CHAPTER IX.

Lawrence might have kept his resolution and gone to Cairo early in the week but for an unforeseen occurrence which detained him for some time in Ramleh. He was coming out by train from Alexandria with a party of new acquaintances one afternoon; all of them apparently in wild spirits. Just as they were about to leave the carriage some scuffle took place between Harold and a Greek who would not move out of the way; a jerk of the train, a stumble of Harold's, and both he and the man next him were thrown forward on the platform. Harold sprang up laughing, but the other person did not rise so soon.

"Come, get up, Lawrence," said Mr. Calcott, who was one of the party, "we can't wait all day for you."

Lawrence turned so pale that his friends thought he was going to faint and surrounded him in dismay. The train rolled on, and a crowd of wondering Arabs began to gather. Seeing this, Lawrence tried to get upon his feet, but found the effort impossible. And after a little consultation the others thought it best to carry him to the nearest house, which was that of Mr. Eastlake himself; and this they would have done, but for the unexpected arrival of Mr. Dumaresq.

"If there is anything wrong you will be more easily taken care of in my house than in Eastlake's, Mr. Lawrence," he said, "especially as it seems to have been Harold's fault. Oh, I hope it won't be anything serious; but I am pretty sure that you have fractured the bone. I wonder where Dr. Hughes can be found?"

The doctor and the injured man arrived almost simultaneously. Lawrence was conscious, but suffering much pain. The hurt to his leg proved to be a fracture, and the doctor told him that he had better not think of moving for the next six weeks.

"I had much better have gone to the hotel," said Lawrence faintly, but with an urgency of manner that surprised his hearers. "Could I not be moved there at once? I don't like to trouble Mrs. Dumaresq."

"It will not trouble her at all. She will be glad to have you," said Mr. Dumaresq decisively, "especially as Harold was to blame for the accident."

"Not at all. It was my fault," was Lawrence's eager answer. But further conversation was stopped by order of the doctor, who was afraid of fever for his patient. One question only Lawrence insisted upon asking, as soon as he was sure that Dumaresq was out of earshot. "Would it not be possible to move me to the hotel?"

"No," said the doctor, curtly. Then, in an indignant tone, "Why should you move? Is Mrs. Dumaresq not a good enough hostess for you? You don't know when you're well off."

Lawrence smiled for a moment, then looked grave and breathed a quick, impatient sigh. It seemed as though the young man had a positive repugnance against staying in Mr. Dumaresq's house. He was very feverish for the next two or three days, and was ordered complete quietness. He saw nobody, therefore, but the nurse and the doctor, and Mr. Dumaresq for five minutes a day; but when the first week had passed, he was allowed an occasional visitor, and the length of the visits and the number of visitors increased as time went on.

Under these circumstances his friendship with Anne Carteret grew daily. She was used to nursing, and made herself of considerable use in the sick room. It was when Lawrence was recovering that Anne was able to sit and read to him, or to sing the songs he liked, or to bring him fresh flowers every day. Sickness gives great privileges; it seemed sometimes to Lawrence that he might be sorry when he found himself able to do without the help and the petting that were so very pleasant.

Christmas day had come. To Lawrence it was heralded by the early appearance of little Stella Dumaresq, in her nurse's arms, at his bedside, with a bouquet of roses and a Christmas card in her tiny hands. The day was lovely; warm and mild but not oppressive. Half a dozen young men being present at Mr. Dumaresq's when Dr. Hughes called, soon after luncheon, they made an onslaught upon him, and demanded permission to convey Lawrence from his bedroom to the drawing room. After some demur the doctor consented to the plan; and in a short space of time the invalid was installed on a couch before the blazing fire. For Mrs. Dumaresq had insisted upon having a fire lighted—not because she felt cold, but because she said she could not believe it to be Christmas day if she sat down before a fireless grate. The blaze was reflected cheerily in the blue and white tiles of the open stove; the windows stood wide open to admit the gentle breeze that waved the curtains, and rustled the petals of the roses with which every vase had been that morning filled.

