

# THE QUEEN'S PARDON

By Clive Holland.



ON the Heights of Portland the December mist, still undispersed by sunrise, hung thick, obliterating all traces of the prison buildings from the roads, where several ships of the channel squadron lay at anchor, and also from the straggling row of houses at the base of the northwest slope.

In the prison itself there was no light as yet save in the corridors, up and down which the ever-alert wardens paced monotonously to and fro. In most of the cells the prisoners slept, tired out with the previous day's hewing of stone and ungenial tasks; but in one the occupant, a man of thirty-five, good-looking in spite of prison garb, close-cropped hair, and the ravages of toil and despair, lay on his bed awake.

A little more than ten years ago he had stood in the dock of a west of England city listening to a judge with a hard voice, though with kindly eyes, pronouncing sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude. All that an eloquent counsel could do had been done for him, but to no avail. The evidence seemed conclusively damning, and the foreman of the jury, after an absence of half an hour, answered "guilty" to the usual question with a ring of conviction in his voice. The judge's words to Thomas Harbode fell on deaf ears. He stood stupidly gazing at a young girl sitting at the back of the court in company of a sweet-faced old lady, as though he saw nothing.

At last a warder touched him on the shoulder, and the same instant a piteous cry of, "O, Tom! Tom! They're going to take you away from me," rang out in the court, over which the dusk of late afternoon was creeping, gradually blotting out the features of those who sat at all in shadow. The prisoner turned round as though about to say something to the judge on the bench, and then, led by the warder, he vanished down the dock stairs to the cells, to be known no longer as Thomas Harbode, but by various numbers: At Portland convict prison as "No. 27."

The sense of innocence brought him no need of satisfaction; it merely filled him with desperate wrath and blackest despair. In the early period of his solitary confinement he found himself confronted day in and out with the crushing sense of legions of hours, minutes and seconds before he could hope to be a free man—ever if he were to be one again. By good conduct—against the very thought of which he at first rebelled, refusing to accept any boon at the hands of fate—he might reduce these years to two-thirds maybe. What then, millions of seconds, each one to him, a prisoner, an appreciable part of life; hundreds of thousands of leaden-footed minutes, each one filled with a poignant despair, must pass ere the time of release drew near. At work, under the scorching sun or in the keen air of winter, in the quarries it was all the same. These hours and minutes became embodied in the persons of the warders and fellow-prisoners, in the presence of his chains.

From a possibly dangerous man he became almost an inanimate machine; a mere cogwheel in the round of daily toil and prison discipline. At first he attacked the stone as though he were revenging his wrongs upon human flesh and blood; at last he toiled it with the unthinking regularity of an automaton. It takes a year or two to trample the human element out of a man of Harbode's type; but the effect of stone walls, silence and brutalized companions, if slow, is none the less sure. Only in his case he became an automaton instead of an animal.

Through the long December night, while the mist enshrouded Portland and restricted the range of lights at the Bill to half a mile or less, and while the sirens resounded from the light-house gallery almost continuously, answered faintly by others from vessels far out at sea, or booming harshly from others near at hand, Harbode lay awake reckoning the weeks, days, hours and minutes which comprised the remaining two years of his term. He had just dropped off into a half-sleeping condition when his cell door opened, and instead of the hard face of the warder came to tell him to tidy up, he saw the governor and chaplain, with the warder in the background.

"What could it mean?" He sprang up, rubbing his eyes, and almost before he knew what was happening the governor had told him in a few words that he had received the Queen's pardon, and then proceeded to read the same. What did it all mean? No other thought germinated in his dulled brain. Free! Free to go where he would! Free to walk out of the jail gates! Never to return within the stone walls which had shut him in from the outside world, as surely as though no other world than that contained within them existed.

The prison bell clanged, startling him into a state of wakefulness. The governor had finished reading the official-looking paper, and with the conclusion of the formal part of his duty he added a few words of congratulation. Harbode seemed to have no comprehension of their meaning. He remained standing in the centre of the narrow cell speechless. At last the chaplain made him understand the import of the document which had just been read over to him.

"Free! Free! It is impossible," he exclaimed, and then he threw himself on the bed in an agony of joy. The

clanging of the bell afresh, the slamming of doors, the echoing of footsteps down the resounding corridors, recalled him to a sense of his position. A warder entered with a suit of clothes. With trembling fingers he removed his prison garb, worn, soiled with weather and labor and intolerable. The trousers felt chilly after the thick, tight-fitting knickerbockers, and rough, thick worsted stockings. The coat seemed to fit him nowhere. With one look round his cell, on the walls of which he had done innumerable calculations to keep himself from insanity bred by the terrible silence and sense of loneliness, "No. 27" now no longer a mere figure, a machine, but a human being, stepped into the corridor.

