mestioned. ne country?" asked

nat man who took

en him before?"

be was?" ows how to make piercing gaze upon

ndge me?" exclaim-

the other did not

the Siberian, "for s that even a plain eceive without re-

n. I am of an age ".08 EO. to the postmaster verful hands on his

arly calm tone he i; be off! I could

derstood this time.

for that," he mutwithout adding annext morning, the strong horses were rantass. Michael

places, and Ichim. le remembrances. 25, at 3 o'clock in rantass arrived at loukalmsk, having ance of 120 versts

the Ichim. ged horses. Here. st time the driver ut starting, declars of Tartars were ppe and that travriages would be a bbers.

large bribe could e unwillingness of is instance, as in not wish to show last ukase, having y telegraph, was n provinces, and a empted from obeyuld certainly have ion to himself. a e avoided by the the driver's hesiscal traded on the or he really had ome misfortune.

he tarantass start. ood way that by 3 had reached Koutersts farther on. was on the banks k was now only

e river and one of se which flow tosia. Rising in the flows from the rthwest and empi after a course of

TINUED.]

lmes thrown, but L-Omaha World

are too fat; oo thin already. your habit, is ore, or less, is oo fat, consult persistently at cause, take of Cod Liver

causes of gethey all come heads: overligestion.

if you can; u can or not, ulsion of Cod ance yourself You can't live by it, you nit, however;

of Cod Liver est cure for s it comes of rk--you can't rong, without



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The Pain of Sore Feet.

Just about the most tantalizing of get relief bathe the feet in warm the meantime I am resolved to stay rides together; my trembling avowal of all pains comes from sore feet. To water and then rub them with Polson's Nerviline. It penetrates through the pores of the skin, takes out the soreness, reduces swellings, invigorates the tired muscles, tones up the circulation, and prevents the feet from becoming sore again. Nerviline is a protection and safe-guard against the pains and aches of the entire family, and cures rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, &c. 25 cents. diawn. my story. wild and hideously

·-··THE ··-·

PHANTOM RICKSHAW.

----BY---

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE CONTROL CO

May no ill dreams disturb my rest Nor powers of darkness me mole -t! -Evening Lymn.

One of the few advantages that India has over England is a great knowability. After five years' service a man is directly or indirectly acquainted with

200 or 300 civilians in his province, all the messes of 10 or 12 regiments and batteries and some 1,500 other people of the nonofficial caste. In ten years his knowledge should be doubled, and at the end of 20 he knows, or knows something about, every Englishman in the empire and may travel anywhere and everywhere without paying hotel

Globe trotters who expect entertainment as a right have, even within my memory, blunted this open heartedness. but none the less today, if you belong to the inner circle and are neither a bear nor a black sheep, all houses are open to you, and our small world is very, very kind and helpful.

Rickett of Kamartha staid with Polder of Kumaon some 15 years ago. He meant to stay two nights, but was knocked down by rheumatic fever, and for six weeks disorganized Polder's establishment, stopped Polder's work and nearly died in Polder's bedroom. Polder behaves as though he had been placed under eternal obligation by Rickett and yearly sends the little Ricketts a box of presents and toys. It is the same everywhere. The men who do not take the trouble to conceal from you their opinion that you are an incompetent ass and the women who blacken your character and misunderstand your wife's amusements will work themselves to the bone in your behalf if you fall sick or into serious trouble.

Heatherlegh, the doctor, kept in addition to his regular practice a hospital of loose boxes for incurables, his friend called it-but it was really a sort of fitting up shed for craft that had been damaged by stress of weather. The weather in India is often sultry, and since the tale of bricks is always a fixed quantity and the only liberty allowed is permission to work overtime and get no thanks men occasionally break down and become as mixed as the metaphors in this sentence.

Heatherlegh is the dearest doctor that ever was, and his invariable prescription to all his patients is, "Lie low, go slow and keep cool." He says that more men are killed by overwork than the importance of this world justifies. He maintains that overwork slew Pansay, who died under his hands about three years ago. He has, of course, the right to speak authoritatively, and he laughs at my theory that there was a crack in Pansay's head and a little bit of the dark world came through and pressed him to death. "Pansay went off the handle," says Heatherlegh, "after the stimulus of long leave at home. He may or he may not have behaved like a blackguard to Mrs. Keith-Wessington. My notion is that the work of the Katabundi settlement ran him off his legs, and that he took to brooding and making much of an ordinary P. and O. flirtation. He certainly was engaged to Miss Mannering, and she certainly broke off the engagement. Then he took a feverish chill, and all that nonsense about ghosts developed. Overwork started his illness, kept it alight and killed him, poor devil! Write him off to the systemone man to take the work of two and a

half men. I do not believe this. I used to sit up with Pansay sometimes when Heatherlegh was called out to patients, and I happened to be within claim. The man would make me most unhappy by describing in a low, even voice the procession that was always passing at the bottom of his bed. He had a sick man's command of language. When he recovered, I suggested that he should write out the whole affair from beginning to end, knowing that ink might assist him to ease his mind. When little boys And again, sometimes in the black, fehave learned a new bad word, they are never happy till they have chalked it up on a door. And this also is liter-

