



**KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE**

The Old Reliable Remedy  
for Spavins, Ringbones, Splints, Curbs and all forms of Lameness. The use of a single bottle may double the selling price of your horse.

**GOOD FOR EVERYTHING.**

DR. R. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURG FALLS, VT.

and that helped me. Then she took up the railroad scheme. You know I had heard that she advised her father in all his business matters; but, gewwhilkins, I never dreamed she could give me points, but she did—she simply did. She looked me straight in the eye and stared at me like a national bank examiner as she asked me to explain why that particular road could not be built and why it would not be a bonanza for the owners of the timber land. I thought she was an easy fish at first, and I gave her plenty of line, but she kept peppering me with unanswerable questions till I lay down on the bank as weak as a rag. The first bluff she gave me was in wanting to know if there were not many branch roads that did not own their rolling stock. She said she knew one in the iron belt in Alabama that didn't own a car or an engine, and wouldn't have them as a free gift. She said if such a road were built as you plan these two main lines would simply fall over each other to send out cars to be loaded for shipment at competitive rates. By George, it was a corker! I found out the next day that she was right, and that doing away with the rolling stock, shops and so forth would cut down the cost of your road more than half."

## CONSUMPTION Prevented and Cured.

Four marvelous free remedies for all sufferers reading this paper. New cure for Tuberculosis, Consumption, Weak Lungs, Catarrh, and a rundown system.

### FREE.

Do you cough?  
Do your lungs pain you?  
Is your throat sore and inflamed?  
Do you spit up phlegm?  
Is your appetite bad?  
Are your lungs delicate?  
Are you losing flesh?  
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These symptoms are proof that you have in your body the seeds of the most dangerous malady that has ever devastated the earth—consumption.

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The Secum System is a positive cure for Consumption, that most insidious disease, and for all Lung Troubles and Disorders, complicated by Loss of Flesh, Coughs, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and Heart Troubles.

Simply write to the T. A. Secum Chemical Company, Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto, giving post office and express address, and the free medicine (the Secum Cure) will be promptly sent. Persons in Canada seeing Secum's free offer in American papers will please send for samples to Toronto. Mention this paper.

## ABNER DANIEL

(Continued from Page 3)

to make it. I want to get an' smoke an' chew on yore front porch an' heer her back in the kitchen tryin' ham an' eggs, an'—the old man winked—"I don't know as I'd object to trottin' some'n on my knee to sorter pass the time betwixt meals."

"Oh, come off, Uncle Ab!" said Alan, with a flush. "That's going too far."

The old man whisked his bait gourd round under his other arm. His eyes twinkled and he chuckled. "Tain't goin' as fur as havin' one on each knee an' both pine blank alike an' exactly the same age. I've knowed that to happen in my day an' time, when nobody wasn't even lookin' fer a increase."

**CHAPTER XIV.**

THE next morning Alan found Rayburn Miller standing in the door of his little office building waiting for him.

"I reckon my message surprised you," Miller said tentatively as he shook hands.

"It took me off my feet," smiled Alan. "You see, I never hoped to get you interested in that scheme, and when I heard you were actually going to Atlanta about it I hardly knew what to make of it."

Miller turned into his office, kicked a chair toward Alan and dropped into his creaking rocker.

"It was not due to you that I did get interested," he said. "Do you know, I can't think of it without getting hot all over with shame. To tell you the truth, there is one thing I have always been vain about. I didn't honestly think there was a man in Georgia that could give me any tips about investments, but I had to take backwater, and for a woman. Think of that—a woman knocked me off my perch as clean and easy as she could stick a hairpin in a ball of hair. I'm not unfair. When anybody teaches me any tricks, I acknowledge the corn and take off my hat. It was this way. I dropped in to see Miss Dolly the other evening. I accidentally disclosed two things in an offhand sort of way. I told her some of the views I gave you at the dance in regard to marriage and love and one thing and another, and then, in complimenting you most highly in other things, I confess I sort of poked fun at your railroad idea."

"I thought you had," said Alan good naturedly. "But go on."

"Well, she first read me a lecture about bad, empty, shallow men, whose very souls were damned by their past careers, interfering with the pure impulses of younger men, and I'll swear I felt like crawling in a hole and pulling the hole in after me. Well, I got through that in a fashion because she didn't want me to see her real heart.

