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For years I suffered with pain in the head, pain in the side, and in the small of the back. I was nervous and constipated and could not sleep. The pills and other medicines I tried only made a bad matter worse. Then I tried Cery King. One package cured me and made a new woman of me.—Mrs. Th. Klee-hammer, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

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## 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."

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### CHAPTER V.

#### MALCOM ATTEMPTS TO RETURN THE MINIATURE.

The next day Malcom Kirk doggedly set to work on his report. In the evening he went over to see the president and consulted with him as to certain details, and then for the next three days he gave himself up to his task of getting together the great mass of material he had accumulated while abroad.

It was the fourth evening of his return that he saw the lights in the Gilbert house across the campus as evening set in. The house had been shut up and dark.

"She is home again," was his first thought. He was unable to work well that evening. The next day he continued, but the evident nearness of Dorothy made him restless to see her. Once she came out on the porch, and he readily recognized her even at that distance.

That evening he did not pretend to himself that he could do anything worth doing on his report and resolved to go and return the miniature without waiting any longer. He had kept it more than a year now. He was under promise to give it back. As well now as any time.

He rang the bell with a tremor at heart that instantly bounded into fever when Dorothy herself opened the door.

He stood there in the light of the porch, and his trepidation did not hinder his observing that Dorothy looked very pale and even as if she had been crying.

"Won't you come in, Mr. Kirk?" she said very glad to see you."

She spoke so easily, so kindly, that he recovered his self-possession at once and went into the parlor and sat down, wondering at the commonplace details of his meeting with the one woman in all the world to him.

"You will excuse me for coming so soon after your return?" he said simply.

"Certainly," replied Dorothy, smiling. "Would you like to see father?"

"No," said Malcom Kirk. "I came to see you." It was so evidently true that Dorothy could say nothing for a moment. There was an awkward silence. She broke it by saying:

"I have read your pamphlet describing the life of the people on the continent in the cities. I thank you, not for the pleasure, but for the pain it gave me."

He looked at her gratefully. He understood exactly what she meant. The opening had been made for talk along the lines of his deepest life, and before he knew just how it had been brought about he was telling her some of the experiences of his year abroad, things he had told to no one else and had not even been able to put into his report. All the time he felt the miniature in his pocket. But he seemed to fight against the knowledge that he must give it up.

As for Dorothy, she experienced a feeling of exhilaration in her talk with this man. She was sick of the empty nothingness she had been hearing all summer. The recent experience of her father's failure also had excited her. There was much in everything that pervaded Malcom Kirk's life work to attract her at the present moment.

It must have been nearly an hour that they had been talking, she asking questions and he replying, and every minute grew increasingly full of interest to her, when he suddenly stopped as he had done that evening a year before and asked, "Would you do you feel as if you could play something?"

He was simply battling for time, and he was in a condition where he could not run the risk of speaking something he ought not. The longer he staid the deeper he knew his heart longed for Dorothy Gilbert. He felt that while she was playing he might measure his duty and his inclination better.

She was never able to tell herself why she played as she did. She began with the old German Lorelei, "Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten, dass ich so traurig bin" ("I know not how it is that I am so sad"), and then before she could control her fingers or her thought she had passed on to the Traumerl, which Kirk had asked her to play before.

When she finished, she hardly knew her own feelings. When she turned about, he was standing, and he had the miniature in his hand.

"I promised to return it when I came back," he spoke with great simplicity and, as his fashion always was, looked straight in her face like a man who is not ashamed or afraid. "No one but myself has seen it. The keeping of it has not."

He hardly dared to trust himself to say what lay within his heart. In truth he knew well enough that he would be a far different man for the rest of his days if he could only have this woman for his wife, but at that moment he felt as if such a possibility was too remote for even thought.

He had walked to the mantel and was about to put the miniature down in the place where it had been when a sound in the library startled them both. It was a sound as of some one falling heavily.

"Father!" Dorothy exclaimed in terror. She ran into the hall, but swift as

she was Malcom Kirk was before her. Even as he leaped forward he was conscious that he held the miniature still, and before he reached the library he had mechanically put it into its old resting place in his pocket.

