

WITHOUT A STAIN.

TOLD BY DEBORAH CAREY.

Wears all to "our boudoir"; mamma, Norah, Letty, Olive, and I. Letty is nursing her baby by the fire; I am in the window seat; Olive is lying on the sofa. Poor child, she is always on the sofa! Mamma and Norah are reading for, I should think, the fifth time a letter from our brother Will. I know the letter word for word; and, as I look out at the houses in the Close, wonder what manner of place is the Vicarage where it has come. Mamma sighs softly, and glances at me. I jump from my favorite lounge and go to her.

"You will let me visit Will?" I say coaxingly. "He asks for Norah or me; and you cannot spare Norah."

"No"—Norah's voice is decisive—"It would be folly for me to think of going. How would you and Olive get along in France without me? You would be starved or poisoned. It must be Deborah."

We are about to leave Dumshire. Olive's health has for a long time been indifferent. Doctor Arton says she has outgrown her strength, and he has recommended a stay in a warmer climate. We have arranged to go to the South of France, have written to Will to come and bid us good-bye, and his answer is a request that one of us will come and keep house for him. I am eager to be permitted to go to him. Will is my darling brother. What happiness it will be to remain with him continually! I am not afraid that mamma will decide that Norah shall be his housekeeper; Norah is too valuable. She is in reality mistress of home, of mamma, and us. Letty tenses her baby and remarks in her gentle, thoughtful way—"If Deborah remains in England, you will be at less expense."

"True!"—and mamma folds her hands patiently. I believe she is unwilling to leave two of her flock behind her. Of course Letty has her husband; but I—Will will be able to take care of impulsive headstrong Deb? I put my arms round the dear shoulders.

"Say 'Yes,'" I implore. "It has been the dream of my life to keep house for Will."

"Deb, Deb, you keep house!" and they all laugh.

"On one point my mind is made up," mamma interrupts, ere I can defend myself. "If Deborah goes, Ray goes also."

Ray is our old nurse. I am too fond of her to object. I nod my head vigorously. Mamma kisses me regretfully.

"I suppose it must be as you wish," she says. "It will be unkind to refuse Will. And, Norah—appealingly—"you think I am wise to leave her behind us?"

"Yes, Deb is nineteen—old enough to be trusted out of sight surely! Now—going over to her davenport—"I will write to Will to come and fetch her, and say good-bye to us. Letty, if you could keep baby quiet—Stay, I will go into the study. I see Robin coming."

Robin Ord is Letty's husband, and, in more than a conventional sense, our brother. As Norah departs, he enters. We welcome him very heartily. He sits down in the low easy-chair opposite to his wife, and warms his hands by the blaze of the fire, for this early spring day is cold and sharp. Olive leaves the sofa, and settles herself on a hassock at his feet, resting her head against his knee. He rubs her white cheek with his strong fingers, while we tell him the news. He smiles at me. It is impossible to disguise my elation. My eyes will sparkle.

"So you will see Napine at last!" he says. "It is a pretty spot—zero prettier to be found, to my fancy."

"Tell me about it," I beg. "No, I don't want you to desert the scenery—Will has told me what that is—but what neighbors I shall have—who is who?"

He raises a warning hand. "Deb, if you are anticipating gaiety, fun, frolic, don't go. I have heard you complain of Dumton. Napine is a thousand times more dull, more quiet—just a small village, with doctor and parson, and only a few geaty."

"But," I expostulate, "there are the Napines and Ellerslies. I am quite anxious to see Judith Napine. She must be very lovely. Will was positively struck with her; and he is so unobservant. I don't believe he knows I am—"

"Pretty," Robin supplies, as I pause. "I do not contradict him. I am not bad-looking—I do not think there ever was an ugly Carey—I am tall, dark, own brown eyes, and have a pleasant color. However, I return to our former topic of conversation."

"Robin, are you acquainted with Miss Napine?" His merry quizzical expression changes to gravity. He straightens one of Olive's curls meditatively.

"I have not seen her since she was a slight thin child of ten years. A wee marvel she was, with great violet eyes, thickly fringed with curling black lashes. She was not exactly beautiful; but there was an unchildish pathetic mournfulness about her that was more touching than the most sunny loveliness. It was as though she was conscious she had been cradled in sorrow."

"What do you mean?" Letty says. "I am staring at the red-hot coals, remembering a sentence in a letter of Will's—"I wish it were possible you and Judith Napine could meet. You would do her an infinite amount of good. Your light-hearted youth might be her salvation."

