

In The Enemy's Country.

"When I find a thing is to my advantage, I makes up my mind in the twinklin' o' de eye. Hit's some elevation from dishwater to private lady's housekeeper. Mistuh Pearson, and I shob an goin' wid Mrs. Finnell."

Melissa Merryman flung her head, with the band of pale blue, silver headed velvet stretched across the parting of her waving black hair, high in the air.

It was mid-afternoon, and Melissa unoccupied, in the "servants' hall" of the Quage, talked to Augustus Pearson, the most dapper of the four yellow waiters of the little Tennessee town's hotel.

They were discussing the next day's intended departure of Captain and Mrs. Finnell for the lumber camp in old Virginia, where Captain Finnell had a five years' contract with the mountain folk land owners for the getting out of poplar lumber, to be hauled to the nearest railroad, thirty miles from the camp.

Mrs. Finnell had decided to go to the camp for the time to live, and wished Melissa to go with her.

"Wha's five year?" she told Gus Pearson.

"Kin lay up money."

"You ought to stay here, Miss Melissa," Gus answered her lightly.

"Who knows of you stays a while longer, who you might ketch? I knows a number o' fellows wid hearts just waitin' for a little moah encouragement 'foah dey opens der mouths."

Melissa's head swelled. The blue ribbon topped in the air again. Gus might be one of those waiting to "open his mouth!"

"I'll member yoah words, Mr. Pearson," she said coquettishly. "You might tell dem fellows you has in mind when I's gone I's open to correspondence!"

Just outside the window a thick-set figure stood; a pair of solemn eyes looked in on Melissa and a pair of ears listened miserably to her words.

In the early days of her stay at West Blanton, before her employment at the hotel, Melissa had done laundry work. Bemus Guillford, garbage man and owner of streets, had been one of the first friends. Then she had thought well of him, but now Melissa felt herself worlds above a man of Bemus' obscure calling.

Poor Bemus had never dared to hint his mighty love in words, but his solemn eyes possessed the dangerous gift of personal speech, and Melissa had heard their message.

"Laws, how kin I stand it?" Bemus whispered to himself. "Never to see my gal fuh five year! Laws, I'd rather die! She don't keer de rappins o' her foot for me, but as long's I kin git to jest see her I kin make make-out to live."

A few days later Melissa found herself in a big, hastily erected cottage under towering hemlocks in a pocket of a mountain side, outwardly serene, but inwardly filled with an unaccountable foreboding.

Three weeks later, out walking with the Finnells' three-year-old, Melissa came upon Bemus, carrying a paper wrapped bundle of clothing. When he saw her a look of joy spread over his features.

"Laws, Melissa," he exclaimed, "I'd glad to see you! I been a tryin' ever since you left to reconcile myself to livin' widout seein' you, and I jest couldn't do hit, any moah'n a hog can live widout eatin'! So I jest up and come out henz you, is I reckon I kin git work at de sawmill or somers round here."

In the month Melissa had been

there in the mountains, although she had sent him many postcards and letters, she had not heard from Gus Pearson. It was beginning to dawn on her unwilling mind that Gus' attentions had been of the unmeaning variety. She was in a fierce ill humor, and the sight of poor Bemus did not serve to lessen her anger.

"You's a fool!" she said to him.

"Dat tiekey money-d victuals you till de cows come home!"

"I knows I's a fool," Bemus answered her humbly. "Laws knows I know hit, Lassy, and He knows, too, I jest can't live fur away f'm you. You won't keer, honey, if I draps in at de house onct in a while, will you?"

Seeing the frown that arose to her forehead, he hastened to add: "I won't bother you; I jest want to lem my eyes rest on yoah face occasional-ly, dat's all!"

Melissa turned off scornfully, even though she felt a sharp prick of conscience, and started back to the Finnell house, leaving Bemus standing, gazing wistfully at her.

"There's a letter on the kitchen table the carrier left for you, Melissa," her mistress informed her on her return.