There was much laughing and talking round Lawrence's couch that afternoon. The usual frequenters of the house were present—Eastlake, Rolleston and several others. Lawrence's friend, Calcott, came later in the day; and Dr. Hughes evidently found his rocking chair so comfortable that he did not care to hurry off to another patient. Then a diversion was presently effected, when an inquiry was made for Michelle; she had not been seen since the early part of the afternoon. Some of the visitors went to look for her in the garden, wondering at her disappearance, for Michelle was not usually unsociable; others went out on the veranda. Lawrence was left virtually alone with Anne.

"It is so pleasant to be down stairs again," he said.

"You must not stay too long. You look tired already," said Anne maternally.

"I am not tired of being here."

"Your accident," said Anne, with a little hesitation, "must seem to you like a change; it prevents your feeling yourself too fortunate."

"On the contrary," he said, turning his handsome head so as to fix his dark eyes earnestly upon her, "I consider it the most fortunate thing that has happened to me yet."

She blushed, without knowing why, at something in his tone; and then said rebukingly: "Don't you wish to see Cairo? This is the best time of the year for the Nile, and you are wasting weeks of it. What a pity it is!"

"Let me contradict you for once, please. I don't care a bit to see Cairo. I am not wasting time; I am improving it. It is not a pity at all. Do you want so much to get rid of me? I know"—with sudden contrition—"that I am an awful nuisance to you."

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed Anne, horrified by this view of the matter. "How can you say so? When my uncle and aunt are so pleased to have you here!"

"And you—are you pleased?"

She was silent. Her eyes were cast down; her cheeks slightly flushed; her sweet curved lips a little tremulous.

"Give me some comfort," he murmured, in the caressing voice that was so pleasant to the ear. "It is Christmas day, and we are both in a strange land. Tell me that you do not mind my being here; that is all I ask. Anne, you promised to be my friend."

His hand sought hers. She let him hold it for a moment in his own, and then tried to speak, but the words that she would have liked to say refused to be uttered. He had never held her hand in his as he held it now. He had never called her by her Christian name before. So she was silent—struck dumb with amazement, fear, and a sort of soft, sweet shame that did not make her altogether miserable. Perhaps her silence told him more than she herself could know.

"Anne! dear Anne!"

"Michelle is nowhere to be found, mother," said Harold, stepping into the room by the other window. "She must have gone to look up Miss Fairfax or the Seaforths."

Had he seen anything? Anne had started away from Lawrence's side as soon as his step and voice made themselves heard at the window; but even Lawrence was taken aback, and did not recover himself for a moment. Harold's eyes seemed to twinkle and his mouth to twitch, but on the whole he preserved a laudable gravity, and spoke as if he had observed nothing unusual in their position.

Paul Eastlake had not joined in the search for Michelle through the garden walks or on the veranda. He knew her haunts better than that. He said a word or two in Mrs. Dumaresq's ear, then left the drawing room, and went through a maze of passages in the back portion of the house. Here was a little room with a stone floor, whitewashed walls, and a deal table and chair; a room with no particular name or function of its own, which was used as a play room for the children in summer, and at all times as a place where flowers might be arranged, photographs mounted, clay modeled, or any occupation pursued which was not compatible with entire neatness. Here, through the half-open door, he could see Michelle standing in front of a green fir tree in a flower pot—it had been imported for the occasion—rearranging strings of glittering balls, dolls, oranges and bags of sweets. With a slight smile upon his face, Eastlake stood and observed her for a minute or two before he spoke. She looked very pretty, he thought; not melancholy nor out of humor, as he had sometimes seen her.

He entered, and watched her for some minutes without speaking as she arranged her toys and fruit with wonderful swiftness and precision.

"What do you want?" she asked at last.

