

# BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're ill or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic will do you no good. It is a smooth, clean, sure, perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take



**EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY**  
 Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 25 and 50 cent per box. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address: **KEEPEX COMPANY, CHICAGO or NEW YORK.**

**KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN**



CHAPTER IV.  
 MRS. MAJOR'S STORY.

THE days that followed the Black Rock Christmas were anxious days and weary, but not for the brightest of my life would I change them now, for, as after the burning heat or rocking storm the drying day lies beautiful in the tender glow of the evening, so these days have lost their weariness and lie bathed in a misty glory. The years that bring us many ills and that pass so stormfully over us bear away with them the ugliness, the weariness, the pain, that are theirs, but the beauty, the sweetness, the rest, they leave untouched, for these are eternal. As the mountains, that near at hand stand jagged and scarred, in the far distance repose in their soft robes of purple haze, so the rough present fades into the past, soft and sweet and beautiful. I have set myself to recall the pain and anxiety of those days and nights when we waited in fear for the turn of the fever, but I can only think of the patience and gentleness and courage of her who stood beside me, bearing more than half my burden. And while I can see the face of Leslie Graeme, ghastly or flushed, and hear his low moaning or the broken words of his delirium, I think chiefly of the bright face bending over him and of the cool, firm, swift moving hands that soothed and smoothed and rested, and the voice, like the soft song of a bird in the twilight, that never failed to bring peace.

Mrs. Mavor and I were much together during those days. I made my home in Mr. Craig's shack, but most of my time was spent beside my friend. We did not see much of Craig, for he was heart deep with the miners, laying plans for the making of the league the following Thursday, and though he shared our anxiety and was ever ready to relieve us, his thought and his talk had mostly to do with the league.

Mrs. Mavor's evenings were given to the miners, but her afternoons mostly to Graeme and to me, and then it was I saw another side of her character. We would sit in her little dining room, where the pictures on the walls, the quaint old silver and bits of curiously cut glass all spoke of other and different days, and thence we would roam the world of literature and art. Keenly sensitive to all the good and beautiful in these, she had her favorites among the masters, for whom she was ready to do battle, and when her argument, instinct with fancy and vivid imagination, faltered she swept away all opposing opinion with the swift rush of her enthusiasm, so that, though I felt she was beaten, I was left without words to reply. Shakespeare and Tennyson and Burns she loved, but not Shelley or Byron or even Wordsworth. Browning she knew not and therefore could not rank him with her noblest three, but when I read to her "A Death in the Desert" and came to the noble words at the end of the tale,

"For all was as I say, and now the man lies as he once lay, breast to breast with God," the light shone in her eyes, and she said: "Oh, that is good and great! I shall get much out of him. I had always feared he was impossible." And "Paracelsus," too, stirred her. But when I recited the thrilling fragment, "Prospect," on to that closing rapture as cry,

"Then a light, then thy breast—  
 Oh, thou soul of my soul, I shall clasp thee again.  
 And with God be the rest!"

the red color faded from her cheek, her breath came in a sob, and she rose quickly and passed out without a word. Ever after Browning was among her gods. But when we talked of music she, adoring Wagner, soared upon the

wings of the mighty "Tannhauser," far above, into regions unknown, leaving me to walk soberly with Beethoven and Mendelssohn. Yet with all our free, frank talk there was all the while that in her gentle courtesy which kept me from venturing into any chamber of her life whose door she did not set freely open to me. So I vexed myself about her, and when Mr. Craig returned the next day from the Landing, where he had been for some days, my first questions were:

"Who is Mrs. Mavor? And how, in the name of all that is wonderful and unlikely, does she come to be here? And why does she stay?"

He would not answer then. Whether it was that his mind was full of the coming struggle or whether he shrank from the tale I know not. But that night when we sat together beside his fire he told me the story while I smoked. He was worn with his long, hard drive and with the burden of his work, but as he went on with his tale, looking into the fire as he told it, he forgot all his present weariness and lived again the scenes he painted for me. This was his story:

"I remember well my first sight of her as she sprang from the front seat of the stage to the ground, hardly touching her husband's hand. She looked a mere girl. Let's see, five years ago—she couldn't have been a day over twenty-three. She looked barely twenty. Her swift glance swept over the group of miners at the hotel door and then rested on the mountains standing in all their autumn glory.