There was a breakfast for him such as he had not tasted for nine long years, but he had no appetite. The idea now possessing his mind was home, escape whilst the governor was willing for him to depart. He swallowed a few mouthfuls, drank a few gulps of cocoa, and then with the allowance money in his pocket hurried to the gateway.

He was free. Free to go wherever he liked. Free to start for home as fast as steam could carry him. Free to stretch out his arms to the placid gray-blue waters of Western Bay now denuded of their mantle of fog and sparkling in the sunshine. Free to breathe the pure air uncontaminated by companions criminal and vicious. But the waters, the hillside, the lovely stretch of verdant country extended before his eyes, had no charm for him save that they spelt freedom. Behind him lay the prison house, the flagstaff from which no ensign of dread fluttered to tell of his escape. Before him lay freedom.

He rushed down the road, waving his arms with the reawakened instincts of a boy escaping from school, oblivious alike to the sympathetic gaze of women he passed, and the half-temptuous remarks of the men. He dashed into the bleak, shabby little railway station, only to learn that there was no train for an hour. Already his limbs unused to such riotous movements and still feeling the lag of the chain, had begun to fall him, making the half-jocular suggestion of the solitary porter, that he should "take a little exercise and walk to Weymouth," out of the question.

"I'll have to wait," was all he could think of to say.

"Doin' time ain't altogether exhilarating or strengthenin' work," the porter remarked.

Harbode nodded his head, yet longed to tell him he was an innocent man. The porter, however, had vanished, to return in a few moments with a paper.

"Here, mate," he exclaimed, with rough kindness. "You won't know all yesterday's news, I'll go bail."

At last his eye caught a small paragraph stowed away at the bottom of the third column on page six of the paper. He read and reread it over and over again. "Her Majesty, the Queen, has been graciously pleased to pardon Thomas Harbode, who was convicted of forgery at the Winchester assizes some ten years ago, and who is now completing his sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude at Portland. Harbode will be released this morning. The step has been taken in consequence of the dying confession of a man at Bristol." Nothing more! Now he knew why he had been released. And so death had taken Edward Tilwell out of the hands of justice. It was hardly fair of death.

The porter came up whistling to tell him the train would start in ten minutes. He got up, thrust the paper into the man's hands, and pointed to the paragraph.

"That's me."

"You Thomas Harbode?" exclaimed the man. "Then all I've got to say is it's a hanged shame the Queen didn't send a coach-and-six for you. Let's have your hand, man, to wish you good luck. Got a missis? No? So much the better; poor soul, if you had, it would cut her up terrible."

"No," said Harbode, as though speaking to himself. "I was to have been married; but that's years ago now, and I'm an old man."

"Old" interjected the porter, "you're no more than five-and-thirty. I'll go bail. You do look older, to be sure. But wait till you've been out a bit, you'll soon rub off them lines and look a bit more upish."

The engine at the end of the short train of carriages reloaded to the Portland line after becoming too thoroughly out of date for even the Somerset and Dorset local service between Weymouth and Dorchester, gave a thin, wintry squeak, and Harbode, in a fever of apprehension lest it should start without him, tumbled into the first carriage that came handy, ticketless.

The porter came to the door, "You've got no ticket. Here, give me a shilling, and I'll get it for you. Book to Weymouth?"

"Yes," said Harbode, fumbling in his pocket for the money.

"Now you're all right," the porter exclaimed, returning a couple of minutes later; here's the ticket and the change. No, thanks; you'll want all you've got. Good-bye, mate, and good luck."

With a bump and a groan the train moved out of the station and ambled along the line running at the back of Chesil Beach at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour. Harbode was one of half a dozen passengers, but there was

no one else in his compartment. He sat thinking of all that had happened. He had heard nothing of those at home for many months; they might all be dead. How would he have the courage to go to the door with this possibility? What would he do if Jane told him his mother was dead? He covered his face in his hands at the thought, and sobbed as only a strong man can sob in the corner of a carriage. With a great jerk the train pulled up at the station, and Harbode got out. His fellow-travelers regarded him with curiosity because his friend, the porter, had told every one of them who he was when he examined their tickets, inveighing bitterly then in the while against the caustic humor of pardoning an innocent man.

