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The largest sum ever paid for a prescription changed hands in San Francisco, August 30, 1901. The trader is involved in coin and stock \$112,500.00, and was paid by a party of business men for a specific for Bright's Disease and Diabetes, hitherto incurable diseases. They commenced the serious investigation of the specific November 15, 1900. They interviewed scores of the cured and tried it out on their merits by cutting over three dozen cases of the treatment and watching them. They also got physicians to name chronic, incurable cases, and administered it to the physicians for judges. Up to August 25, 87 per cent of the test cases were either well or progressing favorably. There being but 13 per cent of failures the parties were satisfied and closed the transaction. The proceedings of the investigating committee and the clinical reports of the test cases were published and will be mailed free on application. Address the John J. Fulton Company, 425 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Calif.

CHAPTER VII. The cricket match had taken place. Tom's eleven, thanks to Dallas, had won a glorious victory. The guests were gone from the Hall. It was a lovely afternoon, with a soft west wind.

Never had June looked so well as she did that evening at dinner. There was a lovely color in her cheeks, a new light in her eyes; her voice had a joyous ring; she seemed to be an incarnation of pleasure and happiness.

"Would not you young people like to go into the garden?" said Mrs. Elsomere the moment dinner was over, and they obeyed her suggestion with alacrity.

"Let us get into the boat," whispered Dallas, and June gave a radiant assent. "Twilight was creeping on, all nature was hushed; they might have been the only two living creatures on earth. And, for the time being, they would have been content to have the world to themselves. Tonight June knew the difference that the society of another human being can make to all life, to all nature—know how it can fill every moment with a strange, heavenly rapture, marred only by remembering how fleeting is the joy."

Neither seemed disposed to talk much; both were possessed by a sense of happiness. The moon came out and lit up the flowers on the bank, turning them to many colored jewels.

"How I wish this could last forever!" murmured Dallas, at last, bending a little toward June.

She smiled and sighed. The smile was for content, the sigh for regret. Suddenly an uneasy crease came over Dallas. Was he not acting a traitor's part to Tom—Tom, who would never have been disloyal to any human being? Ought he not, instead of making love to this fair girl on his own account, to be pleading his cousin's cause? It was extremely regrettable to him, but the better side of his nature was awake to-night. And any thought of marrying June himself was out of the question. Some day he would be a baronet, with a fair income; not, however, in all probability, before he had several brothers and sisters, he had debts. A sensible wife for him, therefore, was a luxury not even to be contemplated in the remotest manner. Tom—lucky chap!—had no factor to consult save his own will—and the lady's.

"You were not serious the other day," Dallas asked June, "when you said that you did not mean to marry Tom?" For a moment June's face was a picture of happiness vanished; a cold pang swept over her. She had forgotten that Tom existed. "Do not let us talk of him!" she said, with a little gesture that conveyed disgust more expressively than she was aware of.

"Not much chance," thought Dallas, "for a man to whom a woman feels like that." He was almost ashamed of himself for the satisfaction which her action gave him. "Dinner?" he said, with a half smile, after a pause. "I never felt so small. You turned your back on me all dinner time, and, though I was watching my opportunity like a cat to speak to you, you never gave it me until, by a lucky accident, you dropped your fan under the table."

June smiled pensively. How well she remembers that evening! how she likes to think that he noticed her behavior! "Why were you so unkind?" she asked, simply. "I made up my mind that I would not."

"But you have changed it now, have you not?" looking into the depths of her eyes. "Yes," she says. "Why should she lie to him? Ah! she has indeed changed, if there ever was a time when she did not like him. But was there ever such a time?"

"I," he says, tenderly, "have never changed from the first moment that I saw you. I can't tell you how much hurt I was that you would not be friends with me. The only time I ever thought you felt a little bit kind to me was that evening of the dance, do you remember?"

"Does June remember?" Ay, most truly does she. She bends her head in answer. "I was dying to ask you again, but I dared not. I thought it was best not."

"Best for you and best for me," quotes June, smiling. "Only for me," he answers. "I was not such a conceited ass as to think it could make any difference to you. And then I imagined that you belonged to Tom."

June makes an impatient movement through the water with her fingers. She cannot bear any allusion to Tom to-night. "How divinely you dance!" says Dallas. Then, with a sudden inspiration, "Why should we not have a waltz to-night?"

