OUT OF THE DEPTHS

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER II.

It was not until late in the afternoon of the next day that I could bring myself to meet again the man whom I had always believed to be my father. During the time while I held myself aloof from him I passed through many stages of sorrow, but I believe my anger was greater than my grief. I was but nineteen years of age, but I fancy that my thoughts and ideas were in advance of my years. The quiet, almost solitary, life which I had led for so many years at Herstal Abbey no doubt conduced to make me older than I really was. Till the time came for me to go to Oxford, I was little more than a child supposed father, my tutor, and the servants of the house.

But latterly all had changed for the better. I had been two terms at the university. I had made many friends. Life was just opening to me; a new, fresh life, full of pleasure and excitement. I found myself fairly popular with my fellows. I was well supplied with money. I was looked upon as an only son, and heir to fine property. In short my lot seemed to be one in ten thousand.

And that moment Mr. Loraine had chosen to reveal to me the secret of my lowly birth. To dash me from the pedestal upon which he had placed me. To show me that I had no claim upon him—that instead of being a young Mr. Loraine of Herstal Abbey, I was no one!

I remember how, shortly before he told me the tale of the shipwreck, I had been discoursing in a somewhat arrogant, self-satisfied and glib manner as to the duties incumbent on old families and landed gentry; asserting that the existence of the aristocracy was an unmitigated blessing to the land. In fact, I was giving my supposed father a hash-up of a speech which I had heard at the Union, and thought my sentiments gave him satisfaction. He smiled and looked amused. No doubt he was amused, so amused that the demon of sarcasm rose within him, and tempted me to the exhibition which he may or may not have intended should be made. The temptation to prick the bladder inflated by my youthful arrogance must have been irresistible to Mr. Loraine. From a child I had noted this cruel trait in his character. I had noticed it with servants, such acquaintances as he had, and with myself. The way of inflicting, of even leading one on to talk, and then suddenly, by a biting piece of sarcasm, crushing the unlucky speaker. It was from rare and kindred actions that even while I thought him my father, I did not love the man.

Nor did he love me. Had he loved me ever so little, he would have kept the secret, and spared me my present humiliation. So, in spite of all he had done for me, my anger rose and burned against Julian Loraine.

I may have been wrong; but, as will be soon discovered, I was full of faults. Perhaps the very association, more or less, during twelve years with a man of Mr. Loraine's stamp must develop faults—

There! Let me write no more to his detriment. He worked me evil, and he worked me good. He is dead. As I raise my eyes from the paper and glance through my window, I can almost see his grave.

In the afternoon, I went in search of him; I found him reading in the library. He nodded as I entered, then returned to his book and finished the paragraph.

"Well, Julian?" he said, as a signal that he was at my service.

"I have been thinking over what you told me last night, Mr. Loraine."

He raised his dark eyebrows as he heard me address him like this. "But now I had generally used the old-fashioned "sir," sometimes, not often, "father."

"I hate changes, Julian," he said. "As you know, the old landed gentry are rooted to old customs."

Even at that moment he could not forego his sarcasm. My cheek flushed.

"See how you have changed life for me!" I said hotly.

"Ah! yes; greatly, no doubt. I wonder what you would have been now?"

"Tell me what I am now."

"So far as I know, a young man of 19, thoroughly well educated, good-looking, full of health and state principles. Why, the rector stopped me yesterday, and assured me you were one of the finest young fellows he ever knew; quite a credit to the county."

This banter seemed to stab me. "Tell me, sir," I said, "ought I to thank you for what you have done for me?"

"Personally, I hate expressions of gratitude, but if it gives you any satisfaction, thank me by all means."

"No; I do not thank you. Had you placed me in some humble position suited to my birth, and let me make my way in the world, I should not have thanked you. But for years to let me be called your son; why, did you do it, sir?"

"I had some reason at the time, I almost forget it."