"I was proud of our mountains that evening. Turning to her husband, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Lewis, are they not grand and lovely too?"

"Every miner lost his heart then and there, but all waited for Abe, the driver, to give his verdict before venturing an opinion. Abe said nothing until he had taken a preliminary drink, and then, calling all hands to fill up, he lifted his glass high and said solemnly:

"Boys, here's to her."

"Like a flash every glass was emptied, and Abe called out:

"Fill her up again, boys; my treat!"

"He was evidently quite worked up. Then he began, with solemn emphasis:

"Boys, you hear me; she's a No. 1, triple X, the pure quill with a head on it; she's a—"

"And for the first time in his Black Rock history Abe was stuck for a word. Some one suggested 'angel.'

"'Angel' repeated Abe, with infinite contempt. 'Angels ain't in the same month with her. I'd like to see any blanked angel swing my team around them curves without a shiver.'

"Held the lines herself, Abe?" asked a miner.

"That's what," said Abe, and then he went off into a fusillade of scientific profanity expressive of his esteem for the girl who had swung his team round the curves, and the miners nodded to each other and winked their entire approval of Abe's performance, for this was his specialty.

"Very decent fellow, Abe, but his talk wouldn't print."

Here Craig paused, as if balancing Abe's virtues and vices.

"Well," I urged, "who is she?"

"Oh, yes," he said, recalling himself. "She is an Edinburgh young lady; met Lewis Mavor, a young Scotch-Englishman, in London, wealthy, good family and all that, but fast and going to pieces at home. His people, who own large shares in these mines here, as a last resort send him out here to reform. Curiously innocent ideas those old country people have of the reforming properties of this atmosphere. They send their young bloods here to reform—here in this devil's camp ground, where a man's lust is his only law and when, from sheer monotony, a man must betake himself to the only excitement of the place, that offered by the saloon. Good people in the east hold up holy hands of horror at these goddess miners, but I tell you it's asking these boys a good deal to keep straight and clean in a place like this. I take my excitement in fighting the devil and doing my work generally, and that gives me enough, but these poor chaps, hard worked, homeless, with no break or change—God help them and me!" And his voice sank low.

"Well," I persisted, "did Mavor reform?"

"Reform? Not exactly. In six months he had broken through all restraint, and, mind you, not the miners' fault. Not a miner helped him down. It was a sight to make angels weep when Mrs. Mavor would come to the saloon door for her husband. Every miner would vanish. They could not look upon her shame, and they would send Mavor forth in charge of Billy Breen, a queer little chap who had belonged to the Mavors in some way in the old country, and between them they would get him home. How she stood it puzzles me to this day, but she never made any sign, and her courage never failed. It was always a brave, brave, proud face she held up to the world, except in church. There it was different. I used to preach my sermons, I believe, mostly for her—but never so that she could suspect—as bravely and as cheerily as I could, and as she listened, and especially as she sang—how she used to sing in those days!—there was no touch of pride in her face, though the courage never died out, but appeal, appeal! I could have cursed aloud the cause of her misery or wept for the pity of it. Before her baby was born he seemed to pull himself together, for he was quite mad about her, and from the day the baby came—talk about miracles!—from that day he never drank a drop. She gave the baby over to him, and the baby simply absorbed him.

"'Will ye no' come back again? Will ye no' come back again? Better lo'ed ye canna be. Will ye no' come back again?'"

"A strange terror seized us. Instinctively the men closed up in front of the body and stood in silence. Nearer and nearer came the clear, sweet voice, ringing like a silver bell up the steep:

"Sweet the lay's rock's note and lang,  
 Liltin' wildly up the glen,  
 But ay tae me he sings as sang,  
 Will ye no' come back again?"

