SHE COULD NOT EAT

THE STATEMENT OF A LADY WHO WAS A DYSPEPTIC.

Afflicted With Pains in the Stomach, Nausea and Vomiting—Constipation, Headaches and Other Distressing Symptoms Followed.

From Le Sorelois, Sorel, Que.

Dyspepsia and kindred disorders of the digestive organs are becoming alarmingly prevalent among the people of all classes, and it is safe to say that there are few ills afflicting mankind productive of more real misery than indigestion. It is said that happiness and a good digestion go hand in hand, and the statement contains more truth than has been generally admitted. It may be safely said, therefore, that the medicine that will cure dyspepsia is a blessing to mankind, a promoter of human happiness, whose good work cannot be too widely known. Such is the opinion of Mrs. P. Lassier, of Sorel, Que., and it is because of this that she gave the folowing statement to a representative of Le Sorelois.

"For some time past," she said, "I had been suffering from a malady that at first I could not define, but which proved to be a severe attack of dyspepsia. After each meal I felt a sensation of over fullness, even when I had eaten most sparingly. This feeling was accompanied by severe pains in the region of the stomach and frequently by nausea, and sometimes vomiting. Constipation followed, which added to my misery. In the interval I suffered from fever and slight headache and became generally indisposed. At times the pain in the stomach was less severe. My appetite was leaving me, I had no taste for anything and at this stage my son, Alfred, assistant manager of Le Sorelois, urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, at the same time urging me to read an article in that paper which related to the cure of a person similarly afflicted. I was skeptical and did not believe the pills would help me, but a few days later I read the article and decided that I would try this medicine and I have much reason to be glad that I did so. I took a couple of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after each meal and had by little perceived that my digestion was growing more easy. I continued the use of the pills for a little more than a month, and have pleasure in stating that my cure is complete. At my age (66 years) energetic appreciates being able to enjoy meals and I bless the day I began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I heartily recommend them to other sufferers."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache and prostration, diseases of the blood such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, and restores pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health. They are a specific for all the troubles peculiar to the female sex, and in more cure all cases arising from worry, overwork, or excesses. Sold by all chemists and by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50c per box or six boxes for $2.50. There are imitation pills, colored pink against which the public are warned. The genuine pills are put up in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Take nothing else.

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GODFREY'S WHITE QUEEN

BY WILLIAM RAYMOND

Poor Audine turned pale; she dreaded what was coming, and she put her hands over her face and cried, "Oh, not tonight, Aunt Mary—not to-night!"

"Do not be childish, Audine," said Mrs Neville, rather sharply. "I really must talk to you."

Audine withdrew her hands, and looking up wistfully said, "Very well."

"Audine," began Mrs. Neville, solemnly, "you are no longer a child; you have arrived at an age at which a girl is able to acquire power over the happiness of others."

Audine lowered her face.

"Audine, that power is a girl's first responsibility. Do you understand me?"

"Yes."

"I cannot be too carefully used," went on Mrs. Neville, restlessly twisting her fingers together. "If a man's whole happiness depends upon a woman, it is your responsibility for her; if she has engaged him, the responsibility is more greater, is it not?"

"Yes," again murmured Audine.

"And you have done that, my darling; your sweet ways and looks have taught Godfrey to love you. It has made me so very happy," she went on, with a tremulous voice, "for it will make you my own dear little daughter."

But Audine, with a dignity all her own had drawn back, and was looking at her friend with her clear eyes. "You are mistaken, aunt Mary," she said. "You do not mean what you say."

"I do mean it. I know how very young you are and I fear at that if Godfrey were himself to speak to you first, you would—"

"I would answer him as I answer you, aunt Mary."

"And pray is that, my child? My dear child, said you love him?"

"Oh, no, no."

"Then all this time you have been receiving my poor boy, heartless, cruel girl!—leading him on to his own destruction; walking with him, talking to him, and letting him believe that you saw and valued his love."

Audine became very white, and all her courage fled; she trembled as if caught in a trap.

"Dear aunt Mary, I know nothing of these things; Did I encourage him? What does it mean? Oh, I hope not!"

"You have taught him to love you as few men love; you have destroyed his future, ruined his home. Oh, Audine!" and Mrs. Neville caught her hands and looked eagerly into her face.

"What can I do, oh! the poor child. "Indeed, I did not mean it, I do not love him, I never can."

