

LAFFITTE of LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON
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CHAPTER V.

It was the afternoon of the fourth day when Jean, fearing lest Laro might come to seek him, and thinking that perhaps Greloire also would be coming, decided to go to Le Chien Heureux, Pierre having already gone out to see some of his military friends. The air was crisp, and Jean, walking rapidly, was turning the corner of the street leading down to the inn, when he saw Laro approaching.

"Ha, runaway!" the latter called out, a smile lighting his dark face. "I was just coming to see you. I put to sea this night."

Jean started and stared.

"Aye; this very night with the 'Aigle' set sail for Louisiana," continued Laro. "Would you not like to go with me—and Pierre? I will take both, if you but say the word."

Jean's cheeks were filled with sudden color, and his eyes sparkled with excitement. But this all passed away as he said slyly, "Aye, I would like to go; but—"

"Then it is but for you to come," urged the tempter.

Jean paid no heed to this, but inquired, "Why are you going in such haste?"

"Well," replied Laro, lowering his tone. "There is in the city a certain wealthy royalist who has fled from Paris with his daughter Roselle, a most beautiful demoiseille of eighteen. He and a few others have made it worth my while to carry them to Louisiana, where they will seek new homes."

"Come, lad," he added coaxingly; "make a run of it, and come with me over seas. Come with me, I say, and you'll reap more gold in shorter time than did ever an aristocrat of France."

"Not on this trip, Laro," replied Jean, calmly, but with unmistakable firmness. "You have said you would



"I will give you this ring of mine."

be coming and going; so some day I will turn my back upon France and go with you."

"Well, well; be it so, then," said Laro, although with evident reluctance. "But you'll not speak to any one of our sailing to-night?"

"Nay—not I. Why should I?" asked Jean, as he opened the door. "I'll see you again before sailing-time."

Jean walked slowly along the streets, seeing nothing for a time. He was going toward home, and had almost reached the narrow street upon which stood Margot's cottage, when he saw approaching that which sent his dreams flying, and with them all thoughts of Laro and Louisiana. It was Greloire, who appeared to have seen him at the same moment; for he paused, as if waiting for the boy to come near.

"Tell me—have you seen him? What said he?" Jean demanded, before he had gone half a dozen steps.

"Never mind whether or not I have seen him," replied Greloire, rather slowly. "Let it suffice that he knows of my having met with you, and of your anxiety to see him. But he bids you, with his love, to stop at home for the present. Wait quietly here, as he asks of you, and you will be sure to see him in a short time."

"See him—here?" exclaimed the boy. "I cannot tell you that; only wait, and you shall see. He was not pleased that I ever thought to encourage your leaving the city; and so you must promise not to attempt it."

A rebellious light shone for a moment in the dark eyes turned to meet the soldier's stern look. Then it was gone, and Jean answered with a deep sigh, "Yes; I will do as he wishes."

It lacked but a few minutes of eight o'clock, and the neighborhood of Le Chien Heureux was unwontedly quiet. Inside, however, there was the usual gathering of soldiers and citizens.

Laro was not in the room with the other customers; and Jean, upon inquiring for him, was told in a low tone by Thiel that the captain was in his own apartment.

He then invited Jean to follow him, and, after bidding Pierre wait where he was, and to open the door to no one, he led the way to the passage.

Kindly See Well Rewarded.
Mrs. C. Durga of Bethel, Vt., has received \$20,000 of the will of Alfred Burt of Liverpool, England, almost a total stranger. A few years ago, while Mr. Burt was visiting in Bethel, Mrs. Durga did some writing for him and would take no pay. She had not heard from him since.

Sure of Man's Decent from Apes.
Prof. Ernest Haeckel, in a recent lecture in Berlin, stated that, in his opinion, it is absolutely certain that man is descended from apes.

Dropping on his knees, he grasped a ring, and a square of the apparently solid wall rolled up with a grateful noise until it was level with his head, as he still knelt; and a rush stirred the short locks on Jean's forehead, as he stared with wonder-filled eyes into the dark opening that gaped before them.

A minute later the boy's eyes were nearly blinded, as he followed his companion into a cave-like room, with a floor of rock, which was also the material of its ceiling and walls. It was furnished but scantily; and around a table at the farther side were several men, while somewhat apart from them sat two women.