"May I help you?" he said, picking up an orange which had dropped to the floor.

"No."

He pulled out the ends of his mustache, adjusted a flower in his buttonhole, made playful thrusts at Michelle's setter with the toe of his boot, and looked at her from time to time with a gleam of merry mischievous meaning in his brown eyes that presently made a longer silence unendurable to her. She stood erect and looked at him indignantly. He became serious and attentive at once.

"Mr. Eastlake," she said, "do you want to help me or to hinder me?"

"Certainly to help you. I came—chiefly for that purpose. What can I do?"

"Well, first of all, don't stand there and tease poor Ponto. He can't bear it. It is horrible of you to do it. Secondly, cut off this branch for me. You must not break it; you must cut it; or you will shake down all the things."

"Have you a knife?" he asked.

She gave him a large buck-handled knife, which was quite strong enough to cut away the branch, as it was not a thick one; but just as he was finishing the operation, the knife closed with a sudden snap—not exactly over his fingers, but in such a way as to inflict a deep cut upon two of them.

"Halloo!" he said, snatching his hand away.

"Let me look," said Michelle, turning round with a suddenly frightened face.

He smiled and muffled his hand in his handkerchief. "It is nothing. Barbara will just put something round it," he said.

But she had caught sight of the stains upon the white cambric, and was off like the wind for assistance. Barbara, the nurse, a comely and capable Scotchwoman, came at once, and bathed and bound up the fingers as if they belonged to one of her children. Mr. Eastlake meanwhile protested that she took too much trouble, but was forced to submit because the bleeding broke out afresh when the bandage was removed. When this business was over he looked into Michelle's pale and somber face with a smile. She stood quite still for a moment, then threw up her hands before her face, and burst into an agony of tears.

CHAPTER X.

In another minute he had taken her into his arms. "Why, Miche," he said, "dear little Miche, don't cry in that way." She, sobbing, speechless, utterly absorbed in grief, allowed her face to rest against his shoulder, and one of her hands to grasp his arm with some unconscious energy. He did not understand her emotion—how should he?—he only knew that she had been wayward and ill-humored for five minutes, and was now repenting of her misdeeds in metaphorical dust and ashes.

"I was cross," said Michelle, dolefully. She raised her head from his arm and drew herself away. He did not detain her, but he let his hand rest upon her shoulder.

"Now that you are such a grown-up young lady," he said, lightly, "I did not know whether I might be allowed to offer you a Christmas present, but I asked Mrs. Dumaresq's permission and she gave it."

"Why not?" she said, her face brightening. "You always did before, and this morning I was quite disappointed. I thought you were very unkind, Paul."

He laughed. "I must make up for my delay. This year I am impartial; I have got a present for each of you—except for your father, and he likes to give presents so much better than to receive them, that I thought it would be only kindness to leave him out."

"And for me?"

"An ornament," he said, smiling.

She looked half indignant.

"Michelle," he said, gently, "I am not giving you a mere ornament. You know I had a sister once." She did not look up, but made a movement of assent with her lips. "She would now have been older than you if she had lived, but—I have told you before that you remind me of my little Alice."

Her face was beautiful in its tenderness. The soft gravity of the eyes she turned upon him made it easier for him to proceed.

"It is only a simple little thing that belonged to her, my dear. She used to wear it round her neck. It has lain in my desk a good many years since then. If you will take it and wear it sometimes, I shall be pleased. There, little sister."

He put an open box into her hands. It contained a silver cross; nothing remarkable in itself, only hallowed by association in Eastlake's eyes, and therefore in Michelle's eyes also. She looked at it with tenderness, almost with awe.

"I don't think I am good enough to wear her things," she said in a very low tone.

"She would have liked you to have it," he answered. Then, in a more ordinary tone, "I gave it to her on her fourteenth birthday. It came back to me two years later. I have had it seven years since then, so, you see, it is very old, Michelle. You will keep it, and wear it sometimes, for her sake, and mine, will you not?"

