Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROHM

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CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

After another pause she added: "He will take up the land, he said, and he ought to have that next to ours; I know it, too, is rich. He ought to have it—he is a good man."

Then with a shuddering recollection, she continued: "He saved me, Janie; saved me from the cruel snake. Hiss, hiss, it said, and was going to bite. Then he came—he carried a big stick, down—down, and the snake was dead—it was dead, Jane, see? He killed it so I could come home to my Janie. Do you understand?"

She had risen, and with voice and gesture tried to make her meaning plain.

The other listened, her awed, uncanny gaze watching every movement, every expression. She felt that she understood.

"So, you see, Janky, dear, I'd like to help him—to tell him of the land next ours, so he would be rich. He deserves it, but—my promise to dad, my sworn promise to let nobody know—nobody." She finished with a mournful shake of the head, and resumed her seat.

On Jane's face was a mixture of cunning and delight. Her eyes, usually wide open in a vacant stare, were contracted as with a secret design in which the doltish spirit found great glee. She mumbled a few words to which Sue paid no heed. Her mind and heart were intent upon other things, and she sat in dreamy silence until, tired out, she dropped asleep.

And the elfin girl kept watch beside her until long into the night, peering deep into the gloom of the woods. Perhaps there she saw the little men in green at midnight revel with the fairies; perhaps she heard their music, the water's run, as they danced by the light of the firefly lanterns.

CHAPTER XX.

A warm afternoon was drawing to a close. Clouds banked the western sky, dark as with the smoke of battle, while from their crimson lining bristled spears of gold.

On the river a skiff shot between ruffles of foam. Two men sat in the boat, one dark as the water he cleft with feathered oar, the other's pale profile sharply outlined against the bluffs beyond. Over one shoulder was flung a cape which the wearer adjusted from time to time as though its weight were a burden. But his manner was alert, eager, and he scanned the shore with earnest eyes. "So this is the place, Owatoga," he said, and scarcely waited for the keel to scrape the sand before his foot touched shore.

When Winslow and his guide came in sight of the cabin, it appeared deserted; only a thin curl of smoke beckoned invitingly, and the weather vane bobbed a welcome.

At last a familiar figure came from back of the cabin. "America!" and Winslow darted forward without hesitation. The old woman's eyes in the uncertain light glittered like those of a cat; then, recognizing him, she smiled, and there was unctuous delight in her hearty: "You—Mars Winslow? Fo' Gawd's sake!"

He shook her hand, and the long, damp fingers responded with the uncertain hold of one not accustomed to the action.

"I 'spiclioned I heern the gravel scrunch; my years is sharp yit. Leetur'ble glad to see yo', Mars Winslow. I kin' o' feared yo' might o' disremembered us all by dis time."

She had gone forward to meet them, and as they reached the house: "Leb be right still," she cautioned; "'cause missy done fell to sleep. Sposin' we set out hyar awhile," and she brought chairs under the tiny framework over the door, from which a honeysuckle vine flung ample shade.

"De folks is all gone off somewhars. Mars Creighton, an' de young man tuk'n went to town to do some tradin'. Missy Lavvy jes' toted off to get some fresh air. She'll be back immejit."

Thus the old negress rambled on, including even Owatoga in this gracious reception.

Winslow spoke little, fearing to break the spell which held him in enchantment all the more alluring, that he knew it could not last. Silently he drank in the delicious languor of a young midsummer night. A breeze blew from the river, heavy with the perfume of blossoming locust trees, where birds scolded and chaffed in half-awake preparation for slumber. Clear, close, comforting hung the sky, where the bold stars came early out, though light yet glowed in the wake of the sun. It soothed Winslow to think that this was her home—this sweetness of summer, of bird and tree and blossom. It was all hers, and she the fairy princess of this enchanted wood.

And so, indeed, she seemed, when from the copse beyond she came, her arms filled with a pungent weed that have forth a spicy aromatic odor. Of slender, ethereal beauty, in her light muslin dress against the dark trees, she moved like a will-o'-the-wisp, and Winslow had wished she might longer hover there—the real woman of flesh and blood had power to wound, to crush him; rather would he sit thus and gaze upon this sprite, this lady of the green.

