

The Cure that Cures
Coughs, Colds, Grippe,
 Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis and Incipient Consumption, is

OTTO'S CURE
 THE GERMAN REMEDY
 Cures throat and lung diseases. Sold by all druggists. 25¢ and 50¢.

Eureka Harness Oil
 not only makes the harness and the horse's back better, but makes the leather soft and pliable, puts it in condition to last—twice as long as it ordinarily would.

Give Your Horse a Chance!

STANDARD OIL CO.

Experts Baffled
 Real Diamonds are no better for all purposes than the

Genuine Barrios Diamonds \$1.00 each

We are the sole agents in the United States for these marvelous semi-precious stones, which are the nearest approach to genuine diamonds ever discovered. For the purpose of introducing them quickly to the public we will forward them

RING, PIN, STUD, EARRINGS
 (Screws or Drops), at

\$1.00 EACH

Earrings Are \$2 Per Pair.

SPECIAL CAUTION:
 Do not confound Genuine Barrios Diamonds with so-called Rhinestones, White Topaz, or other imitation stones, regardless of what the name may be. Genuine Barrios Diamonds have no artificial backing, are equal to real diamonds as to looks and wear, and will cut glass. This offer will last only a short time longer, and is subject to withdrawal without notice.

MAIL ORDERS.
 A Beautiful, Brilliant, Genuine Barrios Diamond, mounted in a heavy ring, pin or stud, will be sent to any address on receipt of one dollar. In ordering, give full directions and state whether small, medium or large stone is desired.

CAMILLE SEYDARD, Prima Donna
 of the Walter Damrosch Opera Co., writes: "Barrios Diamonds are lustrous and full of fire. They are magnificent substitutes for genuine diamonds for stage purposes."

CAMILLE SEYDARD

Money promptly refunded if goods are not as represented.

Beware of Imitators.

Address Mail Orders to

The Pomona M'g Co.,
 1131 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
 Mention Middleburg Post.

PATENTS GUARANTEED
 Our fee returned if we fail. Any one sending sketch and description of any invention will promptly receive our opinion free concerning the patentability of same. "How to Obtain a Patent" sent upon request. Patents secured through us advertised for sale at our expense. Patents taken out through us receive special notice, without charge, in THE PATENT RECORD, an illustrated and widely circulated journal, consulted by Manufacturers and Investors. Send for sample copy FREE. Address,

VICTOR J. EVANS & Co.,
 (Patent Attorneys),
 Evans Building, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dr. Fenner's Golden Relief, 50¢
 A TRUE SPECIFIC IN ALL INFLAMMATIONS
 Old Sores, Wounds, Rheumatism, Neuritis, "Colds," A SURE CURE Grippe.

MALCOM KIRK.
 A Tale of Moral Heroism in Overcoming the World.
 BY CHARLES M. SHELDON,
 Author of "In His Steps," "Crucifixion of Philip Strong," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days."

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY THE ADVANCE PUBLISHING CO.

Illustrations by Herman Heger.

CHAPTER III.
A DEATH IN MIDOCEAN.

When Malcom Kirk entered the little cabin room to which the steward led him, he found the assistant surgeon of the steamer bending over the figure in the berth there.

A woman was sitting near by. The surgeon rose and beckoned Kirk to step outside a moment.

"You are a clergyman?"

Kirk nodded.

The surgeon looked at him as doubtfully as the steward had done, but he seemed satisfied at last.

"Well, you might as well know the woman has consumption. She may last until we reach Liverpool, and she may go before Sunday. She ought never to have been allowed passage."

"I can tell how that is," said the steward. "I noticed the woman come on with her baby. She looked as bright and pretty as any one. Seemed strong and sat out on deck until we left the dock. Then she came down here and went to pieces. I've known one or two such cases before."

"That's true," said the surgeon gravely. "I'll be back before midnight. It will do no harm for you to see her." He spoke to Kirk and went away, leaving him standing somewhat awkwardly by the half open door.

The woman called in a faint voice, and Kirk went in.

"Are you the clergyman?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Kirk simply. "Can I be of service to you? Do you want me to pray with you?"

The woman nodded. Kirk knelt, and the other woman who had been acting as nurse bowed her head.