"My aunt plays dance music charmingly." "Oh, yes?" echoes June, her eyes kindling with pleasure; "let us ask her!" Dallas takes up the scrolls, and in two minutes they are on the landing place. He jumps out, secures the boat, and gives her his hand. Slowly and silently, for very joy's sake, they move together up to the house. Mrs. Elsomere is rousing herself from her slumbers.

"Auntie," says Dallas, laying a caressing arm round her shoulder, "we want you to do something for us."

"What is it, dear boy?" she asks, with a fond glance at his good-looking young face, consent already implied by her tone. "Won't you come into the hall and play us one of your delicious waltzes? We are dying to have a turn."

"Of course I will," she answers, smiling, and feeling extremely gratified at the



CHAPTER VII. course events are taking. A glance at June's face assures her that her irresistible nephew has made one more conquest, one to which he is most heartily welcome. So, with the kindest grace in the world, she goes to the piano and plays unwearingly while these two reckless young people, heart beating to heart, their souls drunk with the intoxication of their love and the rhythm of their movements, are weaving, with gossamer threads of rapture, the web of future pain.

"Let us go for a stroll under the trees," said Dallas, June rose, and together they disappeared from the lynx eyes of some one who was watching them from the drawing room window.

They sauntered in the grove where Tom loved to take June as being retired from living eyes; but, ah! how different was it to-day! The seclusion which had lured her so with Tom, from which she had longed to escape, seemed an enchantment whose only flaw was that it must have an end.

They were reaching for the tenth time the evergreen arch which divided them from the flower garden. Dallas stopped, and June stood still beside him.

"How shall I see you to-morrow?" he says, his eyes full of tenderness and a touch of regret in his voice. "Tom will be here, and then my short day will be over."

June meets his gaze for one moment, then her eyes drop, and a flickering color comes into her cheek.

"My darling!" he murmurs, and his arm takes gentle possession of her slight form, his handsome face bends down to hers, his lips touch hers, not with the eager haste with which they have oftentimes sought red lips before, but with a tenderness and reverence new to him, but not exceeding sweet.

And June! Her heart gives one mighty throbb; involuntarily her eyes close; for one moment a trance seems to steal her soul.

She makes a movement to disengage herself from his arms; he yields to it at once; and then, before they have time to recover themselves, each hears a sound of hurrying feet and then Tom's voice shouting:

"Dallas where are you?" The awakening is horrible. Tom here already! Both feel like culprits—Dallas perhaps even more than June.

Dallas shouts in answer, and Tom's big form looms straightway in the opening. He does not wear that cheery, genial smile which is the ordinary garb of his life; he is evidently ill pleased; his light blue eyes express anything but satisfaction. He shakes both by the hand, and they try to look delighted, and feel secretly a awkward and a little bit afraid of this really good-humored giant. He is like a big Newfoundland—the children's slave and plaything—who shows temper for the first time.

"I managed to catch the earlier train," he says, standing tapping his boot with his stick. "I thought there was a chance, and told the dog cart to meet me."

They then ply him with questions about his journey and the Show, and he answers them, but he is not the Tom they are used to. Something is wrong with him. When they all go into the house together and June finds Agnes drinking tea with Mrs. Elsomere she has a terribly shrewd suspicion who it is that has been making mischief and putting ideas into Tom's head.

"Well, old chap?" Dallas tried to make his tone light and unsuspecting, but was conscious that the effort was somewhat of a failure.

"I had something when I came back to-day that—that was not very pleasant hearing."

"Oh," thought Dallas, with sudden inspiration, "that confounded sanctimonious cousin, I lay a thousand!"

"I am told," and Tom's voice betrayed evident nervousness, "that Miss Rivers has been up here ever since I left."

"She lunched here to-day."

"Oh?" remarked Tom, shortly. "Look here, Dal"—with immense emphasis—"there must be a little plain speaking between us. I think you know that I am not a jealous chap. I have never felt the least grudge against you on my mother's account. I have never envied you your success with women—I never wanted to succeed but with one; but, dashing his hand down on the table till every glass rang, "if you come between me and June Rivers, I will never take your hand again as long as I have breath in my body."

Dallas, whose thoughts go with fifty times the rapidity of his cousin's, has time during this oration to reflect and decide.