They found Mr. Gilbert lying on the floor unconscious. Dorothy knelt on one side of the body, Malcom Kirk



They found Mr. Gilbert lying on the floor unconscious.

on the other, and for a moment there was a wild fear in Dorothy's heart that her father had in some way killed himself. His business failure had been the great humiliation of his life.

Kirk put her mind at rest.

"He has had a shock or stroke of some kind," he lifted the body up, placed it on the lounge and instantly ran out of the house for the doctor who lived only a few doors away.

When he came, he pronounced the case serious, but gave Dorothy hope. Malcom Kirk came back, but in the excitement he could do nothing but express his sympathy and finally go back to his room after the president's wife and some others had come in to stay with Dorothy for the night.

Mr. Gilbert had been a typical New England business man of the old school. When his failure came and he had begun to recover from the first effect of the blow, he had no thought of any other course but to pay dollar for dollar of his honest indebtedness.

To do it meant the loss of his beautiful home in Hermon. Dorothy felt as he did about it. He had no fears on her score. The integrity and firmness of such a moral course were never in question with either of them. So he had come back from where he had been staying with his sister, and the night Kirk called he was busy in his library arranging the business of the Hermon property, going over all the details of his recent loss and making what provision he could for the future. He was nearly 55, still, as he supposed, in the prime of life, and he manfully determined to begin all over again. He could leave Dorothy with her aunt, who was alone much of the time and needed her at present, and himself struggle into place again with honor untarnished and the good name of the firm free from commercial stain.

So the honest, sturdy publisher thought as he sat at his desk with his papers before him. Then suddenly, just a little after Dorothy had ceased to play, he felt a new and awful pain seize him, he reeled in his chair, vainly tried to call out for help and sank unconscious to the floor.

The next few days were days of great anxiety to Malcom Kirk. He could see the doctor's carriage before the Gilbert house every morning. One morning he saw the doctor go up the steps with another man who entered with him. The doctor's carriage remained in front of the house that day until noon. In the afternoon Kirk called to inquire, and the servant came out at the back porch and told him Mr. Gilbert had been sinking rapidly. A celebrated physician from Boston had been in consultation, and he said there was little hope.

Kirk passed an almost sleepless night, and next morning as he looked across the campus he knew that the woman he loved best was alone with her grief. He could see the wreath of flowers on the door, and it told him at once that John Gilbert had passed on, never more to be vexed with the struggle of the life that now is on the earth.

The week following was one of the most trying that Malcom Kirk ever knew. The funeral of John Gilbert was held in the seminary chapel and attended by the professors and townspeople generally. Dorothy's aunt was with her. Kirk had no opportunity to see Dorothy and he was to her the comfort he longed to be. It was agony to him after the funeral was over to think that there across the campus in the great house was the woman he loved passing through a great sorrow, and he had no right to go to her and share that sorrow with her. He felt as if he could not break in on her grief to speak even of his love. So the days passed restlessly for him, and he tried to work on his report, but made very little real

progress. He had the miniature on his table and tried to write with the face looking up at him, but he made no progress at all then, and the close of the week found him walking his room in great uncertainty of heart and mind.

On Monday the week following he was obliged to go down to Boston to consult some authorities in Settlement work, and when he came back the next day the Gilbert house was closed, and Dorothy and her aunt had gone to Beverly.

It was the very next day that Kirk saw in a Boston paper the name of Francis Raleigh, arrived a few days before from Liverpool on the Cephalonia. Looking over the columns a little farther down, he saw in the local news from Beverly this statement:

"Mr. Francis Raleigh, the Hermon artist, recently arrived from a year's study abroad, is the guest of Mrs. Arthur Penrose, sister of the late John Gilbert."

That was all, but it roused Malcom Kirk to instant action. He knew with all the vigor and intensity of his deep, honest nature that his love for Dorothy Gilbert was now the largest part of his life. He had consecrated his time and strength to the ministry. He did not deceive himself. He knew what such a consecration meant. He faced, open-eyed, the entire meaning of a minister's career in a home missionary church "out west."