He was in a high fever while he was writing, and the blood and thunder magazine diction he adopted did not calm him. Two months afterward he was reported fit for duty, but in spite of the fact that he was urgently needed to help an undermanned commission stagger through a deficit he preferred to die, vowing at the last that he was hag ridden. I got his manuscript before

affair, dated 1885 and change of air. It is not improbable neither the redcoated messenger nor the midday gun can break, and change of air far beyond that which any homeward bound steamer can give me. In yourselves the precise nature of my malady and shall, too, judge for youron this weary earth was ever so tor-

mented as I Speaking now as a condemned criminal might speak ere the drop bolts are

immorable as it may appear dit ands at least attention. That it will ever to cerve creatence I afferty ment hevo Two

of the ago I should have scotted a and or drunk the man who had dare ell me the like Two months ago I was he happiest man in India. Teday, from Peshawur to the sea, there is no one more wretched. My doctor and I are the only two who know this His explanation is that my brain, digestion and eyesight are all slightly affected. giving rise to my frequent and persistent "delusions." Delusions, indeed! call him a fool, but he attends me still with the same unwearied smile, the same bland professional manner, the same neatly trimmed red whiskers, till I begin to suspect that I am an ungrate-

ful. evil tempered invalid. But you

shall judge for yourselves.

Three years ago it was my fortunemy great misfortune-to sail from Gravesend to Bombay, on return from long leave, with one Agnes Keith Wessington, wife of an officer on the Bombay side. It does not in the least concern you to know what manner of woman she was. Be content with the knowledge that, ere the voyage had ended, both she and I were desperately and unreasoningly in love with one another. Heaven knows that I can make the admission now without one particle of vanity In matters of this sort there is always one who gives and another who accepts. From the first day of our ill omened attachment I was conscious that Agnes' passion was a stronger, a more dominant and-if I may use the expression - a purer sentiment than mine. Whether she recognized the fact then, I do not know. Afterward it was bitterly plain to both of us.

Arrived at Bombay in the spring of the year. we went our respective ways, to meet no more for the next three or four months, when my leave and her love took us both to Simla. There we spent the season together, and there my fire of straw burned itself out to a pitiful end with the closing year I attempted no excuse. I make no apology Mrs. Wessington had given up much for my sake and was prepared to give up all. From my own lips, in August. 1882, she learned that I was sick of her presence, tired of her company and weary of the sound of her voice. Ninety-nine women out of a hundred would have wearied of me as I wearied of them; 75 of that number would have promptly avenged themselves by active and obtrusive flirtation with other men. Mrs. Wessington was the hundredth. On her neither my openly expressed aversion nor the cutting brutalities with which I garnished our interviews had the least effect.

"Jack, darling," was her one eternal cuckoo cry, "I'm sure it's all a mistake, a hideous mistake, and we'll be good friends again some day. Please

forgive me, Jack, dear!" I was the offender, and I knew it. That knowledge transformed my pity into passive endurance, and, eventual ly, into blind hate—the same instinct, I suppose, which prompts a man to savagely stamp on the spider he has but half killed. And with this hate in my bosom the season of 1882 came to an

Next year we met again at Simlashe with her monotonous face and timid attempts at reconciliation and l with loathing of her in every fiber of my frame. Several times I could not avoid meeting her alone, and on each occasion her words were identically the same-still the unreasoning wail that it was all a "mistake" and still the hope of eventually "making friends." I might have seen, had I cared to look, that that hope only was keeping her alive. She grew more wan and thin month by month You will agree with me at least that such conduct would have driven any one to despair. It was uncalled for, childish, unwomanly. maintain that she was much to blame. ver stricken night watches, I have began to think that I might have been a little kinder to her. But that really is a "delusion." I could not have continued pretending to love her when didn't, could I? It would have been un-

fair to us both. Last year we met again-on the same terms as before, the same weary appeals and the same curt answers from my lips. At least I would make her see how wholly wrong and hopeless were her attempts at resuming the old relationship. As the season wore on we he died, and this is his version of the fell apart—that is to say, she found it difficult to meet me, for I had other My doctor tells me that I need rest and more absorbing interests to attend to. When I think it over quietly in my that I shall get both ere long-rest that sickroom, the season of 1884 seems a confused nightmare wherein light and shade were fantastically intermingledmy courtship of little Kitty Mannering; my hopes, doubts and fears; our long where I am and, in flat defiance of my attachment; her reply, and now and doctor's orders, to take all the world into again a vision of a white face flitting my confidence. You shall learn for by in the rickshaw with the black and white liveries I once watched for so earnestly; the wave of Mrs. Wessingselves whether any man born of woman ton's gloved hand, and when she met me alone, which was but seldom, the irksome monotony of her appeal I loved Kitty Mannering - honestly, heartily loved her-and with my love for her grew my hatred for Agnes. In