"Mr. Loraine, I have thought it all over—"

"So you told me, Julian. Go on."

"You may laugh at me, but I consider that I have a great claim upon you."

He simply raised his eyebrows, but did not deny my assertion.

"You have kept me in ignorance for years," I continued, speaking quickly. "You have brought me up, and let me go out in the world under false colors. Now just as I enter upon manhood you tell me who I am, or rather who I am not. Why you did this, you alone know. You had some reason for it. In return, I have a right to demand something."

"Demand! All right! Never mind. Go on."

I had expected an outburst of rage. His calm encouraged me.

"Yes, sir; I ask that I may be allowed to finish my course at Oxford. Then, when I have taken my degree, I will go and earn my own living as best I can. I shall, of course, now call myself by some other name. Can you suggest one?"

Mr. Loraine laughed a curious laugh. "I like fellows who demand, better than those who beg," he said. "Go back to college by all means. As to a name, if not Julian Loraine good enough for you? You are perfectly welcome to use it."

"But it is not mine."

"Never mind; now-a-days I choose that you shall use it so long as you are dependent on me. I also choose you to be thought my son. No"—he saw me about to speak—"I will give no reasons; perhaps I have none. You may be sure that it will be no hinderance to your future, being thought a rich man's son. Besides, I hate changes. Now, don't talk any more. You have demanded; I have acceded. Go away."

Puzzled and dissatisfied, I left him. I had fully persuaded myself that I had a right to claim what I had claimed from him. It was also not hard for me to learn to think that if it was Mr. Loraine's wish that I should still pass as his son and bear his name, it was quite right to do so. Now—months after, I was but a boy, and no need not be ashamed of the truth—with all my assumed independence, the thought of proclaiming myself unable and unknown parentage to my friends was dull and wormwood to me. To sink from the position which I held as Mr. Loraine's son to that of no one at all, was a change greater than I could picture to myself with equanimity. So, I objected no more, and as Mr. Loraine sternly forbade the subjects being reopened, my life, in spite of its shock of future, went on in its accustomed groove."

Here, to avoid any misleading, I may say that all I ever learned about my true parentage was what Mr. Loraine told me. Who, and what was my ill-fated mother, I know no more than I know for what reason my reputed father allowed me to be brought up as his son.

The terms and the vacations went by. I did not, during the latter, see a great deal of Mr. Loraine; nor did he press me to spend the time at Herstal Abbey. But a certain feeling, if not of gratitude, of what seemed right and proper, induced me to stay there on several occasions. There was really little apparent change in the relations between Mr. Loraine and myself. What change there might be was perhaps for the better. I was accepting his benefits, but accepting them because I considered I had a right to them. Moreover, I had determined that, when the time came, I would be quite independent of his favor. I endeavored now and again to show him my feelings on this point, and, in spite of the mocking smile with which he received my hints, I do not think he liked me the less. I am not sure but in time a sincere friendship might have sprung up between us, for, whatever may have been Julian Loraine's inner nature, when he chose to meet any one on terms of equality and companionship, he was himself and himself one of the most charming men in the world. His talk, although dangerous and bitter, was witty and brilliant.

But time would not allow this incipient feeling to grow up. Just after my twenty-first birthday I was summoned in hot haste from Oxford. Mr. Loraine was dying.

I reached Herstal Abbey just in time. My benefactor—yes, I must call him so—was just sensible, but speechless. I sent over him and took his hand. His fingers gave mine a faint pressure. Even at that moment I wondered at this show of feeling. And I wondered at the strange look in his dark eyes. They met mine yearningly, and I knew that the dying man had much to say to me; yet, somehow, I knew it was not about myself he wished to speak. I stooped down close to him. His dry lips moved, but could not articulate. He gave a faint sigh; his eyelids flickered, and all was over. Whatever were those last words he wished to speak, they remained forever unspoken.