"That's a fact," exclaimed Alan, "and I had not thought of it."

"She's a stronger woman than I ever imagined," said Miller. "By George, if she were not on your string, I'd make a dead set for her. A wife like that would make a man complete. She's in love with you, or thinks she is, but she hasn't that will-o'-the-wisp glamour. She's business from her toes to her finger tips. By George, I believe she makes a business of her love affair. She seems to think she'll settle it by a sum in algebra. But to get back to the railroad, for I've got lots to tell you. What do you reckon I found that day? You couldn't guess in a thousand years. It was a preliminary survey of a railroad once planned from Darley right through your father's purchase to Morganton, N. C. It was made just before the war by old Colonel Wade, who, in his day, was one of the most noted surveyors in the state. This end of the line was all I cared about, and that was almost as level as a floor along the river and down the valley into the north end of town. It's a bonanza, my boy! Why that big bottle of timber land has never been busted is a wonder to me. If as many Yankees had been nosing about here as there have been in other southern sections, it would have been snatched up long ago."

"I'm awfully glad to hear you say all this," said Alan, "for it is the only way out of our difficulty, and something has to be done."

"It may cost you a few years of the hardest work you ever bucked down to," said Miller, "and some sleepless nights, but I really believe you have fallen on to a better thing than any I ever struck. I could make it whiz. I've already done something that will astonish you. I happen to know slightly Tillman Wilson, the president of the Southern Land and Timber company. Their offices are in Atlanta. I knew he was my man to tackle, so when I got to Atlanta yesterday I ran upon him just as if it were accidental. I invited him to lunch with me at the Capitol City club; you know I'm a nonresident member. You see, I knew if I put myself in the light of a man with something to sell, he'd hurry away from me, but I didn't. As a pretext I told him I had some clients up here who wanted to raise a considerable amount of money and that the security offered was fine timber land. You see that caught him; he was on his own ground. I saw that he was interested, and I boomed the property to the skies."

"The more I talked the more he was interested, till it was bubbling out all over him. He's a New Englander, who thinks a country lawyer without a Harvard education belongs to an effete civilization, and I let him think he was pumping me. I even left off my 'g's and ignored my 'r's. I let him think he had struck the softest thing of his life. Pretty soon he began to want to know if you cared to sell, but I skirted that indifferently, as if I had no interest whatever in it. I told him your father had bought the property to hold for an advance; that he had spent years of his life picking out the richest timber spots and buying them up. Then he came right out, as I hoped he wanted to borrow on the property. I had to speak quick, and remembering that you had said the old gentleman had put in about \$20,000 first and last, I put the amount at \$25,000. I was taking a liberty, but I can easily get you out of it if you decide not to do it."

"Twenty-five thousand! On that land?" Alan cried. "It would tickle my father to death to sell for that."

"I can arrange the papers so that you are not liable for any security outside of the land, and it would practically amount to a sale if you wished it, but you don't wish it. I finally told him that I had an idea that you would sell out for an even hundred thousand."

"A hundred thousand!" repeated Alan, with a cheery laugh. "Yes, we'd let go at that."

"Well, the figures didn't scare him a bit, for he finally came right out and asked me if it was my opinion that in case his company made the loan you would agree to give him the refusal of the land at \$100,000. I told him I didn't know, that I thought it possible, but that just then I had no interest in the matter beyond borrowing a little money on it. He asked me how long I was going to stay in Atlanta. I told him I was going to a bank and take the night train back. (The banks will stick you for a high rate of interest," he said jealously. "They don't do business for fun, while really our concern happens just now to have some idle capital on hand. Do you think you could beat 5 per cent? I admitted that it was low enough, but I got up as if I



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do is to get at him the first thing after breakfast in the morning, so you'd better bring your father and mother in early. If we once get Wilson's twenty-five thousand into it, we can eventually sell out. The main thing is the loan. Don't you think so?"

"I certainly do," said Alan. "Of course a good many things might interfere. We'd have to get a right of way and a charter before the road could be built, and I reckon they won't buy till they are sure of those things."

