

A PRETTY COMPANION

By Louise Bedford.

CHAPTER VII.

To Clarice she vowed a redoubled devotion. Ah! if any care of hers might help her towards recovery, so that when her lover returned from his Indian campaign she might be well enough to marry! Only in helping to bring that marriage to a successful issue could she hope to efface the last miserable half-hour. She would try, too, and talk to Doctor Drake some day by herself, and ask if any possible change of treatment might hasten Clarice's recovery. The very thought brought comfort and hope with it.

Having decided her course of action, she proceeded to put it into practice; smoothed her hair, and tried to wash the traces of tears from her face. Then she sat down and wrote a few lines to her brother, declining to lend him the money, and giving him her reasons for the refusal. After that she went to Clarice's room, who, happily, she found alone.

"I thought you were never coming," said Clarice fretfully. "Come and sit close by me where I can see you. I need your soothing presence so badly to-day. Why, what is the matter with you, dear? You look as if you needed soothing yourself. You have been crying, and I thought you were a woman who could not cry."

Janetta gave rather a watery smile. "You were wrong, you see. I have been in trouble about several things, and I could not see my way clear; but I see it now. I shan't cry any more, I promise you." And Janetta threw back her head with something of her usual frank reliance.

Clarice glanced at her wistfully. "You are reserved and proud, Janetta; but if it were a case where money would help—"

With quick alertness Janetta bent down and kissed one of Clarice's tiny, helpless hands.

"Ah! how good and dear you are; but it is not a case of money. I am almost glad not to have it, because I might do harm instead of good with it."

"Not my hands, my face," said Clarice simply. And Janetta bent and kissed her on the forehead, oppressed with a sense of her own unworthiness.

The day passed like a dream. She saw Captain Merivale only at meals, for he and Clarice spent the evening alone together.

The next day, when he came down after bidding her good-by, he found Mrs. Mortimer standing alone in the hall, giving her last directions for the packing of his luggage into the carriage. He looked searchingly about for Janetta.

"Miss Howard desired me to bid you good-by for her," said Mrs. Mortimer, answering his glance. "She went into the town for something."

"Oh, thank you. Tell her I was sorry not to see her. You and she will look after Clarice for me whilst I'm away, won't you?"

The next instant he was gone. Janetta, meanwhile, sought shelter in a little cove by the seashore, and sat with her back against the cliff, and her tearless eyes gazing out seawards.

Her teeth were clenched in the effort to keep back the sobs that rose in her throat. She would gladly have uprooted this strange love that had grown up in her heart, but she could not.

"He's gone now," she said, pulling out her watch and looking at it. "It can't be wrong to go on loving him when I shall never see him again. It can neither hurt him nor me, for he does not know it; and God knows I have but one great wish in life left to me—that he and Clarice should marry."

It chanced that on her way home she came across Doctor Drake walking quickly down the street. He would have passed her by with a bow, but she called to a stop.

"There is something I wanted to talk to you about. Could you spare me a minute?"

"Certainly," he said, with a slight surprise.

"I never get the chance of a word alone with you. Will you forgive me if I ask if there is nothing that could be done to hasten Miss Seymour's recovery?"

Doctor Drake's fair face flushed. "It is a question that is often before me. Do you think her worse?" he asked anxiously.

"She is out of spirits, and losing hope."

"Of what?" inquired the Doctor impatiently. "Of recovery or what?"

"Of everything that makes her life worth living. Until she is better she will not marry."

"Or Captain Merivale will not marry her!" broke out the Doctor. "Which is it, do you think? You are speaking frankly to me, Miss Howard, and I can but answer you in the same spirit. No specialist can do anything for Miss Seymour. I will tell you briefly my opinion, which is backed by other men in my profession. When Miss Seymour was thrown from her horse she severely strained the nerves of the spine."

"As far as we can discover, the injury is entirely overborne; but her whole nervous system is shattered. When that recovers its tone she will be well. It lies much with herself and those about her. That is why I advised cheerful companionship of a girl about her own age. I've known similar cases. Sometimes a sudden nervous shock will cure a patient. It is a great happiness. If I had been present, I should have tried to bring about such a result."

the happiness—I should have married her before now."

Janetta gave him a quick look of sympathy.

"You think it might have cured her?"

"I should have tried it," replied the Doctor quietly.

