

A WORK OF ART.

The Tezakann Gateway to Texas and the Southwest. Is the name of a handsome publication recently issued by the Iron Mountain House...

Only One of the Kind. "Most extraordinary man." "In what way?" "I think he's the only man in the country who has a manufacturing place of any description and hasn't begun to make bicycles."

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac...

A Sad Case. Little Mendicant—Please, sir, give me a nickel. Benevolent Clergyman—Have you no parents? Little Mendicant—No, sir; I am an orphan by birth—Texas Sifter.

That Joyful Feeling. With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness, which follows the use of Syrup of Figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old-time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well-informed.

That woman has a great future on the stage, hasn't she? I shouldn't wonder. They say she has a great past.—New York Press.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

A bad man can have no possessions that are fireproof.

WOMEN DISCOURAGED.

Good and Sufficient Reasons for the Blues.

Doctors Fail to Understand Symptoms That Are Danger Signals.

A marked trait in woman's character is to place implicit confidence in her physician.

A man must work entirely from theory in the treatment of female diseases, for unfortunately facts based upon actual knowledge, belong to the female sex alone.



or want-to-be-left-alone feeling, do not at first realize that these are the infallible symptoms of womb trouble and the forerunners of great suffering.

Soon they grow to feel that the doctor does not understand their case. Then they remember that "a woman best understands a woman's ills," and turn to Mrs. Pinkham.

The following letter is but one positive illustration of this fact:—"Four years ago I began to suffer with great weakness of the generative organs. My womb was pro-

lapsed; I suffered with continual backache and all the other pains that accompany that weakness. I tried doctor after doctor, had operations. The final operation after which I became a total wreck, was scraping of the womb. A friend, one day, recommended to my husband your Compound. He bought me a bottle. The relief I experienced after taking it, was wonderful. I continued its use, and I am glad to say my recovery is a perfect surprise to everybody that knows me."—Mrs. B. B. BROWN, 4940 San Francisco Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

SWAMP KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Birmingham, N. Y.

TAE TATAL GLOVE. BY CLARA AUGUSTA INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED). A hundred pairs of hands were outstretched to receive Margie when Arch brought her to the shore. Her dear devoted friends crowded around her, and in their joy at her escape, Arch retreated for his lodgings. But Miss Lee had been watching him, and seized his arm the moment he was clear of the crowd.

"Oh, Mr. Trevlyn, it's just like a novel!" she exclaimed, enthusiastically. "Only you cannot marry the heroine, for she is engaged to Mr. Linnere; and she perfectly dotes on him."

She flitted away, and Trevlyn went up to his chamber. That evening there was a "hop" at the hotel, but Arch did not go down. He knew if he did the inevitable Miss Lee would anchor herself on his arm for the evening; and his politeness was not equal to the task of entertaining her.

The strains of music reached him, softened and made sweet by the distance. He stole down on the piazza, and sat under the shadows of a flowering vine, looking at the sky, with its myriads of glittering stars. There was a light step at his side, and glancing up, he saw Margie Harrison.

She was in evening dress, her white arms and shoulders bare, and glistening with snowy pearls. Her soft unbound hair fell over her neck in a flood of light, and a subtle perfume, like the breath of blooming water-lilies, floated around her.

"I want to make you my captive for a little while, Mr. Trevlyn," she said, gaily. "Will you wear the chains?" "Like a garland of roses," he responded. "Yes, to the world's end, Miss Harrison!"

The unconscious fervor of his voice brought a crimson flush to her face. She dropped her eyes, and toyed with the bracelet on her arm.

"I did not know you dealt in compliments, Mr. Trevlyn," she said, a little reproachfully. "I thought you were always sincere."

"And so I am, Miss Harrison." "I take you at your word then," she said, recovering her playful air. "You will not blame me, if I lead you into difficulty?"

"Certainly not. I give myself into your keeping." She put her hand within his arm, and led him up the stairs, to a private parlor on the second floor. Under the jet of light sat old Mr. Trevlyn. Archer's heart throbbed fiercely, and his lips grew set and motionless as he stood there before the man he hated, the man against whom he had made a vow of undying vengeance. Margie was looking at her guardian, and did not observe the startling change which had come over Arch. She spoke softly, addressing the old man.