Harbode noticed nothing of this. He inquired of a porter the next train on to the junction for Appledbury, and then discovered that he was both hungry and faint for want of food. He went out into the slippery, muddy street at the back of the house on the Parade, and at length found a quiet little eating house, where he was served with a meal by a girl who had a pitying eye, after consultation with her superior in command. At 3 o'clock he was again on his way in the train, in the company this time of other fellow creatures, who one and all regarded him with a feeling akin to that with which they would have submitted to the company of a dangerous animal. Harbode noticed it after a time, and putting his hand to his head suddenly made the discovery that his hair was noticeably short. After this he realized that he was a marked man, and no longer wondered why the lady opposite drew her warm plaid dress away from his feet, and the other lady with two children sidled as far from him as possible, and asked the guard to find her seats in another carriage at the next station.

He was innocent, but how could he explain it to them? If they could but know how he had suffered surely they would weep. He hadn't the paper with him; even if he had perhaps they would not believe that he and the Thomas Harbode mentioned in the paragraph were one and the same. Two men got in where the lady with the children got out. They each of them threw him a glance, shrugged their shoulders and then became immersed in their papers.

It was quite dark when Appledbury was reached and Harbode, luggazelle, speedily passed out of the station without being recognized. There seemed little alteration in the place. Several of the shops—now gay with Christmas goods and finery—in the main street now had large plate-glass windows in place of more countrified fronts, but were otherwise much as fifteen years ago. For a moment he stood stupefied, staring up and down the street, regarded by the passers-by with curiosity. Then he remembered that he would have to go along the street, past the grocer's whose window projected a yard into the footpath, turn down the by-street, and then again turning take the road leading to his home.

In ten minutes he reached the garçen gate. He had run part of the way, and now he could not make up his mind to go up the drive to the door. What if they were all dead? There was a sick at the very idea. There was a light in his mother's room, which was at the front of the house. What if she lay ill—perhaps dying? At last his legs carried him up the drive which swept around the little front lawn in a semi-circle. He heard the bell tinkle shrilly at the back of the house. The sound seemed like home. All at once he remembered how, years ago, he banged it with a long-handled broom till it fangled against its fellow on either side.

The door opened. A flood of light streamed out on to the gravel. It was a strange face, and the face sent an icy shock to his heart. Far outside himself he heard a voice he did not recognize as his own asking if Dr Harbode were in. A year seemed to pass before the servant said: "No," adding, "did you wish to see him particular?"

"Yes."

"He'll be in in half an hour."

"Is—Mrs. Harbode in? Is she alive?" said the man at the door, throwing the words at her when once his tongue consented to frame them.

"Why, Lor' bless me, yes! Come, none of that."

But it was no use. The man she had just noticed had suspiciously short hair and a strange, wild-looking face, had pushed past her, thrown open the sitting-room door, stumbled into it and thrown his arms around a sweet-faced old lady who rose in alarm at his sudden entrance.

"My son! my son!" rang out through the house. "Mother! mother!"

The girl stood rooted to the spot, then she ran to Jane, and the two of them came out into the passage. In the sitting-room with its pink-shaded lamp a woman was seated kissing every line on her son's face—every line that the long years had written. And he stroked the hair that still lay thick, though white, in a coil at the back of her head.

Suddenly the man started up.

"Jess?" he asked, huskily.

Some one who had lain, half-stunned with joy, in a wicker chair within of the range of the lamp-light, came into his vision.

"Jess!" he cried, folding her in his arms whilst the room swam round, "my Jess!"

"Tom!" came the answer.

"But I am old," said he; "so old."

"And I also, with the sadness and loneliness of waiting. But now—now I am young again."

The voice of the elder woman broke the silence after a moment: "For this my son was dead and is alive again."

And they began to be merry.—Black and White.

## THE PULPIT.

AN ELOQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. EDWARD NILES.

Subject: "Recent Religious Revivals."

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Rev. Edward Niles, pastor of the White (Bushwick Avenue Reformed) Church, preached Sunday on "The Recent Religious Revival." The text was from II. Samuel v. 24: "When thou hearest the sound of marching in the tops of the mulberry trees, then thou shalt bestir thyself; for then is Jehovah gone out before thee to smite the host of the Philistines." Mr. Niles said:

David and his little kingdom were sore beset by the enemy. Former victories had only brought them temporary relief. Many of the troops were discouraged. Very likely some advised pulling up terms of peace with the Philistines which would stop the pending conflict, even if much would needs be yielded. It was a crisis, and David did the best thing possible.