I rose and left him. I walked to the room which was known as Mr. Julian's room, and, I am thankful to say, wept. Then I left this and was given my will. But for him I might have been consigned to the work-house; might now be nothing more than a stone-mason's apprentice. Julian Loraine had at least given me the means to start fairly in life. Yes, he had been my benefactor.

My grief, if not as deep as it should have been, was really sincere. It was some time before I began to reflect as to the immediate consequences his death would bring to myself. I had money in hand, for the allowance made me by Mr. Loraine had always been an ample one—so large, indeed, that when the truth of my birth was known to me, I had asked him to reduce it. The right I presumed to claim fell far short of this. Mr. Loraine told me scornfully not to bother him about money matters; so I had been unable to follow out the plan which I had laid down, of taking from him only sufficient for my needs. Nevertheless, I had not spent the surplus, and it would now serve me in completing my education. From him I expected nothing. What were his heirs, or to whom his wealth would be left, were matters about which I troubled little. Now, that Julian Loraine was dead, I could with a full heart thank him for all he had done for me. Then I could resign his name, and force my own way in the world.

His solicitor came down and gave instructions concerning the funeral. He did this at my request. Knowing that shortly I would be an alien in the house, I would assume no responsibility. The only order I gave was that everything should be done quietly and simply. I knew the dead man's ideas about conventional obsequies.

The funeral over we looked for the will. I would not have a paper moved until then. We soon found it.

"Not that it makes much difference, I suspect," said the solicitor, "you being his only son."

He was opening the envelope as he spoke. I said nothing.

"Shortest will I ever read," said the solicitor; "made by himself, too, but all quite right and legal."

He handed the paper to me. I read:

"I bequeath all my real and personal estate to my adopted son Julian, commonly known as Julian Loraine."

This, duly signed and witnessed, was Mr. Loraine's will. I sunk on a chair, feeling dizzy and confused. Mr. Loraine dead was a greater puzzle to me than Mr. Loraine living. By a few words—dashed off, it might be, on the spur of the moment—he had left me all his wealth. Was it from affection, sense of justice, cynicism or what?

"I did not know you were an adopted son, Mr. Julian," said the lawyer in tones of surprise.

"Yes," I said, collecting myself, "Do you think I shall be right in accepting this bequest?"

"Why not?"

"Are there no close relatives? Although I passed as his son, I know as little about them."

"I suspect I know more. But I never heard of any to speak of any relatives. His adoption of you proves you entitled to the money."

I sat in deep thought. It was all so strange, so sudden.

"Bye the bye, Mr. Julian," said the solicitor, "without wishing to intrude my advice, I should, if I were in your place, say nothing to let people know I was not Mr. Loraine's son. He evidently wished it to be thought you were. I fancy that by saying nothing you will best carry out his wishes. I fancy myself shall keep silence on the matter."

I weighed his counsel, and at last, rightly or wrongly, decided to follow it. No one could be harmed by my continuing to pass as the dead man's son. The fact of his having left to me all his wealth showed, or, I fancied it showed, that he looked upon me as a son; so I buried the story of the shipwreck in my own breast, and was still Mr. Loraine of Herstal Abbey.

I stayed my time at Oxford; I took my degree. After this I went abroad for many months. I left Herstal Abbey as I had no need of such a large place. When I returned to England, I led the usual life, no better nor worse, of a young man of fortune.

Three years after the death of Julian Loraine I fell in love.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BELIEVE IN MATRIMONY

Women Who, Marrying in Haste or in Leisure, Never Repent.

Four mothers were discussing the present training and possible futures of their children, says the New York Times.

"The height of my ambition," said the first, "is to get my four daughters married by the time they are 18."

"Yes," chimed in the second. "Dr. Parkhurst is exactly right. There is no career like marriage for a woman."

"If I didn't think there was a good match pending up somewhere for my little girl I would be miserable," said No. 3, as she patted the golden curls of a tiny maiden at her knee.