"Dear guardian, this is the man who this morning so gallantly rescued me from a watery grave. I want you to help me thank him."

Mr. Trevlyn arose, came forward, and extended his hand. Arch stood erect, his arms folded on his breast. He did not move, nor offer to take the proffered hand. Mr. Trevlyn gave a start of surprise, and seizing a lamp from the table, held it up to the face of the young man. Arch did not flinch; he bore the insulting scrutiny with stony calmness.

The old man dashed down the lamp, and put his hand to his forehead. His face was livid with passion, his voice choked so as to be scarcely audible.

"Margie, Margie Harrison!" he exclaimed. "what is this person's name?" "Archer Trevlyn, sir," answered the girl, amazed at the strange behavior of the two men.

"Just as I thought! Hubert's son!" "Yes," said Arch, speaking with painful calmness. "I am Hubert's son; the son of the man your wicked cruelty murdered."

Mr. Trevlyn seized his cane and rushed upon his grandson; but Margie sprang forward and threw her arm across the breast of Arch.

"Strike him, if you dare!" she said. "but you shall strike a woman!" Mr. Trevlyn looked at her and the weapon dropped to the floor.

"Margaret Harrison," he said sternly. "leave this room. This is no place for you. Obey me!"

"I am subject to no man's authority," she said, boldly; "and I will not leave the room. You shall not insult a gentleman to whom I owe my life, and who is here as my invited guest!"

"I shall defend myself! There is murder in that follow's eye. If I ever saw it in that of any human being!" "I am answerable for his conduct," she said with proud dignity. "He will do nothing of which a lady need stand in fear. I brought him here, ignorant of the relationship existing between you and him, and unconscious of the truth that I should be called upon to defend him from the causeless rage of his own grandfather."

Again the cane was uplifted, but Margaret laid her hand resolutely upon it. "Give it to me. Will you—you who pride yourself upon your high and delicate sense of honor—will you be such an abject coward as to strike a defenseless man?"

He yielded her the weapon, and she threw it from the window. "You may take away my defense, Margaret," said the old man, resolutely. "but you shall not prevent me from cursing him! A curse be upon him!" "Hold, sir! Remember that your head is white with the snows of time. It will not be long before you go to the

God who sees you every moment, who will judge you for every sin you commit."

"You may preach that stuff to the dege! There is no God! I defy him and you! Archer Trevlyn, my curse be upon you and yours, now and forever! Child of a disobedient son! child of a mother who was a harlot!"

Arch sprang upon him with a savage cry. His hand was on his throat—God knows what crime he would have done, fired by the insult offered to the memory of his mother, had not Margie caught his hands, and drawn them away.

"Oh, Archer, Archer Trevlyn!" she cried, imploringly. "grant me this one favor—the very first I ever asked of you! For my sake, come away. He is an old man. Leave him to God, and his own conscience. You are young and strong; you would not disgrace your manhood by laying violent hands on the weakness of old age!"

"Did you hear what he called my mother, the purest woman the world ever saw? No man shall repeat that foul slander in my presence, and live!" "He will not repeat it. Forgive him. He is fretful, and thinks the world has gone hard with him. He has sinned, and those who sin suffer always. It has been a long and terrible feud between him and yours. I brought you here—let me take you away."

Her soft hands were on his—her beautiful tear-wet eyes lifted to his face. He could not withstand that look. He would have given up the plans of a lifetime, if she had asked him with those imploring eyes.

"I yield to you, Miss Harrison—only to you," he replied. "If John Trevlyn lives, he owes his life to you. He judged rightly—there was murder in my soul, and he saw it in my eyes. Years ago, after they laid my poor heart-broken mother out of my sight, I swore a terrible vow of vengeance on the old man whose cruelty had hurried her into the grave. But for you, I should have kept the vow this moment. But I will obey you. Take me wherever you will."