Mrs. Neville looked at her with a look almost of hatred in her face; then a moan burst from her lips, and she said, "Oh, what a fatal thing love for you is, Audine! first Castalette, and now my Godfrey."

Now Mrs. Neville was terrified at the effect of her words; every trace of color fled from Audine's lips, her eyes became distended.

"What?" she gasped. "What did you say?"

"I said," repeat Mrs. Neville, wildly, "that the love of you is fatal to Godfrey as it was to Castalette."

"Girl help me!" cried Audine, with a piteous cry; and she fell forward in a death like faint, striking her head violently on the fender. Greatly terrified as she was, Mrs. Neville would not ring for help—her work was but half done; hesitations in her love her sin, to Audine she was pitiless. She laid her on the sofa, bathed her forehead with eau de cologne, and sat fanning her eagerly until she opened her eyes. Audine looked round her wildly.

"Was it love for me? Oh, aunt Mary, was it that that killed him? Did he go from me to that horrible death?" and she clung to Mrs. Neville, trembling violently.

"It was unfortunate," said Mrs. Neville, with dry lips; "but the effect of love is overwhelming to some men; it has driven them to all sorts of desperate actions."

"Was it that?"

"I will not deceive you, Audine; it may not have been his body that was found—the condition of the—"

"Oh, stop, stop!" cried Audine, shuddering. "How shall I bear it what can I do?"

Mrs. Neville bent towards her, and whispered, in words that sounded almost like a hiss—

"Save Godfrey from such a fate."

Audine sank back, pressing her hands convulsively over her brow.

"Aunt Mary," she cried, "I have no mother."

Mrs. Neville hesitated for one moment, during which the good battled with the evil in her heart; then she said, in a voice which the very emotion she strove to control made very cold—

"I would not urge you for the world, Audine; you must act of your own free will. You shall never say that I influenced your decision."

"Will you not help me?"

"I cannot; I am too much interested. I am too much terrified when I think of what the result of your refusal might be—it takes away my power to help you."

Audine rose to her feet panting.

"Give me time to think," she said.

"Yes, yes, take time, but do not keep me too long in suspense; tell me soon, Audine."

"I will."

"And oh, my dear child," cried Mrs. Neville, following her to the door, "ask no counsellor but your own heart; do not talk to your nurse about it—promise me."

"Very well," said Audine, and she went upstairs. She threw herself on her bed, covering her face with her hands, trying to think; but only one overwhelming thought was with her.

"She says it was my doing, my fault; he killed himself for my fatal love! I am guilty of his death." Then through the darkness she could fancy she saw the satyr-like face of Castalette always watching her. Her head ached terribly; she was unconscious of the blow she had received in her falling, and wondered vaguely at the violent pain. A grievous sense of self-pity came over her—she felt as if she had lost all the happiness of youth, that now she must carry her a regret and horror to her dying day. What should she do? The throb of a thrill almost of bodily pain she remembered Mrs. Neville's words, "Save Godfrey from such a fate." From such a fate! Would he, also die, and for her sake? A terror of herself came over her; she rose hurriedly from her bed and lit the candles; she glanced at herself in the glass, and was startled by the white face she saw with bloodless lips, and distended eyes. She hastily smoothed her hair and went swiftly along the passage to Burns's room, where her old nurse was sitting half asleep, waiting for her young mistress's bell.

Audine put a strong restraint upon herself; the strength of her feeling made her act well; but had Burns been fully awake she could not have been deceived in her child.

"Burnie," said Audine, leaning on the back of her chair, "I have been reading a very strange novel; it has made me nervous. The rejected lover killed himself. Tell me, Burnie, do such things happen in real life?"

"My dear, I have often told you not to go reading those sorts of nonsense before going to bed. 'Lovers indeed!'"

"Do they ever in real life?"

"I never knew but one fret much, Miss Audine, and scorns of others who married another woman within a year."

"And that one case?" faltered Audine.

"It was a peculiar one, my dear. The girl was a neighbor of ours at home, Hester Brown, and very pretty, and she led him on to think she liked him above a big, and then made a fool of him at last. He was not over wise, poor lad, and he went quietly away to the river. He might have fallen in—perhaps he did—but all the neighbors put it down to her score."

"Oh, Burnie!"

Burns jumped up at the tone of her voice. "What is it, my child? what is it?"

"Do not keep me—let me go; I must go down stairs."