"You are right. No woman doctors and woman lawyers for me," said the fourth matron, with dignified emphasis.

To any one familiar with the histories of these women their opinions would furnish food for serious reflection. The first speaker had married a man who had never made a living for his family, except in rare and brief intervals of good luck. From the affluence of her maiden days she had descended to such depths of poverty that at one time she was forced to sell cakes on the streets to keep her children from starving.

The husband of the second was a man whose salary gave his family a comfortable living for the first ten years of their married life, but he was stricken with paralysis before the prime of life. The eldest child, a boy of great promise, died at the age of 12, the father followed him in a few years, and the wife was left to support three young children and herself as best she could.

The third was the widow of a brilliant professional man. She had £20,000 in her own right. Her husband ran for some office, was defeated, took to gambling and drinking and died of delirium tremens in a few years. She, left over him and the problem of making a living for herself and two small children.

The fourth woman had married father-in-life a widower of small means and mediocre talents, and, after six years of wedded life, she had put on widow's weeds and entered the lists of the breadwinners on behalf of four children, all girls, and one of them a helpless idiot.

All four had laid health, beauty and happiness on the shrine of hymen, yet no one could be induced to declare marriage a failure and all were anxious to secure husbands for their daughters. These women represent the hopelessly conservative class—a class that will always exist, no matter how much women may be emancipated, and that will continue to furnish long-suffering wives to the sons of men as long as the sons of men choose to marry. No possibility or even certainty of disaster can deter them from matrimony. It is their vocation, and they enter it as trustingly and devoutly as those who take the black veil.

Horse Jumped Thirty-One Feet.

"The most tremendous leap I ever knew a horse to take," says Sir Claude de Crespigny in his memoirs, "was put with the Cheshire hounds at Marbury in 1870. A fine mare I was riding cleared a five-foot fence with a bound that covered over thirty-one feet. We measured it directly afterward and it was stated at the time to be the second best jump in point of length on record, the best being thirty-three feet. This latter jump, however, which was performed by Chandler at Warwick, is open to much doubt. After the leap had made it its rider had to finish the race, weigh in and dress before taking any measurements. Meanwhile several spectators on horseback had ridden over the course.

"It is worthy of remark that the best long jumps of horses are little better than those of men. Mr. Fry, the Oxford long jumper, would be a fair match against some fair equine performers in the hunting field and race-course. There is this difference, of course—that a horse usually takes off from comparatively rough ground and, moreover, can clear height and length in the same jump. Good jumps are often achieved by horses over hurdles. Harold, for instance, schooling over low hurdles the other day at Epsom, cleared twenty-seven feet. Clean jumps of twenty-four and twenty-five feet are frequent."—New York World.

Filial.

"Wot are you a-cryin' for?"

"Me teacher keep me in an' called me a ass."

"Cheer up, ole man; that ain't nothin' to cry for!"

"Oh, I ain't a-crying for myself; I'm a-weepin' cause it's so rough on me father!"—Truth.

Manhood.

Christianity has restored manhood. It puts man back in the original condition before the influences of sin caused his decay. The man restored will look for others who are lost that he may bring them back to the highest manhood.—Rev. Ostrom.

THE WORD "JINGO."

Its Origin in a Music Hall Song in England.

The origin of the word "jingo" is interesting at this time, when one is confronted with it so often, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. At the time of the close of the Russo-Turkish war, which, as all readers of history will remember, ended disastrously for the Turks and caused a feeling of apprehension in England that the Russians were bent on taking Constantinople and the other Turkish possessions and the whole empire, a change which could not be tolerated, public feeling found expression in England upon the stage in pantomimes and in the music halls by numerous patriotic songs. One of these was as follows:

The dogs of war are loose and the
Rugged Russian bear,
Full bent on blood and robbery, has
crawled out of his lair.
It seems a thrashing now and then
will never help to tame
That brute, and so he's on upon the
same old game.

