IN SPITE OF HIS BIRTH.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Scarcely a word was spoken except by the men who plied the oars, from the moment the boat left the landing until it glided noiselessly to the foot of the stairway leading to the deck of the Bald Eagle.

Gertrude grew more and more frightened as the distance between her and the shore increased.

She instinctively felt that something was very wrong, and she heartily wished, again and again, that she had never left the safety of her friend's home.

She began to realize that she had acted very foolishly in coming out this alone and trusting herself to the guidance of entire strangers.

Who were these three men in the boat with her? What kind of a creature was this taciturn "stewardess," who had not once opened her lips since entering the boat?

She was thinking this just as they rounded a projection in the harbor and reached a point where the light upon the mast of the Bald Eagle could be discerned, when a low, fierce oath escaped the lips of the "stewardess," and so startled Gertrude that she with difficulty repressed a cry of terror.

A few moments later the boat reached the vessel, whereupon the "stewardess" instantly arose to leave the boat as if in great haste.

Gertrude was trembling with fear, but she laid her hand upon her companion's arm, remarking:

"I am afraid to go on board this vessel. I do not like the way I have been brought here, and I want to know what it means."

"It is all right," was the muffled reply, then the portly figure sprang out upon the steps and hastened up to the deck.

"It isn't all right. I am very sure, and I am not going aboard this vessel," Gertrude said, resolutely, and refusing to rise from her seat.

At this one of the men who had been rowing leaned forward and whispered in her ear:

"Young lady, I don't know how you happen to be here, but you have nothing to fear. Trust me, no harm shall befall you, and you shall go back to the city whenever you like, if there has been any foul play."

"Then I insist upon going back immediately," Gertrude returned, authoritatively.

"I'm sorry I can't obey you," was the almost inaudible reply, "but I promise you shall go within an hour if you wish."

Gertrude thought a moment.

She was only half assured of the man's pledge.

"Is Mr. Heatherton on the vessel?" she asked.

"Yes, marm, he is."

Somewhat comforted by this assurance—for she felt confident that no personal harm could befall her where Ned was—she stepped out of the boat and followed the others up the stairway.

But she was seized with a sudden feeling of despair when, the moment they all reached the deck, the iron stairway, by some invisible means, was swung up from the water's edge, and all hope, as she supposed, of escape, was cut off.

"Captain Bleiberg! Captain Bleiberg, why are you not in sailing trim, as I ordered? What, ho, there!—why are you all in darkness, and why doesn't someone answer me?"

"Halt!" came the quick, startling response, and before the single word was hardly uttered, a flood of light was thrown on deck from a couple of brilliant lanterns, arranged for that purpose, thus bringing into bold relief every figure of the strange group gathered there, while Gertrude gave vent to a startled cry as she saw it.

Near the companionway stood the figure of the "stewardess," though a stewardess no longer, for the shawl had been stripped from the broad shoulders, the bonnet from the head, and a finely formed man, the lower portion of his body still enveloped in a dark skirt, stood revealed, while he gazed about him with an expression of amazement and dismay.

It was Gould, the cunning bank robber, who had assumed the disguise of a woman's dress partly to assist Bunting in his vile scheme to decoy Gertrude to the vessel, and partly because he had begun to fear that suspicion had been directed toward him.

Near him was another man, who appeared no less confounded, and the girl's heart gave a startled bound as she recognized Ned's old enemy and her would-be suitor, Bill Bunting; while, surrounding these two, each with a cocked revolver in his hand, were four other men, and one of these, wearing an expression of lofty courage and resolution on his place face, was—Ned himself!

What could the strange scene mean? The fair girl wondered, and felt faint and weak as she noticed the threatening aspect, the cocked weapons, and resolute faces of the men.

She shrank close to a mast, and throwing her arms around it, leaned against it for support, while she continued to gaze, as if fascinated, upon what was occurring before her.

"Well, —— you! what is the meaning of this?" Gould demanded fiercely, when he could command his voice sufficiently to speak.