"My dear, you had much better come to bed."

"No, no—let me go," and Audine broke from her detaining hands and ran downstairs.

Mrs. Neville was still in the drawing-room, but the lights were all put out save one hand-candle and the remains of the fire. Audine went swiftly up to her.

"I am come," she said.

"And you consent, my Audine, my child?"

"Yes."

"You will be my Godfrey's wife, the joy and happiness of us all?"

"Yes."

"Let me kiss you, Audine. How happy you have made my, you little know."

But Audine recoiled from her touch.

At that moment the hall door opened with a latch-key; some one came in—they could hear his footsteps.

"It that Castalette?" said Audine, suddenly.

"Audine, you are dreaming! It is Godfrey."

BUT AUDINE RECOILED FROM HER TOUCH.

"Very. Wait here, my darling; I will send him to you."

As she left the room, Audine retreated into the very farthest corner, pressing back against the wall with her hands clasped on her breast, and waited. One moment—it seemed an one—and Godfrey came in.

"Is it true, Audine? Is my mother say truth indeed?"

"Yes." Again that fatal word.

"And you will be all my own, my darling—the light of my life?"

Audine could bear no more; and when he won'd fain have poured out to her all the love of his heart she tore herself from his hands, and fled from him in terror to a great for words.

Godfrey and his mother sat up late that night, talking in subdued tones.

CHAPTER XII.

When the Nevilles met at breakfast on the following morning, Audine did not appear. More than an hour passed, and Mrs. Neville became uneasy at her absence. At last she went out, left off preparing to eat her breakfast, and went upstairs to see what made Audine so late.

At the door of her room Mrs. Burns met her, looking exceedingly stiff and severe.

"I think you had better not go in, ma'am," she said, very coldly. "Miss Audine has been very ill all night."

"Ill! Have you sent for the doctor?"

"I have taken that liberty, ma'am. I advise you had better not go in till he comes."

"Why did you not come for me?" said Mrs. Neville. "It was very wrong of you."

At this moment Audine called out, in a high clear voice, "Aunt Mary!" and Mrs. Neville pushed past the nurse, and went in.

The young girl was sitting up in bed, all her long brown hair floating behind her; and she was speaking in a very rapid, confused way. She caught hold of Mrs. Neville's hands.

"Nothing, nothing can save him," she said. "They are going to throw him down the shaft; and all the neighbors blame me, and say it was love for me that killed him. Oh, George, George! I wish he would not clung so closely to Mrs. Neville. "He watches me, half crouching down; and I know he is there even when I am asleep, and he says such strange things. The White Queen! Godfrey has a bride already. Who said that? And why did he tell me? What is Godfrey's bride to me? There is no perfection like his bride. He is here, all here. He is mad, and has given himself to her. What did he mean? And then he went a way, poor soul, to the riverside. Sing willow, willow, all the green willow. What is that?"

So suddenly she started, and pointed into vacancy, that an intense terror seized them.

"There! there! there! What is it? Who is it? Is it dead, or does it still move? Will no one tell me who it is? Oh, heaven! is it Godfrey or that other?"

All day the delirium increased. The doctor, when he saw her, sent away his carriage, and refused, to leave her side. "She must have had some terrible shock," he said to Mrs. Neville. And the poor woman wept tears of bitter grief and remorse. All day getting worse and worse, Audine's voice, that used to be so soft and sweet, grew so loud and wild that no one could have recognized the sound. Now she would implore Mrs. Neville to help her—to save her from her fate; then call her lover to save her from the terrible doom. But one ever-present horror seemed to haunt her—Castalette's face watching her; and sometimes, in her struggles to escape from it, it required all Mrs. Neville's and Burns's united strength to keep her in bed.

So the long days came to an end one after another, and brought no relief. All day Godfrey wandered about in aimless misery. He would sit down and endeavor to read, then spring up, and pace the room, or sit with his face hidden, every sense strained to hear sounds from the room above him. Then, for hours together, he would wait on the stairs, till the sound of that beloved voice, never ceasing, never changing in its unnatural tone, became more than he could bear; and he would dash away out of the house—anywhere—to escape from the evening, his mother would come down to him; but she was changed. She seemed as if she could hardly bear to meet his eye; and she would give her hopeless news without any softening words, and go back as quickly as she could to her child. And the days passed on.

