was the harsh retort.

out comment.

minutes of your time-for the sake of

Lenyard's arm trembled against Dar-

rel's and he walked a few steps with

"Where are you taking me?" he de-

in an obscure corner they seated them-

[To Be Continued.]

CHANGED HIS COMPLAINT.

Just as a Favor to the Patient, Who

Wanted to Throw His Wife

A working man entered the surgery

of a village physician and sat down on

a sofa with the air of a martyr, relates

"Doctor," he said, "you're treating ne for liver complaint, aren't you?"

treat me for something else, just as a

'My good fellow, what do you mean'

'Well, doctor, to make a clean breast

death about that wretched liver of

of it, I must tell you that my wife's at the bottom of it. She nags me almost

mine. Whenever I fancies a glass of

beer or puts a pipe on, she says: 'Now, John, mind your liver,' and I has to do

without a drink or stop smoking, as the case may be. It's liver this and

liver t'other until I can't stand it any

"But I don't see that I can help you,

"Yes, you can, if you will. All you've not to do is to change my complaint.

Christen it by a foreign name that my

then I shall have some peace."

vife can't get her tongue round and

So the amused physician named the

went home in triumph to flabber-

malady hepatitis icterus, and the pa-

Bobbie Burns.

likened to the cold mist and granite

of their native hills, and perhaps with

truth; and yet it must be warm in the

bearts of a people whose eyes grow

dim with tenderness when they sing

the songs that were born over a cen-

thrilled not only for the mighty Wal-

ury ago in the love-warm heart that

ace and noble Bruce, but also for the

little dying field mouse whose fright-

ened heart ceased beating at his feet

Burns' was the voice of a silent peo-

ple, giving expression to the emotions they hide under a cold exterior. And

how much colder and grayer the old

Galloway land would seem without the

memory of Robert Burns, who may be

likened to a glowing rose growing up-

on the gray rocks; a rose that will never die, for to be forgotten is the

only death.—From "The Rose and the Rock," by Kathleen L. Greig, in Four-

The Duke's Treasure.

In illustration of the lavishness with

which Chatsworth house is endowed

with art treasures and of the distrait element which is supposed to be a

feature of the duke of Devonshire's

round of the French press at the time

it was said, was strolling through the

loan section of the English exhibits

with a friend and stopped to look with

admiration at a porphyry table of

matchless beauty. He examined it long

with the eye of a connoisseur, and at last exclaimed: "I wonder who is the

workmanship! I almost feel inclined to envy him." His companion, who

had consulted the catalogue, handed it

to him with a smile. It contained the information that the table came from

Chatsworth house, and was lent by the

duke of Devonshire .- London Chron-

"Pass the East Wind."

They were at dinner.
Little Tommy, who is rather of an inquiring turn of mind, had been gazing at his father's comewhat rosy

countenance for some time. At last

ose so dre'f'ly red?'

Bits.

"Papa, what makes your face and

"The east wind, of course," answered

It was then that a voice came from

papa, rather hastily. "Do not talk so

much. Thomas, and pass me the beer.'

the other end of the table in dulcet

the other end of the table in dutcet tones, saying:
"Tommy, dear, pass your papa the cast wind, and be careful not to spill it on the clean cloth."—London Tit-

Officially Dead.

A curious incident occurred in an English police court recently when a

man named Travis was sentenced to

month's imprisonment for obtaining

leaded that he was "officially dead,

and his story was that when with the

British army in South Africa he de

Kaffirs, made his way to the coast and worked his passage home. He then

iscovered that he was reported dead

and though he subsequently gave him-

self up as a deserter the war office gav an official assurance that he had "die

at the front," and would not arrest

him. -N. Y. Tribune.

erted, obtained some clothes from the

a postal order by false pretenses.

the last Paris exhibition. The duke,

mind, an amusing story went

The nature of the Scots has been

Off the Subject.

eves commanded the door.

London Tit-Bits.

Explain yourself.

malady.'

my man.

gast his wife.

Track News.

manded, at last, halting abruptly. "To the Grand Central."
"Not there! If you are bound to talk



LONGING.