As Thiel entered, with Jean close behind him, the men ceased talking, and stared with evident displeasure at the boys—all except Laro, who called out, "Aha, my young mate, is it thyself? Welcome, my sea-gull!"

He put out an inviting hand; then, as the lad came to his side, he said, turning to a slenderly built man of middle age seated next him, with an elbow on the table and a hand supporting his cheek, "Count de Cazeaux, permit me to present to you my young friend, Jean Laffitte, who is some day to be my mate, and who is as dear to me as an own son."

The count did not change his position, but stared moodily at the handsome boy while murmuring a courteous acknowledgment of his presence. As for Jean, he scarcely heard the words, so engrossed had his senses become with the beautiful face confronting him from the other corner of the room.

The young lady was looking at him; and from her clear blue eyes there flashed a smile that opened the red lips to show two rows of little pearly teeth, as she said in a voice whose sweetness held yet a note of

command, "Come over here, pretty boy, and talk to me. I was feeling lonesome in this dreadful place, and if the sight of you is so pleasant, what may not your words do to cheer me?" And she smiled again.

He knew her to be the count's daughter, of whom Laro had spoken; and he felt a still more poignant regret that he was not to sail in the "Aigle" that night.

"Have you been long in Toulon?" Jean inquired, somewhat at a loss what to say, and yet longing to manifest his sympathy for so lovely a being.

"Since last summer," she answered; and bent toward him as from a sudden impulse while she said, "Did you ever meet people who were strangers to you, and yet who from the moment you looked into their faces seemed otherwise?"

She had laid a hand upon his shoulder, and a puzzled expression showed in his face as he looked into her earnest eyes. But this gave way to a half-mischiefous but wholly winning smile as he replied, with a gallantry hardly to have been expected in a lad of his age, "Never—until this moment."

She laughed, and drew her hand away, the wild-rose color deepening in her cheeks.

The smile was gone as she said, speaking in so low a tone that he scarcely caught her words, "Is he related to you—this Laro?"

"Oh, no, ma'm'selle," he whispered; "I have known him only a few weeks."

"And do you like him?"

She—perhaps unconsciously—raised her voice a little; and the gravity of its tone, coupled with that which showed in her face, caused Jean to stare at her with surprise.

She leaned forward until her face was close to his own.

"Jean Laffitte," she said slowly and distinctly. "I never had a brother; but if I could have one, I would wish him to be like you. I should not like it that you grew to be a man such as I feel this Laro must be."

Again Jean was slow in thinking what to say; and all he did was to look into her lovely face—into the lustrous eyes fixed so intently upon him.

"You may forget me, Jean," she resumed, as he did not speak; but I shall hope not. Yet, for fear I may

command, "Come over here, pretty boy, and talk to me. I was feeling lonesome in this dreadful place, and if the sight of you is so pleasant, what may not your words do to cheer me?" And she smiled again.

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slip from your memory. I will give you this ring of mine," and she drew one from her finger. "I wish you to wear it, and to think it says always, 'Roselle de Cazeaux gave me to you; and she will always pray for you; that you may be a gallant gentleman, loyal to what is true and right.' Will you have the ring say this to you?"

Her words touched deeply the boy's chivalric, impulsive nature; and bending over the hand that proffered the ring, he pressed his lips to the jeweled fingers.

"Thank you," he said, as, now with a smile, she slipped the little circlet upon the fourth finger of his left hand; and the touch of her own warm and gentle, sent a thrill of delight through his young veins.

"I shall never forget you," he declared, looking up into her face; "and no matter what or where I may be, you and yours will always have my love and service."

"It is now my turn to thank you," she said; "for"—and a far-seeing look chased the smile from her eyes—"who shall say but that I or mine may call upon you to make good your promise?"

Before he could reply, they were interrupted by the entrance of Laro, with Thiel close behind him; and following the two was Pierre, who with open eyes and mouth stared about him wondering.

Laro gave his orders hastily, but clearly, after which he turned to Pierre, who stood near him.

"Good night, my boy; I am sorry you are not to go with me, for I would like greatly to have your stout heart and strong arm aboard the 'Aigle.' You will come with me next time?" laying his hand on the boy's shoulder.

Jean remained silent, standing with lowered eyes, while the bell jangled a second time.