She led him down the stairs, across the lawn, and out on the lonely beach, where the quiet moon and the passionless stars dropped down their crystal rain. The sweet south wind blew up cool from the sea, and afar off the tinkle of a sheep-bell stirred the silence of the night. The lamp in the distant lighthouse gleamed like a spark of fire, and at their feet broke the tireless billows, white as the snowdrifts of December.

CHAPTER VII. HERE was something inexpressibly soothing in the serenity of the night. Arch felt its influence. The hot color died out of his cheek, his pulse beat slower, he lifted his eyes to the purple arch of the summer sky.

"All God's universe is at rest," said Margie, her voice breaking upon his ear like a strain of music. "Oh, Archer Trevlyn, be at peace with all mankind!" "I am—with all but him."

"And with him, also. The heart which bears malice cannot be a happy heart. There has been a great wrong done—I have heard the sad story—but it is divine to forgive. The man who can pardon the enemy who has wrought him evil, rises to a height where nothing of these earthly temptations can harm him more. He stands on a level with the angels of God. If you have been injured, let it pass. If your parents were hurried out of the world by his cruelty, think how much sooner they tasted the bliss of heaven! Every wrong will in due time be avenged. Justice will be done, for the Infinite One has promised it. Leave it in His hands, Archer, before I leave you, promise to forgive Mr. Trevlyn."

"I cannot! I cannot!" he cried, hoarsely. "Oh, Margie, Miss Harrison, ask of me anything but that, even to the sacrifice of my life, and I will willingly oblige you, but not that! not that!"

"That is all I ask. It is for your good and my peace of mind that I demand it. You have no right to make me unhappy, as your persistence in this dreadful course will do. Promise me, Archer Trevlyn!"

She put her hand on his shoulder; he turned his head and pressed his lips upon it. She did not draw it away, but stood, melting his hard heart with her wonderfully sweet gaze. He yielded all at once—she knew she had conquered. He sank down on one knee before her, and bowed his face upon his hands. She stooped over him, her hair swept his shoulders, the brown mingling with the deeper chestnut of his curling locks.

"You will promise me, Mr. Trevlyn?" He looked up suddenly. "What will you give me if I promise?"

"Ask for it." He lifted a curl of shining hair. "Yes," she said. "Promise me what I ask, and I will give it to you." He took his pocket-knife and severed the tress.

"I promise you. I break my vow; I seek no revenge. I forgive John Trevlyn, and may God forgive him also. He is safe from me. I submit to have my

parents sleep on unavenged. I leave him and his sins to the God whom he denies; and all because you have asked it of me."

Slowly and silently they went up to the house. At the door he said no good-night—he only held her hand a moment, closely, and then turned away.

Paul Linnere's wedding-day drew near. Between him and Margie there was no semblance of affection. Her coldness never varied, and after a few fruitless attempts to excite in her some manifestation of interest, he took his cue from her, and was as coldly indifferent as herself.

A few days before the tenth of October, which was the day appointed for the bridal, Dick Turner, one of Paul's friends, gave a supper at the Bachelors' club. A supper in honor of Paul, or to testify the sorrow of the club at the loss of one of its members. It was a very hilarious occasion, and the toasting and wine-drinking extended far into the small hours.

In a somewhat elevated frame of mind, Mr. Paul Linnere left the rooms of the club at about three o'clock in the morning, to return home. His way lay along the most deserted part of the city—a place where there were few dwellings, and the buildings were mostly stores and ware-houses.

Suddenly a touch on his arm stopped him. The same cold, deathly touch he had felt once before. He had drank just enough to feel remarkably brave, and turning, he encountered the strangely gleaming eyes that had frozen his blood that night in early summer. All his bravado left him. He felt weak and helpless as a child.

"What is it? what do you want?" he asked brokenly. "Justice!" said the mysterious presence.

"Justice? For whom?" "Arabel Vere." "Arabel Vere! Curse her!" he cried, savagely.

The figure lifted a spectral white hand. "Paul Linnere—beware! The vengeance of the dead reaches sometimes unto the living! There is not water enough in the Seine to drown a woman's hatred. Death itself, cannot annihilate it! Beware!"