Reses, both white and red ones,
Violets, drenched with dew;
And, oh, but the South is bonny!
And, oh, but its skles-are bine!
But I sigh sometimes for the Northland
Where lakes and streams congeal;
For the red and white roses your smooth
cheeks hold.
And the swift feet shod with steel!

And the swift feet shod with steel! Blue glories and white narcissus, And all of the fields a-bloom! Sweet, sweet, are the wind-flung petals; But, oh, for the Northland brume! For the slopes all white and gleaming, For your pouting lips and red. For the glad, glad, lilt of your laughing voice.

And two on a coasting sled!

The creak of frosty axles,

Borne through the clear, cold air,

For shrub and tree all frosty white

Like locks of an ancient's hair;

For drifted snow in sheltered spots;

But more than all for you!

And the steelshod flight through the halls

of night

of night.

'Neath the star-etched vault and blue!

-J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

GAMBLING WITH FATE By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK Author of "The Gold Gleaners: A Story the Gyanide Tanks," "Wilby's Dan," "His Friend the Enemy," "Rogers of Butte," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XI.-CONTINUED. Darrel bent his head thoughtfully on his hand. The next moment the girl's voice came to him tremulously.

"What would you advise us to do, "Please describe your father to me,"

he returned, looking.

She did so. A glint darted into Darrel's eyes. Between the Sturgis he knew and the man described by Miss

Avery there were material differences. Elise speaks of her father as she saw him last, five years ago," spoke up Mrs. Gorton. "He must have changed

since he came west." "You have not seen your father for five years?" asked Darrel, his eyes on the girl's face.

"No." "And it has been a year since you heard from him?"

"From what part of Montana did his

last letter come?"
"From Helena."

"Then do you not think that Helena would be the best place to go and search for him?"
"Mr. Ormsby has instituted some in-

quiries and thought it best for us to come here, meet you and, if you would be so good as to help us, go on to Sandy

In a measure, Ormsby had cut the ground out from under Darrel's feet. He had withheld from the girl the assumed name of her father but had named the locality where he might be found.

Ormsby was inconsistent. Not only that, but he had heaped upon Darrel the unforseen results of his incon-

"What is your father's full name, Miss Avery?" Darrel inquired.

"Ezra Avery." Again Darrel lapsed into silence

"I shall do my utmost to help you," said he, finally, "and will make you cause my own. There are no other demands upon my time and I can give this my undivided attention. But I shall want you to agree to one thing beforehand."

'What is that, Mr. McCloud?" returned Mrs. Gorton.
"I shall want you to let me have

entire charge of the search for Mr.

"We shall be grateful to you for re lieving us of that responsibility," said

"I am a peculiar man, in some reresumed Darrel I shall nut my heart and soul into this matter and you must trust my judgment implicitly. If I seem dilatory, or if I do things you cannot understand, will you continue to have confidence in me even though I offer no explanations?

A puzzled look crossed the elder lady's face. Her companion, however gave an affirmative answer.

"And I am to have complete charge," added Darrel; "everything is in my hands even to the point of communicating with the authorities. not spoken with any one in Anaconda

We called yesterday to see the sheriff," said Mrs. Gorton, "but he was out of town.

"I will attend to everything," announced Darrel, briefly.
"We had intended going at once to

Sandy Bar—" began Mrs. Gorton.
Darrel shook his head decidedly.

"It is a rough mining camp and you must not go there until such a move is absolutely necessary

'We are to remain in Anaconda?

asked Miss Avery. 'For the present that will be best.'

When they rose to leave both ladies thanked him again, the younger one impulsively giving her hand.

A sunny light all but dispelled the sadness of her face. Hope was struggling to assert itself and Darrel was Long after they had left him he sat

in a chair by the window, the fair, sorrowful features of the girl plainly before his eyes. Never before had he felt as he felt then.

He was involved in a hopeless tan-

CHAPTER XII.