"Yes, Paul, I will. Thank you."

Something in the gentle self-restraint of her tone and manner touched him exceedingly. He bent down and gravely kissed her forehead; then was sorry that he had done so, for his kiss brought a sudden rush of warm carnation to her cheeks. She was vexed with herself also for blushing, and drew herself rather hurriedly away. A moment's silence—the first silence of embarrassment—fell between them.

She passed him with a brave smile, but there was some new consciousness in her shining eyes and in the hot color of her cheeks. Eastlake did not feel inclined to rejoin the company in the drawing room at once. He picked up some flowers from the table and absently laid them together in his hand. He was lost in thought.

Had he been unwise in showing Michelle such unwonted affection? He had shown no more than he really felt; but had he made her understand that it was the affection of a brother, not of a lover? He never would have put these questions to himself but for the fact of Michelle's vivid blush. Sisters do not usually blush in that way when brothers kiss them.

He sat himself down and considered the matter. He wanted to marry. He had been thinking of marrying for some time. He had formed a lofty ideal of the woman whom he would make his wife. "Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what color it pleases God." Such a woman was seldom met, and would be far above his deserts, of course; and yet—and yet—it seemed to him that he had found her—fair, wise and mild, as Benedict described her; and her name was—Anne Carteret.

It might be advisable soon to prepare Michelle's mind a little for the change in his mode of life. And yet he could not do that until he had spoken to Anne. He lost himself in reflection about her until it was time to dress for dinner.

(To be continued.)

New Japanese Postage-Stamps.

All persons interested in philately know that the Japanese Government has lately issued four new postage stamps. They are commemorative of the recent war with China, and bear portraits of Princes Arisugawa and Kitashirakawa, who died while it was in progress.

To Western collectors it may seem strange that with only two portraits there are four stamps. The probable explanation is that the postoffice department did not think it appropriate to honor one prince above the other by engraving his picture on a stamp of a higher denomination. Hence there are two two-sen stamps, one with Prince Arisugawa's portrait, the other with that of Prince Kitashirakawa; and two five-sen stamps similarly adorned.

Another difficulty has arisen from the use of these pictures. The reverence with which the Japanese regard the imperial family is well known. Several writers in the newspapers have accused the officials of showing disrespect to the dead princes. What an indignity it is that their portraits should be polluted with saliva and blurred over with post-marks. One man has given public notice that he will receive no mail matter that bears the new stamps. It is said that some postmasters have asked permission to put on the marks of cancellation in a way that will not deface the princely features.

If any extreme conservatives do so far conquer their prejudices as to use one of the new stamps, they will doubtless first raise it reverentially to their bowed heads, carefully moisten the back side with pure water, and then repeat some of the Shinto formulas as they carefully affix it to the envelope.

A Large Room.

The largest room in the world is in the imperial palace at St. Petersburg. It is 160 feet long by 150 wide.

FARMERS NOT ALONE.

THERE ARE OTHER VICTIMS OF THE GOLD STANDARD.

Holders of These Securities Have Their Interest Cut in Two—Under the Present Currency System They Will Lose $14,000,000 a Year.

Refunding of Railroad Bonds.

It is almost impossible to call attention to the events, the changes and developments that are taking place in the financial world without becoming amenable to the charge of "agitating" the money question, says the Atlanta Constitution. And yet agitation in any sense is, for various and sundry reasons, altogether foreign to our purpose. That purpose (which is in the nature of a duty) is to keep our readers as fully informed as possible in regard to some of the larger developments that are taking place, the details of which do not figure in any tangible way in the current news of the day as set forth in the dispatches from the great commercial centers.

Several years ago, and on many occasions since, the Constitution has called attention to the fact that the agricultural classes were not the only ones who would be called on to make sacrifices to the gold standard. In various articles we undertook to show that, in the end, the great financial interests represented in bonds and securities would be called on to surrender larger amounts of profits than the gold standard has withdrawn from the producing classes.