"But if it hadn't, how miserable she would have been."

"It would be the fault of her husband if she were so," replied the Doctor, with rather an odd little smile.

"Poor fellow!" thought Janetta, "he cares for her himself. What a strong, tender nature he has hidden behind that cold manner."

"Then I can do nothing," she said aloud, "and I wish to do so much! I would do anything that lay in my power to help make her well."

For the first time Doctor Drake regarded her attentively. There was no doubt of the sincerity of the speaker.

"You can do much," he said kindly. "Help her to forget herself, keep her bright and cheerful; and if, by wholesome contradiction, you could trick her into doing a little more, you would be of real service."

They both laughed, for Clarice's waywardness was apparent to every one that came into contact with her; and Janetta remembered how often she had come down stairs, or went out for a drive, in opposition to the expressed wish of the Doctor.

"I am glad you spoke to me," he said, holding out his hand. "I feel as if we had come to a better understanding."

His last sentence was overheard by Mrs. Mortimer, who advanced with catlike tread down the street. She did not stop, only bowed to the pair who seemed absorbed in such earnest conversation, with a rather meaning smile, and passed over to the other side of the street.

"The chit! the deceitful chit! So that is the business that took her out in such a hurry this morning! She is determined to have more than one string to her bow. I wonder what the better understanding may be?" said Mrs. Mortimer under her breath, as she looked after Janetta's retreating figure.

After that conversation with the Doctor, Janetta redoubled her efforts to brighten Clarice's life.

"I feel your wings about me night and day," said Clarice, smiling at her. "Didn't I hear you creep into my room in the middle of the night?"

"Yes," Janetta confessed. "I thought I heard you move, and that I might put you off to sleep again by reading aloud."

"Do you sleep with your door open, then?" asked Clarice.

Janetta laughed and nodded.

"I like to be close at hand if you want me."

"But how can I repay devotion like yours? You will stay with me always, Janetta?"

"Until you marry, if you wish it."

"And when will that be, I wonder?" said Clarice, with a quick sigh.

"When Captain Merivale comes home again," Janetta replied.

"It's just that decided way of yours that keeps hope alive."

They were sitting in the drawing room after dinner. Mrs. Mortimer had gone up stairs to write letters. A violent ring at the bell made the girls look at each other in quick surprise.

"A caller at this time in the evening!" said Clarice. "Just tell Mason that unless it is Doctor Drake I can see nobody."

There was only time to issue the order before Mason reached the door, and then a man's voice was heard speaking in the hall, thick, hesitating, argumentative, and Janetta's heart stood still. The voice was Neville's. Every vestige of color went from her face. A visit from Neville at this hour could bode no good.

"I think it is some one asking for me," she said, trying to steady her voice. "Will you excuse me for a moment?"

Without waiting for an answer, she went quickly into the hall; and there stood Neville, with a foolish smile on his face, trying to explain to Mason that it was Miss Howard, not Miss Seymour, he wished to speak to.

against the mantel shelf; while she paced up and down the room in extreme agitation.

"Got such a good berth yourself, I thought—" The thought was too far back in the recesses of Neville's muddled brain for him to bring it to light.

"That I could ask Miss Seymour to take you in as well as myself," said Janetta bitterly. "You must go, Neville. I can't stop and talk to you tonight. You are not fit to talk to."

"Go where?" asked Neville, with dazed eyes. "I thought you'd never be the one to turn me out!"

"Oh, what can I do?" cried Janetta. And then came the remembrance of Doctor Drake's strong, kind face. He would help her if he knew in what sore trouble she was.

"Look here, Neville," she said, trying not to let him see how she shrank from him. "I have one friend in this place, who I believe, if I sent him a note by you, will take you in for the night. To-morrow I will see you and think what can be done."

She was scribbling swiftly as she spoke.

"Dear Doctor Drake: I am in sore trouble. The bearer of this note is my brother—my only living relation—and he is as you see him. I cannot send him to any lodging or hotel to-night. I send him to you, because you are a bachelor, and will understand what it is to me, his sister, for him to call upon me like this. Will you of your great goodness take him in for this one night and hide his shame, and to-morrow I will see him and settle what he must do. Yours gratefully,

"Janetta Howard."