DARREL'S MONTH OF INACTION.

with necessity in the effort to gain with a flourish. Darrel stepped out suspicious of me, but I want to be your ime. He saw Mrs. Gorton and Miss Avery almost daily, calling at the private boarding place where they had taken their lodgings.

Often he took them driving and they paid many visits to various mines in the surrounding country. And where-ever they went there was but one question in the girl's anxious eyes.

Both the girl and her aunt were most patient. The dragging, unfruitful days must have told heavily upon them but they proved their trust in Darrel by refraining to question him in any manner.

Fatalism took insidious root in Darrel's brain during those four weeks. Hitherto he had been sufficient unto himself; now he was coming to believe that Fate knew thoroughly the end of the game and simply dallied with him.

There was a cause for this revulsion

principles. That cause lay with Elise Avery herself.

At first there was a wholesome, up-lifting delight for Darrel in simply being near the girl. He would watch her covertly and, if detected, would shift his gaze guiltily, feeling like a thief.

He knew every graceful curve of her face, every fold of her soft, luminous hair, every movement of form or trick of manner. Her eyes opened mysterious voids, wide as Heaven and deep as space, set with vague delights that assed his understanding.

He did not arouse in her the same

interest that she aroused in him. Not once, despite his efforts, had she been beguiled out of the deep shadow of grief; not once did she take note of his actions or pay the slightest heed to them.

She was grateful to him and showed it in every way. But gratitude was not all that he had hoped to inspire. Let it stand to Darrel's credit that the nature of the girl's mission to that

part of the west was a sufficient bar-rier between them. The circumstances surrounding that mission laid icy hands upon them and pressed them apart.

Yet, had these circumstances been different, the matter could not have Darrel's been otherwise. Through



"GOD BLESS YOU!" SHE SAID BRO-KENLY

brain, in those days, beat fiercely the words of the Mexicana: "You may be onest but you cannot be honorable Even while he cried out against the harshness of the judgment he recognized his own unworthiness.

Although his changing manner oward Elise escaped her, it was not so with her aunt. Mrs. Gorton was

At the end of the four weeks Mrs Gorton contrived an interview Darrel that did its part towards bringing the vacillation to an end. This is what Mrs. Gorton conveyed to him:

The fate of Elise's father was not lone responsible for her sadness and melancholy. There had been an unortunate affair of the heart, a misunderstanding, and a lover as well as

a father had gone out of the girl's life. Nevertheless, that shattered dream had become a part of Elise's existence. The longing that somehow and in some way the paths of herself and her

lover might cross buoyed her up and gave her strength to face the future. This information was more than enough for Darrel. When he left Mrs. Gorton, after that interview, he was fatalist and courted the arrows of outrageous fortune. The end of the

ame could not come too quickly. His resolve to return to Sandy Bar as further strengthened by a from Ormsby. Ormsby complained of eceiving no word from McCloud and tated that, as business matters called

nim west, he had planned to halt for time at Anaconda and would greet his friend in person within the next So Darrel once more rode out of An-

aconda along Blackfoot trail. But this time Mrs. Gorton and Miss Avery went with him. They insisted and he could A lumbering old stage coach made

he outward trip on alternate days. In this the little party engaged passage and whipped out of Anaconda in a driving storm.

The storm may have been an evil omen. Darrei's mind was now prone to indulge in such speculations and he afterward so regarded it.

CHAPTER XIII.

DARREL TALKS WITH AN OLD AC-QUAINTANCE.

The principal hotel in Sandy Bar vas fulsomely known as the "Grand Central." It was not pretentious and was lacking in many comforts which Mrs. Gorton and Miss Avery would otherwise have considered necessities,

but there was nothing else for it. The usual crowd of hangers-on clustered about the door of the Grand Cen-Four weeks followed, weeks of vac- tral when the driver of the Anaconda Mation faring which Darrel fenced stage drew up before it and halted

and swept his eyes over the curious faces of the assembled throng.

Almost the first to meet his eyes was that of the young man whom he had met, under such tragic circumstances, at Hawkbill's, and whom he had later seen at the Half Way house. In startled wonder the youth gazed at Darrel as he turned and assisted his companions to alight.

