serious importance and consulted Assistant Prosecutor Kelly about a young man who persisted in making love to his daughter.

'That's no crime,' said Mr. Kelly.

'Well, maybe not. But isn't there some law to keep him from making love to her?'

'None that I ever heard of,' said Mr. Kelly. 'Are his intentions honorable?'

'Yes, sir,' was the answer. 'He is so anxious to marry her that he's been trying

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to pawn his watch to get money for the license.'

THE SEAT OF SEASICKNESS.

The Ear, Not the Stomach, is Responsible for the Misery.

Seasickness, that woful malady which first makes the sufferer afraid he is going to die, and later inspires him with terror for fear he won't die, is an annoyance which brings a shudder to the man or woman who contemplates going anywhere by water. Nearly everybody knows what seasickness is. It is no respecter of persons but attacks the high and the lowly the rich and the poor.

All kinds of ameliorating agents are sought and restored to with religious fervency to quell the qualm in the epigastrium but without avail. Lemons, limes, and all kinds of acids are used to still the cyclone going on in the stomach. In the agony which follows an attack of seasickness any promise can be enacted of a victim in return for immediate relief. And yet the stomach is not to blame. Nine out of ten people will declare the seat of seasickness to be the stomach. If one should tell a man who had been through the ordeal that the seat of the trouble is not in the stomach, but in the ear, the integrity of his mental processes would be seriously questioned. The ex-victim would probably regard himself as a past grand master in all that appertains to seasickness, and would in all probability indignantly refuse to listen to a learned dissertation on the ear as having anything to do with seasickness. And yet it is true that the ear is the part which first kicks up the disturbance which manifests itself in the stomach convulsions.

The ear is not only built to hear with, but also the apparatus which gives to us the sense of balance is laid in the ear. Before we can know whether we are standing up or lying down we must learn it from the ear. The apparatus of balance is as follows: It is located in the temporal bone. This bone forms part of the skull wall in the region of the temple, and another portion of it, which projects at right angles to that part which forms part of the skull cavity where the brain is. The latter portion is known as the 'petrus' portion of the temporal bone and it is in this portion that the balance machinery lies. In the petrus portion are three semi-circular canals uniting at their base. These canals lie in three different planes, and the man, no matter in what position he may be, is always in one of these planes. If he falls, he will fall in one of these planes.

These canals have a common base and are hollow. They are lined on the inside with a membrane in which the filaments of the nerve which controls our balance are distributed, or in other words, the nerve which tells whether we are erect or lying down, whether we are falling, &c. There is a fluid in these canals which only scantily fills them. When we are standing erect this fluid lies at the common base of the canals, and by its weight on the nerve filaments, upon which the fluid lies at the common base of the canals, and by its weight on the nerve filaments, upon which the fluid lies, irritates them, and they send a nerve impulse to the seat of origin of their nerve in the brain and we are informed that we are in the erect posture.

If, however, we change our posture, for instance, lie down, the fluid in the canals runs into that canal which is in the same plane in which we are lying. Gravity moves the fluid. Here a new set of nerve filaments are agitated by the fluid and an impulse is again sent to their seat of origin in the brain, and the brain tells us we are lying down. Now when a person is on board a boat, he is pitched about by the various motions of the vessel and instinctively gets up a different motion of his own in his attempts to keep his balance. This sets that fluid in the semi-circular canals splashing around from one plane to another, or in other words from one canal to another. No sooner does one set of nerve filaments send warning to the seat of origin in the brain, telling of the direction in

which the man is falling than another set sends out a nerve impulse of a conflicting report. The result is a strange confusion of nerve impulses taking place in that part of the brain where the nerve of balance takes its origin.

Now if this were all there would be no sense of seasickness. But it is not all. There is a large nerve which has its seat of origin so closely interwoven with that of the nerve of balance that when that seat is in the throes of confusion this large nerve becomes agitated and disturbed. This is called the 'pneumo-gastric' nerve and passing down the neck from the brain gives off some of its filaments to the lungs and heart and what is left is distributed to the walls of the stomach.

The peculiar confusion which takes place in the brain as the result of the tossing about of the body from one plane to another in quick succession inspires the pneumogastric nerve to send down an impulse along its nerve trunk which causes nausea and the stomachic convulsions which are associated with seasickness.

The victim of seasickness invariably enhances his own discomfort by interposing a motion of his own, intended, of course, to obviate the motion of the boat and keep himself from falling, but as a rule, this effort on his part only adds to the disturbing causes and renders the confusion in the ear and brain more intense. A sufferer from seasickness is always better if he lies down on his back and gives himself up to the motion of the boat. By so doing, while he will be still seasick, it will not be so severe, because he offers no opposing motion of his body to that of the boat, and is just that much better off. Barrels of lemons, limes and other acids will not help him much. Instinctively he will accommodate himself to the boat's motion and the confusion in both ear and brain will quiet down and he will crawl out on deck again, wan and drawn, perhaps, and begin to take an interest in his surroundings.

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Recent discovery in Jerusalem proves that the ancient aqueduct which brought water from Bethlehem through the Hinnah valley, thought to be the work of Herod, was built by Emperor Severus, 195 A. D. Inscriptions to that effect have been found.

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