She folded and directed the letter, putting it into Neville's nerveless hand. "This man will give you a bed for to-night. It is not far to go—down the hill. When you get outside turn to the right, and about a hundred yards down the street there is a gate with a brass plate on it. That is Doctor Drake's house."

Almost before he knew what his sister was doing, Janetta had led Neville to the door, retreating her directions in soft, low tones.

She went back to the drawing room, determined to tell Clarice the story; but her intention was checked by the presence of Mrs. Mortimer, who stood by Clarice's sofa, pouring out an eager torrent of accusation. Clarice had raised herself to a sitting posture, and listened with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, and with rather a scornful smile.

"I'm glad you've come back, Janetta. Mrs. Mortimer has been amusing me with really wonderful stories, which she seems to have gathered from her own and Mason's personal observation."

"If the amusing stories you refer to are about myself, I shall be glad to hear them," said Janetta, standing before Clarice, with a burning red spot on either cheek. She would not even look at her accuser.

"First item: A drunken lover is supposed to have just come to see you."

"He is not my lover. Later on, I shall be glad to tell you who he is; but not in the presence of a third person."

"Does that mean, Miss Howard, that you wish to explain your rather extraordinary conduct to Miss Seymour alone?" inquired Mrs. Mortimer acidly.

"It does," replied Janetta, with one fearless glance. "That explanation is necessary to her, but unnecessary to you."

"I think perhaps you had better leave us," said Clarice. As the door closed behind her, Clarice stretched out her hands to Janetta with quick entreaty. "Oh, Janetta, what a brute you must think me to question anything you do! But she has hated at such awful things! I only wait for your word to declare everything untrue, and I shall believe you."

(To be continued.)

Detective Spy-Glasses on Altit.

Chief Wilkie of the secret service has discovered a new use for a well known instrument of civil engineering, the transit, which is a sort of spyglass on stilts. While a government employe was at work on the new federal building in San Francisco he noticed that a man was bringing something small to a window frequently in a building about 200 yards away. Bringing a transit into play the observer convinced himself that the man was at work on bogus money. A secret service detective was summoned and he pecked through the transit. Then he went over and arrested the man for counterfeiting, making what Chief Wilkie regards as a most important capture.

Leth Building Grant Docks.

Leth, Scotland, will become a port of some capacity and trade two years hence. A suite of docks is in construction there, which is to cost between 300,000 pounds and 400,000 pounds more than was estimated when the Leth dock commissioners launched their program. In 1896 seventy-five acres of the foreshore were reclaimed; and the dock now near completion is 1,900 feet long, with a width of 550 feet for 1,100 feet of its length and 280 feet for the remainder. The dock walls are forty-four feet high, and there are to be two pairs of steel gates, each weighing close upon 300 tons. To this equipment it has been resolved to add a graving dock 500 feet long.

Filen Convey Typhoid.

Together with the theory that malaria is transmitted by mosquitoes, the theory that flies convey typhoid germs is of particular interest, and this is the subject of an article which Dr. L. O. Howard of the United States department of agriculture contributes to the Popular Science Monthly.

Lessons from Sherlock.

The methods used by Sherlock Holmes, the great fictional detective, have so impressed the authorities of Massillon, O., that they have provided the police with books telling of the greatest achievements of Holmes. The officers are under instructions to apply the Holmes principles in all cases possible. Accordingly, when it was reported that a trunk had been broken open and \$85 stolen at John Stevenson's boarding-house the other day, Officer Seaman proceeded to investigate along Holmes' line. He found that the brass hasps securing the trunk lid had been severed with a sharp instrument. None was in the vicinity. The landlord was asked if he had an ax. He produced one from a coal-house, where he said he always kept it. There were small particles of brass on the blade and it just fitted the cut in the trunk. The officers argued that if a robber had committed the crime he would not have lugged away an ax. Therefore they decided it must have been the landlord. When they arrested him he was so amazed at their line of reasoning that he admitted his guilt. He is now in jail.—Pittsburg Post.

ON VERGE OF INSANITY.

Mrs. E. A. Deacon Tells of a Case Where a Lady Was in This Serious Condition, but Was Saved.

East Randolph, N. Y., March 11.—(Special).—Mrs. E. A. Deacon of this town is Vice-President of the local Women's Christian Temperance Union. She is a lady of splendid capabilities, and these she has always directed towards the uplifting of humanity. What Mrs. Deacon says is accepted in East Randolph without question. No one has ever doubted her truthfulness or honesty of purpose.

