

**DR. FALCONER'S  
TEMPERATION**

A  
SHORT  
STORY

(Continued.)

"Just send me a few strong doses of quinine, doctor, and order me some milk and some oranges, and I'm able to get along by myself, as I have often done before and will often again. A few days will pull me round all right without troubling you."

"I'm afraid it may be a few serious matters this time," said the doctor, "but have your own way for the present. I'll see that you have some food, and if I have a spare rug or blanket I'll send it a swell to throw over you. Now, goodbye, and wait till I look myself as warm and comfortable as you can under the difficult circumstances you have chosen for yourself."

"I couldn't! I have had to come here to see you," said the doctor, "and he went on to himself as he walked home through the driving snow, which had been falling thick for some time. "But there's that old "Thunder mine he can have tonight. It looks as if he would need it badly."

The evening night proved to be even frosty and Falconer's thoughts revolved more than once to the miserable wretch in which he had left his patient, still more anxious to get him down on which the fever-stricken wretch was lying. At a comparatively early hour the next morning he was again at the doctor's office, and this time until it was again unshackled and unlocked, and revealed the solitary inmate shivering and moaning in agonies of neuritis, and in the result of leaving you to your own devices," he exclaimed as he strode in.

"But come, there is no time to be lost now. Get on your clothes, and I'll tell you what you can do. I'll have a fly at the door in five minutes. But sit down first and let me give you a few words of advice. There is morphia to quiet your pain. It is here any water in the house."

"You can get it at the tap, and here is a cup. But I tell you plainly, I'm not going out of this house. Do nothing you can for me without removing me, and I will thank you and repay you when I can. I do thank you very much, and I will go to bed at once. I'll tell you what I will not understand that clearly."

"Well, well!" said the doctor, "I'm glad to humor him for the moment. The door there and get under the rug. Then, hold up your arm. There, you'll feel better in a minute. A little better," he muttered to himself as he drove home a full dose. "It will be easier to get him away now. Now I'll see if I can keep you out of bed for an hour. I have another case to see in the next street, and I will be back here in that time." So saying, he walked quickly to the door, unlocked it, and withdrew the key and put it in his pocket. It was several minutes walk to the nearest bar stand and nearly an hour had elapsed before he was again at the door with a four-wheeler. To his chagrin he found it fastened by the chain, but with a powerful push of his shoulder he burst it open and entered.

His patient was lying on the floor of the front room on his face, having apparently succumbed to the morphia as he was returning from putting the chain on the door. "What a monomaniac!" exclaimed the doctor as he stooped to lift the "Hatter."

"What have we here? Those tumors again?" In a moment he had laid the inanimate figure on the bed, and was hastily undressing his clothing, and the man's shirt, and next his skin, was fastened a broad canvas belt, furnished with six large leathern pouches, and was fastened and bulging prominently. "Ha! this explains the mystery! You, cancerous! What a wretch! These are malignant tumors, and I will vengeance! Come, my friend, let's—this to the patient, who was feebly and half unconsciously clutching at the belt as he withdrew the key, and make a thorough examination of these tumors, since I have discovered them at last."

Placing the belt on the floor—there was no table in the room—he unlocked the strap of one of the pouches with fingers that trembled with excitement, and he bent over him, and for a moment his hands shook violently and uncontrollably, that a small avalanche of gold coins rolled out upon the bare floor with a crash, and spread over the floor. His head swam, flashes of fire seemed to dance before his eyes, a thunderous reverberation filled his ears, and he was able to control his own movements as he was down on his knees wildly clutching at the belt with both hands, thrusting them into his pockets as fast as he could gather them up. Recovering himself with a sense of shame and amazement such as he had never felt before, he was conscious of wondering so violently that his teeth chattered, and the gold dropped again and fell from his fingers. "For my sake, Richard Falconer!" he heard himself saying aloud, "is this your contempt for filth? You, you boasted indifference to gold? Get up at once, and take that money and see to your patient as you ought? What all this to you?"

With a great effort he pulled himself together and began methodically to gather up the coins and put them back into the pouch. Most of them were English sovereigns, but some were Eastern coins, at whose value he was only a guess. He estimated, however, that the contents of the first bag must be worth at least five hundred pounds; the second and a third were opened with a similar result; but the last three contained not coins, but jewels, mostly uncut and many uncut; rubies, emeralds and diamonds, some of the great size and evidently of enormous value. He was still engaged in counting and estimating these last, oblivious to the lapse of time when he was startled by hearing the outer door and footsteps on the floor towards the door of the parlor. Almost before he was

**KING OF KLONDIKE**

ALEX MC DONALD HAS MADE HIS MILLIONS.

A Few Years Ago He Was a Common Laborer—Now His Wealth Has Exceeded His Wildest Dreams of Avarice—Keeps Accounts in His Head.

(Special Letter.)

DILL CONDERS, who had been in the Klondike for eight years, had \$3,000 in gold dust in the spring of '96. "Never had so much before," he rejoined, "and I ain't likely to get it back again unless I go out an' blow it."

