

**Lavender Creighton's Lovers**  
By OLIVIA B. STROHM  
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CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

"Winslow," Gonzaga started violently as he realized her mistake. The halo of which she had spoken was an optical illusion because in the fever, and so blinding as to account for her error—week, two, and ill as she was.

"Another trick of fate to aid him. His quick wit saw the possible advantage for him in the role of the favored Winslow. And Lavender had not heard her mother's words; she need not know that he spoke in other character.

Louder this time, and for the benefit of the listening girl, he said: "Perhaps my halo is brighter because I bring good news. We are trying to arrange for your return home, do you want to go?"

The thin face, outlined in perfect beauty against the pillow, relaxed in a smile of infantine sweetness; the eyes glowed with eagerness as though behind each a tiny crescent moon. But the spirit went out, as, quick upon the heels of delight, came the sense of duty—the habit of sacrifice.

"I cannot leave the rest," she murmured.

"And what if they go too? What if you all go home together?"

"Ah, that would be the answer to prayer."

"And you will get well faster if you promise to take you back?"

She nodded slowly, with perfect trust and a happy sigh of content, and then sank again to the pillow.

During this dialogue, Lavender had drawn closer, straight against the wall, her ears strained for the words which seemed freighted with a new, strange meaning.

As Gonzaga pronounced the pronoun "we," she gave an involuntary start, and took a step nearer. But before she could speak, Gonzaga, anxious to close the interview while she was rebounded to his favor, bowed over Mrs. Creighton's hand and withdrew.

Lavender followed him past the sentinel on the threshold, who eyed her reverently enough this time, to let the noxious visitor pass out. At the opening of the irregular row of stones which served as fence they met.

Lavender was the first to break silence. "Was it right to raise mother's hopes with such a definite promise?" she will be all the harder to disappoint her.

"Why must you be disappointed? There is a way."

She was not looking directly into his eyes, or she must have read their message. Her own were upon the smug blush opposite, saving their cardinal glory for a later day when they alone, might shine in a brown and barren wood.

She shook her head. "There is no way. Father has tried to sell the farm, retaining only rice and wheat. He can have land for the asking. The work, so far, has added little to the value. You see, we have figured it out practically on the credit with a slight margin. At least expense we came—we have no way to return."

"Except with me."

At his words, she gave him a startled glance, and then her eyes slowly drooped before him, as she realized his meaning.

He was bending close, his look devouring her, as if with the very force of his passion he could bend her will to his.

In the long pause which followed Lavender had time to realize her loss, possession, and her voice was calm, now, almost cold. "Am I, then, to understand that you will take my mother back home if I will marry you?"

Her matter-of-fact tone and manner for a moment chilled his ardor. Did his offer appear to her only in the light of a cold-blooded bargain? Could he not make her desire it too?

His heart sank as he read the answer in her eyes. Cold, blue, clear as like violets buried in a glacier.

But again the old recklessness consumed him; she was cold, but she was beautiful.

"That is my offer, fair one, your mother's comfort—her life, perhaps, may be saved; it rests with you."

Then suddenly another argument occurred to him. "It may seem without vanity that I seem to have found a way in your mother's sight. You will admit the cordiality of her manner to-night? Again I say, it rests with you. A curious jay peeped and twittered at them from a dead larch near. She watched the bird rook away like a peck of blue flame, then said: "You say it rests with me, and in the same breath declare it to be her wish. That a paradox, senior, since her wish had ever been mine."

He smiled a moment, then added, mildly: "I wonder if this offer of mine is an answer to prayer? Nay, hear me to the end. For my mother's sake, I pray daily, hourly, for a way to take her back home where they tell me, she may win new lease of life. And her life—it is very dear to me, senior."

There was a lilt in his tone, and his voice, and the little dreamy smile made the man's heart feel a new throbbing of life. "But I believe you stronger, and he would not falter now."

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"Neither, fair one, I am in love with you."

Then, smiling close and with passionate voice: "Love is my reason, my excuse, my text. By it, alone, I

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He dropped on his knee, and clasping her hand, pressed it to his forehead. "I am so glad that there was a girl like you in the world."

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"Then as he was about to protest: "Oh, it is not a light thing to be a different regard. Think it over—so shall I. Good-night, and without giving him time for further pleading, she turned away."