America's homely exclamation recalled him. "Well, el I ain' plum glad she's got dat stuff to keep off de skeeters! Land knows we need it! Hurry up, Miss Lavvy, comp'ny's come."

As the girl quickened her pace and entered the clearing, Owatoga advanced to meet her, with stately native courtesy—sure of her sweet response.

And then—she stopped, and looked past the Indian with swift foreknowledge of whom she should see; of to whom belonged the lithe and supple frame which now rose awaiting her coming. A curious quiver passed over her, and she stood still a moment, her hand in that of the tawny giant, puzzled, frightened. For her heart was clamoring out its pleasure in frantic beats, and she was helpless to strive against the joy of seeing Winslow alive and safe. His simple presence was a pleasure too keen to be kept down by sober judgment. Her heart was glad; glad to its center, and to this gladness she was helplessly abandoned. "You have given us a delightful surprise," she said, holding out her hand in the old trusting way he remembered so well.

And in the old way she talked, and with the old charm. Of her mother—of their new home, and then of the incidents and acquaintances of the voyage together.

By and by America announced supper, and led the way to the kitchen. Here—by the light of sputtering candles—the lonely meal was spread, since the main living room was now the chamber of sickness. Owatoga's massive frame filled the doorway of the little lean-to, his buzzard plume sweeping the lintel. The two at opposite sides of the table were waited upon by America, happy, loquacious; proud of her corn-stalk molasses and salt-risin' bread. And Winslow praised her bonny-clabber, he declared her bread delicious, and said no king could wish a finer banquet. And, indeed, he spoke true—were they not breaking bread together, he and his queen? Was she not now smiling at him, only a table length away?—her dear hands pouring his tea, her eyes, with the iris purple gray, looking into his?

When the meal was over, the doctor called, and finding his patient in restful sleep, joined the others in the arbor. "This is one of the advantages of my combined professions," he said. "The herbs and blisters known to 'materia medica' are made more potent by the advice and comfort of the Word wherein we are told that 'in rest shall ye be saved; in quietness shall be your strength.'"

In the conversation which followed the doctor was the leading spirit, while Lavender relapsed into timid bashfulness. For the reverend man had unconsciously broken the spell; had thrust the present into the thoughts of these two whose hour had been happy because forgetful of all save their mutual past—the past of respect and confidence and trust. And this had been possible only under the witchery of night, and of love taken all unaware. But Rev. Ballinger had introduced a jarring note.

Before long, Winslow, hurt by the girl's coolness and silence, started to return to the tavern. The river trip was without incident, but as he and the Indian were trudging along, his ear was startled by a cry—not an articulate call, but yet a summons. He paused and stood to listen. Owatoga, too, heard, and with a few swift steps came forward close to Winslow's side. Together they waited a repetition of the peculiar sound.

No living thing was in sight. Near them was a tree, its bare trunk concealed by an apron of wild grapevine. From the branches of this a small head peered forth, and then the figure of a girl advanced with sidewise, hesitating step. Her outline and features were but half revealed in this dark place, but Winslow recognized the stunted shape of the girl he had seen on the porch of the branch-water cabin. Cautioning the Indian that he might not frighten her, Winslow walked forward.

She made no response, but when he was very near she grasped his sleeve and pulled at his arm, making signs for him to follow.

"Let us go," said Winslow, and Owatoga followed, while the other suffered her to lead him.

Going aside from the main road, the strange guide turned into a by-path. Damp, tangled weeds obstructed the way, and their feet sank deep in wet moss and ferns.

She pushed on to where, before them, in a little clearing, was the but, her home, which they had approached from the rear.

At the end of the ragged hedge she stopped, and in the effort of the weak mind to convey its meaning, the face wore a look of malignant cunning. She pointed to where earth, newly turned, lay in an umber heap beside an opening—was it a grave?