"Have you not heard?" M's. Carey, you are not ignorant!"

"No, Robin. Will told me the story. Greatly the girls' curiosity. It is a sad story; but sadness and they cannot always be parted."

"The Napines and the Ellerslies," Robin begins. "are the two principal families of Napine. Unhappily for years, until recently, there has been great bitterness between them. Generations ago they quarrelled—what about it would be hard to discover. The cause of the quarrel itself was religiously continued. The enmity of the present Squire Ellerslie has, however, a personal flavor. Sir Percival Napine and he both sought one maiden for a wife, and Sir Percival won her. This of course intensified their dislike to each other. They refused to visit—even to sit in one another's company. It was deemed a good thing for the peace of the place when Sir Percival shut up Napine, and went abroad with his wife and infant son. Squire Ellerslie married two

years later, and in due course a daughter was born to him, whom they called Cicely. She grew up a gentle maiden, tender-hearted and impressive as her mother—who died when she was five years of age—had been. Her father doted on her. She was his darling, the apple of his eye. Every one worshipped her. She passed from childhood to maidenhood without knowing a grief or trouble. When she was between seventeen and eighteen, Sir Percival Napine's son came home, and they met. The grounds of Napine touch Ellerslie. The young people were aware that their intimacy would not be recognized, yet they persisted in it, and learned to love each other devotedly. Not until too late did they fully realize the roughness of the road they were to travel. Martin Napine was bold. He went to Squire Ellerslie, told him he was attached to Cicely, asked for permission to wed her, and for his pains was all but kicked out of Ellerslie.

"The Squire was beside himself. That his daughter should care for a Napine was not to be credited. He summoned the trembling girl, and with wild words and fierce gestures forbade her to hold further intercourse with Martin Napine. Never before had she been spoken to harshly; now, though amazed, she was undaunted. Dovelike as she was by nature, she showed marvellous courage. She refused to obey her father. Martin was good, was noble, she told the Squire. No one could find just fault with him. She would not give him up. It would have been better had she been less daring; but she did not understand what the Squire in ungovernable fury could do. He went mad in his awful rage, and as she stood in her fearless beauty, struck her with a cruel blow to the ground. That night Cicely Ellerslie left her father's roof for ever. She and Martin Napine went to London. There they were married, and for a time entirely lost sight of. Sir Percival was as incensed as Squire Ellerslie. He had chosen a bride for his son, and to have his plans thwarted in this fashion was not to be endured. He disowned him, and vowed that he should not inherit one penny of his wealth. Lady Napine grieved deeply, and sought earnestly to appease her husband. He would not listen to her. Henceforth he averred he had no son. Twelve months elapsed, and then the outside world, who only occasionally caught glimpses of this domestic drama, was inexplicably shocked. Martin Napier had come unexpectedly to Napine and killed his father! Men and women gazed at each other in curious dismay. Little by little the truth was learned and pieced together. It appeared that Martin Napine had come home, but for what reason none knew positively—it was very generally believed to

entreat forgiveness and beg help for his wife's sake. Peremptorily refused, in all likelihood he, grieved by want and distress, had struck his father with the butt-end of his whip, and so killed him! A large sum of money which Sir Percival had, the previous day, drawn from the bank was missing. No one doubted but that Martin had taken it. To the accusation of murder that of theft was added. Sir Percival was not known to be dead until some time after he had been killed. Martin Napine had disappeared when the servant opened the door of his master's study and found him murdered. The police, suspecting who was guilty, telegraphed to London; but though Martin Napine's home was discovered after some delay, he was there no longer. His landlady stated that he had been absent all the Wednesday night, and had returned on the Thursday, looking singularly depressed and harassed—returned only in time to see his wife die.

"Yes, poor Cicely Napine had gone to her last rest, leaving behind her a little babe to fight the battle that had been too hard for her. When she expired, Martin Napine was as one broken-hearted. Turned from his wife's chamber he went out, the landlady thought to grapple with his agony in solitude. When the officers of justice arrived she was momentarily expecting him. Her expectation was vain. She was never to see him again. High and low, far and near, he was sought for; but he was not found. A reward was offered for his apprehension, descriptions of him were posted everywhere; but, as the weeks rolled on, and no clue to his hiding place was obtained, other crimes engrossed the attention of the public; and he was forgotten."