"My dear old chap," he said, looking across into Tom's disturbed and angry face and feeling horribly ashamed of his own duplicity, "what are you driving at?"

"I don't like to think," he said, with a straight, stern look at his cousin, "that you have not the same instincts of honor and gentleness-like feeling that almost every man has. I never doubted you before; but when I hear of you sitting hand in hand with the girl whom you know I love—"

"Who said it?"

"No matter," answered Tom, to whom the thought suddenly occurred that he must not allow Agnes to suffer for her fidelity to his interests. Dallas felt the time had come to take the bull by the horns.

"I thought," he remarked, "that the last time we talked about Miss Rivers you expressed a wish that I should endeavor to conquer her evident dislike to me; and

how you want to go down my throat we having tried to make friends with her, I think I can guess who your informant is, and, perhaps, in the innocence of your heart, you do not see through her last move in the game. It is plain enough that Miss Agnes is in love with you, and would do anything in the world to set you against her cousin."

"Tom was exceedingly troubled. Were not both Dal's remarks perfectly true? Was he, then, only a blundering fool, ready to be the prey of any one who chose to play on his feelings? He felt rather ashamed of himself.

"Perhaps I am wrong," he said, awkwardly. "If so, I beg your pardon. But," after a moment's pause, "I know—of course I cannot help seeing—how much more there is in you than in me to attract a woman."

"Pshaw!" cried Dallas, angrily, thrusting his chair back and rising, "don't talk such rot! Take my word for it, Tom, there is nothing hinders a man, especially with women, like having a poor opinion of himself. The world always takes you at your own valuation when it's a low one."

Tom rose, too, and went toward his cousin. "If I was unjust," he said, in his own frank, manly way, thereby causing a pang of remorse to shoot through Dallas' breast, "I beg your pardon. But I should like you to give me your hand on it that you will not try to come between me and my little girl."

No Dallas gave his hand and swore to himself to be faithful to the bond of which this was the seal. Then he went out into the garden alone, and, stepping into the boat, pushed off from the shore, and lay on his back, looking up into the moonlit heaven and thinking with a bitter pang of this time last night.

It was the first time in his life that he had loved with true, genuine affection, and it was also the first time that he had felt absolutely without hope. There was only one thing for it—to get out of the way of temptation as soon as possible. He had given his word to Tom, and so help him, God, he meant to keep it.

The next morning June was sadly preoccupied during her studies; she could think of nothing but Dallas and what pretext he could make to see her to-day. When she returned home at midday, Mrs. Rivers said:

"Tom has been here."

June turned to the window to conceal her face. Her heart beat wildly. She waited almost in terror for the next word. "Had he come to complain and protest to her mother?" But Mrs. Rivers' tone was perfectly calm and unsuspecting.

"He had just been to see his cousin off by the train."

A sudden dizziness caused June's brain to reel, a deathly faintness to creep through her heart; she had to hold the chair tightly against which she was leaning.

Dallas goes, and without a word, a fine to her! There had been a quarrel doubtless between the two men, which had ended in Dallas leaving the Hall. But surely he might have communicated with her by some means, and Tom had told her nothing; it was evident.

When June could command her face and voice, she turned away from the window.

"Was it not rather sudden, Mr. Brooks leaving?" she asked.

"I think it was. Tom said he had a letter this morning calling him back to London."

"And how was Tom?" June asked, trying to speak indifferently.

"He seemed in capital spirits."

(To be continued.)

BACHELORS THROUGH SPITE.

Men Who Will Not Marry Because of Petty Personal Objections.

It seems almost improbable that any man should remain unmarried all his life simply to gratify some petty personal feeling of spite; yet curiously enough such cases are not at all uncommon.

Some years ago two young men who were sworn friends promised each other never to marry, and by way of making the thing more binding vowed that the first to break this compact should give the other half his income as long as he remained in the state of single blessedness. Unfortunately the friendship refused to withstand the test of a keen business rivalry into which they were thrown by circumstances later on. And when one married, the other stubbornly remained a soured old bachelor for the pleasure of thus being able to keep his one-time friend to his reckless compact. The married man's income now being pretty colossal, the grime of the situation may be imagined.