Winslow's blood ran slower as he watched the girl stoop quickly over and pick up something. This she thrust into his hand, while with her own she pointed to the ground.

But he breathed easier when he saw that what she had given him was no grewsome relic—merely a lump of something hard and black.

Then light dawned upon him, and he began an examination of the place, while the girl stood by with a silly grin of satisfaction.

Winslow questioned her closely, getting no reply, only the oft-repeated words: "For you—all for you."

To Owatoga he said: "Do you suppose that she means that I can make this land mine?"

The stoic, grunted acquiescence. "Tomahawk?" he said, promptly, and the girl uttered a loud laugh as he took up his tomahawk and strode to the nearest tree.

But Winslow stopped him. "We will see; there is time."

Some moments he gazed abstractedly about. The scene was weird, picturesque; the dark wood, with its yawning cleft at his feet into which a little night wind scattered some dead leaves, and against the ghostly darkness the dim outlines of his two companions, savage and simple alike, watching him in silence.

At last he said, impressively, to the girl: "Thank you; thank you very much. Don't tell anybody else, will you?"

She nodded with the look of a dumb sybil, and backed slowly to the house.

Elated with a new hope, his mind teeming with plans, Winslow retraced his steps, followed by the impassive Indian.

The latter swung his tomahawk loosely in his hand, as if with designs on every tree.

CHAPTER XXI.

There was death of amusement in the hamlet, and all opportunities for jovial intercourse were eagerly sought by the gregarious pioneers. Upon this fact the astute parson of that day depended for the success of his ministry. He who ignored this, making his church a place for pious worship alone, suffered ridicule at first, and then neglect—ending in exile to fresh fields.

But Rev. Ballinger made no such mistake. To his pious lore was added a goodly stock of worldly wisdom, and there was permitted in his church many a meeting of which religious observance formed the minor part. Some of the stricter brethren objected, declaring that the levity before and after service was the seal of compact with Satan. But these dissenting spirits were few, and their combined efforts had not sufficed to keep the wolf from the door of Rev. Luke's predecessor. That godly man kept, therefore, his own counsel, replying mildly to all arguments, "I have a greater authority than my own regarding the conduct of one in Rome; the rule applies to St. Charles—so far as the grace of Heaven permits me to see it."

So the queer method of evangelization proceeded, and if result were proof, the new Gospel teacher needed no further justification.

The frolic on this occasion was called a "jug-breaking"—when tiny jugs, into which contributions toward the church fund had been put, were opened with noisy pranks and homely humor.

To the "jug-breaking" came Lavender with Gonzaga—the latter glad of even this rustic entertainment, if only he might be near her. All his efforts were bent toward a speedy marriage; for, aside from the lover's impatience, was his ever-present fear of some revelation which would part them. He knew that of which Lavender was ignorant—that he had in Winslow's character, obtained her mother's consent. Might not that mistake be explained at any time should her mother rally enough for a coherent talk? And he—the real Winslow—might not be find a way to make his conduct right in her eyes?

Reaching the church, they found a large and motley crowd before them. It filled the tiny structure; it peeped in at door and windows. An unusual quiet prevailed, for each was anxious to see and hear proof of his neighbor's generosity or greed. All were in a gala mood, with striking efforts at holiday attire. A bright ribbon or string of beads added a Sunday charm to many a rosy damsel—in whose eyes a waiting swain was made irresistible by a new necktie, or an extra allowance of bear's grease upon his shortcropped locks.

The frolic seemed a sort of prelude to the real service. Ballinger was not present, but as the meeting broke up his horse was seen bringing him down the road at a lazy trot.

The frolic called a short intermission, after which, with no outward show of authority, Rev. Luke quieted the hubbub, and again the church was filled—this time with a decorous array of listeners.

Lavender and her escort joined them in time to hear the little preacher read the hymn in a voice out of all proportion to his size.