But looking at it all through dispassionate eyes he said as he walked his study: "She must choose between him and me. I cannot go to my work without speaking to her. My love for her is honest and true, and if God grant that she can love me and share my life with me."

He left the rest unspoken, and, going back to his desk, he sat down, trembling a little as he put his face in his hands and prayed that the hunger of his heart might be satisfied. He had made up his mind to act and act quickly, and once he had decided on his course he was free from all doubt as to his wisdom.

He took the afternoon train for Beverly and reached the place before dusk. Mrs. Penrose lived in one of the handsome summer villas near the sea. The whole place smote Kirk as with a blow aimed at his poverty, his obscurity, his whole future. And yet he said to himself as he walked up the steps that there was something in his life which money and all its attendant elegance could not buy, and he believed that Dorothy Gilbert somehow, if she ever loved any one enough, would feel the same way toward all the outward display of wealth.

The servant who came in answer to his ring said that Miss Gilbert had gone out for a walk and had not yet returned. He at once asked for Mrs. Penrose. When she came in where Kirk was standing in the reception room, she surprised him by greeting him very warmly by name. He had merely met her at the time of Mr. Gilbert's illness, but not more than once or twice and then very briefly.

She was a woman of great tact, and she made Kirk feel at ease. She had not the remotest idea that he was in love with Dorothy or what was the object of his call, and in a few minutes, seeing this, he made up his mind what to do.

"Dorothy is down by the beach with Mr. Raleigh. They will be back for tea. You have met him, Mr. Kirk? I would be pleased to have you stay and take tea with us."

"Thank you. I shall be glad to do so," replied Malcom Kirk promptly. All the while he was fast arriving at a determination to tell Mrs. Penrose what he had come for.

"I believe you met Mr. Raleigh while you were abroad? He was telling us something about you this morning."

"Was he?" said Malcom Kirk quietly. "Yes, I met him on the Cephalonia going over. We had several little visits together. I enjoyed them."

Mrs. Penrose was sitting where she could see from the reception room window the stretch of beach. She looked out and said: "I don't see them coming yet. They will be here soon, I think. You were saying, Mr. Kirk, that you enjoyed meeting Raleigh. Excuse me if I say that he spoke in warmest terms of you. He told us about your care of that poor baby. He wondered what became of it afterward."

"It's quite a long story," said Kirk, "but pardon me, Mrs. Penrose, if I don't try to tell it now. I want to tell you why I am here. I love your niece, and I am going to ask her to be my wife."

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

### GENERAL MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Aug. 31.—Flour firm; winter superfine, \$2.40; city mills, extra, \$2.35; city mills, city, \$2.30; city mills, city, \$2.25; city mills, city, \$2.20; city mills, city, \$2.15; city mills, city, \$2.10; city mills, city, \$2.05; city mills, city, \$2.00; city mills, city, \$1.95; city mills, city, \$1.90; city mills, city, \$1.85; city mills, city, \$1.80; city mills, city, \$1.75; city mills, city, \$1.70; city mills, city, \$1.65; city mills, city, \$1.60; city mills, city, \$1.55; city mills, city, \$1.50; city mills, city, \$1.45; city mills, city, \$1.40; city mills, city, \$1.35; city mills, city, \$1.30; city mills, city, \$1.25; city mills, city, \$1.20; city mills, city, \$1.15; city mills, city, \$1.10; city mills, city, \$1.05; city mills, city, \$1.00; city mills, city, \$0.95; city mills, city, \$0.90; city mills, city, \$0.85; city mills, city, \$0.80; city mills, city, \$0.75; city mills, city, \$0.70; city mills, city, \$0.65; city mills, city, \$0.60; city mills, city, \$0.55; city mills, city, \$0.50; city mills, city, \$0.45; city mills, city, \$0.40; city mills, city, \$0.35; city mills, city, \$0.30; city mills, city, \$0.25; city mills, city, \$0.20; city mills, city, \$0.15; city mills, city, \$0.10; city mills, city, \$0.05; city mills, city, \$0.00.