Left and right the crowd broke to permit the ladies an unobstructed passage into the hotel. Darrel stepped back to attend to the luggage which the driver was handing down to him.

An exclamation from Elise Avery caused him to turn in time to witness a dramatic little episode. Elise and her aunt had halted midway of the lane of curious faces and the youth, whom Darrel knew, was confronting

the girl in blank amaze.

For one intense moment the two gazed at each other. "Elise!" came in a hoarse whisper from the young man's

He started forward, one hand wavering before him. The girl recoiled in-The next moment she had pressed

agerly forward. "Roy!" she murmured. But by then the young man had re treated into the ranks of the crowd. A brief pause followed and Mrs. Gorton, taking her niece by the arm, hur-

ried her into the hotel. A ripple of astonishment swept among the spectators and Darrel, a puzzled frown on his brow, followed his friends quickly. Elise had sunk into a chair in the office and her aunt

was standing near her. Darrel halted an instant to flash questioning look at Mrs. Gorton. She understood and returned a glance that left no doubt in Darrel's mind.

"There is a little parlor upstairs he murmured: "take her there. I will attend to everything."

Elise arose at the touch of her aunt's

hand and left the office like one in a dream. Darrel was also experiencing omewhat of her bewilderment, but it did not take from him his grasp of details nor make him any the less ac

He secured the best rooms in the hotel for his companions and had their luggage taken there. He also ordered that their evening meal should be sent up to them.

After Elise had left the parlor Mrs. Gorton came to him.

"There is such a thing as destiny, Mr. McCloud," she sighed. "There is," he returned, with su-

preme conviction. "Who would have dreamed that we should meet Roy Lenyard here, in this little corner of the world, as we have done?

"The world is not so large." would seem so, yet—yet I can

hardly credit my senses.' Love is a magnet," went on Darrel, softly, a distant look in his eyes. double magnet, it appears, has drawn Elise to Sandy Bar. You say there is a misunderstanding between them? 'A misunderstanding pure and sim-

ple. Mr. McCloud." He was silent for a little. "I am glad that it has so fallen out," he said, finally.

She looked at him wonderingly.

Why are you glad?" she asked. "I cannot tell you now." He spoke hastily and with a stern attempt to smother the sharp pain that came with the words. "You will know soon."

He started unsteadily toward the

door, but the elder lady caught up him and rested a soft hand on his shoulder.

'God bless you!" she said, brokenly. He went downstairs and out into the street, searching anxiously every face he met. He had no time to marvel at the course true love was taking insofar as it concerned Elise Avery and Roy Lenyard.

What concerned him most was the misunderstanding between the two. That could be explained away and would help to heal the wound to be caused by the announcement of Ezra Avery's death.

Knowledge of her father's fate could and it was God's providence that Roy Lenyard was there. Only a momentary indecision had prevented a reconciliation at their unexpected meeting at business to dispel every doubt and pave

After that-Murgatroyd! After clearwhat might happen.

From one end of the street to the other Darrel walked, searching for Lenyard. The lights flamed out over the entrance of Hawkbill's and Darrel went in.

ooked very tempting to him and something urged him to play another game there where he had played the last. He fought off the desire, looked around the long room and whirled and went

His thoughts were never more busy with plans and expedients, but he was none the less watchful. Suddenly he became aware that Lenyard was lowing him, dogging his steps stealthily from point to point and trying to keep out of sight.

Darrel did not ask himself what this might mean but turned into the hallway leading up to Murgatrovd's office He did not ascend the stairs, but halted and waited. In a few moments the young man

showed himself at the Goor. Instantly Darrel stepped out and confronted "Your name is Lenvard," said Dar-

rel, quietly, "and you may call me Mc-Cloud. I wish to talk with you." "I do not care to talk with you," was the short answer.

Lenyard would have made off down the street had not Darrel thrust an arm through his.

"Come, come," said Darrel. "For some reason you seem to have become WILL BUILD PANAMA DITCH.