Another case is that of a well-known, though somewhat weak-minded, cotton manufacturer belonging to Liverpool. Years ago his master taunted him that he would never succeed in life unless he married a woman with sufficient brain to supply his own lack of mental backbone, to use an Irishman's phrase.

The thrust rankled, and the young apprentice both remained a bachelor and became successful merely out of a spiteful, melodramatic hope of one day being able to fling those words back in his master's teeth.

Death from Corns. All that troubled Mary Murray, of Brooklyn, after 72 years of life, was that her corns hurt her so much that she couldn't get around as brisk and lively as a girl of her age ought to. She determined to take heroic measures, and, borrowing a razor, she sliced off the annoying protuberances. One of her toes bled slightly, and she applied ammonia to it. Three days later she died. Blood poisoning the doctors said.

The Colonel Disappointed. "Won't you join us?" said the young man.

"What are you going to do?" inquired Col. Stillwell.

"To make up a skating party."

"No, sah," was the emphatic reply. "I will not join any skating party. If there is anything upon which I pride myself, it is my ability, sah, to indulge without excess, sah."

The fellow who is always straining to be great, wears himself smaller and smaller.

NEWS OF OREGON

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS OF THE STATE.

Booth-Kelly Lumber Company is Driving Logs Regardless of Danger From High Water—New Rural Delivery Route—State School for Truants and Unmanageable Children.

A fire in Salem's Chinatown caused \$500 damage to some old wooden buildings.

The region about Summerville will have a new rural free delivery route, to begin February 1, 1903.

Ontario will make another fight to obtain the county seat of Malheur County at the coming session of the legislature.

The badly decomposed body of a man was found on the South Umpqua river. He had apparently been drowned. The body was well dressed.

Burglars broke into a Salem gun store and stole about \$200 worth of revolvers. The same night a street car was held up, but the highwaymen weakened when they saw a number of passengers in the car and allowed it to go without molestation.

A British ship direct from Shanghai, is in quarantine at Astoria, having a case of smallpox on board. She had a load of mail from the Shanghai steved as ballast, and this must be treated with a solution of acids, for fear that it may contain cholera germs.

An effort will be made to found a school for truants and incorrigibles in connection with the Boys and Girls Aid Society of Portland. The plan is to provide that in any town of 4,000 inhabitants or over, truants and incorrigibles may be committed to the care of the aid society.

A company of Eastern capitalists, represented in Southern Oregon by Captain T. J. Pierce, has purchased the Owl Gulch group of quartz claims, on Savage Creek, in the Gold Hill district. The consideration is \$40,000. The Owl Gulch claims were located but a few months ago, but in this brief time have proved to be quartz properties of great promise.

The Booth-Kelly Lumber Company is taking chances this winter in the matter of driving logs which nobody heretofore has been willing to take. It has a drive in the Mohawk, which will be turned into the McKenzie and driven to the Colburg mill, and as soon as this is completed it will start a big drive at Fall Creek, to be brought down the Willamette to the Springfield mill. The running of logs in these streams in the winter season is attended with much danger, which loggers have chosen heretofore to avoid. Should heavy rains fall and suddenly raise the water to flood stage it would be almost impossible to boom the logs at their destination.

Governor Goer has granted a full pardon to George Morey, who was serving a life sentence for killing Gus Berry in Portland in 1893.

A night pumpman at the White Swan mine, at Baker City, is dead from falling into an old shaft containing boiling hot water from the exhaust of the engine.

The agent of the Oregon raft company reports good progress in obtaining the right of way for the proposed logging railway up Milton creek, and surveyors will be placed in the field at once to take levels.

The new Methodist church at Brownsville was dedicated last Sunday morning. After the ceremony was completed the sum of \$1,200 was pledged by the people to pay off the remaining indebtedness.

Frank Wallace, a Grant county sheep man, was recently arrested on a charge of stealing 28 valuable bucks, but was subsequently acquitted. He now brings suit for \$10,000 damages against his accusers, one of whom is county stock inspector.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 70c; bin-stone 78c; valley, 75c.

Barley—Feed, \$23.50 per ton; brewing, \$24.00.

Flour—Best grade, 3.90@4.40; Graham, \$3.20@3.60.

Millstuffs—Bran, \$19.00 per ton; middlings, \$23.50; shorts, \$19.50; chop, \$18.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$1.15@1.