It was the first time Malcom Kirk had been called on to pray by the side of a dying person, the first service he had ever paid to suffering and sorrowing humanity when he was asked to take upon himself the burden and the joy of another's life. His own life had been free from such weakness. His own family had been scattered when his father and mother had been a child had left no impression on his early memory.

from what the English people call the "middle classes." We in America say the "common people." This means the people out of the plain ranks of labor, not necessarily very poor, often well read, with love of home and in most cases with a religious life that flows deep through narrow channels, but is always true in its application to duty.

Kirk preached a simple sermon about Christ in his relation to the sea and those who live upon it. He touched on Christ's love of humankind and his compassion for all sorts of trouble. The sermon was easily understood. It helped. Kirk saw tears in many eyes. Many of the passengers thanked him after he was through. He went in and prayed briefly with the sufferer. And the day passed on slowly with an unwonted calmness, as Sunday on board ship at sea is so often. The ocean was quiet. The sun went down without a cloud about it, and the sick woman seemed to rest easier as the lights were turned on, and the great steamer with its freight of human tragedy and its uncounted value of souls sailed untiringly on toward the old world.

Near morning the woman who was watching the sufferer sent for the surgeon. He came down, and Kirk, who was awakened by an unusual noise, heard him going by and rose and dressed, going out into the large cabin. The wind was roaring over the water, and the vessel was beginning to rock for the first time since they left home.

"We are in for a storm," he heard one of the passengers say. He steadied himself and walked down to the sick woman's door and sat near, waiting expectantly as if he knew he would be summoned. In a moment the door opened, and the surgeon looked out.

He beckoned to Kirk, who instantly rose and went in. The great change was coming. Kirk had never seen any one die, but he knew at once what the look on the face meant. He knelt, and the woman feebly opened her eyes. He took the hand and prayed again and knew that she heard and understood.

"We'll see that your baby is cared for," said Kirk very gently. "He's a fine boy, and we are going to pray that he may grow into a noble Christian man. You don't have any fear to go, do you? We have talked about that. You can trust the love of Jesus? You know he has prepared a place for you?"

She could not speak, but they all knew she understood. As the storm rose and the vessel began to pitch and toss under the resistless grasp of the heaving hand of the tempest under it the woman neared her harbor of peace. And she entered it gently just as the gray dawn was creeping over the water now lashed into great sheets of spray that went clear over the decks and fell in torrents on the hatchways.

A death on board ship in midocean is soon known by all the passengers. Before noon every one knew that there was an orphan baby in the intermediate cabin. The storm increased as the day wore on. Nearly every one was sick. One after another of the women in the cabins gave up the struggle and retired.

This was what led to an unexpected experience for Malcom Kirk. The baby woke up, and for the first time there was no one to take care of him. The three women stewards were busy with their duties, and one of them who had prepared the baby's milk suddenly came up to Kirk, who was standing by the long dining table, and asked him if he couldn't take the baby awhile.

"I don't know what we'll do," she said in great perplexity. "The women are all sick, and we have our hands full caring for them. You can hold him all right, can't you? He's the best baby you ever saw."

By this time the baby had developed a good, healthy cry that could be easily heard through the roar of the storm. Kirk looked doubtfully at the stewardess.

"I'm afraid I'll drop him," he said.

"Drop him! A great strong man like you!" said the woman, whom Kirk was sure was laughing a little at his hesitation. "He'll be all right as soon as he has some dinner, poor fellow."

"Well, bring him here, then?" said Kirk desperately. And the woman quickly brought out the baby and placed him in Kirk's long arms.

If the few passengers still in the dining room had not been so miserable from approaching seasickness, they certainly would have laughed at the sight of Malcom Kirk holding that baby. He really tried to be as gentle with it as its own mother ever was, but it seemed to him that he sprawled all over the cabin in his efforts to keep the baby where the woman said he ought to be.