"That question is very easily answered," returned the chief of police, as he stepped to the man's side and laid a powerful hand upon his shoulder. "It simply means that your game is up, and—you are my prisoner!"

A volley of oaths came from the lips of the startled man, at this disheartening information.

"You can quit that," sternly commanded the officer, "and you may as well yield quietly to the inevitable."

Gould was white to his lips, though his dark eyes burned like two fiery coals as his restless eyes roved from face to face.

He realized that his "game was indeed up," and that he had the very worst to look forward to; yet he bore himself with a haughty composure and bravado which excited both the wonder and admiration of every observer.

"Where is Captain Bleiberg?" he inquired, after a moment of utter silence.

"The captain and all his crew are confined below."

"Was it mutiny?" the man asked, with a quick indrawn breath.

"No, it was the grandest pluck I ever heard of," replied the chief, with a glance at Ned and Mr. Hunting, who were standing side by side a little back of the prisoner.

Gould's eyes followed his, and he gave a violent start.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, and the single ejaculation spoke volumes.

It told that he comprehended all the ruin and disaster which must overtake him upon the release of those two men.

"How did you do it?" he faltered.

"I guess we won't stop for any lengthy explanation to-night—it's getting late, and there's considerable to be done yet," the chief interposed. "I think, however, when you hear the story in the presence of a judge and jury, you will be forced to confess that it was the neatest job you ever knew of. Now, Mr. Gould"—in a sharp, authoritative tone—"you and your friend, whoever he may be, will just march below, and we'll accommodate you with as comfortable quarters as circumstances will allow; though we happen to be pretty full just now."

Gould turned and looked at his companion.

"Well, Bunting, it is all up with us, I suppose," he said, with white lips.

Bill Bunting did not reply, but he turned his glance upon Ned, who had been unspeakably astonished when the light had been turned on and he recognized his old-time foe, for he had not expected to meet him there.

A look of hate swept over the man's features.

"Curse you, a thousand times!" he hissed; "you down me at every turn. I thought I should best you, this time sure," and utterly losing his head in the heat of his passion at finding himself conquered again by Ned, he sprang upon him, drawing a knife that had been concealed about his person, and aiming it straight at the young man's heart.

There was a faint shriek, then the sound of swift steps and rustling garments, and the next instant the ruffian's arm was stricken upward, and Gertrude stood between him and her lover, pale as a spirit, but with the courage of a dauntless love stamped upon her beautiful features, as she thus confronted the would-be murderer.

But strong hands came to the rescue. The man was quickly overpowered, his weapon wrested from him, and he was dragged down the companionway to the cabin, while Gould was also conducted thither, and both were put in irons to make sure of no attempt on their part to escape.

When Bill Bunting had sprung upon his hated foe, Ned's revolver was knocked from his grasp and sent spinning across the deck; fortunate circumstance, as it proved, since it left his hands free to catch the half-fainting girl who had dared so much to save his life.

Ned, himself, almost reeled as his eyes fell upon her, for, until that instant, he had not dreamed of her presence on the yacht.

"Gertrude!" he cried, appalled, as he bore the almost helpless girl to a chair, in which he tenderly seated her. "My darling, what does this mean? How came you to be here with those dreadful men? Where are your friends? What am I to do for you?"

Gertrude was too much overcome to give any satisfactory reply just then to his hasty inquiries, and, leaving her there for a few moments, Ned dashed down to the saloon, where he procured a glass of wine from the steward, then bounded back again to Gertrude and commanded her to drink every drop of it.

She obeyed him readily enough, but her eyes studied his face anxiously and appealingly the while.

The wine both strengthened and quieted her and she smiled faintly, as she thanked him and returned the empty glass.

"Now, my dear girl," Ned said, as he brought another chair and seated himself before her, "you must tell me the meaning of this startling appearance—I could not have been more astonished if one had appeared to me from the dead."

"And you didn't send for me to come to you?" murmured Gertrude, who began to comprehend something of the trap that had been set for her unwary feet, although there were some mysteries about it yet which would need further explanation.