The process predicted—if a logical deduction can be called a prediction—has already begun, and its beginning has been marked by a transaction of such magnitude as to attract the attention of the financial world. This transaction is the refunding of the bonds of the Lake Shore Railway, amounting to $50,000,000, on a basis of 3½ per cent. It is not a question as to whether the investors—the holders of the bonds—are willing to have their interest fund practically cut in two. It is a question of accepting half or getting none. That is what the refunding scheme means. Financiers cover the scheme under the polite name of "refunding," but the transaction remains the same. The road says to its bondholders: "I can pay you 3½ per cent. interest. You will have to accept it or get none." The investors grunt and groan and growl, but they are compelled to accept. Their interest returns are cut in two.

Bradstreet's weekly publication refers at some length to this Lake Shore transaction and calls it "A Pivotal Movement in Finance." But it must be obvious to those who are familiar with the financial events of the past few years that the "pivotal movement" came when Mr. Cleveland, contrary to law and public policy, declared that the obligations of the Government are payable in gold alone. That was the "pivotal movement," and the cutting down of the interest fund of corporations, which has begun on so large a scale, is simply one of the many and far-reaching results.

It is an easy matter for editors whose opinions and views are molded entirely by their surroundings to mistake effect for cause. The Lake Shore transaction is just as "pivotal" as the stupendous fall in prices since 1892 has been—no more, no less. It is an announcement that the holders of the bonds of American corporations will hereafter be compelled to content themselves with half the rate of interest they have formerly received. Prices fell and the producers of the country have had to content themselves with less than one-half their former returns. The rate of interest has fallen and investors will have to endure the consequences.

All these things are the logical, the inevitable result of the currency system which these investors have caused to be established. When it is fully and firmly established (should that misfortune be in store for the country), the bondholders will discover that the producers of the country will not be the only ones to suffer. They will find that they have practically killed the goose that has been laying their golden eggs.

The Lake Shore transaction calls renewed attention to the fact that during the next four years twenty-nine railway systems of this country will have bonds maturing to a total par value of $223,000,000 in round numbers. The larger proportion of these bonds bear interest at 6 and 7 per cent. The total annual interest charge which the companies have to pay amounts to $14,500,000 in round numbers. Between 1901 and 1905 twenty-nine other roads will have maturing bonds to the amount of $262,000,000, on which the annual interest charge is not less than $16,000,000. In nine years, therefore, railroad bonds amounting to $500,000,000 and calling for annual payments of $30,700,000 will mature.

These bonds must be refunded at a lower rate of interest. If the reduction in the interest rate is as large as that of the Lake Shore operation, the holders of the bonds will have to lose about $14,000,000 a year. This, however, is a mere drop in the bucket compared with other changes and developments attendant upon our present currency system.

Party Above Everything.

Notice has been given out that the Republican organization will not continue the agitation of the issues of the past campaign. This announcement is in the interest of party prosperity. So far as the country is concerned, it makes little difference to professional politicians—that is, expert politicians. With them the question is merely one of success. If party prosperity could be attained by the cession of all States west of the mountains to Japan, the managers would favor it. If they could gain greater power for the party, they would cede the rest of the country to some other foreign power. Whether the measure is one of freedom or slavery, of prosperity or general poverty, it makes no difference to them.

Party stands above all, and they agitate or cease to agitate merely as party success seems to dictate.—Joliet News.

Distress in Chili.

Industrial prostration following the adoption of the single gold standard is not confined to the United States. Other debtor nations which have taken that unwise course are experiencing evils similar to those which now afflict us.

In the mass of news dispatches a few days ago was one which has probably not received the attention it merits. It was dated at Valparaiso the 21st ult., and read:

"Great distress prevails here and throughout Chili. There is a lack of orders, and nearly all manufacturers have closed their shops. Idle workingmen congregate in many of the towns and beg the authorities for employment to save themselves and their families from starvation. One thousand artisans of this city who are without work have appointed a delegation to visit the President at Santiago and present to him a memorial showing their desperate situation."