Toward the close of the service Lavender caught the attentive gaze of a pair of eyes, large, luminous, the blue-gray of the iris reflecting the shade of the ragged robin on his coat. In their depts were love, inquiry, sorrow—much that she could not fathom. This silent exchange of glances disturbed the Sabbath calm which had entered the girl's heart. Torn by conflicting regret and hope, she hardly knew when the service was over, or listened to Gonzaga's whispered chiding of her inattention.

At the benediction, Winslow came up to them; his greeting was easy, his manner less constrained than hers. Few words were passed, however, as Winslow was taken aside by one of the villagers to discuss some matter relative to the school-house then building. For the new teacher was already a favorite in the community, where his "book larnin'" was forgiven as a drawback inseparable from his vocation, and his elegance of manner tolerated because of a genial friendliness. On this occasion Winslow found many an honest hand extended, many a hearty welcome. The Spaniard, on the contrary, was by most of the St. Charles folk distrusted and disliked. Luck at play had completed what prejudice against his nation had begun. Lavender, too, was almost a stranger to them. Living away from the town, and secluded by the illness of her mother, she had been enabled to make few acquaintances and no friends. Hence it was that both left the church together without interruption.

Slowly they went down the road to the waiting wagon.

At last Gonzaga found courage to say: "I am glad we have left that man's polluting presence."

She looked at him in cold astonishment. "Those are strong words," she said.

"Strong words?" he repeated, hotly. "Have you forgotten who and what this Winslow is, that you can smile at him, and—"

"I have forgotten nothing. I remember only too well all you have taken pains to show me." (In her words was the sting of bitterness ever felt toward the bearer of bad news.) "But," she continued, "I have also a memory of his services to me—to my mother. There is a gratitude due to past favors in spite of seeming forfeit."

"You call this 'seeming forfeit?'" and from his breast he drew a yellow envelope which he handed her with the one word: "Read!" A yellow envelope he had stolen from among a packet of Winslow's papers carelessly left in the inn parlor.

She glanced it through rapidly, then without speaking, let her hands drop to her side, crushing tightly the yellow page. Her face, her eyes, grew suddenly dull and lifeless—gray as the lining of the cottonwood leaves that sighed above her head.

"Forgive me for thus wounding you," he said, "but now you know why I cautioned you waste smiles nor speech upon this man!"

[To Be Continued.]

One of a Few.

Madge—This summer heroine you just pointed out was in a drowning accident, I presume.

Marcie—Gracious, no! That kind of a girl is a back number. This one was in an auto when the express train hit it.—Town Topics.

SENDS TAFT TO INVESTIGATE STATUS OF AFFAIRS IN CUBA

President Dispatches Secretary of War to Ascertain Conditions in the Island and Land Men if Necessary to Protect Americans.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Sept. 15.—President Roosevelt Friday night addressed to the Cuban people what practically is an ultimatum.

He declared that a permanent peace must at once be arranged in the island or else the United States will intervene by armed force under the authority of the Platt amendment.

This was its obvious and clear cut intent of a letter diplomatically addressed to Senor Quesada, the Cuban minister, who is now in Lisbon, but which, the president in the body of the letter states, really is intended for the Cuban government and the Cuban people. In accordance with this specific purpose the president says has directed the letter's "immediate publication."

Order Must Be Maintained.

President Roosevelt declares in this letter that the present Cuban government, by its own acts and admissions has proven itself incapable of maintaining order throughout the island. It has failed to protect the lives and property either of its own citizens or foreign residents of the islands.

This condition of anarchy, the president insists, must end. The present civil war must cease and arrangements be made for an immediate and permanent peace.

Taft Goes to Havana.

In order that arrangements for such peace may be made the president is sending Secretary of War Taft and Assistant Secretary of State Bacon to Havana. It will be their duty to see that the necessary arrangements are carried out.

To meet any unexpected crisis that may arise before peace can be restored President Roosevelt has arranged for the immediate dispatch to Havana of six cruisers and 2,000 marines. Most of them, it is expected, will be in Havana by Monday or Tuesday.

Prepared for the Worst.