The Lion did his best to give him
some excuse
To crawl back to his den again—all
efforts were no use.
He buggered off to his victim, he's
released what blood is shed,
But let us hope his sins may all recoil
on his own head.

Chorus:
We don't want to fight but, by jingo, if
we do,
We've got the men, we've got the
ships, we've got the money too.
We've fought the bear before and while
we're Britons true
The Russians shall not have Constantinople.

The song became most popular and was heard on every street corner, from every organ grinder and was whistled by every boy in the land. Shortly after this the election campaign began in which Gladstone, the head of the liberals, attacked the tory party, then led by the earl of Beaconsfield, who was in power. The tory foreign policy was ridiculed and they were stigmatized by the liberals as "the party of blood, shirt, glory and jingo."

From the time of this election campaign, which resulted in the defeat of the tories and the accession of the "peace party" Gladstone's two administrations, the word "jingo" has been used to denote an individual or section of a party ready to rush, without mature deliberation, into all the horrors of war.

Book on Quotations.

A busy women has compiled for her own use and gratification a book on quotations which so far surpasses in cleverness and quantity anything of the kind that I have ever seen that I was emboldened to ask for how she had managed to make such a collection.

"My dear," she said, "that represents the work of years, yet done so gradually that I have never missed the hours spent upon it. From the time I was a girl I have made a habit of reading with a pencil and note book at hand, and when anything impresses me as being especially clever I make a note of it. Even in traveling I always have a tiny pencil and a sheet of paper in the depths of purse or bag. At any time when I have a few moments to spare at my desk I jot down the matter collected in this great blank book, and then it is mine forever. Although the book will be used in times past that not belong to me, the best, most pithy sayings in them can never be taken from me. To this volume I often run for amusement when my conversation is in an arid friend, who has something to say to me to fit any mood in which I may find myself."—Harper's Bazar.

War Is Growing Safer.

It is usual to compare the battles of the last century with the battles of today and dilate upon the greater deadliness of the modern weapons and the modern rapidity. But the facts are all the other way. At Pontenoy, for instance, one volley of the Coldstreams struck down 450 Frenchmen in the regiment Royal Auvergne, and at the battle the Garde du Corps had not much short of 500 saddles emptied by a single volley, while the French guards were scattered by a point blank volley from a British regiment which killed more than brought down 450 men. Here we have at Krugersdorp thousands of Boers in order shooting for hours on end at 400 Englishmen in the open and killing very few.—Saturday Review.

Not a Teetotaler.

The total enthusiasm is not rampant in some parts of the country, though hard-drinking is rather than it used to be.

An old gardener of ours used to have his cool coffee sent out to him in the hot weather.

"You find the tea refreshing this warm day, don't you, Smith?" asked my mother.

"Why, mum," said Smith, doubtfully, "one can drink anything this weather."—Answers.

Women.

Woman, in the development of man
Man furnishes strength, woman ministers that strength with beauty; man furnishes courage, woman supplements that courage with fortitude; man furnishes intelligence, woman refines that intelligence into taste; man furnishes virtue, woman perfects that virtue into goodness.—Rev. J. H. Adams.

HUMOROUS.

Teacher—What is taxidermy? Johnnie—I guess I know, teacher? Teacher—Well, johnnie? Johnnie—It's puttin' down carpets.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Lucy—Mamma, may I go over there to the bridge? Mamma—Why, do you want to go over there, dear? Lucy—Oh, I just want to gargle my feet in the brook.—Truth.

"Fred only put on the smoking jacket I bought him when he was sick." "I didn't know he was ever sick." "He ain't except when he tries to smoke."—Baltimore Life.

"That boy of yours is not adapted to the undertaking business," exclaimed the undertaker to the boy's father, who inquired why he had been discharged.