The man watched her as she walked listlessly to the cabin and for a moment his heart misgave. "These are thoughts, my friend said—thoughts for the pale-face matron."

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At that moment there was a rustling in the undergrowth near, and in another second the Indian, Owatoga, appeared.

Measuring the Spaniard with eye lower as a falcon's, he stayed thus for some time. And under his scrutiny, as relentless as it was imperious, Gonzaga chafed, demanding at last: "By what right do you intrude here?"

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**A Real Celebrity!**

The local pride of the natives of Cape Elizabeth, Me., is no less intense that it takes the attitude of a religion. No one has the misfortune to dwell elsewhere. This is known to regular summer visitors, and by most of them respected.

One rainy day a newcomer, who had joined the gathering at the store, composed of fishermen and summer visitors, ventured to remark on the local pride of the natives.

"There's Longfellow," he said, "and Hamblet Hamlin, and James G. Blaine, William Pitt Fessenden, Thomas B. Reed, and all the rest of them. They are old fishermen, looked up from his work of splitting grass blades, and broke in:

"Smart? This fellow smart?"

"No, it's just come down on me. I see Josh Pillsbury skin fish!"

Levitton Journal.

**WILD WITH ITCHING HUMOR.**

Eruption Broke Out in Spot. All Over Body—Cured at Expense of Only \$1.25—Thanks Cuticura.

"The Cuticura Remedies cured my skin disease, and I am very thankful to you. My trouble was eruption of the skin, which broke out in spots all over my body, and was very itchy. I had tried all kinds of medicine of a doctor, but it did not cure me, and I was very miserable. I saw a paper in the paper 'Cuticura' and I studied my case in it. I then went to the drug store and bought one box of Cuticura Soap, one box of Cuticura Ointment and one vial of Cuticura Pills. From the first application I received relief. I used the first set and two extra sets of Cuticura Soap, and was completely cured. I had suffered for two years, and I again thank Cuticura for my cure. Claude N. Johnson, Maple Grove Farm, R. F. D. 2, Walnut, Kan., June 15, 1905."

**WORN TO A SKELETON.**

A Wonderful Restoration Caused a Sensation in a Pennsylvania Town.

Mrs. Charles N. Preston, of Ellikand, Pa., says: "Three years ago I found that my housework was becoming a burden. I tired easily, my head ached, my back was aching, and I was losing weight. My complexion got yellow, and I lost over 50 pounds. My health was terrible, and there was sugar in my urine. My doctor kept me on a strict diet, but as his medicine was not helping me, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They helped me at once, and in a few days my weight disappeared. I have regained my former weight and am perfectly well."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Silburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**False Alarm.**

From the valley there came a cloud of dust and a distant rumble. The man of the stone age rushed up the mountain and perched himself on the highest peak.

"Shucks!" exclaimed the fugitive, as he slipped down to the valley again, "it is only a poor dinosaur rumbling about for his breakfast. From the noise I thought it must be an automobile."

And the man went back to his peaceful occupation of heaving an apartment house out of a solid cliff.

**All Chemically Pure.**

The mistaken idea of a few years ago, about Alum in Baking Powders, has been entirely exploded, or scarcely exists. It is a well established fact by chemical analysis that the Alum in baking powder is not entirely vaporized as is the case with Alum, but leaves a residue in the bread, which is injurious. Alum, on the contrary, is entirely evaporated while performing its function during process of baking, leaving no atom of injurious residuous substance. The words "Chemically Pure" erroneously used to designate Cream of Tartar from Alum baking powder is a misnomer. The Alum in baking powder is chemically pure as made from pure cream of tartar. These words mean nothing more nor less than pure chemicals, and in no way can they imply that one baking powder is Alum and another Cream of Tartar. Alum has been declared to be wholesome, an established fact. Every large water system in the cities along the Missouri river use Alum in large quantities to purify the water before pumping it into their water mains for consumption. Cream of Tartar baking powder is perhaps good enough for any one. Alum, baking powder is better, and very much cheaper.

**Fear for Cologne Cathedral.**

Serious damage to the magnificent central part of Cologne cathedral is feared. Several large pieces of carved stone have fallen and numerous other portions show signs of loosening. The cathedral, begun in 1248, was not completed until 1880, and is generally regarded as the finest piece of Gothic architecture in the world.