The decision to have a force of 2,000 fighting men ready to set foot on Cuban soil at any time the situation demands their presence there illustrates the alarm with which the government views the situation in Cuba. It was for the purpose of preparing to meet the worst that President Roosevelt, who has been keeping his hand at the helm in the Cuban matter, called Secretary of War Taft from his vacation, and summoned Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte and Acting Secretary of State Bacon to Oyster Bay for a conference.

Will Hasten Peace.

Washington.—The president's decision to send Secretary Taft and Assistant Secretary of State Bacon to Cuba was not unexpected, although official and diplomatic circles recognize in it a move calculated to hasten the solution of the problem.

The real object of Secretary Taft's mission to Cuba, of course, cannot be explained by anyone in Washington. In official circles, however, the belief is expressed that President Roosevelt desires to secure from absolutely dependable sources information that will establish clearly the fact that President Palma either does or does not in his administration represent a majority of Cuban people.

Duties of Emissaries.

It is believed that it will be for Secretary Taft and Acting Secretary Bacon to determine for themselves whether, in their opinion, the best interests of the island are represented by the revolutionary forces or whether, in the interest of order and public weal and the future welfare of Cuba, the Palma government should be sustained. Of course, this is merely the expression of belief in Washington.

While it is not the purpose of the United States government, for the present at least, to do anything which could actually be construed as intervening in Cuba, it is nevertheless, regarded as a fact that the action of the government in sending a force of marines to Havana will be used by the Palma partisans to impress the insurgents with the belief that President Palma has both the moral and physical support of the United States.

To Protect American Interests.

The statement is emphasized by officials here that the landing of marines from United States warships will be merely for the purpose of affording protection to American lives and property when it becomes apparent, as it did to Commander Colwell of the cruiser Denver, that the Cuban government is unable to afford the required protection. While such admission is a confession of weakness on the part of the Cuban government, it will nevertheless, doubtless have the effect at least of deterring an attack upon Havana.

No Criticism for Colwell.

There is no disposition to criticize the action of Commander Colwell in landing a force in Havana. He acted under the broad instruction given him by the navy department to use his best judgment in an emergency.

The American sailors were landed after a consultation with Jacob Sleeper, the United States charge in Havana, and President Palma, who, according to Commander Colwell's dispatch to the navy department, expressed grave doubts as to the ability of the Cuban government to protect American interests.

To Observe Neutrality.

The entire incident, it is pointed out, was in keeping with the president's determination to preserve strict neutrality, and it is the purpose to do no more than protect American interests and afford an asylum to officials of the Palma government if requested to do so, until the Cuban congress, which assembled to-day, asks for American intervention.

It will then be time to meet that issue, but for the present the purpose of an American armed force in Cuban waters is to afford to American interests that degree of safety which the Cuban government seems unable to give.

Intervention is the word at which officials in Washington shy. They are now willing to discuss any other phase of the Cuban revolution except that. What may be done as a result of the existing conditions and those which are likely to grow out of the present crisis is something they gracefully pass up to Oyster Bay for answer and decision. At present, they point out, they are simply in the preparations being made to send men to Cuba, carrying out the president's instructions, for the purpose of protecting American interests.

Plead for Intervention.

Letters, telegrams and cablegrams are pouring into the state department by the scores asking that the United States intervene in Cuba, protect lives and property, and put an end to the revolution. Thus far all of these requests come from private individuals, those who have large property interests in the island chiefly, but so far no request for intervention has come from the representative of any foreign government, despite the fact, as reported, that British and Canadian capitalists are largely interested in the railroads which have been destroyed or damaged.

The president is being advised of these requests, and they are being given attention by the state department, but none of the correspondents have been led to believe by the nature of the replies sent to them that it is the intention of this government, for the present at least, to step in and manage Cuba's affairs. They have been told that this government is making every possible effort to protect the lives and property of its subjects. Diplomatically, these steps are the same as would be taken in any case where American interests were jeopardized in a foreign land and the government of that country appeared to be unable to give the required protection.