"And the baby?" I say. "Judith!" Lady Napine sent for her. People marvelled that she could bear the sight of the child, but it speedily became clear that all the love she had had for her boy was lavished on his child. Nobody ever heard her speak of him, but Judith was strangely precious to her. When the little girl was a twelvemonth old Squire Ellerslie asked Lady Napine if she would allow him to see his granddaughter, and my lady sent the child to him at once. She is strikingly like her mother. The servant said that the Squire took the child in his arms and wept over her so passionately that she feared the baby would be frightened. At last however his tears ceased. He gave the little girl back to the servant and dismissed her. The following afternoon he called on Lady Napine. What passed between them can only be conjectured, but certainly the feud was buried, and the two agreed for their grandchild's sake to be friends. Judith has lived with her grandmother all her life; but not a day has gone by without part of it being spent with her grandfather. The Squire and my lady share her between them."

"Does the girl know about her father? Have they ever had tidings of him?" "They have never heard of him, I imagine. Whether Judith Napine is conscious of her father's sin I am unable to say; that Lady Napine and Squire Ellerslie recollect it is very evident, as their love for the hapless girl is so compassionate."

"Perhaps Martin Napine is dead. They must always be in dread that he will be unearthed and brought to trial."

"By the-by, it is said that Lady Napine does not think him guilty."

"But he is guilty!" "Of course. Lady Napine is his mother, and therefore she may think of him as one more sinned against than sinning. Olive, are you asleep?"

"No, I have been listening to you. Poor Judith Napine! I wonder if she will explain her father's wrong-doing?"

"Ah, may Heaven in its mercy be very tender with her!"

We are all silent. I wipe my eyes in the dim light; Letty sobb a little, bending over baby; and Olive claps her bony fingers round mine.

"You will be very good to her," she whispers. "I have a fancy you will be able to help her. Be a sister to her."

I do not reply; but Olive is urgent. "Let her fill Margaret's place." Margaret was my twin sister; she was my darling; it was two years since she died, but I feel sore and hurt still when I remember her. Olive's face brightens. "Promise me, Deborah." "But she may not care for me." "She will, Promise." "I think it very foolish; yet who can resist Olive? I promise."

I am at Napine. When I awoke the first morning a sweet spring odour of grass and green leaves greeted me. All about is beauty—heavy not of the stiff severe order to which I have been used; but beauty which causes the child to clap its hands, the young man to exult, the maiden to sing. I have said farewell to my dear ones, have got over the miserable depression which at first afflicted me, and am demitelled at the Vicarage with Will. I have not found matters as I anticipated. Will has two good servants and a well-ordered household. I shall have nothing to do but rule over them nominally and look after my brother's parliamentary matters. I think this as I survey the breakfast-table and admire the country dell oodles spread for our delatation. I open the windows; the pleasant warm sunshine enters, almost putting out the fire with its brightness. I am satisfied with the provision prepared for bodily and mental enjoyment, and burst into a cheery roundelay. Somebody's arm is slipped round my waist. I laugh; it is only Will. The Reverend William Carey is six feet one in his stockings. His tall figure and noble face, with its grave mouth and its quiet brown eyes, are wonderfully attractive. Thoughtful, reserved, studious, very few who know him deem him capable of strong feeling and passion; but I, who have been his confidant so many years, am not ignorant of the fire hidden under the calm exterior, although even I do not guess with what intensity that fire when kindled can burn.

I betake myself to the breakfast-table. Will opens his letters, and I pour out the coffee and sweeten and milk it plentifully. Will says, when he has perused his correspondence—

"You have come to meet the best time of the year. Spring is the fairest and choicest season to my fancy."

"It is. Will, will you be able to take me for a walk to-day?"

"I am afraid not, Deb, you must stay at home this morning. Mr. Austey is the doctor's wife. What is she like?"

"A nice motherly woman, with four handsome boys; she is my right hand in the village."

"Do not the Napines and Ellerslies help you?"

"With money, yes. Mrs. Austey I young and energetic. She manages mothers' meetings, book-clubs, etc. Lady Napine is a dying woman; she has endured much suffering, and she is looking forward gladly to the end."

I sigh. Will's face is sorrowful. To talk of death while all Nature is exultant seems incongruous. I venture a remark—"What will Miss Napine do if she loses her grandmother?"

He shades his face, and says tristly—"What do we all do when trouble we cannot avert befalls us?"