"Before the verse was finished Old Ricketts had dropped on his knees, sobbing out brokenly, 'O God, O God, have pity, have pity, have pity!' and every man took off his hat. And still the voice came nearer, singing so brightly the refrain:

"'Will ye no' come back again? Will ye no' come back again? Will ye no' come back again?'"

"It became unbearable. Old Ricketts sprang suddenly to his feet and, gripping me by the arm, said piteously:

"Oh, go to her! For heaven's sake, go to her!"

"I next remember standing in her path and seeing her holding out her hands full of red lilies, crying out:

"'Are they not lovely? Lewis is so fond of them!'"

"With the promise of much finer ones I turned her down a path toward the river, talking I know not what folly till her great eyes grew grave, then anxious, and my tongue stammered and became silent. Then, laying her hand upon my arm, she said, with gentle sweetness:

"Tell me your trouble, Mr. Craig, and I knew my agony had come, and I burst out:

"Oh, if it were only mine!"

"She turned quite white, and, with her deep eyes—you've noticed her eyes—drawing the truth out of mine, she said:

"Is it mine, Mr. Craig, and my baby's?"

"I waited, thinking with what words to begin. She put one hand to her heart and with the other caught a little poplar tree that shivered under her

grasp and said, with white lips, be even more gently:

"Tell me."

"I wondered at my voice being so steady as I said:

"'Mrs. Mavor, God will help you and your baby. There has been an accident, and it is all over.'

"She was a miner's wife, and there was no need for more. I could see the pattern of the sunlight falling through the trees upon the grass. I could hear the murmur of the river and the cry of the catbird in the bushes, but we seemed to be in a strange and unreal world. Suddenly she stretched out her hands to me and with a little moan said:

"Take me to him."

"'Sit down for a moment or two,' I entreated.

"'No, no; I am quite ready. See,' she added quietly; 'I am quite strong.'

"I set off by a short cut leading to her home, hoping the men would be there ahead of us; but, passing me, she walked swiftly through the trees, and I followed in fear. As we came near the main path I heard the sound of feet, and I tried to stop her, but she, too, had heard and knew.

"'Oh, let me go!' she said piteously. 'You need not fear.'

"And I had not the heart to stop her. In a little opening among the pines we met the bearers. When the men saw her, they laid their burden gently down upon the carpet of yellow pine needles, and then, for they had the hearts of true men in them, they went away into the bushes and left her alone with the dead. She went swiftly to his side, making no cry; but, kneeling beside him, she stroked his face and hands and touched his curls with her fingers, murmuring all the time soft words of love.

"'Oh, my darling, my bonny, bonny darling, speak to me! Will you not speak to me just one little word? Oh, my love, my love, my heart's love! Listen, my darling!'"

"And she put her lips to his ear, whispering, and then the awful stillness. Suddenly she lifted her head and scanned his face, and then, glancing round with a wild surprise in her eyes, she cried:

"'He will not speak to me! Oh, he will not speak to me!'"

"I signed to the men, and as they came forward I went to her and took her hands.

"'Oh,' she said, with a wail in her voice, 'he will not speak to me!'"

"The men were sobbing aloud. She looked at them with wide open eyes of wonder.

"'Why are they weeping? Will he never speak to me again? Tell me,' she insisted gently.

"The words were running through my head,

"'There's a land that is fairer than day, and I said them over to her, holding her hands firmly in mine. She gazed at me as if in a dream, and the light slowly faded from her eyes as she said, tearing her hands from mine and waving them toward the mountains and the woods:

"'But never more here! Never more here!'"

"I believe in heaven and the other life, but I confess that for a moment it all seemed shadowy beside the reality of this warm, bright world, full of life and love. She was very ill for two nights, and when the coffin was closed a new baby lay in the father's arms.

"She slowly came back to life, but there were no more songs. The miners still came about her shop and talk to her baby and bring her their sorrows and troubles; but, though she is always gentle, almost tender, with them, no man ever says 'Sing.' And that is why I am glad she sang last week. It will be good for her and good for them."

"Why does she stay?" I asked.

"Mavor's people wanted her to go to them," he replied.