**Important to Mothers.**

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and that it is

Beare's Squawberry Syrup

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

The highest mountain in the moon is thought to be at least 35,000 feet in height; that is 6,000 feet higher than Mount Everest.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

For soothing, when the little ones are teething, when they are colic, or when they are

It is unsafe to bury the dead past better cremate it.

**Marvin's Cascara**  
Chocolate Tablets  
The Great Constipation Cure

Understand me, please, for I am not a doctor, but I have used Marvin's Cascara for years, and I can tell you that it is the best medicine I have ever used for constipation. It is a natural laxative, and it does not hurt the bowels. It is a pleasant-tasting chocolate tablet, and it is easy to take. I have used it for years, and I can tell you that it is the best medicine I have ever used for constipation.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue, Full Story of W. L. DOUGLAS, Dept. 12, Brockton, Mass.

**W. L. DOUGLAS**  
\$3.50 & \$3.00 Shoes  
BEST IN THE WORLD  
W. L. Douglas \$4 Gilt Edge in Cash

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**THE BEST COUGH CURE**

No cough is too trifling or too serious to be treated by the use of this medicine, and the right method, and the right method, is the use of the best cough cure, which is

**Kemp's Balsam**

This famous preparation cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, grip and consumption in its first stages. Irritation of the throat and bronchial tubes is immediately removed by the use of Kemp's Balsam.

Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

W. N. U., DETROIT, MO, 36, 1906.

**To the Pacific Coast**

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

Tickets from Chicago, every day until October 31, 1906, inclusive. Only \$33. Chicago to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, and many other points on the Pacific Coast. \$30.50, to Spokane, \$30, to Ogden, Salt Lake City, Butte, Helena and Great Falls, Montana. Low rates to hundreds of other points. Choice of routes if you select the

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**Deadly New Rifle.**

Bullets from the new 30-caliber rifles of the United States army whirled with great rapidity. The rifling gives one revolution of the bullet about its axis in ten inches. At the muzzle the velocity of the bullet is 2,200 feet a second, which means 2,700 turns a second, assuming that the bullet does not strip in the rifling. The circumference of the bullet is 1.25 inches, which gives a peripheral velocity of 2,600 inches each second, or 10,000 feet a minute.

To judge your auto looking bright use the following mixture for all paint jobs: Spermin oil, one-half pint; common vinegar, one-half pint; oil of turpentine, one quart; kerosene, one quart. This is one of the best cleaners for all polished brass.

If you contemplate buying a medium priced automobile and want to be certain of securing a car suitable for touring on country roads, you will as well as down hill, you will be as well as buying the latest Buick, Maxwell, Mitchell, Reo, Knox, Franklin, or Queen. These range in price from \$750 to \$2,000.

**MORE PULQUE BEING DRUNK.**

Mexico City Gets Away With 800,000 Litres Every Day.

The consumption of pulque in Mexico City is rapidly increasing, and the hauling of the drink is becoming one of the principal sources of revenue to a number of lines entering the city.

On nearly every railroad entering the city a special pulque train is run twice a day, carrying a great many regular freight trains carry large numbers of cars containing the popular drink.

During the month of June three railroads, the Hidalgo, the Mexican and the Interoceanic, carried into the city 58,851 barrels and 324 skins full of the pulque gathered within a radius of sixty miles of the city. The National, the Central and the smaller lines brought in an amount probably half as great.

Allowing that the population of Mexico City is 400,000 men, women and children, the quantity of pulque brought into the city daily is sufficient to supply almost two liters to every individual. Do you drink your coffee with milk? Well, you are drinking 852,290 liters of pulque were brought into the city, and in one barrel there are 250 liters, and as it is 60 liters, during each day of the month an average of 748,293 liters was brought to the city.

The amount thus reckoned is exclusive of the pulque brought into the city in wagons and on muleback from the nearby haciendas.

**GOOD AND HARD.**

**Results of Excessive Coffee-Drinking.**

It is remarkable what suffering some persons put up with just to satisfy an appetite for something. A Michigan woman says: "I had been using coffee since I was old enough to have cut of my mother's apron, and from it I have suffered agony hundreds of times in the years past. My trouble first began in the form of bilious colic, and later on, in the form of a headache, and it has continued week after week and almost ending my life. At every attack for 8 years I suffered in this way. I used to pray for death to relieve me of my sufferings, and I was almost attacked of sick headache, and began to suffer from catarrh of the stomach, and of course awful dyspepsia.