"I'll be in this port again within two years," added Laro, "and then I am sure you will be ready to come with me. Until then, dear lad, good night." And he moved away, motioning for the others to follow.

"Good night, Jean, and adieu," said Roselle, as she was about to pass him. "Do not forget me, nor what I have said to you."

She was gone, leaving the boy standing mute, sensible of the odor of violets, and regretting ruefully his inability to have acknowledged her gracious farewell. But the sound of Thiel's voice soon aroused him from his self-reproachings.

"Come," the landlord said sharply—"come with me."

The hooks of a rope ladder were soon fastened into two iron rings bolted to the rock. A coil of rope was then put through the opening, and lowered carefully, until Laro, who kept a hand upon it, felt it grow taut with a pull from below.

"Good night again, boy; my heart is sorry to leave thee behind," he said to Jean, who was close to him. "Good by, again, and good luck!"

He had, while speaking, stepped through the opening, and, as the farewell came from his lips—disappeared down the ladder.

Ropes were fastened under the arms of the young girl and of her maid. One of the count's friends followed Laro; then the maid after him; next the count himself, and then his daughter, the two remaining gentlemen going last of all.

There was no sign of fighting when Jean and Pierre left Le Chien Heureux that night; and the rough and the rising wind was all that broke the silence.

"Next time I will surely go," Jean said to himself, as he and Pierre, after putting out the light which Margot had left for them, took off their shoes and crept softly upstairs to their respective bedrooms. "Laro said he would return within two years; and in two years I shall be larger, and she will not call me a boy. I will go, and I will find her."

(To be continued.)

An Insult to the Cook.
"We had just engaged a new cook," said the young man. "I was going out, and as lots of little things were lying around in my room, I locked the door. Imagine my surprise when I returned to be greeted in the hall by a veritable fury impersonated by this same newly-arrived cook. She hurled all manner of violent language at me, and, surprised as I was, and incoherent as she was, I managed to make out that she had been accused of being a thief."

Why she felt so bad about it was the puzzle. "Why do you lock your door?" she howled. Of course, that explained it all, and so, very gently, I asked her how she had known it was locked. She was only silent a moment in order to think up an answer. "I wanted a needle, and so I went up—she was saying, when I interrupted with: 'But that was quite wrong.' I was just about to send in an alarm when my husband came home. He said the rest. We dined out."—Philadelphia Record.

Respect for Age in Japan.
In Japan there is no such thing as disrespect from youth to age. No Japanese boy or girl could ever think in a light or disrespectful manner of his or her superiors or teachers; and this may account for the earnestness so unusual among young children. When a student enters a master's presence in Japan he bows to the floor, and when the lesson is finished he bows again, with expressions of the deepest gratitude, as he takes his departure. The teacher, sitting in most cases upon his feet on the floor, gravely returns each salutation, then lights his little pipe and waits for his next class. There is no hurrying of masters from room to room, as in some of the schools in our enlightened land.

Lord Roberts to Visit America.
Lord Roberts, the famous British army officer, will visit this country some time next fall. He has announced his intention to his old friend, Col. W. Gordon McCabe of Richmond, Va., who is accustomed to spend a good portion of his time in London.

Greatest Russian Journalist.
Alexis Sergeevitch Suwonin, editor of the Novoye Vremya, now 70, has been for years the greatest figure in the Russian journalistic world.

Taft to Deliver Address.
Secretary Taft will this year deliver the commencement address at Miami University.

FOIBLES OF FASHION

There's "Airiness" in Coats.
A very light weight supple moire is being exploited by some of the French coatmakers, and often with admirable results. In a delicate pearl gray, inset with lace dyed to match, and in a design of huge grape clusters, and trimmed with soft frills of yellowish alencon, this new moire made a most delectable fowing three-quarter coat.

The new supple tulle, too, has been taken up enthusiastically by cloak-makers, but taffeta still holds the first place.

Mousseline, chiffon cloth, and net are perishable materials for the wrap, but, perhaps for that very reason have for some time past been popular with the women who do not count dollars in their pursuit of modish elegance. Models in these sheer stuffs are lovelier than ever, and the flowered mousselines and chiffons so wonderful in design and coloring are often utilized by the artist in coats.