"Send for you, darling!—to come here, alone, at this time of night!" Ned cried, amazed. "Assuredly not. Is it possible that you could imagine that I would subject you to anything so disagreeable and so impudent?"

"But did you not—no, of course you didn't," Gertrude began, somewhat incoherently, then suddenly stopped as she realized that the note she had received was only a part of the plot to lure her away from home.

"Did I not what?" Ned inquired, determined to get to the bottom of the strange affair.

"I received a note, this afternoon, purporting to come from you," Gertrude replied. "Here it is; read it, it will explain itself," she added, drawing it from her pocket and putting it in his hands.

He turned it to the light, and as he read the note, his face clouded with sudden anger and alarm.

"It is a miserable scheme to get you into trouble of some kind, and yet I cannot comprehend it," Ned said, in perplexity, when he had finished the perusal of it.

"I think I can," replied Gertrude, whose confidence in her lover was increasing every moment.

Then she told him of the visit which Bill Bunting had paid her only the day following their drive to Auburndale, and of his audacious proposals to her, with her newly- aroused suspicions that he had done this to trap her into a marriage with him.

"It is a veritable case of abduction!" Ned exclaimed, as she concluded.

"He and Gould were accomplices in that robbery, and in other crimes; they were about to escape from the country, and—yes, I believe that wretch lured you here with the intention of taking you with them and perhaps forcing you into a marriage, as you surmise."

The young man felt as if he could scarcely contain himself, and it was well for his enemy, perhaps, that he had been put in confinement below, before this revelation.

"It would have been horrible!" the young girl cried, with a shudder.

"Yes, indeed," Ned said; but since she was now safe, other thoughts began to assert themselves, and he continued, as he bent forward to look into her eyes: "Gertrude, have you believed that I was guilty of the crime with which I have been charged?"

The sensitive girl colored at the grave question; but, meeting his glance unwaveringly, she replied:

"Ned, I had the utmost faith in you until I received this note only a few hours ago; and you, yourself, can understand what it implies. But now, looking into your face once more, I know that you are as true as truth itself."

"Bless you, my own darling, for this comforting assurance!" Ned exclaimed, with deep emotion, "it has lifted a great burden from my heart. Yes, I can understand that if you believed this note—and that you did believe it, your presence here proves—you must have thought that I just the same as admitted my guilt. But, dear, although every circumstance has seemed to point to me, as the author of that crime, I am as innocent of it as you are. Let me tell you, too, that we have the real robber safe in hand, and I believe that the stolen treasure is all concealed on board this vessel, and will soon be restored to the bank."

"Can that be possible?" Gertrude joyfully exclaimed. Then she added, as she slipped both her small hands confidingly into his: "Oh, Ned, tell me all that has happened to you since that dreadful day."

"Her act touched him deeply; it was so spontaneous and trustful that it told him more plainly than words could have done, that she believed in him fully, and loved him as truly as ever.

"I will, my dearest, but not just now. I must think and act for you first. Of course, your friend, Mrs. Page does not know where you are," he remarked, in a troubled tone.

"No," Gertrude answered, flushing, and then she told him of Mrs. Page's absence from the city, and how she had come, unknown to everyone in the house, in response to his supposed request

"I am appalled when I think of it," Ned said. "That wretch might have taken you to a distant land, and there would have been no one to rescue you from his power."

"I am afraid it was very thoughtless and imprudent," Gertrude faltered. Then she looked up at him with shining eyes, and continued: "But, Ned, I believe—I should do it again if I thought you were in trouble and needed me."

Ned lifted one of the hands he was holding and touched it softly with his lips at the brave assurance.

Then he arose with a resolute air

"I must see about taking you back immediately," he said. "You will not mind sitting here alone for a few moments while I go to make the necessary arrangements,?" he added, inquiringly.

"No, indeed!" the fair girl replied, her face taking on a happier look than it had worn for many days.

Ned was the same true, noble-hearted fellow that he had always been, and her cup of joy could ask for nothing more just then.

The young man went directly to the chief, and briefly explained to him the circumstances of Gertrude's singular abduction, asking permission to take a boat and one of the sailors and attend her back to the city.