## PARTY WRECKERS NOT WANTED

Philadelphia Republicans Will Support None But Regulars.

### CANDIDATES INTERROGATED

Every One Required to State His Position Before Election, So That the Fusion Deal Shall Not Be Successful.

(Special Correspondence.)

Philadelphia, Sept. 4.—That the Republican organization of Philadelphia does not propose to allow men claiming to be Republicans, but who are in secret deals with the Democracy to receive the support of the Republican city campaign committee, is evident from the steps just taken by the leaders of that body.

It is the intention of the party leaders to smoke out the allies of the Guffey Democracy, who would, in the event of their election to the legislature, join hands with the Democratic members of the senate and the house in an effort to control the organization of the legislature and the election of a United States senator.

The Republican voters of this city are not in favor of any such scheme. They are determined to know before the election who are Republicans and who are not. They do not wish further combinations with the Democracy, to the discredit of the Republican organization and to the loss of prestige and influence by the Republican party.

During the last week there was addressed to every candidate for nomination for the legislature from the Republican district conventions which are to meet in this city on the 12th inst. a circular letter drafted by the committee recently appointed by the Republican city campaign committee, with a view of recognizing none but Republicans in the party organization.

### TO SMOKE OUT INSURGENTS.

The communication reads as follows: "The undersigned, members of the Union Republican campaign committee, have been appointed a committee under a resolution which reads as follows:

"Resolved, That Messrs. Lane, Durham, McNichol, Powers and Trainer be appointed a committee to investigate the charges publicly made that certain persons claiming to be Republicans and attempting to participate in Republican primary elections and conventions, are at the same time engaged in a conspiracy to form a fusion with the Democratic party, whereby Republican success may be endangered in congressional, senatorial and legislative districts; and

"Resolved further, That the committee be directed to report as soon as practicable to the Union Republican campaign committee any wards or districts in which such efforts at fusion may exist, and the names of any persons (if there be any) guilty of the treachery of participating in Republican primary elections and subsequently conspiring for such fusion, so that this campaign committee may be able to promptly take such action as may be required."

"We are informed that you are a candidate for nomination for the office of state senator at the Republican convention to be held on the 12th day of September next, and we respectfully submit to you the following queries, in accordance with the instructions contained in the resolution aforesaid:

### A FEW PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

"First, in case your name is presented to a Republican convention will you abide by the decision of that convention, and whether you are successful or unsuccessful will you give your earnest and active support to the nominee of the convention and to the whole Republican ticket?"

"Second, in case you are nominated by the convention of the Union Republican party and are elected will you attend a caucus of the members of the legislature when properly called for the organization of either branch of the legislature or for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the office of United States senator or for any other proper party purpose, and will you abide by the decision of a majority of the Republicans in that caucus and vote for its nominee and support its action on any party question, whether or not you may have voted for that nominee in the caucus, or opposed its action on any party question?"

"As Republicans earnestly interested in the success of the party and that we may promptly perform the duties of our appointment, we request an early reply."

"Yours respectfully,  
"David H. Lane, Israel W. Durham, James P. McNichol, Thomas J. Powers, Harry J. Trainer."

A number of candidates have already responded to this letter, and up to date they have all pledged themselves to go into the Republican caucuses and abide by the will of a majority of the Republicans in the caucus.

The dangers of the present political situation in Pennsylvania on account of the fusion movement in legislative districts cannot be overestimated.

Pennsylvania Republicans ought to think of this matter deeply. The Republican party can elect stalwart members of congress and stalwart members of the legislature if it will. On the other hand, by following Martin and Flinn and their candidates it can wreck the party organization, and as a result of that wreckage it is more than possible that it can bring ruin upon the entire country.

Successful fusion means ruin, for Republicans cannot combine with Democrats in legislative districts without giving opportunities for political deals which will send many Democrats to Washington, just as similar deals lost seven Republican congressmen only two years ago.

### SILVER CRAZE ABATED.

E. A. Black, proprietor and editor of The Daily Sun-Leader, of Cheyenne, Wyo., was a visitor at Republican state headquarters recently. In an interview he said:

Life insurance is good for your family. Health insurance is good for both YOU and your family.