But the tremendous storm was partly to blame for that. Kirk braced his feet against the legs of the table and held on to the baby as if it was a life preserver. The milk in the bottle was first in one end of it and then in the other. Every time the baby missed getting it he cried with a vigor that made Kirk afraid he would burst a blood vessel or rupture his lungs. Finally, however, matters were adjusted so that the baby's hunger was satisfied, and he dropped asleep in Kirk's arms. Kirk was so afraid to carry him over to the cabin where he had been kept

that he held him for nearly an hour. The storm howled over the vessel, and there was a remarkable confusion of all sorts of noises in every part of the steamer. Kirk noticed, however, that the stewards and one or two officers who happened to pass through the cabin were unconcerned. "It will blow itself out before morning," was the statement of the surgeon who came down in a lull of the tempest.

He laughed at the sight of Kirk and the baby. But, being a man with a baby of his own at home in Liverpool, there was also a little moisture about his eyes that was not caused by the ocean spray.

"You'll do, man," he said. "And the boy will make a fine sailor, looks like. He sleeps through the storm as if he were used to being rocked in the cradle of the deep. But we must be after looking up the other woman when we get across."

"Yes, yes," said Kirk eagerly. He had a long talk with the surgeon, and next morning after the storm had subsided and they had gone out to breathe the fine salt air Kirk had no difficulty in persuading the surgeon to keep the body of the mother and help in some way to get it to the sister in London.

"Aye, aye, we'll arrange it all right. The company will see to that. But the expense of the rest, man. Can't you see to it that the passengers do something for the baby to give him a start in life?"

"I had already thought of it," said Kirk, and the fact revealed one of his great qualifications for the ministry. "I'll go up on the other deck and see the first cabin passengers about it."

The surgeon was a Scotch Irishman with a big heart. He had influence



He real tried to be as gentle with it as its own mother ever was.

with the purser and easily persuaded that gentleman to call the passengers together in the dining and music rooms, which joined, and then suggested that Kirk himself take the baby and go up and tell his story and appeal for help.

This time Malcom Kirk required no urging to have the baby placed in his arms. He would have gone with it in the presence of all the crowned heads of Europe and their families even, although he knew well enough that he looked and felt as queer as a long legged, long armed, awkward man ever looked and felt.

The women wrapped the baby up, and he smiled when Kirk's hands clutched him.

"He doesn't care how homely and awkward I am anyway," said Kirk to himself, with a gulp in his throat. He climbed up the rather steep stairs out on to the lower deck. The storm was almost spent. It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and when he reached the promenade deck he met the purser himself, who led the way into the dining saloon.

The first cabin passengers of that steamer will never forget that incident in their passage. They had gathered to the number of 100 or more, many of them old travelers who were not affected by storms. They had been told that the orphan baby's friends below wanted to tell his story, and they were ready to listen to it, but they were not prepared for the sight of the baby himself and his strange nurse.

CHAPTER IV.
RALEIGH SKETCHES MALCOM AND THE BABY.

A smile crossed nearly every face as Kirk entered. As he began to speak the smile passed off, and another look crept over the faces of the rich, refined, leisurely people gathered in that steamer. The first cabin drew very near the intermediate for a few moments at least. Kirk told the baby's story very well. How could he help it when he saw in his imagination the face of that wornout mother lying nearly beneath where he stood, still and cold? The baby looked out from his shawls with a curious, inquisitive look on its face and kept perfectly quiet as long as Kirk was speaking.

"It seems to me," Kirk concluded, "that we might help the baby to start in life. I understand that the mother left only a few dollars, and the sister in London is a shopkeeper in poor circumstances. If I was in a church, I think I would say, 'We will now worship the Lord with our offering.'"

He said it in such a tone that it was irresistible. A portly, dignified old gentleman sitting in the middle of the dining room rose and in a husky voice which betrayed his feeling said, "I'll be one of 25 gentlemen to give \$10."

Instantly more than a dozen more arose, followed in a moment by a dozen more. Some one in the music room began to pass a hat. Money was thrown into it until it was half full. Under the inspiration of the moment one of the young ladies suggested a concert

on the next night, and the suggestion was taken up at once. One of the men offered to take charge of the funds and help Kirk or some one to see that they were properly placed, and Kirk started to go out. The ladies had crowded around the baby, caressing him as he never had been caressed before in all his meager, pitiful life.

It was at this moment that Kirk saw Francis Raleigh. He had come out of the music room, and the minute he saw Kirk he came to him and held out his hand.