"No; it may take a long time and a lot of patience," said Miller, "but your father could afford to wait if he can get his money back by means of the loan. I tell you that's the main thing. If I had offered to sell Wilson the whole thing at \$25,000 he never would have come up here, but he is sure now that the property is just what he is looking for. Oh, we are not certain of him by a long jump! It all depends on whether he will insist on going over there or not. If he does, those mosquitoes will bust the thing wide open. If he comes straight to my office in the morning, the deal may be closed, but if he lies around the hotel talking, somebody will spoil our plans, and Wilson will hang off to make his own terms later—if he makes any at all. It's ticklish, but we may win."

"It is a rather ticklish situation," admitted Alan, "but even if we do get the loan on the property, don't you think Wilson may delay matters and hope to scoop the property in for the debt?"

"He might," Miller smiled, "if he didn't want to move that railroad somewhere else, and, besides, your father can keep the money in suitable shape to pay off the note in any emergency and free himself."

"I don't know how to thank you, old man," answered Alan. "If you had been personally interested in this, you could not have done more."

Miller threw himself back in his chair and smiled significantly. "Do I look like a man with nothing in it?" he asked.

"But you haven't anything in it," retorted Alan wonderingly.

"That's all you know about it," Miller laughed. "If the road is built, I'll make by it. This is another story. As soon as I saw you were right about putting a railroad into the mountains I began to look around for some of that timber land. I didn't have long to wait, for the only man that holds much of it besides Colonel Barclay—Peter Moseley, whom Perkins fooled just as he did your father—came in. He was laying for me. I saw it in his eye. The Lord had delivered him to me, and I was duly thankful. He was a morsel I liked to look at. He opened up himself, bless you, and bragged about his fine body of virgin timber. I looked bored, but let him run on till he was tired; then I said:

"Well, Moseley, what do you intend to do with your white elephant? You know it's not just the sort Barnum is looking for."

"He kind o' blinked at that, but he said: 'I've half a notion to sell. The truth is, I've got the finest investment open to me that I ever had. If I could afford to wait a few years, I could coin money out of this property, but I believe in turning money quick.'

"So I sold I, and watched him flit about in the skying pan. Then I said, 'What is the price you hold it at?'

"I thought," said he, "that I ought to get as much as I paid."

"As much as you paid Abe Tompkins and Perkins?" I said, with a grin. "Do you think you could possibly sell a piece of land for as much as those sharks? If you can, you'd better go in the real estate business. You'd coin money. Why, they yanked two thousand out of you, didn't they?"

"I don't really think Perkins had anything to do with it," he said. "That's just a report out about old man Bishop's deal. I bought my land on my own judgment."

"Well," I said, "how will fifteen hundred round wheels strike you?"

"I believe I'll take you up," he said. "I want to make that other investment. So we closed, and I went at once to have the deed recorded before he had a chance to change his mind. Now, you see, I'm interested in the thing, and I'm going to help you put it through. If your folks want the loan, bring them in in the morning, and if we can manage our Yankee just right we'll get the money."

**CHAPTER XV.**

AFTER supper that evening the Bishops sat out on the veranda to get the cool air before retiring. There was only one light burning in the house, and that was the little smoky lamp in the kitchen, where the cook was washing the dishes. Bishop sat near his wife, his coat off and vest unbuttoned, his chair tilted back against the weatherboarding. Abner Daniel, who had been trying ever since supper to cheer them up in regard to their financial misfortune, sat smoking in his favorite chair near the banisters, on top of which he now and then placed his stockinged feet.

"You needn't talk that a-way, Brother Ab," sighed Mrs. Bishop. "You're jest doin' it out o' goodness o' heart. We might as well face the truth. We've got to step down from the position we now hold, an' present way o' Bin's. An' ther's Adele. Pore child! She said in 'er last letter that she'd cry'er eyes out. Let her be bent on comin' home, but 'er Uncle William won't let 'er. He said she'd not do any good."

"An' she wouldn't," put in Bishop gruffly. "The sight o' you an' Alan before me all the time is enough to show me what a fool I've been."