He struck savagely at the uplifted hand, but his arm met no resistance. He beat only against the impalpable air. His spectral visitor had flown, and left nothing behind her to tell of her presence.

With unsteady steps Mr. Paul Linnere hurried home, entered his room, and double-locked the door behind him.

CHAPTER VIII.

R. TREVLYN had decided that the marriage of his ward should take place at Harrison Park, the old country seat of the Harrisons, on the Hudson. Here Margie's parents had lived always in the summer; here they had died within a week of each other, and here, in the cypress grove by the river, they were buried. There would be no more fitting place for the marriage of their daughter to be solemnized. Margie neither opposed nor approved the plan. She did not oppose anything. She was passive, almost apathetic.

The admiring dressmakers and milliners came and went, fitting and measuring, and trying on their tasteful creations, but without eliciting any signs of interest or pleasure from Margie Harrison. She gave no orders, found no fault; expressed no admiration nor its opposite. It was all the same to her.

The bridal dress came home a few days before the appointed day. It was a superb affair, and Margie looked like a queen in it. It was of white satin, with a point lace overskirt; looped at intervals with tiny bouquets of orange blossoms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) An Electric Palace. The palatial New York home of Charles T. Yerkes, the Chicago millionaire, at 65th street and 5th avenue, has not only the most complete electric lighting, heating and ventilating plant of any of the several electrically equipped mansions in the city, but it has the largest storage battery plant ever installed in a private residence. A gas engine of thirty-five horse power in the basement is belted to a dynamo. The storage battery consists of sixty cells, having a capacity of 2,500 ampere hours at a ten-hour discharge rate, the maximum discharge rate being 500 amperes for four hours.

The house is wired for about sixteen candle-power lamps and has besides an electric passenger elevator and several electric motors for ventilation, pumping and other purposes.

The arrangement of the lights is very artistic. The vestibule or reception hall is lighted from above through cathedral glass in the base of a dome by 200 lights. Lamps are concealed within the carving of the principal salon or in rosettes of colored glass and cunningly placed in the ceilings. In the library an apparently framed oil painting, which is really a wonderful piece of cathedral glasswork, is made the vehicle of the flood of light which illuminates the room with the soft radiance of day.—Exchange.

Exchange Birthday Gifts.

The Prince of Wales and the Duc de Chartres have just exchanged birthday presents, according to their custom of many years past, as their birthdays fall on the same day. The Orleans prince is the elder by a year, however. The prince sent the duke a fine gun, while the duke's souvenir to the prince was a gold cigarette case.

Present Population of Britain.

According to the latest returns of the registrar-general the population of the United Kingdom is now estimated at about 39,500,000, of whom 31,000,000 belong to England and Wales, Scotland claiming 4,000,000 and Ireland 4,500,000. The balance of births over deaths for the first three months of the present year was 131,320.

Coccy's Cough Balsam.

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Saidgo—Do you recognize that spirit photograph? Herdsoo—It looks familiar. "That's Smithers, who moved to Brooklyn."—Life.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1855.—J. R. Madison, 2409 43d Ave., Chicago, Ills.

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IT'S CURES THAT COUNT.

Many so-called remedies are pressed on the public attention on account of their claimed large sales. But sales cannot determine value. Sales simply argue good salesmen, shrewd publicity, or enormous advertising. It's cures that count. It is cures that are counted on by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Its value might be boasted. It has the world for its market. But sales prove nothing. We point only to the record of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, as proof of its merit.

50 YEARS OF CURES.

W. N. U. CHICAGO, VOL. XI, NO. 44.

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Prof. Babcock, the well-known Chemist, says:—

"I find that Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure. It contains no trace of any substance foreign to the pure roasted cocoa-bean. The color is that of pure cocoa; the flavor is natural, and not artificial; and the product is in every particular such as must have been produced from the pure cocoa-bean without the addition of any chemical, alkali, acid, or artificial flavoring substance, which are to be detected in cocoas prepared by the so-called 'Dutch process.'" Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, England.