The New Slipper.
Perhaps there is no better illustration of how carefully the smart girl considers every little detail of her dress than the new slipper which the girl with the large foot is wearing. She scorns all the gay colored, brilliantly embroidered evening slippers, and wears instead a plain black satin slipper which fits the foot very snugly, has a medium high French heel, and an exceptionally large black satin or black velvet bow in front which really has a remarkable way of apparently reducing the size of the foot.

Useful Gown.
Navy Serge, most serviceable of materials, makes this gown, with touches of white and red to smarten up the coat, and triple rows of fancy buttons as a finish.



Silk Shirt Waist Suits.
Silk shirt waist suits have changed a good deal since last year, and half of them have the chemisette in one form or other; the little round and square necks are most popular, although surplice styles make V shapes of the tuckers. Circular founces have come in again, after circular skirts, and prove an attractive way of getting a graceful little extra fullness about the skirt from the knees down, without accentuating fullness further up on the skirt. The same skirts often show tucks running up and down on each side of the front and of the back, giving a sort of panel effect that is very good. With this skirt the shirt waist should be tucked down front and back like the skirt, carrying out the panel effect. Leave the shoulders plain, and put stitched bands of the material in a broken line to define a deep yoke and about the tiny square neck. The yoke and cuffs may be made separate or attached.

Three-Founce Skirts.
Three-founce skirts have swept back into form—the kind where the deep founces make up the whole skirt. The top founce is tucked to fit closely over the hips, and the other two founces filled on. Those circular ruffles make attractive three-founce suits—almost prettier than the full founces and more becoming to a stouter figure. Shaped circular founces—come for setting on petticoat foundations of soft white stuff or of silk. The founces are made of sheer lawns and limes, embroidered elaborately or simply, according to purse and taste.

For the Dust Cloak.
For midsummer wear, when a wrap is worn more for protection from dust than for warmth, the pongee and silk coats are by far the best, and fashion has pronounced in favor of light rather than dark colors. Tan, gray, all pale colors and white—an ivory white—are thought far better than the dark blues and blacks that at first were thought the more practical. Fortunately common sense does play a prominent part in fashions nowadays, and when, as in this instance, it is discovered by actual test that light colors are best, as they shed the dust, then light colors are worn by the majority. The blues and reds in bright shades are very smart also, but these colors require to be carefully chosen or they will be too conspicuous.

New Styles in Mohairs.
Mohairs have come out in the prettiest of pastel checks, and mohairs have no end of wear in them. They make the most satisfactory traveling suits and dresses imaginable. Chiffon-taffeta, in the tiny broken checks and hair lines, copied from old-time silks, makes up exquisite suits. Regulation shepherd's checks, and, of all, the shadow checks, are strong-

er than ever. In wash stuffs linen laces, and by the way, those dark plaid gingham, make stunning suits, relieved from too somber a style by chemisettes, and a hundred other materials are used, trimmed or plain. The broderie Anglaise suits are stunning, and the embroidered ones, and a severe little kind of plain suit that is just coming in—more mannish as to style, yet anything but masculine. Only a few have been made yet, but they're too fascinating not to be repeated.

The Newest Colors.
Pervenche, a delicate lilac tinted with blue, smoky brown and raspberry are some of the smart new shades of the moment. It would appear that the kitchen garden had been closely observed by the dyers of the day, for gooseberry and ivy, two good shades of green, are the favorite ones of the moment. There are still some exquisite sequined robes (old favorites never to be dismissed) to mention, one shining mother-of-pearl disc, and another with paillettes that gleam like tempered steel and look lovely over billowing masses of gray blue tulle. Since the other night at a very smart restaurant was a brown gown covered with nut-brown sequins. Brown is only rarely used for an evening dress, but it is certainly very effective when worn, as it was in this case, by a blonde whose hair answered perfectly to the French tint centre.

"Le Dernier Cri" in White.
Burlingham silk is making some of the most approved coat and skirt costumes. Gloves with open embroidery up the back, showing contrasting kid beneath, are new.

Tan shoes, tan gloves and a brown hat give most any dress an air of completeness.

Newest in Coiffures.
Fringes—as known in the nineteenth century—are now things of the past. Smart women wear a light, straight rouleau of hair on their foreheads, or wave the hair into an artistic frame for their faces, with one or two soft curls to break any hardness in the outline. And sometimes one curl is worn drawn to a point in the middle of the forehead. A few women, tall and with long, swanlike necks, dress their hair low, with a loose knot in the nape of the neck.