"He has got so a realizing sense of what is due the afflicted. Day before yesterday Mrs. B——— buried her fourth husband. I sent your boy up to learn at what time the distressed widow wished the funeral to take place. He asked her what her regular time or day was for burying husbands. I expect to lose her trade entirely. He is a bright boy but he lacks tact."—Texas Sifter.

The King's Messengers is one of three Circles of Boys in Ottawa, Canada. They are especially at the service of the King's Daughters. The latter kindly lend, they have chopped wood for the old and sick, and, as coachmen, have enabled some to attend service who otherwise could not have done so.

YOUNG AT FIFTY.

HOW A METHODIST MINISTER CARRIES HIS YEARS.

From the Times, Oswego, N. Y.

Probably no man is better known or more highly respected in Oswego, N. Y., than the Rev. William Young, of the Methodist church. Mr. Young holds a responsible position with the Oswego City Savings Bank, where he has been employed for the past twenty years.

In the spring of 1894 Mr. Young became ill. As his time on earth was fixed but, instead of failing as was predicted, he soon gained a more healthy look and appeared stronger. In a few months went by this improvement continued, until now he is as healthy and apparently as healthy as a young man of thirty, although his gray locks denote a more advanced age. My Times reporter, determined to find out what had made this great change, called upon Mr. Young at the bank and put the question direct and received the following reply:

"In truth I am a changed man, and I owe my present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the spring of 1894 I was all run down and had commenced to think that my days had come. I had to be prescribed for by physicians, and although I received temporary relief, the same trouble came back again and I was worse than before. I had no strength or appetite, and physically I was in a miserable condition. After my work I would go home, lie down and almost fall asleep. Being over me left me without any ambition, so when I would get to the table to eat, my appetite failed me and I would have to leave without taking hardly any nourishment. My kidneys were also badly affected, and I was in need of repair. One day, while in the bank, I happened to pick up one of the local papers, and my eye fell on the advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The advertisement gave a description of a man who, afflicted as I had been and had been cured by using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was not a believer in that kind of doctoring, but concluded as a last resort to try a box of the pills, making up my mind that if they did not help me I certainly would not be injured any. Going to a drug store I purchased a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and commenced taking them according to directions. Very soon I felt I began to feel better and I saw I had made no mistake in trying the pills, and before the first box was emptied I felt so much improved that I immediately purchased another. I had taken seven boxes of the pills, and at the end of last summer I felt I was entirely cured and discontinued their use, but still keep a box handy if occasion requires. I am now entirely cured. My appetite has left me, my kidneys are all right and my appetite—well, you should see me at the table. I am a boy once again, and instead of feeling like a man of fifty, which is my age, I feel like a youngster of twenty, and I give Pink Pills the full credit for this great change. I have recommended them to several of my neighbors and acquaintances who have been relieved of their complaints."

(Signed) WILLIAM YOUNG.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of May, 1895.

BERNARD GALLAGHER,
Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, six boxes for $2.50.

THE NEED FOR DEPOSIT BANKS

An English Financier Gives His Opinion on the Question of Gold Reserves.

From the Blackburn Standard: Sir William Cunliffe Brooks delivered an interesting address to the members of the Manchester Bankers' Institute at the inaugural meeting last week. He said he might refer to changes which were altering the old landmarks of commerce, sprung from the stupendous increase in the production of silver and gold, but in now alluding to those metals they might rest assured that he should not on this occasion say anything to provoke unnecessary discussion on well-known topics connected with their mutual use. (Laughter.) The financial school book of his boyhood taught him that the annual import of gold into this country was about three millions, brought, it was stated, chiefly from the Ural Mountains in Russia. Nowadays, and for some years past, we had seen the annual importation of gold into this country increasing with marvelous rapidity. South Africa's production had quickly risen from almost none to eight millions annually, with every prospect of rapid increase, and within the last ten years the world's gold delivery into this country had more than doubled itself until, instead of the old three millions, it was approaching thirty millions annually. (Hear, hear.) All that money had to be invested somewhere, and thus they were brought to the consideration of deposits with banks. Seventy years ago these were of no great importance, but the creation about that time of the safest possible condition of things—a joint stock bank, unlimited, with a proprietary of substantial shareholders—gave an easy opportunity for perfectly safe investment. This opportunity was readily appreciated, and was followed by rapid yearly increases. He remembered the astonishment of the banking world when it was found, about 1860, that the London banks alone possessed a deposit power of ten millions, but their deposit had since then shot up to the astounding sum calculated at more than 130 millions.