The letter was from Prunella Balford, a quantum friend of Melissa, and it informed her in vainglorious fashion that the writer was shortly to be married to Augustus Pearson. So Gus' silence was explained.

With her mind in a rage Melissa stood, still gazing at the letter when Mrs. Finnell came to the kitchen door.

"Don't let any one here know you are a negro, Melissa," she cautioned her. "Em afraid it wouldn't be safe for you."

Melissa's original black ancestors were several generations remote. She was fair, and to an ordinary observer she looked to be a person of all white blood.

"I wouldn't be safe!" she gasped.

"Wha's de reason, Miss Louise?"

"A negro killed a white man in this county two or three years ago," her mistress answered, "and since then no negro has been allowed to stay in the county more than twenty-four hours."

"What would they do to a colored person who stayed?"

Melissa had turned an ashen hue.

"Mrs. Finnell hesitated. "There was one here last summer."

"What became of him?" quavered Melissa.

"I don't know," answered her mistress; "somebody said they hanged him."

"But," she added, seeing Melissa's frightened look, "I don't suppose it was true. No doubt he got away safely."

Melissa crept into her little room off the kitchen. Gus Pearson's perfidy and her rage forgotten. Suppose Bemus should refuse to leave when they warned him, would they kill him at the saw mill?

At six o'clock the next morning, when Melissa, washing the breakfast dishes, listened in secret apprehension to every outdoor sound, there came a modest knock at the kitchen door and Bemus came in, broadly smiling.

Before he could open his mouth in greeting Melissa seized him by the arm.

"Oh, Bemus, you's a livin'!"

"I'm prayin' for you to come. Leave de country one minute, Bemus! Git away, for Gaws's sake!"

At the touch of her fingers on his arm Bemus' heart gave a great leap of pleasure.

"But, honey, I ain't done nothin'!" he smiled. "A passed de dem-moral-lizers, dey come when I was asleep last night and telled me I hatto get out'n de country afoah sunup, less'n dey's gwine kill me, but laws, honey, dey yuz des a tryin' to skeer me! I got up early and give 'em de slip, case I 'lowed maybe, in dey funnin', dey'd duck me er somethin'."

On the porch there was a rattle of spurs and the voice of Captain Finnell, speaking to his wife came to the kitchen.

"The men are all worked up over a negro being in camp yesterday, Louise. They ordered him to leave before dawn, and one of the boys thinks he saw him about sunrise this morning. They are scouring the woods for him, and it'll go hard with him if they find him, I'm afraid."

Melissa threw her arms about Bemus.

"O, Laws, Miss Louise, what must I do? Wha' kin I hide him?" she cried wildly.

"He'll be safe anywhere in the house, den you think, Thurmmond?"

Mrs. Finnell, pitying the girl's distress, turned to her husband. "Then to-night we can slip him away."

Seated in the Finnell's largest closet Bemus passed the day in darkness. About five o'clock in the evening Capt. Finnell brought his wagonette to the door. Seated on the driver's seat by him was Mrs. Finnell, whom he was ostensibly taking to meet the morning train.

"Bemus, stretch yourself flat on the floor and cover yourself with this rug," Capt. Finnell ordered. "It will be crammed quarters, but we can't risk the mountain fellows seeing you. A cramped leg or two is better than a broken neck!"

Bemus obeyed, but he moved slowly, like one walking in a dream.

"Laws, Bemus, hurry!" brought Melissa in a nervous tremor.

"All ready," asked Capt. Finnell.

"Good-by, Bemus," Melissa whispered; then, despite her fears as to possible listeners, a sob escaped her, and a low scream rang out on the stillness of the night.

"O, Bemus, you stumps up so onder dat rug—I'm skeered for you! I'm skeered for you!"

"Bemus threw the rug off him and leaped nimbly to the ground.