His request was readily granted, and the chief added that an officer should also go with them as an additional protection, and in less than fifteen minutes they were flying over the waters back toward Halifax.

When they reached the wharf Ned called a carriage, and, telling the sailor that he would be back in the course of an hour, the two young people proceeded directly to the house of Mrs. Page.

Ned related on the way all the trying experiences of the last two weeks, and also rehearsed the great wrong perpetrated upon Mr. Hunting, who, he explained, was the inventor of the "Eureka Pump," in which Mr. Langmaid came so near investing.

"How very, very strange!" Gertrude exclaimed, when he concluded; "and it has been dreadful for you both. Oh, Ned, I have been so utterly wretched during these last two weeks!—they have seemed like years to me—we, your mother and I, were so afraid that something terrible had happened to you," and again her hand was slipped confidingly into that of her lover.

Ned clasped it warmly.

"And I, too, my darling," he returned, in a tremulous voice, "have suffered more than I can tell you, in view of what my friends would have to endure on my account; but, most of all, because of the stain which I knew rested upon my good name."

"Yes, indeed; I know you must have been nearly wild about it. But, Ned, dear, old Mr. Lawson trusted you to the end——"

"To the end! What do you mean, Gertrude?" Ned cried, in a startled tone, and with a sudden heart-sinking.

"I forgot that you could not know, or I would not have spoken so abruptly," Gertrude responded, regretfully. "But, Ned, Mr. Lawson died the next Tuesday after that dreadful Saturday."

Ned's face was unutterably sad as he listened to this sorrowful intelligence.

"My dear old friend," he said, with deep emotion, "how can I bear to know that I shall never see you again?"

And tears of genuine grief gathered in his eyes and rolled over his cheeks, while Gertrude related all the circumstances attending Mr. Lawson's death.

"And you say he died believing in my innocence, in spite of all?" he questioned, when he could compose himself sufficiently to speak.

"Yes, with almost his latest breath he asserted it to your mother," the young girl returned."

"That is very comforting to me," Ned said, with a deep sigh of relief. "I should have grieved sorely if he had died believing that I could repay all his kindness to my mother and myself with such base ingratitude and such reckless criminality."

CHAPTER LXV.

When Ned and Gertrude arrived at Mrs. Page's they found that the lady had returned only a few moments previous, and was just upon the point of retiring.

She was greatly astonished when, upon opening the door in answer to their ring, she found her young charge, whom she supposed was fast asleep in her own room, standing outside in company with a fine-looking young man, who was an utter stranger to her.

Gertrude soon explained her adventure to her satisfaction, although she chided her for being so imprudent, and Ned, after chatting a while, upon his own trials and experiences, arose and departed, but promising to make another call, if possible, before he left for Boston.

He returned to the Bald Eagle, feeling very light hearted, for he believed that the outlook for the future was now very bright and promising for him.

On the evening of the next day a Boston detective, accompanied by Mr. Cranston, who had returned from his vacation immediately upon learning of the bank robbery, arrived in Halifax, empowered with all authority necessary to conduct the formalities for the arrest and extradition of the criminals, and the recovery of the property of which they had robbed the bank, should it be found in their possession.

The Bald Eagle was thoroughly searched, and the stolen treasure was finally discovered in a cunningly contrived safe, which had been built into the vessel behind the berth in the state-room occupied by Gould, the owner.

To Ned's exceeding joy the bonds, which had been stolen from him during his trip from Albany, were also found in the safe, thus proving the truth of his assertions regarding their loss, and clearing him from all suspicion of dishonesty.

The money, of course, had been used, but Mr. Lawson's generosity had replaced that, so the bank would lose nothing through him, and his gratitude knew no bounds.

These revelations were regarded as prima facie evidence against the owner of the Bald Eagle, and on Monday morning legal steps were instituted to bring the offenders—for Bill Bunting was, of course, regarded as an accomplice—to justice.