Dr. Woods's Norway Pine Syrup imparts a permanent relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung diseases, down to the very borderland of consumption.

The chemical composition of the epidermis of the human cuticle is nearly the same as that of the matter of nails, horns and hoof.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Every time the devil makes a bargain he has to admit that nothing pays so well as being good.

PISO'S cures stopped freely. Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to patients. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

When you want a friend don't choose a man who laughs when he's afraid of him.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

be sure and use Dalcott and well-tried remedy. Rub Dalcott's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

To seal the with the left hand is a deadly insult to the Mohammedans in the east.

Ingeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine,

Pure. Chapped Hands and Lips, Sore Nipples, Chilblains, Piles, &c. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

Thirty days are required for mail to travel between New York and Australia.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best of cough cures.—George W. Lotz, Fahnestock, Pa., August 26, 1895.

A rose measured by its fragrance makes a meager head look little.

Whenever pain prays it robs out both hands and receive the answer.

Functional dyspepsia is harder to cure than any other kind.

It is always a safe rule to stick to the right.

ALABASTINE.
IT WON'T RUB OFF.
Wall Paper is Unsanitary. KALSOMINE is Temporary. NEITHER HOLDS COLORS OF PAINT LONG.
ALABASTINE is a pure, permanent and artistic wall coating. Sold only in packages. Any tint desired. Can be applied by sticking in cold water.
For Sale by Paint Dealers Everywhere.
A Tint Card showing 12 pretty tints, and a handsome Panel Picture in 10 colors, sent free. ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

Related by a Keeper of the Michigan State Prison at Jackson.

(Jackson Citizen.)

Mr. A. E. Wing resides at 813 N. Jackson Avenue, Jackson, Mich. He is a keeper in the Michigan State Prison, a man of strong integrity, and whose word is beyond question. He tells the following story of a wonderful escape, and the incident connected with the dangerous position in which he was placed. He says, some months ago my attention was attracted by a swelling of my groins, which began to increase in size to such an extent that I was alarmed. It spread from my legs to my feet, and I was bloated from my waist down, so badly that I could not pull my pants on, over my legs, and I had to open my shoes fully two inches before I could get them on. Even my face became puffed up, and my whole system seemed affected. I could hardly drag myself upstairs to unlock my men. I consulted a physician, one of the best in the city. He said the swelling was caused by an irritation of the kidneys, and I commenced treatment with him. But I seemed to be getting worse. I was strongly urged by a friend to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and I finally consented. After the first dose I commenced to see a change, and felt much better. This was encouraging, and I continued their use. I took in all about six boxes of the pills, and when the happy result that I was completely cured. I have never heard of any medicine which I could speak in such high terms of praise, and yet not affect the system generally and leave it in such a good condition. I feel better now than I did before the kidney trouble set in, and I attribute the effect was once established the swelling gradually disappeared until it was entirely gone, and my health was restored. This is the most wonderful agent in the curing of any form of kidney disorder.

For sale by all dealers—price, 50 cents per box. Mailed by Foster Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

Papers continue to clamour to make room, being economical of ink and paper, which are usually made of wood.

Summer Homes

In the lake regions of Wisconsin, northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and Dakota, there are hundreds of charming localities pre-eminently fitted for summer homes. Nearly all are located on or near lakes which have not been fished out. Those resorts are easily reached by railway and boat, by frequent trains, over the finest road in the north-west—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway. A description of the principal resorts, with list of summer hotels and boarding houses, rates for board, will be sent free on application to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Many people who pray for it do per work of grace in their hearts, but it is only when they do reach the pocket.