Prepared to Land Men.

When these complaints first came to the department Mr. Sleeper was advised and directed to call the matter to the attention of the Cuban government with the result that the desired protection be extended. Now the point has been reached where the Cuban government admits its inability to protect these interests, and the United States government is itself preparing to give that protection, and for that reason is sending a force of men to Cuba. They will be prepared to land if they are needed.

The Cuban legation in this city is without official news as to the trend of events in Havana. The Cuban charge in Washington, Senor Pardo, was much perturbed because of his failure to receive any advices from his government. He knew nothing except what he read in the newspapers and was told by Acting Secretary of State Adee, upon whom he made several calls.

UNITED STATES CRUISER DES MOINES.

American Warship Sent to Key West, Where It Will Be Held in Readiness in Case of Trouble in Cuba.

GEN. JOSE MIGUEL GOMEZ.

PRESIDENT PALMA.

PINO GUERRA.
(Principal Leader of Insurrectionist Forces.)

Hotel Robber Shot Dead.

Wichita, Kan.—An attempt was made to rob the Hamilton hotel Thursday. Joseph Fitzpatrick, one of the robbers, is dead, and John Morton is under arrest in Hutchinson, suspected of being his accomplice.

Standard Oil Magnate Dead.

New York.—A dispatch received here announces the death of Daniel O'Day, the Standard Oil capitalist, at Rouen, France. Mr. O'Day was 62 years old.

Corbin Favors Canteen.

Washington.—Lieut. Gen. Henry C. Corbin, commanding the northern division of the army, in a report to the military secretary, contributes his disapproval of the legislative prohibition against the sale of beer and light wines in the post exchanges.

Weighs 400, Dies at Age of 75.

Fairfield, Ill.—Michael Croughan, aged 75, is dead. He weighed 400 pounds and spent most of his time sitting in a chair made especially for him.

California Town Destroyed.

Thurton, Cal., Sept. 14.—Fire Thursday destroyed the entire business district. Only the utmost efforts of members of the Twenty-second United States infantry and the state fire rug saved the residence portion. Two hundred people are homeless.

Colorado Democrats Rename Adams.

Denver.—Alva Adams, of Pueblo, was nominated by the Democratic state convention for governor by acclamation.

Thirty-Two Mules Burned.

East St. Louis, Ill.—Fire destroyed the sales stables of James Bluff Thursday, incinerating 32 mules, badly damaged Goldberg's furnishing store and communicated to the St. Clair hotel in which were 30 guests.

Peru Pays Root Honor.

Lima, Peru.—A festival was held at the university, and Secretary Root was elected an honorary member of the institution. In the afternoon Minister Dudley gave a garden party at the American legation.

Earthquakes in Sicily.

Palermo.—For several days slight earthquake shocks have been felt here and in several other parts of Sicily. At Travia several houses were badly damaged, the inhabitants being panic stricken.

Injured in Hotel Fire.

Ottawa, Ont.—The Gilmour hotel on Bank street was destroyed by fire late Friday night. Many of the guests jumped from windows and were seriously injured.

Buying Horses for Cuba.

Fort Worth, Tex.—An agent of the Cuban government is here buying horses for cavalry mounts and they are being sent forward at the rate of a carload a day. The horses are of the pony type and are a cheap grade.

Visible Supply of Cotton.

New Orleans.—Secretary Hester's statement of the world's visible supply of cotton shows a total of 1,751,641 bales, against 1,741,249 last week. Of this the total American cotton is 913,661 against 872,249 last week.

AWFUL PSORIASIS 35 YEARS.

Terrible Scaly Humor in Patches All Over the Body. Skin Cracked and Bleeding—Cured by Cuticura.