Of course, this took some little time, on account of the formalities required in transferring the criminals from the jurisdiction of one country to that of another, and Ned was permitted, meanwhile, to enjoy himself in his own way, which, as may be supposed, was to spend as much time as possible in the company of Gertrude.

The meeting between him and Mr. Cranston had been a joyful one, and the man could not have expressed more hearty satisfaction over Ned's entire vindication, if he had been his own son.

"You have had a hard time of it, my boy," he remarked, regarding him with genuine sympathy, as he shook him cordially by the hand; "but you deserve great praise for the courage and good judgment you have shown in helping to rescue the treasure from those adacious knaves. You will reap a bountiful reward for it, too."

"All the reward I ask is to be restored to the full confidence of my employers," the young man returned with evident emotion.

"That you will be, I can emphatically promise," Mr. Cranston replied; "and I know everyone connected with the bank will rejoice as heartily as I do over the fact."

All legal formalities were at length concluded, and the prisoners were transferred to the custody of the United States officers.

It was then thought best to run the yacht and all on board directly to Boston, that being considered the safest way to convey the valuable papers and treasure, and the prisoners also to that city.

(To be Continued.)

FALL TO BE'S.

Interesting Indications in Fashion's New Volumes.

First exhibit of fall hats on view

Summer buying mostly over. Great expectations for fall.

Astonishing reductions in price, marking the decadence of the fichu.

Art ticking the latest pillow and mattress covering. White, cream or gray grounds with floral designs, or various width stripes in green and white, gray and pink, or blue, etc.

The picturesque, especially for house gowns, the promised mode.

Waistcoats of all sorts of fancy stuffs to be the smart jacket adjunct, but seemingly inconsistently high-priced. Five dollars up for the single-breasted ones, and who wants these, as they are not the latest style? Those that are, the double-breasted kind, from $7 up.

A bell shaped skirt, reminding one of hoop-skirt days, noticeable on some of the recent importations for fall.

Capes to be en regle throughout the autumn for general wear and all winter for evening.

Hoods of black or white velvet adorning astonishingly elaborate black lace capes but awfully smart and expensive, too.

Many eccentricities of trimming already observable and probably increasing as the season advances.

Very close-fitting shoulder effects to be the fashionable fall vogue and for some time afterward.

Foulard silk gowns still to be worn far into the autumn and all winter in the house.

Advance hat models very timorous as yet. Too early for the popularly-accepted shapes to be known.

Beige a smarter autumn tint than gray, as the latter has been running to the ground.

Little half length jackets are of the striking fashion novelties promised development by fall.

The latest negligees charming beyond description.

Soft ribbons much preferred to the heavy kinds, as they can be so much more easily drawn close to the figure for stock or girdle, as fashion requires.

Black coiffure bows only comme il fault. The fad of last fall for colored ones entirely out.

Wonderful Echoes.

Most Londoners are familiar with the famous whispering gallery in St. Paul's, says Tit-Bits, but there are other instances of curious if less well-known echoes in churches. In a Sussex church there is said to be one of the most remarkable ever known, while in a Hertfordshire church the tick of a watch may be heard from one end of the building to the other. It is also stated that in the Cathedral of Girgenti, in Sicily, the slightest whisper is heard with perfect distinctness from the great western door to the cornice behind the altar, a distance of about 150 feet.

Sims Reeves, the famous English ballad and oratorio tenor, has been granted a civil list pension of $500 a year in recognition of his eminence as a singer. He is now close on 80 years of age, and has for some time been confined to his bed.

HOW THE POOR LIVE.

Fifteen Cents a Day Suffices for Thousands.

SLIM LARDERS FOR MANY.

In the large cities of this country thousands of people are living on 15 cents a day, says a U. S. exchange. To ferret among the tenements, where one small room generally constitutes a family dwelling, and there to stumble on the family at dinner, to peep behind the battered door of the dingy cupboard, with its well-nigh barren interior, to investigate the scant contents of pots and boxes thrust behind the rickety stove for lack of room elsewhere, and to overhaul the threadbare garments on a row of nails that make up the family wardrobe, such an experience might astound some who find it difficult to get along on $2,000 or so a year.