"Just as well tourn out do bosses, boss, and spar' yoah kind lady de love, cole night gide!" he said. "I can't go and let dem boss' hear! I'd rather stay here and die dan go away and cover see-ber on moah."

To Capt. Finnell's commands and Mrs. Finnell's remonstrances Bemus turned a deaf ear.

"I can't go and leave her, boss," he maintained with stubborn insistence.

"Well, it's just as you say," the white man said at last, growing impatient; "it's a long, wearisome drive for you, Louise, and I'd rather die—all right!"

Melissa sprang forward.

"Will you go of—at I goes with you, Bemus?"

In his astonishment Bemus came



A SYMPHONY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

With her smartly tailored suit of black and white tulle, the rough-looking debutante is wearing accessories of black velvet and white satin which accord with the revers and cuffs of white broadcloth and black velvet on the jacket. The art shows one of the extremes in "Thin" crowns, the folds of velvet composing it almost concealing the brim covering the swansdown. The separate collar of black velvet is lined with white satin and top-edged with swansdown and the envelope muff of matching materials contains a pocket for the accommodation of the handkerchief, card-case and purse.

near falling over the log by which he had stubbornly planted himself.

"Laws, honey," he stammered when he sensed her meaning, "I'd be willin' to crawl to de jumbin' off place of you was goin' dar with me."

In the early forenoon Melissa and Bemus clambered aboard the outgoing passenger train. Bemus was weary from the long journey under the concealing rug, but his black face shone with joy.

"I JEST KEEP A-LIVIN' ALONG." Some folks they keep huntin' for sorrow; They sigh if they're right or they're wrong; But this day's as good as to-morrow, So I jest keep a-livin' along.

I jest keep a-livin' along, I jest keep a-singin' a song; There's no use to sigh While the sun's in the sky; So I jest keep a-livin' along.

When the Lord made the world, was I in it To give him directions? He I would know to begin it, Bein' gottin' but dust by the road.

I would how to begin it, Bein' gottin' but dust by the road. So I jest keep a-livin' along, And I can't say the Lord's work is wrong; I never will sigh While he's runnin' the sky; I jest keep a-livin' along.

I'm thankful for sun and for showers; The Lord makes the winter and May; And he'd hide all the graves with his snow, If folks didn't weed 'em away!

So I jest keep a-livin' along, Still thankful for sunlight and song; I know, when it's snowin', God's robes are growin' along! So I jest keep a-livin' along! —F. L. Stanton.

BOYS' FOOT BADLY SCALDED.

Mother Says Zam-Buk Acted Like Magic.

Mrs. E. Capell, 31 Sydney street, Hamilton, tells how beneficial Zam-Buk proved in her family. She writes: "My little boy, aged one and a half years, put his foot into a pot of boiling water. The foot was so badly scalded that the skin came off with his stocking, and he had a shocking scald, from instep to toes.

"I at once sent for a supply of Zam-Buk, and as soon as this was applied, it seems to act like magic and gave him ease. It was good to tell that Zam-Buk stopped the pain, he cause up to applying it I had to nurse the child all the time, but soon after I applied Zam-Buk he was anxious to get on the floor and go on with his play!

"I only used four boxes of Zam-Buk, and the scald was then entirely healed; so I consider this the best investment I ever made. I believe Zam-Buk would have cured the scald even more quickly had the boy been lying down all the time, but after beginning with Zam-Buk it made this so easy that he was soon on his feet and playing about again.

"I might also tell you that my next boy to him, aged five years, had some bad broken chilblains. We used Zam-Buk on these also, and it cured them. For sores of all kinds I small in future use only Zam-Buk."

Housekeepers everywhere speak similarly of Zam-Buk. It is a sure cure for eczema, rashes, ringworm, chapped hands, scurvy, heat rashes, cuts, burns, sores, discharging sores, abscesses, piles, inflammation, festering and all skin injuries and diseases. 50¢. box, all druggists and stores, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. For skin diseases use also Zam-Buk Soap, 25¢ tablet.