Then came a letter from Colonel Fitzjames; he was on his way—would be here in a few days. In anguish, the thought suggested itself to all those watchers, would he be in time? The doctors spoke of a strangely depressed nervous system, aggravated by the violent blow on the head which she had received which had produced this terrible brain-fever.

At last—it was in the dead of night—her voice died suddenly away, and was succeeded by so awful and profound a stillness that they knew not how to bear it.

When morning dawned they said she was just alive, that was all: the heart still beat, the faint breath still dimmed the mirror, but all hope was over—the exhaustion seemed beyond remedies. Godfrey stood outside her door, listening to the softest movement within.

At last they set the door wide open, and he stole in. They were all standing motionless round her, watching the ivory-white of her cheek, the half-shut eyes, the half-closed lips. The doctor bent suddenly down, and put his hand on her heart.

Mrs. Neville gave him one wild look, and he shook his head sorrowfully. Godfrey saw, and could bear no more; he turned and rushed downstairs—down into the room in which he had last seen her, and he leant against the wall against which she had leant when he had held her hands and for one short second pressed her to his heart. His mother followed him, cold as ice, with burning color on her cheeks.

"She is dead, Godfrey," she said, in a voice out of which all the tone had gone—"she is dead, and I have killed her."

Godfrey grasped her arm. "Speak, woman, what do you mean?"

"I deceived her and you. Oh, Godfrey, be merciful!"

"Then it is not true? She did not love me!"

"Godfrey!"

"It is not true! you have broken our hearts, and betrayed us both by a lie."

"Godfrey!"

But he threw her from him, and was gone—gone before she could hold him fast, and had left her alone in her bitter woe.

Meanwhile quick steps had mounted the stairs—steps that had not been there for many a day—and had gone straight to Audine's room.

"They told me I was too late," cried Colonel Fitzjames; his voice sounded strangely loud, and they all drew back, and allowed him to approach and kneel beside her.

"Oh, my God, I am not too late! Audine! my darling, my precious one, look up! Audine!"

Did that voice really bring her back from the grave? Were their prayers keeping her with them? A moment, a few seconds more, and the pure spirit would have returned to God who gave it. But no; from the shore of the dark river the angels brought her back, once more to take up the burden and heat of the day.

A little quiver of the eyelid, not more than the effect of the softest breath of air passing over the petals of a flower—they watched in breathless anxiety—then over her lips came a smile of ineffable sweetness; the angels were bidding her farewell, were winging their way home again and leaving her behind.

The doctor put brandy to her lips—thank God, she swallowed it—then her head fell back and her eyes closed. In terror Colonel Fitzjames bent down—"No, no," said the old doctor, unconsciously using Bible words, "she is not dead, but sleepeth."

The hush of the house was unbroken; no one moved but to give her what was needful—they hardly dared to breathe.

When Audine again opened her eyes, they rested on her brother with such a look of trust and peace that the tears fell fast from his own, and his whole soul went up to God in passionate thankfulness that he had spared to him the beloved sister, who was to him as dear as his own child would have been.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mrs. Neville confessed all. She strove neither to conceal anything nor to shelter herself from blame, but told all—her reason for so passionately wish that Audine should marry her son, and this fatal deceit she had practised to bring it about. At first Colonel Fitzjames could not forgive it; his first words were bitter reproaches; but in the thankfulness of watching the daily change and improvement in his Audine, he gradually began to resume his old manner with her, and she felt herself pardoned by him. But she could not forgive herself, and the bitter pain of that time was increased tenfold by Godfrey's disappearance. When he rushed out of the house believing Audine to be dead, he had never returned; and all she knew was that by her wish, Girwood was wandering from place to place seeking him. She dared not think of what his state of mind might be.

Audine's recovery was very slow. Long after the fever left her she was very nervous, and would be constantly entreating her brother to assure her over and over again that Castalette's death had nothing to do with her. She would wake up in the night in an agony of terror, and nothing would calm her but his presence; and it was many weeks before she grew strong enough to battle with this dread, and overcome it; and they feared it would take years before Mrs. Neville's fatal words would vanish from her mind.

(To be continued.)

RUBBERNECK BILL WENT.

He Had a Good Reason For Leaving Keno Gulch.

"Bein hung is rather annoyin business," said Rubberneck Bill as he poured out four fingers of Black Creek red eye, "but a feller kin git used to most any thing, specially when he's togged out with an Al rubber neck like mine. Ordinarily I'd rather catch a hangin than a good, hard cold, and the only thing I kick on is a middy run of neckties parties."