Bill knew everybody in Circle City, and everybody who includes the Indians and the Malinute dogs—came down to the steamer to see him off. Before Bill reached Seattle the rich diggings of the Klondike were discovered and Bill's old friends who had staked claims in the first rush were worth fortunes. A year later, when Bill returned, he arrived on a log in front of Dawson with his friends, and each one bit off a big chaw from Bill's pork chops.

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work any more. I'm going to get rich.' That was just after the Klondike when we didn't know what was in Eldorado. Most of us thought there was a bank that would pay all our debts, and he bought 400 dollars and every body thought that he had only cleaned up. He was in the Klondike for three months, and he took \$250,000 out of No. 30 the first season. She'd got for a million if she's worth a cent. Under that, you see, he had wherever there's a good claim in the country Alec's got his hand on it or is near to it. Plunge! Why, that lanky Scot that was turning a windlass for \$2 a day two years ago plunges in a way that 'tarn't you gray-headed men to get rich."

"Indubitably," Big Alec is the leading man of the Klondike. It is a community of claim owners and of the Klondike. He has a good grip on the matter. "Who has the goods, and for a moment his hands shook violently and uncontrollably, that a small avalanche of gold coins rolled out upon the bare floor with a crash, and spread over the floor. His head swam, flashes of fire seemed to dance before his eyes, a thunderous reverberation filled his ears, and he was able to control his own movements as he was down on his knees wildly clutching at the belt with both hands, thrusting them into his pockets as fast as he could gather them up. Recovering himself with a sense of shame and amazement such as he had never felt before, he was conscious of wondering so violently that his teeth chattered, and the gold dropped again and fell from his fingers. "For my sake, Richard Falconer!" he heard himself saying aloud, "is this your contempt for filth? You, you boasted indifference to gold? Get up at once, and take that money and see to your patient as you ought? What all this to you?"

English Passenger Traffic.

There can be no doubt that the ordinary American cars—called "day coaches" and "tourist" cars—are in no way to compare with the standard first-class carriages. These American vehicles embrace the combined comforts of a train-car and the old-fashioned carriage, the backs having seats being only carried to a height of some two feet, added to which is the want of ventilation, and at other times unbecomingly bad, says the Pall Mall.

British Convicted That They Have a Right to the Klondike.

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They were talking about the military records of their families. "One of my high in color," he said, "was severely wounded at the battle of Malvern Hill." "Indeed?" he replied. "My father fell at the first battle of Bull Run." After she had cast a withering glance at him, she rebuffed. "What do you mean? Your father is still alive!" "I know he is alive. He fell because he didn't have time to see when his coat was being tripped over a root. I know this is the truth, because I've heard him tell it a hundred times."

Handsome Pictures.

Only a Short Time Remains in Which to Get Them Free.

The demand for the handsome game pictures which have been sold recently by purchasers of Elastic Starch this season has surpassed all expectations and has kept the manufacturers, J. C. Hübinger Bros. Co., busier than at any time in the history of their business. Their offer to give the handsome game pictures away to their customers will remain open only a short time longer, and those who desire to secure for themselves of this opportunity should do so at once. Not for years has any of the standard American game pictures and English snipe. They are handsome paintings and are especially adapted for hanging in dining rooms, halls, and parlors, though their richness and beauty entitle them to a place in the parlor of every home.

Only until October 10 do Messrs. J. C. Hübinger Bros. Co. propose to distribute these pictures for free to their customers. Every purchaser of three boxes of Elastic Starch from this country has Elastic Starch for sale. It is the oldest and best laundry starch on the market, and is the most perfect cold process starch ever invented. It is the only starch made by men who thoroughly understand the laundry business, and the only starch that will not injure the finest fabric. It has the standard for a quarter of a century, and as an evidence of how good it is twenty-two million packages were sold last year. Ask your dealer to show you the pictures and tell you more about Elastic Starch. Accept no substitute. Bear in mind that the offer holds good a short time only and could be taken advantage of without delay.

**MANY FIRM HANDS RESULT FROM NEGLIGENCE.**

Mrs. Pinkham Tells How Ordinary Tasks May Produce Displacements That Threaten Women's Health.

Apparently trifling incidents in women's daily life frequently produce displacements of the womb. A slip on the stairs, lifting during menstruation, standing at a counter, running a sewing machine, or attending to the ordinary tasks, may result in displacement, and a train of serious evils is started. The first indication of such trouble should be the signal for quick action. Don't let the condition become chronic through neglect or a mistaken idea that you can overcome it by exercise or saving it along. If you are troubled, you may find relief by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It can hardly find words which you do not understand, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for her advice, and a few timely words from her will show you the right thing to do. This advice costs you nothing, but it may mean life or happiness or both. Mrs. MARY BENNETT, 314 Annie St., Bay City, Mich., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I can hardly find words with which to thank you for the good your remedies have done me. For nearly four years I suffered with weakness of the generative organs, continual backache, headache, dizziness, and all the pains that accompany female weakness. A friend told my husband about your Vegetable Compound and he brought me home two bottles. After taking these I felt much better, but thought that I would write to you in regard to my case, and you do not know how thankful I am to you for your advice and for the benefit I have received from your medicine. I write this letter for the good of my suffering sisters."



Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills

Satisfies that dry taste in the mouth.



Remember the name when you buy again.

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