A tour of investigation among the tenements along the Cincinnati River front by a representative of the Cincinnati Post revealed a few practical solutions to problems of domestic economy. Among the Italians and Syrians on West Second and adjacent street families were found huddled into close rooms, pervaded by an odor of garlic. Here it was difficult to learn exactly the cost of living, owing to the ignorance of the housewives. They live from hand to mouth; and so long as the hand can hold a bowl of macaroni and a little hard rye bread, the mouth does not complain.

Among the laboring classes there are hundreds of men who earn 50 cents to $1 a day, and when it comes to supporting families of six and eight the individual is likely to fall below rather than exceed the 15-cents-a-day proposition. In the majority of cases the children are forced into the streets to sell papers, and often to beg, almost as soon as they are able to walk and the wife is compelled to take in washing or do scrubbing to increase the income.

Farther east along the river front are the cosmopolitan slums, where once fashionable hotels are now given over to the poor classes. In the old Spencer House, at Broadway and Front street, 90 families, averaging four and five members, occupy rooms that cost from $1 to $3 a month. Some of the rooms reek with filth, and are unkept, while others are scrupulously clean. In all there is evidence of close figuring to keep expenses down.

A canvasser, his wife and two children occupy a single room on the top floor, and the thrifty wife manages to get along with an allowance of $3 a week for the household expenses and $2.50 a month for rent. This makes the family expenses 43 cents a day—a daily allowance of about 11 cents for each. The family was seated at the mid-day meal when a reporter called. On the table was a dish of stewed strong beans, four cups of steaming coffee, a half loaf of stale bread and muskmelon—that was all, except for salt and pepper, a quarter of a cupful of liquid oleomargarine and some skimmed milk.

"We get along all right, the four of us," the housewife said. "We don't need much. It only takes a quarter of a pound of tea, that's 5 cents, and a pound of coffee, that's 14 cents, to do us a week. A peck of potatoes lasts us a week, and they cost 15 cents. We generally have string beans. Meat costs about 10 cents a day."

In one old house a family of nine lives on $7.34 a week, exclusive of rent and wearing apparel. None of the children are old enough to work. The father tabulated his expenses for one week as follows:

Coffee, 3 lbs.	$ 60
Bacon	1 00
Fresh meat	2 00
Sugar	50
Corn	40
Potatoes, 1 bushel	30
Cabbage, half-barrel	20
Butter	1 50
Tomatoes, 2 bushels	40
Milk	35
Salt, pepper and incidentals	09
Rent, four rooms	4 00
Total for week	$10 34

And there is always plenty on the table.

Secretary Hubbard, of the Associated Charities, in discussing the question, said: "There is no doubt that a considerable proportion of the poorer classes manage on as little, or even less, than 15 cents a day for each person. They must do so, for poor people can secure no credit from merchants. The way they do is by buying at the market and bake shops late at night, and especially Saturday night, when perishable goods are practically given away."

THE CALL OF DOOM.

China's Gods Invoked Against the "Foreign Devils."

In a British Parliamentary paper just issued a translation is given of a startling placard which was posted in the West City, Pekin. It reads as follows:

In a certain street in Pekin some worshippers of the I-ho Ch-uan (Boxers) at midnight suddenly saw a spirit descend in their midst. The spirit was silent for a long time and all the congregation fell upon their knees and prayed. Then a terrible voice was heard saying:

"I am none other than the great Yu Ti (God of the unseen world) come down in person. Well knowing that ye are all of devout mind, I have just now descended to make known to you that these are times of trouble in the world, and that it is impossible to set aside the decrees of fate. Disturbances are to be dreaded from the foreign devils; everywhere they are starting missions, erecting telegraphs and building railways; they do not believe in the sacred doctrine and they speak evil of gods. Their sins are numberless as the hairs of the head. Therefore am I wrath, and my thunders have pealed forth. By night and by day have I thought of these things. Should I command my generals to come down to earth, even they would not have strength to change course of fate. For this reason I have given forth my decree that I shall descend to earth at the head of all the saints and spirits, and that wherever the I-ho Ch'uan are gathered together there shall the gods be in the midst of them. I have also to make known to all the righteous in the three worlds that they must be of one mind, and all practice the cult of the I-ho Ch'uan, that so the wrath of heaven may be appeased.