"What was the oftenest you was ever hung, Bill?" asked Lariat Luke as he deftly shot off the neck of a bottle.

"The hardest continuous performance game I was ever up agin in all my celebrated career," Rubberneck Bill continued reflectively, "was one time up to Keno Gulch, when they treated me real mean. Some unscrupulous feller stole a hoss, put my saddle on to him and staked him out near my camp, where he was found by his owner and the Vigilantes. It was on a Monday, and in five minutes I was doin the human pendulum act for a select crowd and perteelin that my promisin career was choked off short. When the crowd slid, I swung my feet up, hung from the limb by my knees, twisted my long neck around and gnawed the rope and then dropped to the ground.

"Supposin, of course, that the majesty of the law had took a satisfactory fall outen me, I walked into town. But them Keno Gulch people rounded me up and hung me agin jest as if nothin had happened; also they set a guard under the tree, and when I done my justly celebrated rubber neck act they pinched me before my hoofs hit terry firmy. By this time my throat was gittin powerful sore and my neck was bein drawn out like a telescope, and I kicked like a steer, but I didn't do no good. Then fellers were sot and determined on hangin me permanent, and Burns's united strength to keep her in bed.

So the long days came to an end one after another, and brought no relief. All day Godfrey wandered about in aimless misery. He would sit down and endeavor to read, then spring up, and pace the room, or sit with his face hidden, every sense strained to hear sounds from the room above him. Then, for hours together, he would wait on the stairs, till the sound of that beloved voice, never ceasing, never changing in its unnatural tone, became more than he could bear; and he would dash away out of the house—anywhere—to escape from the evening, his mother would come down to him; but she was changed. She seemed as if she could hardly bear to meet his eye; and she would give her hopeless news without any softening words, and go back as quickly as she could to her child. And the days passed on.

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"Supposin, of course, that the majesty of the law had took a satisfactory fall outen me, I walked into town. But them Keno Gulch people rounded me up and hung me agin jest as if nothin had happened; also they set a guard under the tree, and when I done my justly celebrated rubber neck act they pinched me before my hoofs hit terry firmy. By this time my throat was gittin powerful sore and my neck was bein drawn out like a telescope, and I kicked like a steer, but I didn't do no good. Then fellers were sot and determined on hangin me permanent, and Burns's united strength to keep her in bed.

So the long days came to an end one after another, and brought no relief. All day Godfrey wandered about in aimless misery. He would sit down and endeavor to read, then spring up, and pace the room, or sit with his face hidden, every sense strained to hear sounds from the room above him. Then, for hours together, he would wait on the stairs, till the sound of that beloved voice, never ceasing, never changing in its unnatural tone, became more than he could bear; and he would dash away out of the house—anywhere—to escape from the evening, his mother would come down to him; but she was changed. She seemed as if she could hardly bear to meet his eye; and she would give her hopeless news without any softening words, and go back as quickly as she could to her child. And the days passed on.

Then came a letter from Colonel Fitzjames; he was on his way—would be here in a few days. In anguish, the thought suggested itself to all those watchers, would he be in time? The doctors spoke of a strangely depressed nervous system, aggravated by the violent blow on the head which she had received which had produced this terrible brain-fever.

At last—it was in the dead of night—her voice died suddenly away, and was succeeded by so awful and profound a stillness that they knew not how to bear it.

When morning dawned they said she was just alive, that was all: the heart still beat, the faint breath still dimmed the mirror, but all hope was over—the exhaustion seemed beyond remedies. Godfrey stood outside her door, listening to the softest movement within.

At last they set the door wide open, and he stole in. They were all standing motionless round her, watching the ivory-white of her cheek, the half-shut eyes, the half-closed lips. The doctor bent suddenly down, and put his hand on her heart.

Mrs. Neville gave him one wild look, and he shook his head sorrowfully. Godfrey saw, and could bear no more; he turned and rushed downstairs—down into the room in which he had last seen her, and he leant against the wall against which she had leant when he had held her hands and for one short second pressed her to his heart. His mother followed him, cold as ice, with burning color on her cheeks.

"She is dead, Godfrey," she said, in a voice out of which all the tone had gone—"she is dead, and I have killed her."

Godfrey grasped her arm. "Speak, woman, what do you mean?"

