

HAS NEVER ONCE FAILED. Paine's Celery Compound Gave Mrs. Porter Back Her Strength.



These sharp, raw, capricious days of February are blamed for much sickness that is simply the direct result of nervous weakness. Perfect health will keep one above any depressing influence from the weather. Pure, richer blood and better fed nervous tissues will make people feel well even in February.

MISER MORGAN.

"It's an inexcusable thing, I know," said Lord St. Ronan, "to dine with a man and then take advantage of his hospitality to pester him for a check, but then again, you see, if one does ask, one don't get, and unless a few more subscribers come forward to help us out with the funds of the institution that I was telling you about, I believe we shall wind up the whole concern. So I'm venturing to appeal to one or two rich men, like yourself, Denison

of compunction as he thought of bygone years and bygone encounters. But what would you have? We grow old, we repent too late of our past follies, we see those who have inherited our temperaments preparing to follow our evil example, and we can but use such methods as experience has suggested to us to save them from themselves. Pleading and preaching are useless; swift, sharp punishment is the only argument to which young blood will yield; he who holds the reins and the whip must use both, or else he may as well throw away. So, at least, Mr. Morgan, who had himself been a spoiled child, had believed, and upon that principle he had acted. By renouncing all save the bare necessities of life, he had contrived to send his son to Eton and Oxford; but he had never been tender with the boy, he had kept him upon a ridiculously insufficient allowance of pocket-money, and had sternly forbidden him under any circumstances to owe a penny to a tradesman. Perhaps it was scarcely to be wondered at that bills had been surreptitiously incurred, that pay-day had come, and that Dick had been packed off to seek his living in a distant colony, with the memory of a paternal rebuke somewhat more severe than his duplicity and extravagance had merited. But then Mr. Morgan had intended all along to make atonement—his life, indeed, ever since Dick's early childhood, had been one long atonement for the self-indulgence which had deprived him of his son's home and, if, upon occasion, he had seemed to be unbending and unsympathetic, that had been only because he knew better than anybody what is apt to be the result of misplaced leniency.

All this, and a good deal more, he explained in the letter which it took him a full hour to write, and which begged his dear boy to return to Eton and Oxford, and to be as good as his word, and to be as good as his word, and to be as good as his word. For some days after the notable departure from his customs which has been recorded, the habits of the club to which Miser Morgan belonged watched him as the islanders of Melita watched St. Paul, but the curiosity which he had excited in the minds of the many friends for which Mr. Morgan had lost all taste, a cigar is not necessarily good because it costs a shilling, and to the comments and opinions of his acquaintances he was utterly indifferent. He made no change in his manner of life, he desired a reply from South Africa, and for that he must needs wait, he knew not how many weeks. It was without the smallest expectation that it would contain anything of personal interest to him that he picked up the newspaper which he had bought at the morning, and read the following paragraph, which chanced to catch his eye:

to you, only—well, to speak the truth, I believe he was a bit afraid of you. He foresaw that you would be opposed to his marriage, and his idea was that he would have a rather better chance of overcoming your opposition by word of mouth than by letter. "I see. An agreeable surprise that you were all kind enough to prepare for me. Well, we have had a surprise, but it hasn't exactly been an agreeable one." Mr. Leighton shook his head sorrowfully. He had not expected to be too well received by that hard-hearted old Morgan, and himself being a worthy creature, he took no umbrage. After a pause he remarked: "Poor Dick! such a shocking bad business—for poor Flo." "She will get over it," said Mr. Morgan, dryly. "At her age people get over things." "Not always, I'm afraid; though, of course, that is what one must hope for. Anyhow, you can understand that it is very hard for her mother and me to see her looking so unhappy, and that we naturally wish to gratify any whim of hers that it is in our power to gratify." A curt nod of the head signified that Mr. Morgan was able to understand that, and his visitor, thus encouraged, proceeded to say: "It would be a kindness, and I believe it might even be good for you, too, to look her up one of these afternoons. She is very anxious to have a talk with you, and—"