"But I thought Miss Napine was exceptionally situated. Will she not miss her grandmother more than most girls would?"

"Ay"—he cuts his ham absently—"I suppose she will live with her grandfather; but that will not be comfortable for her."

"Why?"

"Deborah," he says, not answering my query, perhaps not hearing it. "I hope you will be Judith Napine's friend!"

I am startled, and show I am. He goes on hurriedly—

"You have heard the wretched tale concerning her father?"

I nod.

"She is a sensitive, delicate girl, and she plagues herself unwarrantably on her father's account. You are healthy and sensible; teach her that there is such a thing as self-sacrifice, and that it is a duty to be happy."

I steal a glance at him; he is perfectly composed and self-possessed. Of course it is right for a clergyman to interest himself in the well-being of all his people, be they rich or poor. I speculate vaguely whether Will will ever marry. I think not; he would require a creature cast in such an exquisite mould, and most beings are fashioned of common clay.

I take a genuine liking to Mrs. Austey. She is a pretty little woman with blooming cheeks, for all her maternal worries. She is neither resentful nor unwisely laqueous. From her I learn more of Napine politics in half an hour than I could from Will in a month. Men blunder so in imparting knowledge; that which you particularly desire to know they always hold back obstinately. As is natural, we talk much of Miss Napine. I am growing exceedingly curious to see her. Mrs. Austey speaks of her with reverential love; so it is very clear that Miss Napine has the gift of winning affection. I accompany my visitor to the gate, and as we are shaking hands a gig and galloping horse pass us.

"My husband," Mrs. Austey says; "he must be wanted badly to go at that rate; he is going towards Napine. I hope Lady Napine is not well."

I echo the hope; then I run in; it is not warm enough to stand out of doors with head uncovered. Luncheon is ordered for two o'clock, as Will cannot be home before. I drink a glass of milk and stir myself for a stroll. As I cross the hall, Ray meets me.

"If you should see Miss Napine," she says, "will you tell her to hasten to the Hall? A servant has just been to inquire if she is here; her ladyship is suddenly taken worse, and no one knows where the young lady is."

I promise, marvelling whether Miss Napine and I see the only young ladies in the place; it is so evidently taken for granted I cannot mistake her. But once in the fresh air I entirely forgot the young lady. I abandon myself to the delicious novelty of fields and lanes, instead of houses and streets. The earth, strewn with primroses, anemones, cowslips, violets, encrusts me; the trees budding, the hedges bespriked with palest green, the smiling brooks, the song of the thrush, the sounds of stirring life, set my pulses beating. The old World is decking herself again for conquest. I feel glad that I am alive. I climb a neighboring hillcock. This is not a level country; it is full of uprisings. I glance round; to my right stands an old-fashioned brick mansion. I conclude it is Ellerslie. Ah, me, it

is woeful to recall the scenes that have been enacted within its walls! I spring down and walk on stealthily, now and then stooping to smell wood-scent; my hands are full of wild flowers. I must beautify my parlor with my treasures. At last I pause at the top of a lane; two roads are before me. Which shall I choose? I take the narrowest; it winds and curves picturesque. Many trees are on its banks. What a paradise it must be in summer, when Nature has reached her height of splendour! From end to end it must ring with sweet bird-music; from daybreak to sunset liquid notes must be poured forth unceasingly.

I saunter on, and presently hear a murmur of voices in the distance. Am I to have a glimpse of the natives? Hesitatingly I advance, and a moment later have come upon the invaders of the sylvan solitude. A man and girl are conversing. I get but a glimpse of them; yet I cannot but observe their utter contrast. The girl is slender and as fair as a lily. The man is swarthy to ugliness; his eyes—they are turned ravenly on me—are a cold steely blue. I hurry by them; but I have not gone twenty yards, in fact have only begun to descend the decline, when the thought flashes across my mind, "Is this Miss Napine?"

A moment's self-communion, and I retraces my steps. It may not be very agreeable to interrupt the *laissez-allez*, to introduce myself to one absolutely a stranger to me; but I cannot avoid doing so. My heart beats ridiculously fast as I make my way back. I smile when I find that my errand is deprived of its greatest element of unpleasantness, for the gentleman has disappeared, and the lady is alone. I go up to her diffidently. Her head is bent, she is studying some violets intently. At my first syllable she looks up, and I no longer wonder that universal affection, esteem, and goodwill are hers. I see an oval face, all most colourless, and pure as a daisy snow-flake, with black-lashed eyelids hiding misty violet eyes.