He inquired of Jehovah. The reply of the oracle was a strange one. The order was not to go openly against the foe, but to equip his forces, and thoroughly prepared for attack, put them in ambush opposite a grove of mulberry trees. Then, when the sound of an angel army was heard rustling over the tops of those branches, to bestir himself, and, according to the account in I Chronicles, go out to battle. How thrilling the promise which followed the direction, "for then Jehovah is gone out before thee to smite the host of the Philistines."

He did as he was told. Jehovah led the way, the Israelites followed. Both smiting together won battle. Jehovah led the way, the Israelites followed. Both smiting together won battle. Jehovah led the way, the Israelites followed. Both smiting together won battle.

Many in our ranks are seeking after compromise with the abandonment of our spiritual integrity, accommodation to the demands of the world. The times are desperate and earnest souls have followed the example of the Shepherd King, inquiring of Jehovah what shall be done.

The answer he came in, in no uncertain tones. Equip yourselves with shields of faith, swords of the Spirit, breastplates of righteousness, helmets of salvation. Omit no preparation. Expect great things. When thou hearest the sound of heavenly allies marching, thy heart shall strike, "for I, Jehovah, am with you."

Christians have been hearing such messages for months. Sermons, prayer-meeting talks, Sunday-school instruction have laid ever deepening emphasis on the necessity of being alert to the voice of heaven which now warrants the command, "Go forward." Now I believe it has come. As one of the captains of the sacramental army I repeat the order, "Forward, march!"

During the past week my desk was strewn with clippings from both religious and secular papers telling of the "sound of marching in the tops of the mulberry trees."

"Gypsy Smith" It is an outlandish name. But it tells of a man who succeeded where Rhodes, Kruger, Milner and all the other "statesmen" signally failed.

From London comes the echo of the angel's footsteps, forcing back its sin, shame and poverty that the churches, charging shoulder to shoulder, may carry in triumph the cross of Christ to the very darkest heart of that metropolitan of Christendom and Satan.

The thrilling distinction which has never before in its history by the story of Jesus?"

"Yes," comes the answer from many witnesses. Policemen have strangely few calls to take people to the station-houses and bring them instead to gospel meetings, wrestling with them in prayer, rejoicing with them in salvation. One hundred and fifty street car conductors are bound together in a praying band. Messenger boys and brokers in the Stock Exchange talk with each other of God and John the Baptist.

The very whistling on the streets is of gospel hymns. Twelve thousand people night after night pack the Tournament Hall to hear and give their testimonies, led by a recently notorious prize fighter and gambler.

Nearly 5000 have publicly given their hearts to Christ in this city and 57,000 in England since our American evangelists, Torrey and Alexander, began their meetings in England.

The sound of marching on the top of the mulberry trees has been so loud in Wales that even our daily papers this side of the Atlantic have heard, and found place to record it in their columns. In a little Welsh town, eight miles from the nearest railroad, a Christian Endeavor meeting was being held a few months back. The leader urged upon those present to tell their own spiritual experience, when a fourteen-year-old girl, who had never taken any part before, started every one by rising with beaming face. "O, I love Jesus with all my heart," were her only words. The effect was electric. One after another testified to the greatness of their sins and the infinitely greater greatness of Christ's pardon. The religious contagion spread to other villages in fast widening circles. Evan Roberts, once a ringleader in democracy, had recently given up coal-mining to study for the ministry, and came home for a little rest. He was inspired by the changed life of his town to proclaim the gospel with a power unheard of in a theological student. Scores came to him for advice, whom he led to the cross. His services were asked for here, there and another place. Wherever he went the way had been prepared by faithful effort. No halls were large enough to accommodate the crowds, and the meetings were held out of doors in many places. Every Sunday-school, every Christian Endeavor meeting became a revival meeting. The preachers were dis-

established. The people conducted the gatherings as they saw fit. Songs, exhortations, prayers followed or mingled with one another, yet all without such confusion as would mar the one impression of each meeting—the evident presence in power of the Holy Spirit. Such a Christmas time has never been known in Wales. Instead of drunkenness, hymn singing; the theatres deserted, their players stranded, religious conversation the prevailing topic, saloons with no patrons.