August Kitty and I were engaged. The next day I met those accursed "magpie" jhampanies at the back of Jakko and, moved by some passing sentiment of pity, stopped to tell Mrs. Wessington everything. She knew it already.

"So I hear you're engaged. Jack, Then, without a moment's "I'm sure it's all a mistake-a hideous mistake. We shall be as good friends some day. Jack. as we ever

My answer might have made even a man wince. It cut the dying woman before me like the blow of a whip. "Please forgive me. Jack. I didn't mean to make you angry But it's true. it's true!"

And Mrs. Wessington broke down completely. I turned away and left her to finish her journey in peace. feeling, but only for a moment or two, that I had been an unutterably mean hound. I looked back and saw that she had turned her rickshaw with the idea. I suppose, of overtaking me

The scene and its surroundings were photographed on my memory The rain swept sky (we were at the end of the wet weather), the sodden, dingy pines, the muddy road and the black powder riven cliffs formed a gloomy background against which the black and white liveries of the jhampanies, the yellow paneled rickshaw and Mrs. Wessington's down bowed golden head stood out clearly. She was holding her handkerchief in her left hand and was leaning back exhausted against the rickliterally ran away. Once I fancied I heard a faint call of "Jack!" This may have been imagination I never stopped to verify it. Ten minutes later I came across Kitty on horseback, and in the delight of a long ride with her forgot all about the interview

A week later Mrs. Wessington died. and the inexpressible burden of her existence was removed from my life. I went to Plainsward perfectly happy. Before three months were over I had forgotten all about her, except that at times the discovery of some of her old letters reminded me unpleasantly of our bygone relationship. By January I had disinterred what was left of our correspondence from among my scattered belongings and had burned it. At the beginning of April of this year, 1885, I was at Simla-semideserted Simlaonce more and was deep in lover's talks and walks with Kitty. It was decided that we should be married at the end of June. You will understand, therefore, that, loving Kitty as I did, I am not saying too much when I pronounce myself to have been at that time the

happiest man in India. Fourteen delightful days passed almost before I noticed their flight. Then, bridge. aroused to the sense of what was proper among mortals circumstanced as we no mistake about the words this time. were. I pointed out to Kitty that an They rang through my brain as if they engagement ring was the outward and had been shouted in my ear visible sign of her dignity as an en- some hideous mistake. I'm sure. Please gaged girl and that she must forthwith forgive me. Jack. and let's be friends come to Hamilton's to be measured for again. one. Up to that moment, I give you doctor may say to the contrary-I was breast then in perfect health, enjoying a well balanced mind and an absolutely tranquil spirit. Kitty and I entered Hamil- syce taking the waler's bridle and ask-

ing his way over the loose shale and of religion could have been. I plunged Kitty was laughing and chattering at into the midst of the conversation at my side; while all Simla-that is to say, once, chatted, laughed and jested with as much of it as had then come from the a face (when I caught a glimpse of it plains-was grouped round the read- in a mirror) as white and drawn as ing room and Peliti's veranda, I was that of a corpse. Three or four men noaware that some one, apparently at a ticed my condition, and, evidently setvast distance, was calling me by my | ting it down to the results of overmany Christian name. It struck me that I pegs. charitably endeavored to draw had heard the voice before, but when me apart from the rest of the loungers. and where I could not at once deter- But I refused to be led away. I wanted mine. In the short space it took to cover | the company of my kind-as a child the road between the path from Hamil- rushes into the midst of the dinner ton's shop and the first plank of the party after a fright in the dark. I must Combernere bridge I had thought over have talked for about ten minutes er half a dozen people who might have so, though it seemed an eternity to me, committed such a solecism and had when I heard Kitty's clear voice outeventually decided that it must have side inquiring for me. In another minbeen some singing in my ears. Imme- ate she had entered the shop, prepared diately opposite Peliti's shop my eye to roundly upbraid me for failing so was arrested by the sight of four jham- | signally in my duties. Something in panies in "magpie" livery, pulling a my face stopped her yellow paneled, cheap, bazaar rick- "Why, Jack," she cried, "what have shaw. In a moment my mind flew back you been doing? What has happened? to the previous season and Mrs. Wes- Are you ill?" Thus driven into a direct sington with a sense of irritation and lie, I said that the sun had been a litdisgust. Was it not enough that the tle too much for me. It was close upon woman was dead and done with with- 5 o'clock of a cloudy April afternoon, out her black and white servitors reap- and the sun had been hidden all day. I pearing to spoil the day's happiness? saw my mistake as soon as the words Whoever employed them now I thought | were out of my mouth, attempted to I would call upon and ask as a personal recover it, blundered hopelessly and favor to change her jhampanies' livery. followed Kitty in a regal rage out of necessary buy their coats from off their ances. I made some excuse (I have forbacks. It is impossible to say here what gotten what) on the score of my feeling a flood of undesirable memories their faint and cantered away to my hotel, presence evoked.