"You are Miss Napine?" I say interrogatively.

"Yes," she replies; and her musical voice thrills me. Her flowers fall; she does not crush them. Judith Napine would relinquish anything rather than destroy it.

"I am Deborah Carey."

"Are you?" Her face changes, and her gentle fingers clasp mine. Mr. Carey's sister?"

I respond affirmatively, and then we gaze at one another silently, instinctively tightening our grasp. How shall I tell her what must be told? I shrink from wounding her.

"You are needed at home," I begin. I have no occasion to finish my sentence; either my face betrays me or she is unusually quick to apprehend evil. She understands what I would fain say.

"Grandmamma is worse?"

I do not deny it and her grip is convulsive. Who would believe those little fingers had such strength?

"I must go!" she cries sharply; and I who am wont to meet trouble with tears and wailing, am puzzled at her dry eyes and hushed serenity. My road and hers lie for a short way together. When we separate I watch mournfully her straight lissom figure as she speeds away to where grim tribulation awaits her.

I am on my knees, carefully poking sticks of wood into the half-dead fire. Reading, I have not felt the increasing cold of the room until the fire has all but expired. My book thrown aside, I set to work to save what is almost lost. I peke and push warily, and my wood breaks into a tiny flame. I add more wood—a few lumps of coal. Ah, I have succeeded in making a glorious blaze! I am expecting Will. Immediately after luncheon he went to Napine to inquire if he could do anything for her ladyship. He has not yet returned. Ray has tried to persuade me to go to bed; but, as I am very desirous to see my brother ere I sleep, I turn a deaf ear to her remonstrances, and willfully linger for him. He comes in so noiselessly that I do not know he is near till I see his shadow on the wall. I bound forward, with half a dozen questions on the tip of my tongue; then I stop, dumb. He looks dazed.

"It is all over with Lady Napine," he says quietly.

I express my regret. I am grieved, though I have never seen, and never shall see, the dead woman. Did Will care for her? His pallid face scares me, and I try to induce him to eat. He smiles wanly.

"Deb, I have had all I require," he says.

He leans back in his arm-chair. I do not think he knows how late it is, and I do not like to inform him. Very rigid and stern are the lines round his mouth. I wish they would relax.

"Were you in time?" I ask nervously.

I am afraid to interrupt the stillness; yet it seems better to do so than let it continue.

"Yes"—dreamily. Enamoured, I proceed.

"Did Miss Napine—"

My words are arrested. At the mention of her name he rises hastily and walks up and down agitatedly; his lips twitch, and he mutters unconsciously—

"I have witnessed a terrible deed, a terrible deed!"

I stare at him mutely. He drops into his seat and glances at me.

"Deb, sister, Lady Napine, as she lay dying, wrung a promise from her granddaughter that she would marry Silas Thornton."

"Who is he?"

"A distant relative of Squire Ellerslie's. When the Squire's anger against his daughter was hottest, he sent for young Silas Thornton and installed him at Ellerslie as his heir. Afterwards, when his wrath had abated, he acknowledged his daughter's daughter, he did not change his announced intentions respecting the lad, though he certainly spoke less of them. He kept him with him, and educated him expensively, everybody thinking he was to be provided for liberally. But it seems, from Lady Napine's request, that Judith's grandparents long since arranged a plan for Silas Thornton's benefit altogether different from what we supposed. Judith and Mr. Thornton are to marry. Ellerslie will not be provoked at his account."

"And Judith? Does she love him?"

"Love him? No, no." He stamps on the rug viciously. I am solving a difficult riddle.

"Is Mr. Thornton a good man?"

"He is as good as the multitude; I know nothing for or against him. But her husband! Oh, Judith, Judith!"

head and glide from the room. In his despair he has disclosed his secret to me. But, were I to remain to listen to his reckless words, should I not have cause to be ashamed of Deborah Carey?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STARVING FISHERMEN.

A Gloomy Outlook for These Dependent Upon the Newfoundland Fisheries.