The revival is distinctively ethical, confirmed enemies of years standing reconciled in the meetings, old and forgotten debts remembered and paid, the baneful effects of the great strike disappearing as master and workman labor together in bringing to the anxious bench the unsaved or as they seek together for light and peace. "It is the most remarkable spiritual upheaval this generation has witnessed. I believe it is destined to leave a permanent mark on the history of our country. It seems to be rocking Welsh life like a great earthquake," says Lloyd George, a member of Parliament. Over 34,000 people are already enrolled as converts, and the movement shows no sign of abatement. "Will this revival marching of God's army cause Americans to bestir themselves? Is it not a challenge from God that we go out to battle?"

Such was the query that came to a minister of the Reformed Church in Schenectady. He rallied the Christian forces of that city, and their first onslaught was successful beyond what they had faith to expect.

That city is full of men and women to-day who have made their peace with God, of those who are asking, "What must I do to be saved?" and, equally important, of those who have already found an answer to the question, "What can I do for others?" and are doing it. Practically every church in the place has been stirred as never before in this generation.

From the economically and politically distracted State of Colorado I hear the tramp tramp of marching now of deported miners, nor of armed troops quelling riots. It is the tread of God's messengers, their feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace.

The level-headed business men of Denver declared over and over a few weeks back that, whatever might be done elsewhere, a revival there was inconceivable. What did I read in the paper a week ago yesterday? Five hundred business houses closed for two hours that employers and employed might attend prayer meetings! The public schools, the municipal buildings shut because of the revival. The State Legislature, more interested in Jesus Christ than in deciding who should be the Governor, adjourning to attend church in a body on a Friday! Already new Christians are numbered by thousands and hundreds of people who had kept their church letters in their trunks had presented them and renewed their Christian work.

Are not such sounds of marching of angel's footsteps in South Africa, in London, in Liverpool, through the length and breadth of Wales, and Schenectady, in Denver, in many places, signals that we should bestir ourselves and go down with them to the attack? I can interpret these glorious facts in no other way.

Other places have been freed from the thralldom of indifference to things spiritual. Why should not we? There any reason why the work should not commence now, quickening the frozen, illumining the darkened, lifting all up to a higher plane of thought, giving juster conceptions of responsibility, causing us to act with wiser regard for the glory of God and the welfare of souls?

The only reason lies in ourselves. Who votes against a revival? The Christian who prays not for it, who works not for it. When I see a vacant seat in the prayer meeting or church, I see a class in Sunday-school left without a teacher, a healthy church member who is not also a worker, I say: "There is a vote against a revival." How do you vote? Yes? Then all you need to do is to use the means. The first is self-examination. I, as a professed Christian, am I as bright and shining example of the benefits of being a Christian?

The second means is prayer. Begin your first conscious moment of the day with a "God, pour out Thy spirit on the white church."

Begin during the day, though your feet may be walking and your eyes are open.

A certain place in the dome of the Capitol is called the whispering gallery because a word, even though only whispered there, is distinguishable in the farther corner of the rotunda. The same is true of prayer in this sanctuary are the whispering galleries where are most quickly heard the sound of the marching in the tops of the mulberry trees.

The third means is joy. According to our faith it is done to us. The Holy Spirit never failed to come where He was confidently expected. The simple, uninterrupted joy of Evan Roberts is a striking phase of his spiritual power. So far as equipment is concerned, our preparation for the sound of marching in the tops of the mulberry trees is complete. Because we have heard it in so many directions and our expectations have become realizations, "shall we go out to battle?"

"God has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat. He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat. O be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet! Our God is marching on."

A Sermon For Women.

The chief matron of the Chicago police department preaches a powerful total abstinence sermon when she says: "Of all the ten or twelve thousand unfortunate girls and wrecked women arrested every year in Chicago, among those who tell their woes to me, nine-tenths out of every hundred attribute their downfall to the first glass of wine or champagne, taken generally with a male companion, always for good fellowship's sake. The first glass is the beginning of the end and here you see what the end is. When a woman once begins to drink, even in a social way, her future is threatened with either moral weakness or utter ruin."

The Inevitable Christ.

One person we cannot avoid—the inevitable Christ; one dilemma we must face. "What shall I do with Jesus which is called Christ?"—Ian MacLaren.