"Mr. Kirk, isn't it? I heard you at Hermon a few weeks ago, at commencement. You remember me? We have met once or twice. Raleigh is my name."

"Yes, I remember," said Kirk. He had met Raleigh at some receptions. "Excuse me for not shaking hands. Mine are full just now."

"Excuse me, I see they are," said Raleigh, laughing. "You did that very well." He spoke very kindly, but in a tone that he did not mean to be patronizing. It was only the Raleigh manner. It belonged to the family. He might have spoken differently if he had known that in the upper vest pocket of the homely figure before him was the lovely face of Dorothy Gilbert. But there was this fact about the situation—Kirk knew that Raleigh was in love with Dorothy. Raleigh did not know that Kirk loved her or that he had ever thought of such a possibility.

"I am glad for the baby's sake," replied Kirk soberly. He ignored the compliment and finally succeeded in getting down to the lower deck again.

The intermediate cabin was excited over the result. Nearly \$500 had been contributed, and the concert would bring a hundred more. In fact, when the concert was over and all of the first cabin had been solicited nearly \$800 was given for the baby's start in life.

When the vessel reached Liverpool, Kirk, with the help of the surgeon and one of the cabin passengers, secured a nurse for the baby and arranged with one of the women who had cared for the mother in the intermediate to go down to London and see the baby safe in its home there. Kirk himself had the sad pleasure of meeting the sister, and while he was in London doing his special work of study in the east end he secured lodging near by and often went to see the family. He grew wonderfully attached to the child, and when he was obliged to leave and pursue his studies on the continent he parted from the baby with genuine sorrow. He supposed at the time that this little chapter in his life was closed and completed. It was one of the future events that no man can foresee that opened to him afterward a continuation of that human affection. For he was unable to return to London again, and when he said goodbye he had no dream of ever seeing that part of his life return.

It was two weeks after the steamer reached Liverpool and while Kirk was working hard in the east end slums that Dorothy Gilbert received a letter from Francis Raleigh, dated from London, Gordon square, near the British museum. She had not encouraged him when he pleaded the privilege of an occasional letter; but, on the other hand, she had not refused him, and he was too careful of his future to risk the mistake of writing too often or in a tone of sentiment. He wrote a very interesting letter, Dorothy enjoyed reading it, while she felt a little disturbed to think she must answer. She did not want to encourage him too much. At the same time his unobtrusive love for her and his great talents as an artist appealed to her strongly. The only reason she had not accepted his affection was a lack of feeling on her own part. She was fearful of herself. She wanted to be absolutely sure of her own heart. She had known him since they were both children. It was not as if they were in any way comparative strangers. She also knew well enough that her father favored Raleigh's suit.

There was one passage in the letter that intensely interested her. It might not have pleased Francis Raleigh if he had known all the reasons for her interest. It was a passage describing a scene on the vessel during his recent voyage across.

"You may remember," the letter went on after a description of some famous paintings in the National gallery, "a theological student of the name of Malcom Kirk, who graduated this year. Had an unusually good voice for a theologian and received the German scholarship at graduation. You would remember him if for no other reason on account of his almost phenomenal awkwardness. Well, he was on the Cephalonia coming across, and I fell in with him and had several interesting talks with him." Dorothy looked up from her reading, and the color deepened in her face as she pictured the two men together. "I found him a very intelligent fellow and, to tell the truth, not at all like the typical theologian. There was a somewhat tragic affair in the intermediate department, where Kirk was a passenger. A poor woman the fifth day out died of consumption, leaving a 6-month-old baby for the passengers to take care of. Kirk got in the habit of holding the baby a good deal, and the last two days of the trip he used to come out on deck and hold the baby there. Once or twice he sat just below the stairs leading up to the promenade deck, and I had a good chance to get a good sketch of him. I inclose it, thinking you may be interested in a little touch of humor. It is not exaggerated much, and I pride myself on having caught Kirk's attitude pretty well. I showed the sketch to him in order to save myself from a feeling that I had possibly done an unfair thing to take him unaware, and he laughed very good naturedly and seemed very much amused without a particle of resentment. He said he would like to see you."

and I drew him another, which he took with evident pleasure. He is a gentleman and will do some good work in his line, but I should think his general appearance would always stand in the way of his advancement in the ministry."