Breakers Ahead.

Detroit Journal.

And the French-Canadians of Quebec and the Germans of Ontario (where there is quite a large colony) are taking notice. All appearances are to show that these two antagonistic elements will combine to protest against any of Canada's hard-earned money going for warlike preparations. Should they do so, the administration will be wrecked almost as soon as parliament meets.

The State's Big Dip.

Oswego Palladium.

The New York state treasury has received \$2,150,000 as an installment of the inheritance tax due from the late John Jacob Astor estate. From this payment real estate experts calculate that Vincent Astor's fortune is between \$60,000,000 and \$70,000,000.

Beat Wife Daily Nine Years.

Philadelphia, Oct. 19.—In testifying against her husband, who she accused of assaulting her, Mrs. Jennie Felt, declared that she was in the custom of receiving a beating every day, and that she had been subjected to this treatment for the past nine years. Mrs. Felt's testimony, as far as the last alleged attack was concerned, was corroborated by two discolored eyes, while she also produced a razor with which her husband, she said, threatened to kill her. The woman was surrounded by her six children while testifying.

Digs Up Pot of Silver.

New Haven, Conn., Oct. 21.—Parque Vateuti, a laborer, found on his shovel a pot containing 1,000 pieces of silver, which he uncovered. Each coin is rated in value at about forty cents, but the dates of the pieces are between 1750 and 1780, and their age makes them worth about \$1 each. Vateuti was forced to fight his fellow workmen to escape with his treasure.

On Oct. 6th, Mrs. W. H. Sive.

Hattie B. Foster, passed quietly away in Bethel, death being due to consumption.

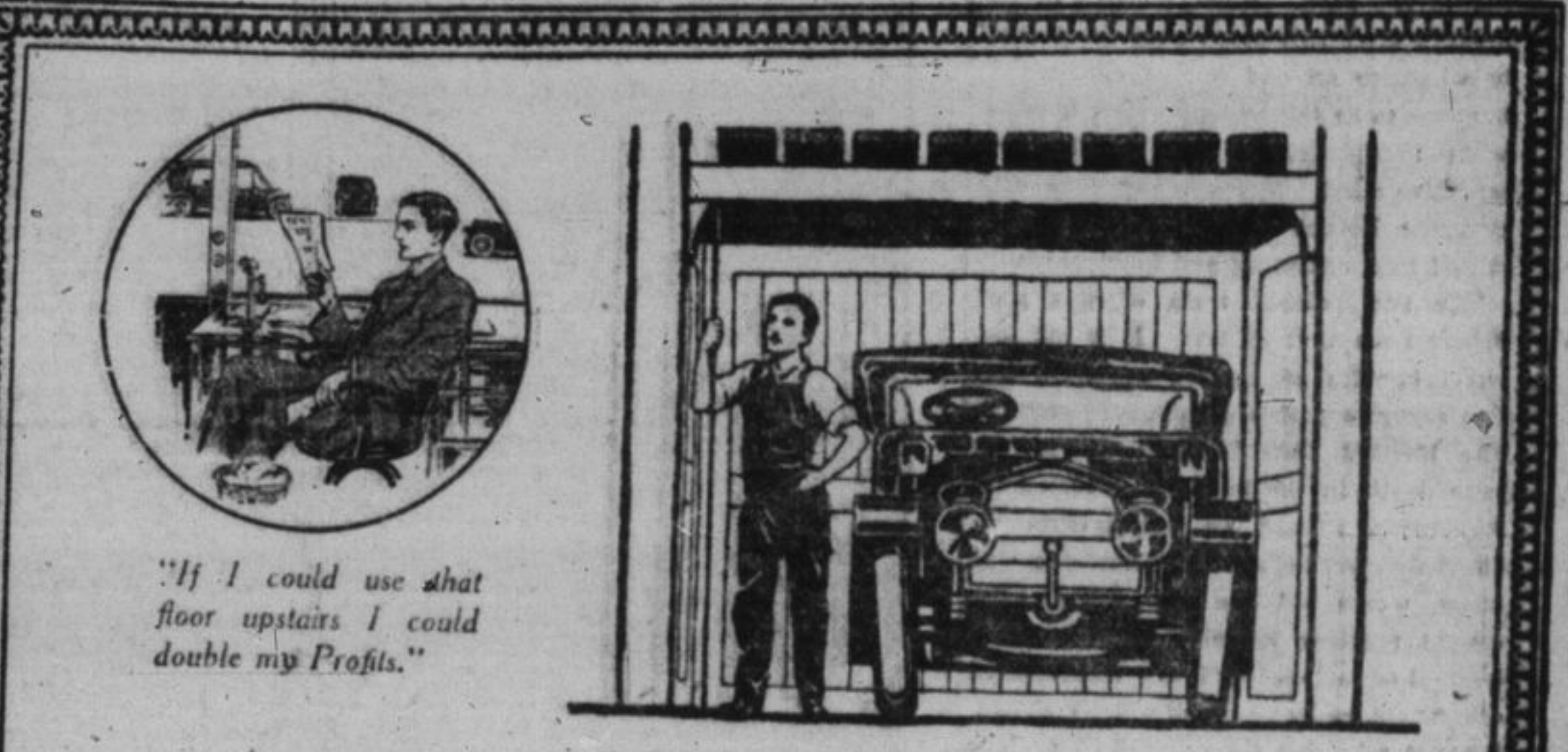
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cure many common ailments which are very different, but which all arise from the same cause—a system clogged with impurities. The Pills cause the bowels to move regularly, strengthen and stimulate the kidneys, and open up the pores of the skin. These organs immediately throw off the accumulated impurities, and Biliousness, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Kidney Troubles, Headaches, Rheumatism and similar ailments vanish. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are