"I deceived her and you. Oh, Godfrey, be merciful!"

"Then it is not true? She did not love me!"

"Godfrey!"

"It is not true! you have broken our hearts, and betrayed us both by a lie."

"Godfrey!"

But he threw her from him, and was gone—gone before she could hold him fast, and had left her alone in her bitter woe.

Meanwhile quick steps had mounted the stairs—steps that had not been there for many a day—and had gone straight to Audine's room.

"They told me I was too late," cried Colonel Fitzjames; his voice sounded strangely loud, and they all drew back, and allowed him to approach and kneel beside her.

"Oh, my God, I am not too late! Audine! my darling, my precious one, look up! Audine!"

Did that voice really bring her back from the grave? Were their prayers keeping her with them? A moment, a few seconds more, and the pure spirit would have returned to God who gave it. But no; from the shore of the dark river the angels brought her back, once more to take up the burden and heat of the day.

A little quiver of the eyelid, not more than the effect of the softest breath of air passing over the petals of a flower—they watched in breathless anxiety—then over her lips came a smile of ineffable sweetness; the angels were bidding her farewell, were winging their way home again and leaving her behind.

The doctor put brandy to her lips—thank God, she swallowed it—then her head fell back and her eyes closed. In terror Colonel Fitzjames bent down—"No, no," said the old doctor, unconsciously using Bible words, "she is not dead, but sleepeth."

The hush of the house was unbroken; no one moved but to give her what was needful—they hardly dared to breathe.

When Audine again opened her eyes, they rested on her brother with such a look of trust and peace that the tears fell fast from his own, and his whole soul went up to God in passionate thankfulness that he had spared to him the beloved sister, who was to him as dear as his own child would have been.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mrs. Neville confessed all. She strove neither to conceal anything nor to shelter herself from blame, but told all—her reason for so passionate a wish that Audine should marry her son, and this fatal deceit she had practised to bring it about. At first Colonel Fitzjames could not forgive it; his first words were bitter reproaches; but in the thankfulness of watching the daily change and improvement in his Audine, he gradually began to resume his old manner with her, and she felt herself pardoned by him. But she could not forgive herself, and the bitter pain of that time was increased tenfold by Godfrey's disappearance. When he rushed out of the house believing Audine to be dead, he had never returned; and all she knew was that by her wish, Girwood was wandering from place to place seeking him. She dared not think of what his state of mind might be.

Audine's recovery was very slow. Long after the fever left her she was very nervous, and would be constantly entreating her brother to assure her over and over again that Castalette's death had nothing to do with her. She would wake up in the night in an agony of terror, and nothing would calm her but his presence; and it was many weeks before she grew strong enough to battle with this dread, and overcome it; and they feared it would take years before Mrs. Neville's fatal words would vanish from her mind.

(To be continued.)

VICTORIA'S JUBILEE

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES UPON A TIMELY THEME.

He Pays a Glowing Tribute to Great Britain's Venerable Ruler—The Capacity of Women—The Splendors of Earth and of Heaven.

Beatrice, Neb., June 20.—This is Dr. Talmage's third annual visit to the Chautauqua here, one of the greatest throngs ever assembled on this continent. He lectured yesterday; he preaches today. Text, Esther v, 3, "What wilt thou, Queen Esther?"

This question, which was asked of a queen thousands of years ago, all civilized nations are this day asking of Queen Victoria. "What wilt thou have of honor, of reward or reverence or service of national and international acclamation? What wilt thou, the queen of the nineteenth century?" The seven miles of procession through the streets of London day after to-morrow will be a small part of the congratulatory procession whose multitudinous tramp will encircle the earth. The celebrative anthems that will sound up from Westminster abbey and St. Paul's cathedral in London will be less than the vibration of one harp string as compared with the doxologies which this hour roll up from all nations in praise to God for the beautiful life and the glorious reign of this oldest queen amid centuries. "From 5 o'clock of the morning of 1837, when the archbishop of Canterbury addressed the nurses and weeping and almost affrighted girl of 18 years with the startling words, "your majesty," until this sixtieth anniversary of her enthronement, the prayer of all good people on all side of the seas, her lips came a smile of ineffable sweetness; the angels were bidding her farewell, were winging their way home again and leaving her behind.

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(To be continued.)

RUBBERNECK BILL WENT.

He Had a Good Reason For Leaving Keno Gulch.

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