You collect health insurance by living. You have to die before life insurance can be collected.

If you knew your health was threatened you'd insure it if you could. You can insure your health.

The stomach is the vital center of the body. The whole body is nourished from the stomach. A disordered stomach means disordered blood, disordered body, disordered brain. You never heard of a sick person with a sound stomach.

Make your stomach sound and you insure your health.

How? As thousands of others have done by the use of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's the one sure medicine for the stomach. It heals. It strengthens.

"Words fail to express what I suffered for three years, with cold chills, palpitation of heart, shortness of breath, and low spirits," writes Mrs. A. C. Jones, of Waterbury, Colleton Co., S. C. "I could not sleep and really thought I would soon die. Had a peculiar roaring through my head all the time. Was so emaciated and weak I could not feed myself. My aunt induced me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which I did, only to please her and six bottles cured me. To-day am sound and well. During the three years I was sick I had five different physicians."

Consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Republican party in Wyoming is in excellent shape. The silver cause which swept over the Rocky mountain states four years ago has abated and many Republicans who left the party at that time on the money issue have come back into the fold.

"The state of Wyoming is quite prosperous. This is particularly true in the wool industry, which has been stimulated by the tariff and the general business revival throughout the country. Wool growers all realize that the future depends largely on a continuation of the prosperity which now prevails, and I believe they will, to a man, support McKinley."

"There will be practically little opposition to Senator Warren. He is immensely popular throughout our state. The Democrats have not as yet nominated, but indications point to John E. Osborne as their probable candidate. The Democrats are ignoring silver and the tariff. They realize that the predictions the party made four years ago have not materialized, and that its position along this line is lamentably weak."

"Our people are saying little about this so-called perianth. They are content to think seriously of the financial and tariff questions. I am satisfied that the Republicans will be victorious in November. Wyoming will give a handsome majority for McKinley and Roosevelt."

### Editor Died at His Desk.

Bloomington, Pa., Sept. 1.—William H. Smith, editor of the Benton Argus died suddenly yesterday afternoon while seated at his desk. He had shortly before left his home apparently in the best of health. The deceased was one of the most prominent editors in this section of the state, and was 54 years of age. Prior to his establishing the Benton Argus he was editor of the Milton Argus.

### Deposed Superintendent Replaced.

Scranton, Pa., Sept. 3.—A. C. Sallisbury, who was deposed from the position of main line superintendent of the Lackawanna two weeks ago by former General Superintendent E. G. Russell, who resigned last Thursday, has been replaced by orders of President Truett. Mr. Sallisbury is expected to enter upon the duties of the superintendency next week.

A Desperate Woman Pickpocket. Scranton, Pa., Sept. 3.—While attempting to recover from the bosom of a colored female pickpocket a valuable abstracted from his coat at an hour yesterday morning William Bryant, a stove mounter, was stabbed several times with a dagger, which the desperate woman carried concealed in her stocking. The wallet was recovered, but the woman escaped.

**Mrs. Barnard Thanks MRS. PINKHAM FOR HEALTH.**

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 1000] "DEAR FRIEND—I feel it my duty to express my gratitude and thanks to you for what your medicine has done for me. I was very miserable and losing flesh very fast, had bladder troubles, suffering pains about the heart and would get so dizzy and suffered with painful menstruation. I was reading in a paper about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, so I wrote to her and after taking two bottles I felt like a new person. Your Vegetable Compound has entirely cured me and I cannot praise it enough."—Mrs. J. O. BARNARD, MILITARY, WASHINGTON CO., ME.

### An Iowa Woman's Convincing Statement.

"I tried three doctors, and the last one said nothing but an operation would help me. My trouble was a severe flow; sometimes I would bleed I would flow to death. I was so weak that the least work would tire me. Reading of so many being cured by your medicine, I made up my mind to write to you for advice, and I am glad that I did. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I am now well and strong. I shall recommend your medicine to all for it has saved my life."—Mrs. A. P., Box 11, Iowa.