

MARSHALL FIELD AND CO.'S WAREHOUSE MANAGER

Cured of Catarrh of Kidneys by Pe-ru-na.



HON. JOHN T. SHEAHAN, OF CHICAGO.

Hon. John T. Sheahan, who has been for seventeen years manager of Marshall Field & Co.'s wholesale warehouse, and is corporal 2d Regiment Infantry, I. N. G., writes the following letter from 3753 Indiana avenue, Flat Six, Chicago, Ill.:

Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Gentlemen—"Last summer I caught a cold which seemed to settle in my kidneys and affected them badly. I tried a couple of kidney remedies largely advertised, but they did not help me any. One of my foremen told me of the great help he had received in using Peruna in a similar case, and I at once procured some.

"It was indeed a blessing to me, as I am on my feet a large part of the day, and trouble such as I had affected me seriously, but four bottles of Peruna cured me entirely and I would not be without it for three months salary."—JOHN T. SHEAHAN.

Mr. Jacob Fleig writes from 44 Sumner avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.:

"I am now a new man at the age of seventy-five years, thanks to your wonderful remedy Peruna."—Jacob Fleig.

Catarrhal inflammation of the mucous lining of the kidneys, also called "Bright's disease," may be either acute or chronic. The acute form produces symptoms of such prominence that

the serious nature of the disease is at once suspected, but the chronic variety may come on so gradually and insidiously that its presence is not suspected until after it has fastened itself thoroughly upon its victims.

At the appearance of the first symptom Peruna should be taken. This remedy strikes at once at the very root of the disease.

A book on catarrh sent free by The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.

FETTERED BY FATE

BY ALEXANDER ROBERTSON

"Jolette's Fate," "Little Sweetheart," "Lottie, the Sewing Girl," "Goldmaker of Lisbon," "Wedded to Win," "Diana Thorpe," "Nora's Legacy," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

That very evening Captain Grant was made the recipient of a letter purporting to come from Roger Darrel, in which the time, place and weapons were named. When the early dawn came, his second was with him and together they set out for the place appointed as a rendezvous.

At some time in the dim past it had been ground consecrated to burial purposes, and the weeping willows still swayed their long, slender branches over a few stones that were half hidden in the tall, rank grass.

Hardly had they come to a pause when a couple of forms appeared among the trees and advanced to where they were standing. To the surprise of the Captain neither of these was Roger Darrel. Before he could comment on this fact, however, the strangers had arrived close to them.

One was a handsome man, the other a tall, willowy youth, with a small, dark mustache. The latter's hat was so arranged as to hide part of his face, but the flashing eyes seemed to pierce the Captain through and through, and somehow he shivered as though seized with the ague.

"You are in time, gentlemen," said the handsome man in a musical voice.

"We are well aware of that, sir, but how is this? I do not see your principal," returned Lieut. Carson.

"He is here," said the youth, quietly.

His words produced something of a sensation, and Lieut. Carson laughed.

"There is some mistake," he said; "we came out to meet another."

"That other will not be here, and in order that the gentleman should not be disappointed in meeting a Virginian, my friend here is willing to cross blades with you," and the handsome man indicated with his hand his comrade.

Captain Grant laughed aloud.

"I have passed through some strange scenes in my life, but I assure you, gentlemen, this beats them all. What do you take me for? My life is certainly valuable to me at least; therefore, you will pardon me if I decline to risk it in an engagement with one with whom I have no quarrel."

The face of the youth reddened a trifle, as though the voice of the Captain, more than the words he uttered, touched some hidden chord deep in his heart.

"Are we to understand that you refuse to fight, then?" inquired the handsome stranger.

"Exactly. If my foeman has been cowardly enough to send some one in his place—"

"Hold!" cried the youth, in a strangely stern voice, "say no more. The gentleman never sent an answer to your challenge. Probably there will one come to-day, but I mean to place you in a condition where accepting it will be out of the question. It was my friend who wrote you, and I am here to keep my agreement. You are a coward if you do not fight me," and he whispered a name in the duelist's ear.

"Your object is fully accomplished, my friend. Who you are, and what the cause of your enmity may be, I know not; but that is now a small matter with me. I see your friend has swords with him. We will test their temper."

He took one of the blades offered to him almost without a thought, and tried it over his knee. They were of the finest material, and the eyes of the duelist lighted up with satisfaction when he discovered this fact, for he loved a good sword above all things.