"For about a year I used coffee and water. Believing that coffee was the cause of all this suffering, I finally quit it and began to use Postum Food. From that time on, my stomach, my troubles have left me, and I am fast gaining my health under its use.

"No wonder I condemn coffee and water. No one could be in a much more casual condition than I was from the use of coffee. Some doctors pronounced it cancer of the stomach, but none gave me any relief. But since I stopped coffee and began Postum Food, I am getting well so fast I can hardly recommend it to anyone who suffers as I did. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, 'The Road to Well-Being.' This is the best of all books."

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He was bending close, his look devouring her, as if with the very force of his passion he could bend her will to his.

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Her matter-of-fact tone and manner for a moment chilled his ardor. Did his offer appear to her only in the light of a cold-blooded bargain? Could he not make her desire it too?

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But again the old recklessness consumed him; she was cold, but she was beautiful.

"That is my offer, fair one, your mother's comfort—her life, perhaps, may be saved; it rests with you."

Then suddenly another argument occurred to him. "It may seem without vanity that I seem to have found a way in your mother's sight. You will admit the cordiality of her manner to-night? Again I say, it rests with you. A curious jay peeped and twittered at them from a dead larch near. She watched the bird rook away like a peck of blue flame, then said: "You say it rests with me, and in the same breath declare it to be her wish. That a paradox, senior, since her wish had ever been mine."

He smiled a moment, then added, mildly: "I wonder if this offer of mine is an answer to prayer? Nay, hear me to the end. For my mother's sake, I pray daily, hourly, for a way to take her back home where they tell me, she may win new lease of life. And her life—it is very dear to me, senior."

There was a lilt in his tone, and his voice, and the little dreamy smile made the man's heart feel a new throbbing of life. "But I believe you stronger, and he would not falter now."

Suddenly she faced him, and said sternly: "As for your part, senior, if you are the instrument in answer to prayer, no doubt I should thank you, but—but I hardly know. Are you so good generous, or are you seeking unfair advantage of my helplessness?"

"Neither, fair one, I am in love with you."

Then, smiling close and with passionate voice: "Love is my reason, my excuse, my text. By it, alone, I

claim the right of way to the royal highroad of your heart!"

He dropped on his knee, and clasping her hand, pressed it to his forehead. "I am so glad that there was a girl like you in the world."

Over the wrought nerves of the girl the lover's zeal seemed fantastic; a melodramatic display that jarred, bringing good news. "There was no highroad to his heart; only a narrow path—at its end a gate which was forever locked since another held the key. But she had the key, and she had the lock of the grandiloquent manner, and withdrawing her hand, said, in a gentler tone than before: "We will speak of this another time. I need time to ponder upon it. Advice, of course, I can ask of nobody—it is a case in which I am supposed to be a judge. And you need time, too. You may reconsider your offer."

"Then as he was about to protest: "Oh, it is not a light thing to be a different regard. Think it over—so shall I. Good-night, and without giving him time for further pleading, she turned away."

The man watched her as she walked listlessly to the cabin and for a moment his heart misgave. "These are thoughts, my friend said—thoughts for the pale-face matron."

"A pretty sentiment, in truth, our pale-face matron, if you are a man, and a space no one spoke. The girl admired the flowers in a quiet rapture; she turned away."

In a jolly tuncular Owatoga said: "These are thoughts, my friend said—thoughts for the pale-face matron."

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At a climax in his appeal he bent forward and seized her hand. "And, standing thus—his hot clasped about the flims, tanned fingers, he looked long into her eyes."

At that moment there was a rustling in the undergrowth near, and in another second the Indian, Owatoga, appeared.

Measuring the Spaniard with eye lower as a falcon's, he stayed thus for some time. And under his scrutiny, as relentless as it was imperious, Gonzaga chafed, demanding at last: "By what right do you intrude here?"

"The forest belongs to the pale-face. It is his gift from the Great Spirit."

Then, striding up to Lavender, he placed in her hands a basket of game, and with a flourish of his knife, he seemed as though to the giver each flower was a tiny face worth thoughtful setting.

"Oh, how beautiful!" From Mr. Winslow? She spoke impulsively, and the Spaniard lit his lip in jealous delight. "You are a woman, and a woman in a manner as she buried her face in the delicate blooms."

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