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Continually Grow Worse Until Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Restored Vigor and Strength.



Mrs. Campbell.

What misery to lie awake nights and think of all sorts of things without being able to get the rest and sleep which is necessary to restore the nervous energy wasted in the tasks of the day.

This symptom of sleeplessness is one of the surest indications of an exhausted nervous system. You must have sleep or a breakdown is certain. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food feeds the feeble, watted nerves back to health and strength. In a few days you obtain the natural, restful sleep which helps so materially in restoring vitality to the nerves and strength to the whole body.

Mrs. Sarah Campbell, 188 Alma street, St. Thomas, Ont. writes: "For months I was so bothered with nervousness that I could not sleep nights. There were other symptoms of exhausted nerves, but none caused so much misery, and I found myself continually getting worse.

"I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and in two days before I noticed great improvement in my health. It built up the nervous system wonderfully, strengthened the nerves and enabled me to rest and sleep well."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50¢ a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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Do you find the fall and winter trying? Do you get run down—catch cold easily—feel like huddling in a warm room instead of braving the biting blasts? You do not need to.

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a vitalizing compound of pure Cod Liver Oil Extract, with Malt, Hypophosphites and Wild Cherry.

As an all-round tonic and "builder-up" this preparation has few, if any, equals. It puts an edge on the appetite—helps digestion—supplies rich and easily assimilated nourishment—tones up the nerves—and especially strengthens the lungs, bronchial tubes and throat.

In 50¢ and \$1.00 bottles, at your druggist's.

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.



W. S. Nethery, receiver of Amulinsburg, succeeded H. M. Williams as Canadian government agent at Toledo, Ohio. The salary is \$1,700 a year, with an allowance of \$100 for moving expenses.

The death of Mrs. Robert McClock occurred at Pontiac, Mich., aged fifty years. Deceased was the eldest daughter of the late John Hayden of Flinton, and went with her husband to Michigan some years ago.

Edward Zimmerman passed away on Friday, after a lingering illness. The funeral took place on Sunday at Black Creek church and his remains were interred in Black Creek burying ground.