Mrs. Deacon says: "My attention was first called to the remarkable curative value of Dodd's Kidney Pills, through the cure of a literary lady who was a friend of mine, and who from mental overwork was on the verge of insanity. After the failure of her physician to help her, her husband was advised to have her try Dodd's Kidney Pills, which she did with gratifying results. She used five boxes before she was completely cured, but at the end of two months' treatment, she was her own happy, brilliant self once more."

"Feeling languid and worn out myself, I thought they would perhaps be a help to me, and I am very glad to say that two boxes made a new woman of me. I feel ten years younger, am in the very best of health, and appreciate that it was entirely through the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills, I give them highest endorsement."

These cases are becoming very common in Cattaraugus County, and many ladies have had experiences similar to those of Mrs. Deacon and her friend. What Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for these suffering women, they will do for anyone who gives them a fair trial.

They are 50c, a box, six boxes for \$2.50. Buy them from your local druggist if you can. If he cannot supply you, send to the Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

If an heiress promises to be a sister to an impecunious suitor he has no kick coming if he shares equally with her under the old man's will.

Lane's Family Medicine. Moves the bowels each day, in order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

You can't always judge a man by the cigars he gives to his friends.

When You Use Soap insist on getting Maple City Self Washing Soap. Your grocer has it or will get it. Only the bettering of the heart brings true wisdom.—Fleets.

DO YOU COUGH
DON'T DELAY
TAKE
KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect, after taking the first dose. Sold by druggists everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

WET WEATHER WISDOM!
THE ORIGINAL
TOWER'S
FISH BRAND SLICKER
BLACK OR YELLOW
WILL KEEP YOU DRY
NOTHING ELSE WILL
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES
CATALOGUES FREE
SHOWING FULL LINE OF GAITERS AND HATS.
A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CONFEDERATE REUNION.

Memphis, Tenn., March 10.—At a recent meeting of the general executive committee of the Confederate reunion for 1901 a committee was appointed to join with the several commercial bodies of Memphis to visit Washington and invite President McKinley to be the guest of the city of Memphis on the occasion of the reunion in May next. The committee will leave for the national capital in a few days.

As the time for holding the reunion approaches the several committees are becoming more active. The city is being canvassed by the committee on hotels and accommodations and every available room is being registered. A. D. Langstaff, secretary of the commissary committee, a sub-organization of the general committee in charge of Confederate reunion arrangements, has been very active in the past week or so in the discharge of the duties assigned to him. He is engaged in planning ways and means for caring for the Confederate veterans when they come to the reunion. Many of the commands will very likely bivouack in order to observe strict army regulations and if this should prove true they will have to be cared for the same as if they were in actual service again, but with more care for their comfort. The commissary committee is to look after these matters. Mr. Langstaff announces that it is the purpose of the committee to have the means of caring for every Confederate veteran whether he is able to pay his own way or not, and they will do so if it is possible. They want it understood that the commissary committee is not organized to look only after those who are able to pay their own way, but to look after the rest as well.

Gets Rich in One Week.

At a sale of crown mining lands recently held in the Klondike a man named Dawson purchased a claim on Gold bottom for \$1. He immediately began digging and next day struck a rich streak. Before the week was ended he had been offered \$40,000 for the claim, but refused to sell at that figure.

The British government is the owner of over 25,000 camels.

Final
There is an end to acute suffering when
St. Jacobs Oil
promptly cures
Sciatica

FACE HUMORS



Pimples, Blackheads, Red Rough and Oily Skin PREVENTED BY

Cuticura SOAP

MILLIONS of Women Use CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itching, and chafing, in the form of baths for annoying irritations and inflammations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and many sanative antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women and mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used these great skin purifiers and beautifiers to use any others. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients and the most refreshing of flower odors. No other medicated soap is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, viz.: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, the BEST skin and complexion soap, and the BEST toilet and baby soap in the world.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humour. Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (25c.), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle; CUTICURA OINTMENT (50c.), to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal; and CUTICURA BATHING (25c.), to cool and cleanse the blood, and humilitate skin, scalp, and blood humors, with loss of hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world.
Cuticura THE SET, \$1.25