"Kitty." I cried, "there are poor Mrs. | self. Wessington's jhampanies turned up again! I wonder who has them now?" Kitty had known Mrs. Wessington slightly last season and had always been interested in the sickly woman.

"What? Where?" she asked. "I can't see them anywhere. Even as she spoke her horse, swerv-ing from a laden mule, threw himself South American Kidney Cure ing from a laden mule, threw himself directly in front of the advancing rick-

Michael McMullen read in the newspapers of South American Kidney Cure, and when doctors shaw. I had scarcely time to utter a word of warning when, to my unutterable horror, horse and rider passed through men and carriage as if they "What's the matter?" cried Kitty.
"What made you call out so foolishly,
Jack? If I am engaged, I don't want

The sound of my life for eight years. Thanks to South
American Kidney Cure to-day I am a well man.
I wish I could have every kidney sufferer within
the sound of my voice for long enough to had been thin air.

.IMPLEMENTS...

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D. Campbell, - Durham, Ont.

We're Selling Suits at shaw cushions. I turned my horse up a bypath near the Sanjowlie reservoir and Cost While They Last.

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LANKETS AND YARNS

ALWAYS ON HAND.

S. SCOTT.

was lots of space between the mule and the veranda, and if you think I can't ride- There!

Whereupon willful Kitty set off, her dainty little head in the air, at a hand gallop in the direction of the band stand, fully expecting, as she herself afterward told me, that I should follow her What was the matter? Nothing. indeed; either that I was mad or drunk or that Simla was haunted with devils. I reined in my impatient cob and turned round. The rickshaw had turned, too and now stood immediately facing me. near the left railing of the Combermere

"Jack! Jack, darling! There was

The rickshaw hood had fallen back, my word, we had completely forgotten and inside, as I hope and pray daily for so trivial a matter. To Hamilton's we the death I dread by night, sat Mrs. accordingly went on the 15th of April, | Keith-Wessington. handkerchief in 1885. Remember that-whatever my hand and golden head bowed on her

How long I stared motionless I do

not know Finally I was aroused by my ton's shop together, and there, regard- ing whether I was ill. From the horriless of the order of affairs, I measured ble to the commonplace is but a step. Kitty for the ring in the presence of I tumbled off my horse and dashed, half NEW PUMPS AND REPAIRS, DRILL, the amused assistant. The ring was a fainting, into Peliti's for a glass of sapphire with two diamonds. We then cherry brandy There two or three courode out down the slope that leads to ples were gathered round the coffee tathe Combernere bridge and Peliti's bles discussing the gossip of the day. Their trivialities were more comforting While my waler was cautiously feel- to me just then than the consolations

I would hire the men myself and if doors amid the smiles of my acquaintleaving Kitty to finish the ride by her-

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LONG "TERM

gave him his liberty.

tried hard and had failed to cure him, he, with the faith of a prophet commenced the use of this greatest of Kidney Specifics. In his own words:
"Gravel and Kidney Disease had been the bane all creation to know about it. There tell it."

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Galvanized and Iron Piping; Brass, Brass Lined and Iron Cylinders.

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W. . CONNOR.

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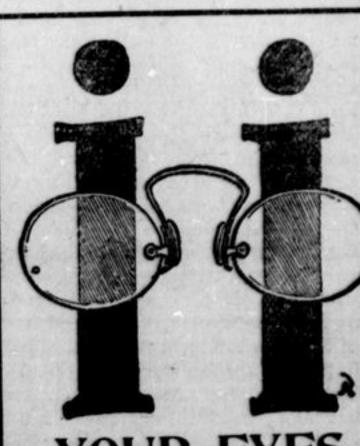
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this case is the plainest duty "Protect your eyes," as a maxim would be well to teach the chile and the youth, for eyes are th most injured organs and among those most necessary to success

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can probably save you and expense right now

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