About a year ago Chili went to the single gold standard. At that time the fact was proclaimed as additional evidence of the progress of monometallism. Chili was lauded as the most progressive of all the South American republics, and the people of this country were assured that they should take the action of that Government as a guide for their own conduct. Probably the fact and the assertion had something to do with impressing some minds with the belief that gold was to become the universal standard.

All the progress and prosperity of Chili was attained in the years when silver had the largest place in her coinage. Her war of conquest with Peru and the immense fortunes realized by some of her people in consequence led to a demand for money of the highest power in the payment of debts. Besides this influence, British interests in Chili are many and powerful, and these contributed largely to forcing the action which has brought about the present deplorable conditions.

Chili is not as well prepared to withstand the prostrating effects of a gold standard as is the United States. What is continued hardship for us must soon result in ruin for Chili, unless her people revolt against the despotism of wealth. That they are quite likely to do.

Can't Fool the People All the Time.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat declares that if the silver issue should be resuscitated in 1900, the follies and falsehoods of 1896 would be repeated. No doubt this gold organ would repeat its falsehoods. Not only this, but it would invent some new ones. But it will find a good deal more difficulty in getting them believed. You can fool the people some of the time, but you can't fool them with the same humbug in two successive campaigns.

Populist Pointers.

That "wave of prosperity" hasn't "waved."

Yes, the sugar trust is charitable—to itself.

"Thou shalt not steal"—except by legal enactment.

Eight more national banks went Republican last week.

The people voted for hard times and got what they voted for.

Unless man owns the machine the machine will displace the man.

Those Republicans promises are just now way below the 53 cent limit.

The Belshazzars are having their feast now, but what of the future?

We have reached that stage where the dance of wealth may soon be the dance of death.

The strangest thing about the Democratic administration was the regular monthly treasury deficit.

The States have no constitutional right to issue money, then why should banks be granted that privilege.

Yes, the law of supply and demand controls prices, and the trusts control the "supply and demand." See?

Various uses have been made of compressed air, but it is seldom utilized by Congressmen in making speeches.

McKinley may not be a duck hunter, but before he gets through with the office hunters he will wish he was.

Mr. Hanna has refused to set a date for prosperity. Now, it is part of the business of an advance agent to arrange dates.

The dog has been taken out of the front yard, so that whenever prosperity feels like dropping in she will not be inmitidated.

There is a difference in surrender and arbitration. Americans do not care to submit their affairs to the will of an European king.

The grandeur of a nation should consist in the patriotism and moral greatness of its people. Riches alone do not constitute greatness.

The political promises made in 1896 were somewhat similar to those made in 1892, and the indications now are that they will be worth no more.

If the Republicans would meet the treasury deficit by a reduction of expenses instead of an increase of taxes they would be entitled to some credit.

Considering the fact that it is what they most earnestly desire, the gold organs are losing an almighty lot of sleep over what they call the rapid decimation of the free silver ranks.

The Cubans can't be hoodwinked by the promises of Spain; it is a matter of regret that the same cannot be said of the American people with regard to the promises of the politicians.

The Wonderful Kava-Kava Shrub.

A New Botanical Discovery.—Of Special Interest to Sufferers from Diseases of the Kidneys or Bladder, Rheumatism, etc.—A Blessing to Humanity.

A Free Gift of Great Value to You.

