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We will send you our book on the Hair and Scalp, free upon request.

Write to the Doctor.

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Tom Jenkins ran his hand through the gold that lay heaped on the floor of the shack. "Seems to me, Billy," he said slowly, "that 'hopin' to find it is better's than 'finin' it."

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"We're goin' back to civilization," continued Tom, "independin' of the other's lack of sympathy with his renitent mood," that means separation. I know you like me, Billy. A feller couldn't want a better partner than you've been for the two year I've known you. But with your education, an' your young blood, an' yer ambition, you ain't my kind in civilization. We can't be the same down there. I c'erful deal of you, Billy. It's in his company, impudently, 'you're in the dumps tonight. Take a drink an' brace up. Should think you'd look on the bright side o' things. The world worked and starved in these cursed wilds for gold, until at last we've got it. Think of the city's ten thousand pleasure that this little canyon has for us. There's no life in these damned solitudes. It's there in the crowded streets, an' it can all be ours when we've got such a gold—the gold of gold—see us through."

SPARE ME, TOM.

clear starlight. Behind him towers in silent mystery the rugged, wooded mountains. The air was heavy with the breath of the pine, and Billy saw the outlines of the beauteous of the mountains awakened memories of hardships and hopelessness; the river was only a blue gleam in the distance.

There was none of the stuff of which heroes are made in Billy Bailey's company. Had the fates seen fit to continue their parting, he would probably have developed into one of the horde of whited sepulchres, so that largely make up what the world is pleased to designate as the available of humanity—those who observe the conventions to the letter, indulge every desire with a studied care that wins the approval of the world, and are respectively buried and speedily forgotten.

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The Day of the Unknown's.

A Romance—By Hannah B. McKenzie.

(CHAPTER IX.—Continued.)

He had got out after breakfast and make some arrangements as to his business for the day. It was about an hour or two, and when he returned the hotelkeeper met him at the door.

"Miss Stuart has been calling for you, and she's left a note for you, sir. Here it is."

Monteth took the dainty envelope, from which a shillie perfume of sweet violets arose, and glanced at the address. He was too astonished to speak. He took it into his room—a regular bachelor's room, with pipes straggling about the mantelpiece, and his bicycle, which had been mended since his accident, standing against the wall. There he tore open the note. "Dear Evan," ran the bold, dashing writing of Lilith Stuart, "I am so sorry to find you are out. I must see you again, if only for a minute. Do not be unmerciful. Meet me at the Rowan Crag at two o'clock exactly. I shall be there."

Had Lilith repeated? He could hardly tell, so, knowing of her what he did, if not, what could she have written to him in so short a time? Impossible to conjecture. The note puzzled Evan.

"But I must go. I shall give her that chance," he thought. "I shall meet her at two, as she asks. There will be time after that for me to run round to Abbot's Hotel."

He went out, and when he started from the Rowan Crag. The path from the town towards the seashore road was steep and stony. Evan walked his mare close to him, and in a few minutes, once on the seashore road, he mounted and rode as quickly as the billiness of the path would permit.

He was on a high-grade one, with Dunlop tires and high-gear, so that he had to put a good deal of pressure on the pedals in ascending the hill. He was not on the seashore road, and the path was very stony, when suddenly his fore wheel came in contact with a large stone he had not noticed.

The wheel went over, but the next instant there was a sound as of something cracking beneath him; then the whole frame seemed thrown violently forward and before Evan could get his feet he was shot over the handlebars, and landed on his back a little distance away from the machine. Luckily he was not hurt, and after a few seconds was able to pick himself up and look at his machine. To his amazement, the front fork had snapped at the point where it is attached to the axle, the framework had buckled, and the wheel had "buckled."

"It is an unfortunate beggar," muttered Monteth to himself. "This is the second time I've come to grief in these islands of nightless summer. Well, there's nothing for it but to leave the machine here and hurry on to keep my appointment. I can trust the natives not to touch it." He had been so busy that he had not noticed his arm; but these were trifling injuries to what he might have experienced. And as Evan hurried on, he was glad for what seemed almost a miraculous escape.

He had been near Rowan Crag, God only knows where I might be now," he thought to himself, "under a little as he hurried onwards. If he had understood better the terrible nature of the danger he had exposed his shanks would have been deeper than they were."

"I am going along by the cliffs this afternoon," Miss Troil. You will tell Lilith what you say. You will tell Lilith what you say. You will tell Lilith what you say.

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The feeling of admiration for heroes of war seems to be innate in the human mind, and is brought to the surface as the world's duty and object, for such hero worship is one of the noblest of all. Among those who proved their heroism during the Civil War was A. S. Schreiner of Ill. So. Cal.

He was a young man of 18 years of age when he volunteered for service. He was a member of the Twenty-sixth Wisconsin Volunteers, which was transferred to the Army of the Potomac on its march to the front.

He was with the regiment at the battle of Gettysburg, Schreiner received a wound in the right side which afterward caused him much trouble. With a portion of his regiment he was sent to Fort Mifflin, where he was captured and imprisoned at Fort Mifflin and Annapolis, Md., and later sent to England. He returned to his regiment, which was transferred to the Army of General Sherman, and marched with him through Georgia and Florida.

In this campaign, Mr. Schreiner's old wound began to trouble him and he was sent to the hospital and there he was cured. He had no other ailment at the time, but he had contracted a cold of the stomach and bowels which had been with him since his capture.

"I happened to read an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People about a year ago," he said, "and I thought that they might be good for my trouble. I bought a box and began to take according to directions. They gave me great relief. After a few days I took a bottle another, and when I had taken the fifth I was cured. I am now in good health and feel as well as ever. Mr. Schreiner is a prominent Grand Army man in Chicago, whether he moved some years ago with his family."

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