The Labrador fisheries are an entire failure. Vessels which went there are not averaging more than two hundred quintals of fish, as compared with five hundred quintals for a fair catch. Thirty thousand people go down to Labrador from Newfoundland every year. At their best, Labrador fisheries afford but a bare existence, and this year the failure has been so great that the thirty thousand people have not caught enough fish to pay for the cost of transportation and supplies. At least another twenty thousand people are dependent upon the success of those who go to Labrador. Then there are the fifteen thousand residents of the Labrador coast, who are in a similar position. These people exist solely by the fisheries. They don't know how to do anything else, and there is nothing else for them to do. Farming is something unknown along those rock-bound coasts. They eke out an existence in huts and shanties, and the most miserable apologies for houses, so that at least sixty-five thousand people depending on the Labrador fisheries are to-day practically

IN A STATE OF DESTITUTION, and during the fall and winter will be entirely dependent upon the government for sustenance. The deplorable condition of the fish market after a succession of bad years will make it next to impossible for fish merchants to render much assistance. Then these sixty-five thousand people are scattered over three thousand miles of coast, though fifty thousand are within five hundred miles, so that it will be exceedingly difficult if not impossible to reach them by relief steamers during the winter months; and unless immediate steps are taken to provide for their sustenance there is nothing left but inevitable starvation. This seems highly colored, especially after the recent fabrications of starvation among the Eskimans at Labrador, but it is simply the plain English of actual facts and inevitable consequences.

The foregoing refers exclusively to people depending on the Labrador fisheries. Besides these, there are one hundred thousand other people directly and indirectly depending upon the Newfoundland shore and bank fisheries—ninety thousand on the former and ten thousand on the latter. The bank-fishing industry is rapidly increasing, and our fishermen regard it as our only hope for the future. While tens of thousands of French, American, and Canadian fishermen have swarmed the banks just off our shores, these marvellous fishing-grounds have been almost totally neglected by Newfoundland fishermen. But the past three years' failure of our other fisheries has compelled attention to the banks, and as a consequence more of our people have gone into it this year, than ever before, with satisfactory and encouraging results. Having control of the very best bait and being within a day's sail of the banks,

SUCCESSFUL COMPETITION with Newfoundlanders will be impossible when they imitate the energy and adopt the methods of those who now prosecute that fishery so extensively and successfully. Competent skippers will be drawn from the large number of Newfoundlanders who, during past years, manned American vessels. But this little gleam of hope disappears and turns into a cloud of almost impenetrable darkness when one turns to consider the condition of Newfoundland's shore fishery. Of the ninety thousand people dependent on that special branch of industry only about twenty thousand will be at all adequately provided for winter by the proceeds of this season's catch. The remaining 70,000 have been rendered destitute by the total failure of that fishery also. The chief districts of the island are inhabited by people who possess barely enough to meet present necessities, who have no means of earning a single dollar outside of the fisheries, and are therefore without any means whatever of providing for their existence during the coming fall and winter. In some sections this terribly black picture is only relieved by the fact that the potato crop is turning out very well. Potatoes are the only crop they raise, and the potato crop of Newfoundland is not more than equal to one peck per head of the population.

Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." They operate without disturbance to the constitution, diet, or occupation. For sick-headache, constipation, impure blood, dizziness, sour eructations from the stomach, bad taste in mouth, bilious attacks, pain in region of kidneys, internal fever, bloated feeling about stomach, rash of blood to head, take Dr. Pierce's "Pellets." By druggists.

A great summer hotel near New York is tenanted by a solitary watchman. One in a while the watchman goes up to the desk, asks if there are any letters, snubs himself, follows an imaginary bell-boy up eight flights of stairs brings himself a very small pitcher of ice water and gives himself a dollar bill, sits down to a large plate with an oyster cracker on it, and feels that he is really away for the summer.

"As is the bud bit with an envious worm," so is many a youth cut down by the gasping worm consumption. But it can be made to release its hold and stop its gnawing. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will if taken in time, effect permanent cures not only in consumption, but in all cases of chronic throat, bronchial and lung diseases.

While the crowd was talking about the heroism of the policeman who swam the Niagara rapids the stranger looked tired. Someone said to him: "The world never saw an exhibition of greater courage." Then the stranger took his cigar from his lips and said haughtily: "I unpired two league games of base-ball myself last week." And all the crowd took off their several hats and in awe-struck whispers asked the reckless man what he was going to have.

"Good deeds," once said the celebrated Richter, "ring clear through Heaven like a bell." One of the best deeds is to alleviate human sufferings. "Last fall my daughter was in decline," says Mrs. Mary Hinson, of Montrose, Kansas, "and everybody thought she was going into consumption. I got her a bottle of Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription,' and it cured her." Such facts as the above need no comment.