"You are both crossin' bridges fore you git to 'em," said Abner. "A lot o' folks has come out'n scrapes wuss'n what you are in, ten to one, I ain't never mentioned it, but my land ain't got no mortgage on it, an' I could raise a few scads to he'p keep up yore interest an' taxes till you could see yore

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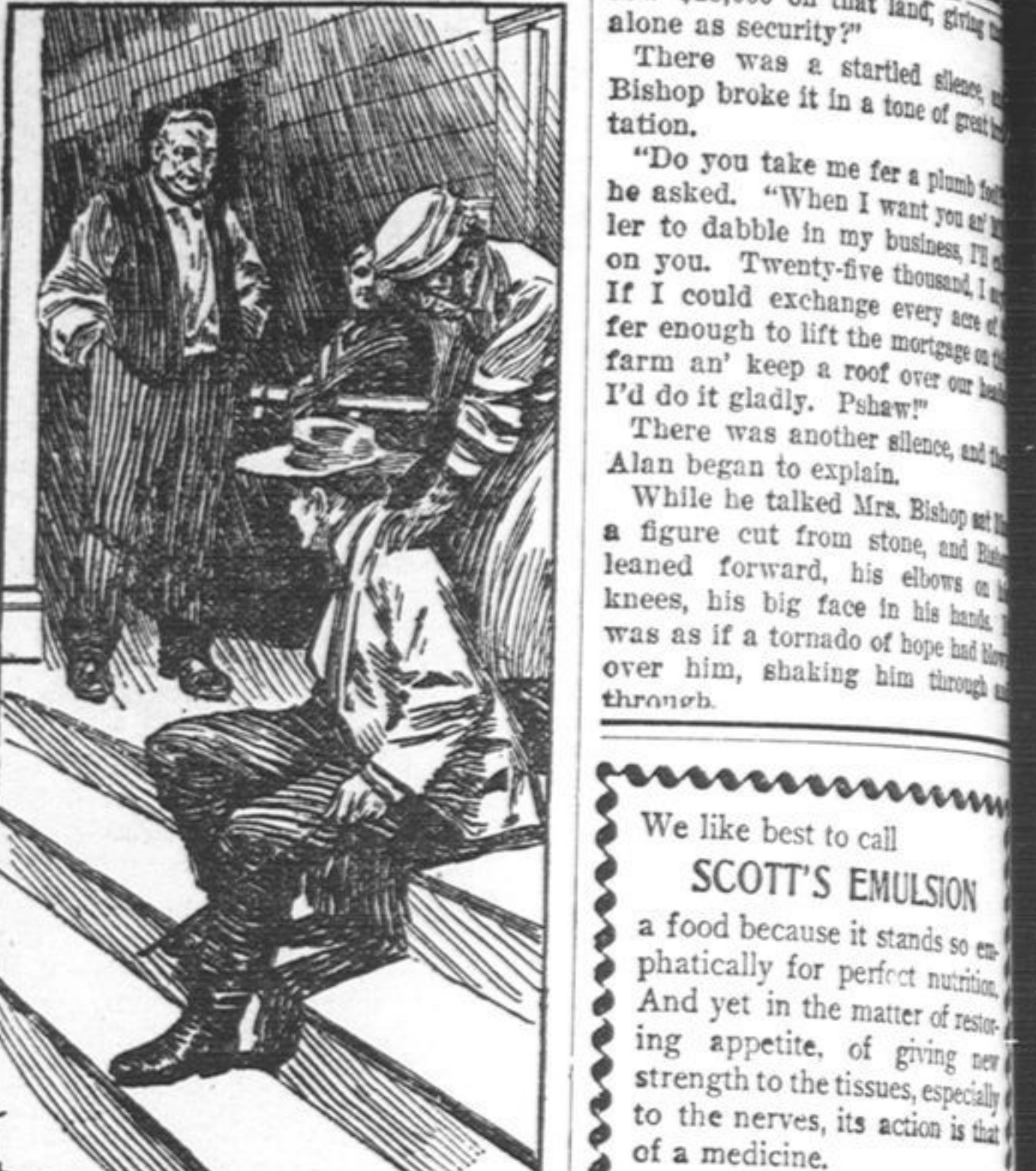
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"Supper's ready, Marse Alan."


"Huh!" snorted his brother-in-law. "Do you reckon I'd let an old man as you are, an' no blood kin, stake his little all to help me out of a hole that is gittin' deeper an' wider all the time—a hole I deliberately got myse'f into? Well, not much!"