"They have money—she told me about it—her heart is in the grave up there under the pines, and, besides, she hopes to do something for the miners, and she will not leave them."

I am afraid I snorted a little impatiently as I said: "Nonsense! Why, with her face and manner and voice she could be anything she liked in Edinburgh or in London."

"And why Edinburgh or London?" he asked coolly.

"Why?" I repeated a little hotly. "You think this is better?"

"Nazareth was good enough for the Lord of Glory," he answered, with a smile none too bright, but it drew my heart to him, and my heat was gone.

"How long will she stay?" I asked.

"Till her work is done," he replied. "And when will that be?" I asked impatiently.

"When God chooses," he answered gravely. "And don't you ever think but that it is worth while. One value of work is not that crowds stare at it. Read history, man!"

He rose abruptly and began to walk about.

"And don't miss the whole meaning of the life that lies at the foundation of your religion. Yes," he added to himself, "the work is worth doing, worth even her doing."

I could not think so then, but the light of the after years proved him wiser than I. A man to see far must climb to some height, and I was too much upon the plain in those days to catch even a glimpse of distant sunlit uplands of triumphant achievement that lie beyond the valley of self sacrifice.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Get Out of the Mud.

In the constitution of human affairs we are obliged to travel knee deep and sometimes neck deep along the moral roads of life; and since it seems impossible to get macadam for these roads, it does seem that the organization of society and government might at least give us macadamized roads for our physical pilgrimage.—W. B. Harte, Boston.

# NOTES FOR BEEKEEPERS.

If honey is overheated both color and transparency is injured. Keep bees to make your own honey. Begin with a few hives. Strong colonies protect themselves against robbers and bee moths. It is quite an item to breed the hive full of bees just before winter. Never leave a newly-hived swarm near the place where it clustered. Bees generally require about 30 pounds of honey on which to winter. Thick, well-ripened honey will not granulate so readily as that which is thin. In rendering beeswax use a tin, brass or copper vessel. An iron one will darken it. It is a good plan to do what feeding is necessary at night, so as not to excite robbing. A little pine tar smeared on a board and put next the hive will drive away ants. In making candy to feed to bees be careful not to burn it. Burnt candy will kill bees. In cold weather when bees are quiet is when they are doing best; do not disturb them. There are three personages in the beehive proper—the queen, the worker bee and the drone. Unite weak colonies and their stores. They will winter better together than separately. Besides losing its beauty and fine appearance, honey kept in a cellar gets watery and its flavor is lost.—Agricultural Epitomist.

# An Evidence of Civilization.

Roads are at once a means and an evidence of civilization. The remains of the Roman highways testify of their advancement, and show how they carried Roman ideas to the utmost bounds of the empire. There is nothing our people more need than to "mend their ways;" nothing for which they would more willingly be taxed.—Rev. Philip L. Jones, American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.

# USE HOME MATERIAL.

A Road-Building Hint Which Applies with Equal Force to Character Building.

It is reported by the director of the office of public roads inquiry that a costly mistake is sometimes committed by districts which are anxious to improve the condition of the local roads. Through not using scientifically determined comparative values of different materials, they use an unsuitable substance to harden the surface of a highway, when all the time they are at hand a more suitable material which can be obtained at less expense. If they knew their own resources they would not send from home for what, after all, not be turned to as good account the substances easily within reach.

If we are ever tempted to lack the lack of educational advantage or whatever the particular of back may be—in our neighborhood and to envy some more fortunate endowed locality, let us postpone our discontent until we have the best of such things as we have. The library of our district is perhaps, in the number of books but have we extracted all the row out of its Shakespearean ton? The society is uncultivated has not the narrowest member something to teach us? To buy a strong and even beautiful letter, it is not necessary to travel far; we may find all the material it very near home.—Wellspring

# FOR LOADING LOGS.

An Arrangement Which Saves of Labor and, in Some Cases, Lots of Profanity.