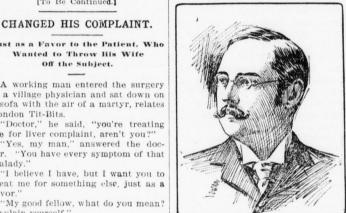
Chicago Man Named as Chief Engineer "You can never be a friend of mine. of Isthmian Waterway, at "Very well," was the unruffled re-ponse. "You can at least grant me 15 Salary of \$25,000.

Chicago Special.

John Findley Wallace, of Chicago general manager of the Illinois Central railroad, has notified the Panama canal commission at Washington of his acceptance of the post of chief engineer in charge of the construction of the isth-

mian waterway.
Mr. Wallace will take up his work or with me it must be somewhere else."

They went to Hawkbill's. It was June 1, at an annual salary of \$25,000 His headquarters for some time will be too early for the games and only a few people were at the place. At a table at the national capital. It probably will take two years for preliminary work, and then the engineer will go to the isthmus, to remain until the canal is selves, Darrel in such position that his completed. Nearly \$200,000,000 will be



JOHN FINDLEY WALLACE. (Chief Engineer in Charge of Construction of the Panama Canal.)

expended, and 50,000 men will be employed, besides skilled labor.

The appointee was born at Fall River. Mass., and graduated as a civil engineer at Monmouth university, Monmouth Ill., of which his father was founder. He entered railway service in 1869 as rodman, and ten years later became chief engineer of the Peoria & Farmington railway, the construction of which he supervised. In 1887 he became bridge engineer for the Santa Fe, and in 1892 was appointed chief engineer of the Illinois Central. During seven years he held this position, in 1898 became assistant second vice president, in 1901 assistant general manager, and in September, 1902, general manager of the system. He resides at 4427 Greenwood avenue, Chicago.

MINISTER HAS READY WIT.

Told Drunken Rough Who Tried Hard to Be Smart to Keep His Own Family Record.

Washington (D. C.) Special Representative Littlefield, of Maine,

tells this: "A really good minister generally has a ready answer for him who would cast a slur on the Bible or on religion. It seems that the good Lord has furnished them with the ammunition which is always ready to be fired into the scoffer and sinner.

"In my state a good minister had an appointment to preach at one of the small places, a rougn-and-ready sort of joint, where the men didn't care much how things went. It was Saturday evening when the minister rode up to the hotel or boarding house place, and he was soon surrounded by several of the men who had been im-



CHARLES E. LITTLEFIELD. (Maine Congressman Who Can Tell a Story as Well as Make a Speech.)

bibing in the speak-easy. One of them

"Be you the parson who has come here to preach?

'Yes, sir,' calmly and politely replied the minister. 'Well, parson, can you tell me and my friends how old the devil is?

'Keep your own family record, my friend,' was the quick answer as minister dismounted and walked into the house."

Black List of Drunkards.

When a person is convicted of drunk-enness in Taunton, Mass., his or her name is sent to the keepers of the various saloons in the city. Should the saloon keepers, after this warning, sell intoxicants to the person named on the warning, before six months have expired. they are liable to a heavy fine.

A Lioness Black as Jet.

A jet-black lioness, a most beautiful beast, has been added to the collection of animals in the Jardin des Plantes, in Lions of this color are found only in the interior of the Sahara, and are

Soap in the East Indies. Few of the natives of the East Indies soap. When a piece is shown to a ative, and the raising of lather emonstrated, it is viewed with curlos-

Aching Back, Blood Poison, Eczema,



The above pictures show what Botanic Blood Balm will do clearing the skin, healing all sores and eruptions, making the blood pure and rich. We have confidence in Botanic Blood Balm [B.B.B.] and we send it free, all charges prepald direct to any sufferer who will write us. We have cured with B.B.B. to stay cured, thousands of men and women, who suffered from all stages of impure blood, after every known remedy, doctors, and specialists had failed. How to tell you have blood disease. If you have the tell-tale pimples or eruptions on any