"I wouldn't listen to that nuther," declared Mrs. Bishop, "but not many men would offer it."

They heard a horse trotting down the road, and all bent their heads to listen. "It's Alan," said Abner. "I was thinkin' it was time he was showin' up."

Mrs. Bishop rose wearily to order the cook to get his supper ready, and returned to the veranda just as Alan was coming from the stable. He sat down on the steps, lashing the legs of his dusty trousers with his riding whip. It was plain that he had something of importance to say, and they all waited in impatient silence.

"Father," he said, "I've had a talk with Rayburn Miller about your land. He and I have lately been working on a little idea of mine. You know there are people who will lend money on real estate. How would it suit you to bor-



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**Kidney Troubles of Women.**

Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets the Most Successful Treatment of Kidney Ailments That Cause Women Untold Suffering.

There are so many women suffering from backache, headache, dragging pain in the loins, and weary, worn-out feelings, who attribute all their troubles to some form of "female complaint." Nine cases out of ten the kidneys are at fault.

AS A LAST RESORT.

Mrs. May Goddard, 332 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, whose portrait appears on the opposite column, speaks in the following terms:

"After enjoying the most perfect health for many years I was a sore trial for me to realize that my health was failing. I had, in the first place, acute pains in the small of my back, and was losing weight rapidly. These other complications came, which so weakened me that I was only able to get up with the greatest amount of determination. A number of remedies were obtained from physicians without obtaining any permanent relief, and as a last resort I thought I would try Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets. Their beneficial action was almost instantaneous, and my results highly gratifying. The pain in my back disappeared in a short time, and my general health improved greatly. I now feel fine, and am glad to have this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of so valuable a remedy."

**BACKACHE AND HEADACHE.**

Mrs. A. Craigie, Lighthouse Street, Goderich, Ont., relates her experience:

"For some time I suffered with a general ailment, and kidney trouble, and a deal of backache which continued with a severe headache which continued to grow worse. I heard of the Backache Kidney Tablets. Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets were making and determined to try them. I procured a bottle from our druggist, P. M. Dunham, and they acted speedily, stopping the backache and headache, curing the kidney complaint. I strongly recommend these Tablets to any one suffering as I did."

Mrs. John Wiseman, Woodlawn Street, St. Mary's, Ont., says:

"During a recent sharp attack of lumbago, due to exposure to cold, I used Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets with complete relief. I did not use the entire bottle, which speaks well for the ability to cure backache kidney troubles."

and the poisons which these organs should filter out of the blood are circulating through the system and making havoc with the health.

No woman can enjoy good health and be free from pain whose kidneys are not acting properly.

No woman whose kidneys are out of order can afford to delay one day in procuring Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets.

No other medicine ever received such overwhelming endorsement from the women of Canada.



**MRS. MAY GODDARD**

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TWELVE PAGES

Vol. XLVI, No. 33.

**AUGUST**

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Some very Special  
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2-Ladies Grey Homespun  
3-Ladies Summer Corsets  
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8-White, Black and Colored  
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Days 45c, 4 shad  
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13-Balance of our Colo  
25c kinds for 13c  
14-200 pieces Light P  
15-3 pieces Light Gre  
16-3 pieces colored Lin  
17-5 pieces 36-in. Gre  
Gloves, Hosiery, B  
18-50 pair Cashmere  
19-33 pair Cashmere  
20-All Misses and Ch  
21-Ladies Fancy Colla  
22-Ladies Fancy Colla  
23-Ladies Silk Gloves  
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25-All our 50c Velling  
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26-10 pieces Embroid  
27-10 pieces Lace, reg  
28-10 pieces Lace Ins  
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30-5 kinds Cotton Tow  
31-All our \$1 Soft P  
32-1 piece 64-inch T  
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35-3 pieces Cotton T  
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37-5 pieces colored  
37-2 pieces Feather T  
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39-2 Ladies Wrappers  
40 100 Print Blouses,  
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sizes 6 to

Sole Agent for  
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**The Divinity**  
Editor Watchman-  
Sir: The Rev.  
sermon, reported  
last issue, wherein  
you to be "divine"  
great age, is a fi  
sal pleading in a b  
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Bible is of God.