THAT TOBACCO COUGH. Smoke and chew, hawk and spit! Throat's always irritated, consumption easily started. Then comes pain, bloodless inflammation, glittering, less and ever nervous movement of hands and feet. NO-TO-BAC is a specific for tobacco throat even if you don't want a cure. Take a NO-TO-BAC tablet now and then. What a relief in my pocket. "Well, you have succeeded there, too. But what can I do—what can anyone do, now that it is all over?" "You sometimes talk to me and let me talk to you about him," she answered. "You have nobody else to whom you can talk about him, nor have I, for although my parents are as kind as possible, of course they only liked him—he was really nothing to them. And I thought that you might feel as I do, that pain is harder to bear when one can't speak of it." Mr. Morgan was by no means sure that he felt in that way, but he was touched and grateful. It struck him, too, that the poor girl must have been very unhappy before it had occurred to her to seek a confidant in a sour, retired old man upon whose good will she had little reason to count. So he told her what he had told no one else, how his dream had been to restore Dick to his rightful position at Ridge End, how nearly that dream had approached fulfillment, and how he had actually written to recall the wanderer, who, had he but known it, was then lying deep under the Atlantic waves, beyond all reach of recall. Perhaps it was some slight comfort to him to relate these things. Certainly it was a comfort to listen to what Flo had to relate in return, and to be assured that poor Dick had always loved him. This forlorn and oddly matched couple spent upward of half an hour together, and at the end of their interview each had conceived an affection for the other which seemed likely to endure as long as their joint lives. When Mr. Morgan got up to go away he raised the girl's hand to his lips, saying: "You have been very good to me. I will come again soon, if I may. For some little time, at all events, I shall not be afraid of wearing you with my senile chatter." "There is one subject which can never weary either of us," she replied, with conviction. But she was very young and her fellow-sufferer was very old. It would be a monstrous and against nature that she should continue grieving all her days. Life lay before her, whereas it lay behind a worn-out septuagenarian. It stood to reason that she would marry some day and forget this early disaster. So Mr. Morgan said to himself after he had returned to his lodgings, and when, as was not surprising, he began to be sensible of some reaction from his unwonted indulgence in sentiment. To tell the truth, he had been thinking that he would make a will, bequeathing Ridge End to Flo Leighton, instead of letting the place go to the distant kinship that Dick, in the event of his dying intestate, would inherit all that he possessed; but there arose before him a vision of Flo's future husband—some Brown, Jones or Robinson, who would entertain his low-bred friends at Dick's table and shoot partridges and pheasants that Dick ought to have shot—a vision all the more repulsive because it was almost sure to come true. And then, as one ugly thought is very apt to introduce another, it crossed his mind that the girl's advances might not have been wholly disinterested. He was sensible of harboring such suspicions, but he could not help himself. He had seen so much of the baser side of our complicated nature, and he knew so well that absolute singleness of purpose is a very rare masculine and a far more rare feminine trait. "Not that I care," he muttered, "why should I bother myself about what will happen after I am dead and gone? All the same, I don't feel much inclined to leave the old place to strangers, and if she was thinking of that—as I dare hardly think of that—well, and what was she to do? She must prepare herself for a disappointment." He forgot that Miss Leighton could hardly have been actuated by motives of that nature, since she had not been aware that she had regained possession of her estate until he told her. Many fractious children, and not a few grown-up persons, are wont to put forward imaginary grievances for the sake of being contradicted and comforted; but there was nobody to contradict old Miser Morgan, to whom at that moment his memory unpleasantly recalled a secret to him, chanced to recur and brought a bitter smile to his lip. "Miser Morgan, do they call me—miserrimus would be nearer the mark! I have heaped up riches and I cannot tell who will gather them. Only I know who will not, and I know that his motives were not quite what you think. At all events, you will see that he longed to be friends with you again, and to make some amends for the distress and expense to which you were put through him." Mr. Morgan took, with some hesitation, the bundle of closely written sheets extended to him. "These letters are not addressed to me," said he; "and—and they are love letters, I suppose. I am not sure that I ought to look at them." "But they belong to me, and I wish you to look at them," the girl returned. "Unless you do, you will never know what Dick's feelings were. Besides," she added, with a touch of pride, "I am not ashamed of anything that he has ever written to me." She had no reason to be so, either on her own account or on that of her correspondent. That much the old man to whom it had pleased her to deliver these ardent epistles from an exiled lover soon perceived. Love letters, of course, they were, and he did not do more than glance at such portions of them as resembled all love letters. What interested him—and had doubtless been intended to interest himself—were the frequent references to himself and the evidence which these afforded of his dead boy's affection. It was an astonishing yet indisputable fact, that Dick had done him justice, and more than justice. "The Governor passes for being a hard man, but I can tell you that he is harder upon himself than he is upon anybody else. Why, I believe he actually kept himself short of meat and drink to pay for his education! You wouldn't call him ungrateful if you knew him as well as I do. He'll forgive me when I can show him some substantial proof that I have turned over a new leaf. Until then the best thing that I can do is to hold my tongue." And again: "I am not going to write to the dear old chap. I want to give myself the treat of walking into his room some fine afternoon and putting all the money that he has had to pay for me into his hand. Then I shall tell him how much I have already forgiven to England, and then—well, then, I hope, he will come round with me and say something pleasant to his daughter-in-law. He could hardly be expected to say anything pleasant when he first heard of our en-