Yorkshire Pudding.
One pint of milk, two-thirds of a cupful of flour, three eggs and one scant teaspoonful of salt will be needed.

Beat the eggs very light. Add salt and milk and pour about half a cupful of the mixture upon the flour. When perfectly smooth add the remainder. This makes a small pudding—about enough for six persons. When the roasting beef is almost ready let the pudding bake in the oven for half an hour. Then cut in squares and place it on the platter under the squares and place it on the platter under the meat to catch the dripping.

Orange Sherbet.
Put a tablespoonful of gelatine in a little cold water to soften, and then pour over one cupful of boiling water to dissolve it. Turn all into a dish with the juice of ten large oranges, and add two breakfast cupfuls of sugar and three of water. If there is a tendency to insipidity, add the juice of a lemon, also of a pineapple, if desired.

Cheese Canapes.
Cut stale bread half an inch thick into crescent shapes. Dip each piece into melted butter, roll in grated parmesan cheese, and cover one side of the bread with grated cheese and chopped ham, mixed in equal parts. Set the canapes in the oven, brown lightly and serve.

Soaking prints in salt water before washing fastens the colors.

Ink stains on linen should be soaked out in milk and the sooner this is done the better, for, though wet ink comes out readily, it takes a good deal of soaking to remove it if it has been allowed to dry in.

Never neglect small repairs—a stitch in time saves not only nine, but ninety! Don't let buttons hang by

With the Housewife

AIDS TO HOME SEWING

BLOUSE OR SHIRTWAIST.
Plain shirtwaists are always in demand, and always fill a need. This one shows the new sleeves, that are full at the shoulders, and includes a wide box plait at the center front. The model is made of Russian blue

CHILD'S TUCKED FROCK.
Wee tots are always charming in frocks of dainty material simply made. The very pretty little model shown is tucked to form a yoke, and can be finished plain or with the bertha as preferred. The original is made of fine nanook, with trimming of embroidery, but all fabrics used for the dresses of little children are appropriate. With the bertha the frock be comes suited to dress occasions; without it is adapted to the hours of play and to simpler materials.

The dress consists of front and back, the tucks forming the yoke, with full sleeves that are tucked above the elbows in conformity with the latest style. The bertha is circular, and as

sicilian mohair, stitched with corticell silk, and is worn with a belt and tie of black taffeta. All waisting materials are, however, equally appropriate, the many mercerized cottons as well as wool and silk.

The waist consists of the fitted lining, which is optional, fronts and back. The back is plain across the shoulders, drawn down in gathers at the waistline, but the fronts are gathered at their upper edges also, so forming becoming folds. The sleeves are in shirt style, gathered into straight cuffs, and at the neck is a regulation stock.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 2 3/4 yards 21 inches wide, 3 1/2 yards 27 inches wide, or 2 yards 44 inches wide.

their last thread, darn small holes never wear dirty linen or tumbled lace, brush off mud, and bind frayed skirts.

After washing, silk lace should be allowed to lie for half an hour in a little warm milk, to which a very little gum water has been added. Then squeeze nearly dry and iron on the wrong side on a board covered with several thicknesses of clean flannel.

Several of the newest ideas are here expressed: The tunic fashion of the skirt, leaving a flat front; the deep point to the corsage, and the elbow sleeve with the turned-up gauntlet cuff. The material is white cloth, and the collar and cuffs are embroidered linen.

Put a tablespoonful of gelatine in a little cold water to soften, and then pour over one cupful of boiling water to dissolve it. Turn all into a dish with the juice of ten large oranges, and add two breakfast cupfuls of sugar and three of water. If there is a tendency to insipidity, add the juice of a lemon, also of a pineapple, if desired.

Cut stale bread half an inch thick into crescent shapes. Dip each piece into melted butter, roll in grated parmesan cheese, and cover one side of the bread with grated cheese and chopped ham, mixed in equal parts. Set the canapes in the oven, brown lightly and serve.

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The quantity of material required for the medium size (2 years) is 3 yards 27 inches wide, 3 1/2 yards 32 inches wide, or 2 yards 44 inches wide, with 5 1/2 yards of embroidery to trim as illustrated in the medium size.