I may be certain you suffer from poison in the bl Get the poison out of your system by taking Botanic Blood Baim [B. B. B.] It is a purely vegetable extract, thoroughly tested in hospital and private practice with over 5,000 cures made of the most obstinate cases. Botanic Blood Baim [B,B,B] heals all sores, stops all aches and pains, reduces all swellings, makes blood pure and rich, competely chang-

Cancer Cured Botanic Blood Baim Cures Cancers of all Kinds, Suppurating Swellings, Eating Sores, Tumors, ugly Ulcers. It kills the Cancer Poison and heals the Sores or worst Cancer perfectly. If you have a presistent Pimple, Wart, Swellings, Shooting, Stinging Pains, take Blood Balm and they will disappear before they develop into Cancer. Many apparently hopedess cases of Cancer cured by taking Botanic Blood Balm BBB.] Sold by all druggists, \$1.00 per large bottle with Complete directions for home cure.

For free sample write Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga, Bescribe your trouble, and special free medical advice to the control of the control of

Halready satisfied that B. B B, is what you need take a large bottle as directed on label, and when the right quantity is taken a cure is certain, sure and lasting. If net extend your money will be retunded.

CARBOLIC ACID ANTIDOTE.

Recent Discovery of Dublin Veterin-

ary Meets Success in Test on Dogs. The recent discovery by Mr. Allen, a Dublin veterinary surgeon, that or-dinary turpentine is an antidote to carbolic acid has aroused great inter-

est. Recently a well known chemical expert in Dublin tested the efficacy of the antidote on a dog. A dose of carbolic acid was first administered, and when all the ordinary symptoms of carbolic poisoning had been developed, oil of turpentine was applied and the dog recovered within a short

It is a curious thing about the discovery that is was due more or less to an accident. Mr. Allen had some horses in his establishment which were suffering from carbolic poisoning, and he asked for oil to be applied as an antidote.

It was only when the effects were found to be so unexpectedly successful that it was discovered that it was turpentine that had been administer-

A few days after a blacksmith who was unconscious from the effects of carbolic poisoning was treated similarly, with satisfactory results.

MEETS BRIDE ON VOLCANO.

Illinois Congressman Weds Young Woman He First Saw at Hawaiian Crater.

Congressman William A. Rodenberg of East St. Louis, Ill., was recently married at Asbury Park, N. J., to Miss Mary Brent Ridgway, formerly of Hilo, Hawaii. The wedding follows a pretty romance in which the volcano Kilauea figures with more or less prominence.

Congressman Rodenberg was appointed to the civil service commission by President McKinley. In the performance of his duties he visited Hawaii. The great volcano was then in a state of eruption. Here he formed the friendship of Miss Ridgway, whom he met with her mother. Mr. Rodenberg remained two months in the island, long enough for the friend-ship formed under the towering volcano to ripen into love.

The bride is a descendant of John C. Calhoun and John C. Breckinridge. She comes of Quaker stock and is a member of the well known Ridgway family of Philadelphia.

There is said to be a flood of counterfeit money in New Jersey. Some-thing of that kind, says the Chicago Tribune, might be made useful in watering trust stocks.

WHAT THE KING EATS.

What's Fit for Him.

A Massachusetts lady who has been through the mill with the trials of the usual housekeeper and mother relates an interesting incident that occurred not long ago. She says:

"I can with all truthfulness say that Grape-Nuts is the most beneficial of all cereal foods in my family, young as well as old. It is food and medicine both to us. A few mornings ago at breakfast

my little boy said: 'Mamma, does the king eat Grape-

Nuts very morning?'
"I smiled and told him I did not know, but that I thought Grape-Nuts certainly made a delicious dish, fit for a king." (It's a fact that the king of England and the German emperor both eat Grape-Nuts.)

'I find that by the constant use of Grape-Nuts not only as a morning cereal but also in puddings, salads, etc., made after the delicious recipes found in the little book in each package it is proving to be a great nerve food for me, besides having completely cured a long standing case of indigestion." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There is no doubt Grape-Nuts is the most scientific food in the world.

Ten days trial of this proper food in

place of improper food will show in strong nerves, sharper brain and the power to "go" longer and further and accomplish more. There's a reason Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville,"