Our readers will be glad to know that the new botanical discovery, Alkavis, from the wonderful Kava-Kava shrub has proved an assured cure for all diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or by disordered action of the Kidneys or urinary organs. The Kava-Kava Shrub, or as botanists call it, *Piper Methysticum*, grows on the banks of the [illegible] river, East India, and probably was used for centuries by the natives before its extraordinary properties became known to civilization through Christian missionaries. In this respect it resembles the discovery of quinine from the peruvian bark, made known by the Indians to the early Jesuit missionaries in South America, and by them brought to civilized man. It is a wonderful discovery, with a record of 1200 hospital cures in 30 days. It acts directly upon the blood and kidneys, and is a true specific, just as quinine is in malaria. We have the strongest testimony of many ministers of the gospel, well-known doctors and business men cured by Alkavis, when all other remedies had failed.

THE KAVA-KAVA SHRUB (*Piper Methysticum.*)

In the New York *Weekly World* of Sept. 10th, the testimony of Rev. W. B. Moore, D. D., of Washington, D. C. was given, describing his years of suffering from Kidney disease and Rheumatism, and his rapid cure by Alkavis. Rev. Thomas Smith, the Methodist minister at Cobden, Illinois, passed nearly one hundred gravel stones after two weeks' use of Alkavis. Rev. John H. Watson, of Sunset, Texas, a minister of the gospel of thirty years' service, was struck down at his post of duty by Kidney disease. After hovering between life and death two months, and all his doctors having failed, he took Alkavis, and was completely restored to health and strength, and is fulfilling his duties as minister of the gospel. Mr. R. C. Wood, an eminent attorney of Lowell, Indiana, was cured of Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder disease of ten years standing, by Alkavis. Mr. Wood describes himself as being in constant misery, often compelled to rise ten times during the night on account of weakness of the bladder. He was treated by all his home physicians without the least benefit and finally completely cured in a few weeks by Alkavis. The testimony is undoubted and really wonderful. Mrs. James Young, of Kent, Ohio, writes that she had tried six doctors in vain, that she was about to give up in despair, when she found Alkavis and was promptly cured of kidney disease and restored to health. Many other ladies also testify to the wonderful curative powers of Alkavis in the various disorders peculiar to womanhood.

So far the Church Kidney Cure Company, No. 410 Fourth Avenue, New York, are the only importers of this new remedy, and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of this paper who is a Sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affection due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all Sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. It is sent to you entirely free, to prove its wonderful curative powers.

Empress Dislikes the Wheel.

Princess Frederick Leopold of Prussia, who began bicycling secretly, has been forbidden to continue so doing by the German Empress, on the ground that it is not ladylike. Her majesty has conceived a violent dislike for bicycling, and has prevailed upon the Emperor to discontinue the practice.

No-to-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed. 50c and $1, all druggists.

Won the Cup.

"What are these cups for?" asked a well-dressed man of a jeweler, pointing to some elegant silver cups on the counter.

"These are race cups, to be given as prizes."

"If that's so, suppose you and I race for one?" And the stranger, with the cup in hand, started, the jeweler after him. The stranger won the cup.—Pick Me Up.

JUST try a 10c box of Cascarets, candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made.

No Fixed Rule.

"You cawn't set down no fixed rule o' conduct in this life," said old Wiggins. "Samson got into trouble 'cause he got 'is hair cut, an' Absalom got into trouble 'cause he didn't."

Spring Humors

Those unsightly eruptions, painful boils, annoying pimples and other affections, which appear so generally at this season, make the use of that grand Spring Medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla, a necessity. The accumulated impurities in the blood cause very different symptoms with some people. The kidneys, liver and bowels are overmatched in their efforts to relieve the clogged system. Dizzy headaches, bilious attacks, failure of appetite, coated tongue, lame back, indigestion and that tired feeling are some results.

From the same cause may also come scrofula, neuralgia, sciatia or rheumatism.

All these troubles and more may properly be called "Spring Humors," and just as there is one cause, a cure is found in just one remedy, and that is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the impure blood, enriches blood which is weak and thin, vitalizes blood which lacks vitality. Thus it reaches every part of the human system.

For your Spring Medicine—to prevent or cure Spring Humors, take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.