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ATAXIA IS CURABLE

REPORTED CURE STANDS TEST OF FULL INVESTIGATION.

A Former Victim of Locomotor Ataxia Now Free from Suffering and Actively at Work.

"Yes," said Mr. Watkins to a reporter, "it is true that I have been cured of ataxia by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"Are you sure you had locomotor ataxia?"

"The doctors themselves told me so. Besides I recognized the symptoms."

"What were they?"

"Well, the first indications were a stiffness about the knee joints that came on about four years ago. A few months after that appeared, my walk got to be uncertain, shaky-like. I lost confidence in my power to control the movements of my legs. Once, when I was in the cellar, I started to pick up two scuttles of coal, and my legs gave way suddenly, and I tumbled all in a heap in a basket. I couldn't close my eyes and keep my balance to save my life. Then I had fearful pains over my whole body and I lost control over my kidneys and my bowels."

"How about your general health?"

"Sometimes I was so weak that I had to keep my bed and my weight fell off twenty pounds. Things looked pretty bad for me until I ran across a young man who had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and who advised me to try them."

"Did these pills help you rightaway?"

"I didn't see much improvement until I had used six boxes. The first benefit I noticed was a better circulation and a picking up in strength and weight. I gradually got confidence in my ability to direct the movements of my legs, and in the course of seven or eight months all the troubles had disappeared."

"Do you regard yourself as entirely well now?"

"I do the work of a well man at any rate. I can close my eyes and stand up all right and move about the same as other men. The pains are all gone except an occasional twitch in the calves of my legs."

Mr. James H. Watkins resides at No. 72 Westerlo street, Albany, N. Y. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be obtained at any drug store. They should be used as soon as the first signs of locomotor ataxia appear in a peculiar numbness of the feet.

The magistrate with steely eyes gazed on the man below, who trembled as he realized that justice was the foe: "Pray let me go," the culprit cried, his soul full of remorse. "Fifty first," the judge replied, "and then go get a horse!"—New York Herald.

ULCERS FOR 30 YEARS.
Painful Eruptions From Knees to Feet Seemed Incurable—Cuticura Ends Misery.

Another of those remarkable cures by Cuticura, after doctors and all else had failed, is testified to by Mr. M. C. Moss of Gainesville, Texas, in the following letter: "For over thirty years I suffered from painful ulcers and an eruption from my knees to feet, and could find neither doctors nor medicine to help me, until I used Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, which cured me in six months. They helped me the very first time I used them, and I am glad to write this so that others suffering as I did may be saved from misery."

One room at Tsarkoe, the czar's palace near St. Petersburg, has walls of lapis lazuli and a floor of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Another has walls of carved amber, and the walls of a third are laid thick with beaten gold.

Health is Your Heritage.
If you feel sick, depressed, irritated; if food disagrees with you; if you are constipated, or get tired easily, something is wrong. There is no reason why you should not be restored to perfect health, if you will write for a free trial of our famous Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, which possess wonderful curative powers for all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. Thousands of sufferers have been permanently cured. Write for free sample, Veronal Remedy Co., Le Roy, N. Y. Sold by druggists.

Iceland possesses a large number of trees, although it is only credited with having one. The climate and soil are by no means unfavorable to tree-growing, and evidence exists to show that Iceland was once covered with trees.

Catarth Cannot Be Cured
WITH LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarth is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarth Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the seat of the disease. Hall's Catarth Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonic known, combined with the best blood-purifier, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients makes it a powerful and safe remedy for curing catarth. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists. J. CHENEY & CO., Proprietors, Toledo, O. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Never pronounce the verdict of guilty until given the most positive evidence of its existence.

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.
A powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discoverer of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all druggists, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Charity generally begins at home, and with lots of folks never gets as far as their front door.

Defiance Starch
should be in every household, none so good, besides 4 oz. more for 10 cents than any other brand of cold water starch.

When you speak kindly of any one some people believe you have been bribed.

Mother's Devotion
To her children is one of the most beautiful things in life. When they are sick, the wise mother, who has taken the pains to study their best interests, promptly gives them Dr. Caldwell's (Laxative) Syrup Pepsin. It quickly relieves pain and fever, and can never do anything but good. Try it.

When a man is down in the world, an ounce of help is much better than a pound of preaching.

Remember that it is only through your work that you can grow to your full height.