"I was afflicted with psoriasis for thirty-five years. It was in patches all over my body. I used three cakes of Cuticura Soap, six boxes of Ointment and two bottles of Resolvent. In thirty days I was completely cured, and I think permanently, as it was about five years ago. The psoriasis first made its appearance in red spots, generally forming a circle, leaving in the center a spot about the size of a silver dollar of sound flesh. In a short time the affected circle would form a heavy dry scale of a white silvery appearance and would gradually drop off. To remove the entire scales by bathing or using oil to soften them the flesh would be perfectly raw, and a light discharge of bloody substance would ooze out. That scaly crust would form again in twenty-four hours. It was worse on the arms and limbs, although it was in spots all over my body, also on my scalp. If I let the scales remain too long without removing by bath or otherwise, the skin would crack and bleed. I suffered intense itching, worse at nights after getting warm in bed, or by hard warm by exercise, when it would be almost unbearable. W. M. Chidester, Hutchinson, Kan., April 20, 1905."

Natural Color of Pure Water.

It was long ago discovered that the natural color of pure water is blue, and not white, as most of us usually supposed. Opinions have not agreed on the cause of the green and yellow tints; these, it has been discovered by W. Spring, are due to extraneous substances. Dissolved calcium salts, though apparently giving a green tint, due to a fine invisible suspension, have no effect on the color of the water when adequate precautions are taken. The brown or yellow color due to iron salts is not seen when calcium is present. The green tint is often due to a condition of equilibrium between the color effect of the iron salts and the precipitating action of the calcium salts.—Scientific American.

Didn't Have Auk Eggs.

Prof. Edwin Ray Lancaster, president of the British association, was busy in his study one morning recently when a country woman sought an interview with him. Laying a parcel on his desk she said, triumphantly: "There's two of 'em." "Two of what?" said the professor. "Two 'awk's eggs. I 'ear they are worth £1,000 pounds apiece." The distinguished scientist undid the parcel carefully, looked at the eggs and said, with a smile: "These are not auk's eggs. Those that are so valuable are the eggs of the auk—awk." "Oh, hauk," said the woman. "Wait till I get 'old of my son, Enery. I'll give 'im wot-oh for sending me on a wild goose chase."

A NERVOUS WRECK

Mrs. Green Gained 28 Pounds and Recovered Her Health by Taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

General debility is a term that covers a multitude of cases where there is no acute disease, yet the patient continues to lose strength and the doctor's medicines have no apparent effect. This is the decline that leads to death if means are not found to check it. In a great majority of cases Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will check it and restore health and strength because they actually make new blood and so send renewed vitality to every organ and tissue of the body.

Mrs. S. A. Green, whose address is Box 29, R. F. D. No. 4, Franklin, Ga., says: "For three and a half years I suffered with weakness and nervousness, complicated with stomach trouble. At times I was confined to my bed for periods ranging from three weeks to two months and was under the physician's care most of the time for three years. I do not know the cause of my trouble but I was prostrated with weakness and, although I took a great deal of medicine, nothing seemed to give me strength. At times my stomach hurt me something fearful and my head often troubled me. I was sleepless and what sleep I did get did not refresh me.

"When I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I weighed but 104 pounds. I knew I was so bad that a few doses would not cure me and I had patience. Soon the pills began to give me strength, my blood got in better condition, I could sleep well at night and help some with the housework. Now I weigh 130 pounds and do nothing of working half a mile. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done wonders for me and the neighbors all know this statement is true."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes $2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y.

Kemp's Balsam

Will stop any cough that can be stopped by any medicine and cure coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine.

It is always the best cough cure. You cannot afford to take chances on any other kind.

KEMP'S BALSAM cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, grip, asthma and consumption in first stages.

90,000,000 BUSHELS

FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

THAT'S THE WHEAT CROP IN WESTERN CANADA THIS YEAR

This with nearly 80,000,000 bushels of oats and 17,000,000 bushels of barley means a multitude of good times for the farmers of Western Canada.

Free farms, big crops, low taxes, healthy climate, good churches and schools, splendid railway service.

The Canadian Government offers 160 acres of land free to every settler willing and able to comply with the Homestead Regulations.

Advice and information may be obtained free of charge of the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada; or from authorized Canadian Government Agents—W. V. Bennett, 5 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. Lawler, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.