A Successful Doctor.

We take pleasure in calling your attention to the advertisement of Dr. Marsh, with regard to the cure for the opium and morphine habit, to be found in another column of this paper. The Doctor has been engaged for twenty-five years in this specialty, and is well and favorably known for the cures he has made of both drugs. It is a pleasure in commending him to any and all who need his services, having been personally acquainted with him for the past twenty-five years.

Peaches called Persian apples, were known in Europe before the Christian era.

Choice Farming Lands in South Dakota

Along the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway can now be had upon reasonable terms. The crop, prospects were never better and a glorious harvest of rich grain is already assured. Thousands of acres of unoccupied lands in over twenty counties are now open for settlement. For further information address H. F. Hunter, Immigration Agent for South Dakota, 295 Iearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

The greatest passion is unreasonable and faults, the greatest is solid dullness.

A Summer Resort Book Free.

Write to O. N. Crane, general passenger and ticket agent Wabash Railroad, St. Louis, Mo., for a summer resort book, telling all about the beautiful lake region reached by the Wabash railway.

A German mathematician has figured that if all the inhabitants of the world, 1,500,000,000 in number, were to join hands and form a circle as they stood about, a good hiker could ride around the circle in a year. The pole of Mars would be big enough to hold them.

BIG AND GOOD.
BattleAx PLUG
Sometimes quality is sacrificed in the effort to give big quantity for little money. No doubt about that. But once in a while it isn't. For instance, there's "BATTLE AX." The piece is bigger than you ever saw before for 5 cents. And the quality is, as many a man has said, "mighty good." There's no guess work in this statement. It is just a plain fact. You can prove it by investing 5 cents in "BATTLE AX."

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With a better understanding of the wonderful nature of the many physical ills, with which mankind are afflicted, and the quick relief and positive cures that ever accompany the use of the only remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only and sold by all reputable druggists.
If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be assured that the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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10 times out of 10
The New York Journal recently offered ten bicycles to the ten winners in a guessing contest, leaving the choice of machine to each.
ALL OF THEM CHOSE
Columbia Bicycles
STANDARD OF THE WORLD
Nine immediately, and one after he had looked at others. And the Journal bought Ten Columbias, Paid $100 each for them.
On even terms a Columbia will be chosen
TEN times out of TEN
POPE MANUFACTURING CO.
1896 Art Catalogue free from the Columbia agents; by mail for two 2-cent stamps.
HARTFORD, CONN.

The Woman, The Man, And The Pill.
She was a good woman. He loved her. She was his wife. The pill was a good pill. She made it; he ate it. But the pill disagreed with him, and he disagreed with his wife. Now he takes a pill after pill and is happy. So is she. So is his wife. The pill he takes is Ayer's.
Moral: Avoid dyspepsia by using
Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

"I was run over by a lumber wagon. Did not expect to live. Was badly bruised. My friends bathed me with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and I was cured. We have great faith in Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil." Mrs. Wm. F. Babcock, Norwell, Jackson Co., Mich.

There is no little dew at sea that sailors can discover; their approach to land by observing the moisture on the ship's deck.

No need to scratch your life away. Dobell's Ointment brings instant relief in all cases of Itching Piles, Pin Worms, Eczema, Ringworms, Hives, or other troublesome of the skin. Get it from your dealer.

A preacher who has a praying church behind him is a hard man to discourage.

"For three years I suffered from Salt Rheum. It covered my hands to such an extent that I could not wash them. Two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured me." Libbie Young, Popes Mills, St. Lawrence County, N. Y.

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OPIUM Habit Cured. Est. in 1871. Thousands cured. Book free. DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, Lebanon, Lebanon Co., Pa.

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