Dorothy spread the sketch out on the table and looked at it. Raleigh had said too much when he wrote that he had caught Kirk's attitude very well. It was, besides, a splendid likeness. There was just a little exaggeration of the stubborn brown hair, a little touch of unnecessary grotesqueness to the face, but it was "Malcom Kirk plain enough," as he used to say of himself. The baby lay in his arms satisfied and smiling. There were tears in Dorothy's eyes after she had looked a little while. Malcom Kirk's great hearted love of humanity as it was represented by that helpless bit of it in his long arms somehow appealed to her. She tried to feel as if there was a world there into which she had never entered, but which she could enjoy with her eager enthusiasm if once she was introduced to it. She folded up the sketch and carefully laid it away by itself. She did not put it with a collection of drawings which Raleigh had given her when he finished his course in art.

Malcom Kirk went over on the continent and spent the year in France, Italy, Germany and even two weeks in Russia. How he lived all that time would make a story in itself. He walked a great deal. Always lodged in the most expensive places. Six months after he had been away from home he sent to the president of the seminary a written report of what had been doing. It was so remarkable in many ways that the president showed it to Mr. Gilbert. The Boston publisher urged its publication. The president wrote that the seminary would assume the expense of publication, and Mr. Gilbert's house printed the report in a neat pamphlet that at once attracted attention.

The night of the first issue of the pamphlet Mr. Gilbert brought a copy of it home.

"By the way, Dorothy, you remember that theologian who took the German scholarship, Kirk?"

"Yes," murmured Dorothy demurely. "If Dorothy's mother had been living, it is possible she might have told her about Kirk's declaration. Her father was another person. Besides, he had not asked her to be his wife. He had only told her very bluntly that he loved her. That was in one sense his secret to be kept for him from others."

"Well, here's a bit of work by his best doing abroad. We brought it out today. Knowing you have always been interested in this work, I thought you might like to look this over."

Her father spoke with his usual precise calmness and left the pamphlet on the table. The moment supper was ended Dorothy seized the report and went to her own room.

She read it through as if it had been a fascinating novel. It was written in a simple style that possessed no merit except its simplicity, but it was a record of how humanity lived, and the pathos, the reality, the fact of how it lived, stirred Dorothy Gilbert as her mind and heart had never been stirred. And all through the reading she seemed to see Malcom Kirk with that baby in his arms. She knew that if that sketch had been put in as a frontispiece it would have exactly expressed the contents of the pamphlet. She rose and walked her room strangely excited. Who was this man to stir her feelings so deeply? Francis Raleigh had never been able to do it. No man, for that matter. All the other men she knew were busy trying to have a good time or win fame or make money. This man was interested in people. He wanted the world to know and feel for humanity. He was unlike the others. Besides, he loved her. He had her picture. She gazed at the thought. For the first time in her life she trembled at the thought of being loved.

"A Bright Little Boy"

Would be sure of a welcome in almost any home. But what a welcome he would have in a home where the hope of children had been extinguished. What a welcome this particular "bright little boy" did have in such a home, may be judged by the closing paragraph of his mother's letter, given below. There is no room for the whole letter, which recounts a story of fifteen years of suffering and a perfect cure by the use of "three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, two bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and some of the 'Pellels.'"

In many instances childlessness is the result of conditions which are curable. It has often happened that when "Favorite Prescription" has cured a woman of female weakness and the nervous condition attending it, her return to health is signalled by the birth of her first child. "Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well.

"I cannot tell half that Dr. Pierce's medicine has done for me," writes Mrs. T. A. Rugan, of Norris, Watauga Co., N. C. "It will do all that is claimed for it—prevent miscarriage and render childbirth easy. It has given me a bright little boy, and I would not have had him had it not been for your wonderful medicine. I cannot say too much in praise of it; I think it a worth its weight in gold. I thank God for my life, and Dr. Pierce for my health."

"Pleasant Pellets" clear the complexion.



and I drew him another, which he took with evident pleasure. He is a gentleman and will do some good work in his line, but I should think his general appearance would always stand in the way of his advancement in the ministry."