Arrange two stout timbers, with one end of each on the ground and the other on the sled or Double a 1 1/2-inch rope of 5 length. Loop the middle through clevis, so it will not slip. Tie the of the rope to the side of the

# 1847 Rogers Bros.

on Spoons, Forks, etc., is a guarantee of quality the world over. The prefix—1847—insures the genuine Rogers quality. For sale by leading dealers everywhere. Send for catalogue No. 191, to International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

# DR. FENNER'S GOLDEN RELIEF

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

# DON'T TOBACCO SPT AND SMOKE Your Lungs!

You can be cured of any form of tobacco using easily be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor by taking NO-TO-BAC.

that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days, over \$50.00 cured. All druggists. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and advice FREE. Address: STEKELING, CMLDY CO., Chicago or N. Y. N. Y.

# THE CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES ALL THE FAILS OF THE LUNGS. In time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

# MODEL COUNTRY ROAD.

Kept Up by the Farmers Living Alongside of It for Their Own Comfort and Convenience.

One of the best kept roads I know of anywhere is in Caldwell county, Mo., between Nettleton and Hamilton. It has driven over this road at all times of the year, but have never seen it rough or muddy. It is not because Missouri has superior road laws. There are roads in the state that would wreck a leather bag in a spring wagon. Neither is it because the township trustees compel the road overseer to attend to his business. Township trustees and road overseers here are about ordinary, but are ordinarily not about when needed.

This is the explanation. On each side of that road are fine farms. Beautiful farms with clean-cut hedges, well-kept orchards and fine meadows. On these farms are well-built, well-painted and nicely ornamented farm houses, with beautiful lawns and trees about them. In those homes live progressive men, who have agreed that this road shall be well kept. Each man owns a scraper. Each farmer takes the piece of road along his side, just as the city resident does his sidewalk. When one is busy, another takes care of his road. When bridge is to be built they all come together and build it. The road is graded in the middle, so the water runs off at once. When it begins to rough they run a scraper over. During parts of the year they go on this road from three to six times a week. Sometimes even oftener.

It takes some time? Yes, but half as much as it does some other men trying to sell their farms who they want to change. An average three hours per week for each farmer keeps the road. When they want to go to town, as they often do, the pleasure. It's a pleasure for the people, too, and when one of the wants to sell his farm he gets five to ten dollars more per acre if he were located at the side of a narrow gullied buggy-break bypath. Then they have free mail delivery along that road now. Some of the rest of us haven't, and I am sure the road had something to do with it.—W. H. Hamby, in Orange J. Farmer.

# USE HOME MATERIAL.

A Road-Building Hint Which Applies with Equal Force to Character Building.

It is reported by the director of the office of public roads inquiry that a costly mistake is sometimes committed by districts which are anxious to improve the condition of the local roads. Through not using scientifically determined comparative values of different materials, they use an unsuitable substance to harden the surface of a highway, when all the time they are at hand a more suitable material which can be obtained at less expense. If they knew their own resources they would not send from home for what, after all, not be turned to as good account the substances easily within reach.

If we are ever tempted to lack the lack of educational advantage or whatever the particular of back may be—in our neighborhood and to envy some more fortunate endowed locality, let us postpone our discontent until we have the best of such things as we have. The library of our district is perhaps, in the number of books but have we extracted all the row out of its Shakespearean ton? The society is uncultivated has not the narrowest member something to teach us? To buy a strong and even beautiful letter, it is not necessary to travel far; we may find all the material it very near home.—Wellspring

# FOR LOADING LOGS.

An Arrangement Which Saves of Labor and, in Some Cases, Lots of Profanity.

Arrange two stout timbers, with one end of each on the ground and the other on the sled or Double a 1 1/2-inch rope of 5 length. Loop the middle through clevis, so it will not slip. Tie the of the rope to the side of the

# 1847 Rogers Bros.

on Spoons, Forks, etc., is a guarantee of quality the world over. The prefix—1847—insures the genuine Rogers quality. For sale by leading dealers everywhere. Send for catalogue No. 191, to International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

# DR. FENNER'S GOLDEN RELIEF

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GRIP COLIC BRUISES SPRAINS RUSTY NAILS

CURES ANY GR