"So soon as the practice of the I-ho Ch-uan has been brought to perfection—wait for three times three or nine times nine, nine times nine or three times three—then shall the devils meet their doom. The will of heaven is that the telegraph wires be first cut, then the railways torn up, and then shall the foreign devils be decapitated. In that day shall the hour of their calamities come. The time for rain to fall is yet afar off, and all on account of the devils.

"I hereby make known these commands to all you righteous folk, that ye may strive with one accord to exterminate all foreign devils, and so turn aside the wrath of heaven. This shall be accounted unto you for well doing; and on that day when it is done the wind and rain shall be according to your desire.

"Therefore I expressly command you to make this known in every place."

"This I saw with my own eyes, and therefore I make bold to take my pen and write what happened. They who believe it shall have merit; they who do not believe it shall have guilt. The wrath of the spirit was because of the destruction of the Temple of Yu Ti. He sees that the men of the I-ho Ch'uan are devout worshippers and pray to him.

"If my tidings are false, may I be destroyed by the five thunderbolts.

"Fourth moon, first day (April 29th, 1900).

Silk Stockings.

The girl who never before wore silk stockings wears them this season. It is in the air—a statement less improper than it sounds. Women have suddenly developed a mania for fancy and beautiful hosiery, and the stocking counter of a good shop would make a rainbow feel faded. The openwork stockings have reached a point of filminess that is more marvellous than beautiful, and the most modish women prefer fine silk in solid color, hand embroidered or with inset lace or applique over the ankle. One woman at Newport has started a fad for plain silk stockings in one solid color and with the owner's monogram exquisitely embroidered on the ankle, and stocking embroidery is becoming a favorite fancy work of the summer girl. It is prophesied, too, that next Christmas, instead of a deluge of embroidered suspenders and dress shirt protectors, men will receive dainty boxes of silk hose, each pair embroidered at the tops in front with elaborate monograms. Of course, the men would rather, far rather, have bright purple hose zigzagged with scarlet lightning, but they will have to endure the affliction as best they can.

Japan has established commercial schools for the training of women, and one of the largest Japanese railroads announces that after a certain date it will employ only women as clerks.

IF THE LIVER IS DERANGED

There is Sallow Complexion, Fulness About the Stomach and Pains in the Shoulders and Back—Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Act Promptly and Directly on the Liver.

By a careful consideration of the following symptoms you can decide for yourself if your liver is torpid and inactive. The liver is the largest organ connected with the digestive system, and as a filterer of bile from the blood is to a very large extent responsible for the health of the whole body.

A sense of fullness and oppression about the stomach, a pale sallow complexion and pain in the shoulders and back are among the first indications of a disordered liver.

Then there comes indigestion, wind on the stomach, headache coated tongue, a bitter taste in the mouth, depression of spirits and despondency.

The bowels become irregular and constipation and looseness alternate. The bile left in the blood by an inactive liver poisons the blood and causes liver spots, blotches and pimples.

So great is the influence of the liver over the health of other organs that physicians have called the liver the governor or controller of the body.

The prescription from which Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are prepared was perfected by the doctor in his immense practice and has proven the greatest liver regulator ever discovered. It acts directly and promptly on the liver, making it active and vigorous as a filtering organ. At the same time it regulates and tones up the kidneys and bowels and sets the whole filtering and excretory system in healthy working order.

Notwithstanding the fame of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills throughout this continent, you will never fully realize and appreciate their value until you have actually used them, and only then can you fully understand why they have such an enormous sale.

In these days of experimenting with all sorts of new, untried remedies, appliances and treatments it is a comfort and pleasure to know that you can turn to this prescription of Dr. A. W. Chase and find in it a safe and certain cure for the many dangerous and complicated disorders of the liver, kidneys and bowels. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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