### Dumbness Cured by Cold.

A miraculous cure has just been effected by the cold water at Pauhaquet, Auvergne. John Rougier, 54 years of age, an agricultural laborer, lost his speech in 1887 after a severe attack of typhoid fever. At this time he was a parish school teacher and naturally was compelled to resign his position and seek other work.

The other day on going to work as usual he was suddenly seized with faintness owing to the extreme cold, and would have frozen to death had not some passerby come to his assistance, and restored him to consciousness. It was then found, to the great surprise of everyone, that he had regained his power of speech.

The doctors of the district have forwarded a report of this extraordinary case to the faculty in Paris.—London Chronicle.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 351 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Japan imports wool from many of the European countries.

Use Allen's Foot-Paste.

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Tired, Aching, Hot, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Paste, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Cures while you walk. At All Drugists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

There are 252,436 miles of ocean cable in operation.

A Guaranteed Cure For Piles.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Drugists will refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

The exportation of cattle from Mexico to Cuba is increasing.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

There are 12,655 graduates of the Yale University living.

Pisco's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SARGENT, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Graham County jail at Clifton, A. T., is the strongest jail in the world.

The massed navies of the world include 560 battleships, 471 cruisers, 1,255 gunboats and 1,000 torpedo craft.

Salzer's Home Builder Corn.

So named because 50 acres produced so heavily, that its proceeds built a lovely home. See Salzer's catalog. Yields in Ind. 157 bu., Ohio 160 bu., Tenn. 198 bu., and in Mich. 220 bu. per acre. You can beat this record in 1905.

WHEAT DO YOU THINK OF THESE YIELDS?

120 bu. Beardless Barley per acre.  
310 bu. Salzer's New National Oats per A.  
80 bu. Salzer Speltz and Macaroni Wheat.  
1,000 bu. Pedigree Potatoes per acre.  
14 tons of rich Billon. Dollar Grass Hay.  
60,000 lbs. Victoria Rape for sheep—per A.  
165,000 lbs. Treosin, the fodder wonder.  
54,000 lbs. Salzer's Superior Fodder Corn—rich, juicy fodder, per A.

Now such yields you can have in 1905, if you will plant my seeds.

JUST SEND THIS NOTICE AND 10c in stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and receive their great catalog and lots of farm seed samples. [A. C. L.]

Leaders Also Punished.

In the monasteries of Thibet, which are also the schools, failure in examination, as well as breaches in discipline and manners, is punished by flogging, and the sutras are flogged, too, as being responsible for their pupils' deficiencies.

YELLOW CRUST ON BABY

Would Crack Open and Scab Causing Terrible Itching—Cured by Cuticura.

"Our baby had a yellow crust on his head which I could not keep away. When I thought I had succeeded in getting his head clear, it would start again by the crown of his head, crack and scale, and cause terrible itching. I then got Cuticura Soap and Ointment, washing the scalp with the soap and then applying the Ointment. A few treatments made a complete cure. I have advised many mothers to use Cuticura, when I have been asked about the same ailment of their babies. Mrs. John Boyce, Pine Brush, N. Y."

Return of Pendant Earrings.

Custer setting for earrings such as emeralds surrounded by pearls, or by diamonds, are at present the correct thing among stage women and others who like pronounced effects. These earrings are made up in the same forms as the jeweled buttons now in vogue in velvet frocks.

Pendant earrings in old-fashioned silver and gold with added settings of gems are being displayed by some of the oriental shops, while antique shops offer their quaintest in earrings, much bejeweled, may return.—Jewelers' Circular Weekly.

HAD TO GIVE UP.

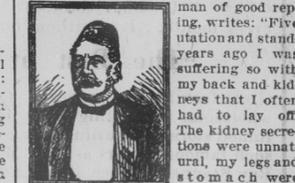
Suffered Agonies From Kidney Disorders Until Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

George W. Renoff, of 1953 North Eleventh street, Philadelphia, Pa., a

man of good reporting, writes: "Five years ago I was suffering so with my back and kidneys that I often had to lay off. The kidney secretions were unnatural, my legs and arms were swollen, and I had no appetite. When doctors failed to help me I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and improved until my back was strong and my appetite returned. During the four years since I stopped using them I have enjoyed excellent health. The cure was permanent."

(Signed) GEORGE W. RENOFF.

A TRIAL FREE—Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price 60 cents.



When I had no appetite. When doctors failed to help me I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and improved until my back was strong and my appetite returned. During the four years since I stopped using them I have enjoyed excellent health. The cure was permanent."

(Signed) GEORGE W. RENOFF.