At a given signal the long swords crossed, and the duel had begun. The steel blades writhed, twisted, and squirmed like so many serpents, and yet so well matched were the two antagonists that it seemed impossible for either to accomplish the desired result.

Like lightning finally the sword of the stranger passed through the Captain's sword arm, and at almost the same moment his blade was plucked from his hand by a neat twist of the other's wrist, and sent whirling away among the grass-covered gravestones.

Then, while the point of the stranger's sword touched his breast, he saw him raise his hat and dexterously remove the false mustache. A shower of ringlets fell about the white neck of the man of mystery.

Captain Grant glared madly at the beautiful face.

"You!" he cried, "are you alive and here? What nightmare is this? Speak, and tell me, Nora Warner!"

CHAPTER IV.

In all his life Captain Grant had never suffered such a defeat, and what made it all the more bitter was the fact that it came from the hand of a woman whom, for reasons best known to himself, he had come to hate most heartily.

Eye looked into eye, but that of the duelist could not stand before the mad glare in the orbs of his vis-a-vis, and he let his gaze fall. At last she spoke, and her voice was trembling with deep emotion.

"As you see, I am alive and here, scoundrel and impostor. The grave could not hold me nor the mad house contain me. From death I have come to life, and now let those who have injured me tremble, for my heart is turned toward vengeance, and I shall never cease until my wrongs of the past are righted. This is my first blow."

"For the present we will cry quits, but the time will come in the future when you shall be repaid for this, curses on you, woman or fiend, whichever you are," he grated between his set teeth.

The handsome man uttered a sharp cry, as if he had been struck a blow, and, leaping forward, would have slapped the

Captain in the face, but that the woman duelist held him back.

"This is not your quarrel yet, Jack. Wait until I have failed to accomplish my vow, and then remember your oath," she said hastily.

"Perhaps you are right, but when that time comes this cur will have to suffer for those words. If you have done what you came here to do, let us be gone."

"My work for the present is done. I have prevented him from meeting the man he hates."

Turning, the strange girl led her comrade away. Who this mysterious "Jack" was, the Captain had not the remotest idea, and yet several times a spasm of fear shot like a dart through his heart, as if guilt warned him that there was a reckoning between him and this personage that must sooner or later be settled in full.

Of course, when Roger's acceptance was brought to the Captain, he was forced to postpone it for the time, and the gentleman who carried it to him thought he was wise when he saw the wounds he had received.

The young Virginian was disappointed when he learned how matters stood, for since the meeting in the avenue of elms, and the challenge, he had been in a perfect fever to meet this impudent duelist.

It gave him pain to even look in the direction of Richmond Terrace, and he made up his mind to go abroad once more. Having arrived at this determination, the young master of Darrel Chase counted the days that must elapse before he could put his idea into execution.

The shadows were gathering late one afternoon, and twilight was rapidly settling over the land, when Roger made his way in the direction of his home. While he was yet within a mile or so of Darrel Chase, he was astonished to see a female figure rise up before him and bar his way.

She was a young woman with great, black, velvety eyes, and a face of the pure oval type, and slightly olive in color, though he had not much chance to observe it just then, as she hastened to speak.

"We are well met, Roger Darrel. You have the same nerves of iron, I say, that owned you master before, and not for your life would you by start or word own that you recognized me, and yet there is not a person in the wide world you would hate to meet more."

Her words were fierce and venomous, and, leaning forward, she let her great black eyes rest upon his face as though she would read his very soul. The man looked at her keenly. One might have thought that he was now looking upon her face for the first time.

"Who are you?" he asked at last.

The other did not seem to know at first whether to get angry or laugh, but finally did the latter, and there was something cold in her forced merriment that made him shiver.

"Behold in me a gypsy girl, daughter of a queen, whom the silver tongue of a serpent lured away from the home of her people. She was outlawed from her tribe and deserted by the white-faced traitor whom she had loved and trusted with her whole heart and soul. What, then, had she to live for but revenge?"

The hand of the gypsy maid had been creeping toward her bosom all the while, and at this juncture she flashed a shining stiletto into view. Roger Darrel caught her by the wrist with a grasp of iron.

"Girl," he said, sternly, "what would you do?"

"Do!" she hissed; "I would kill you, snake in the grass that lured me from happiness to a living death. I would sever your black heart with this trusty blade, dedicated to that purpose. Think not to escape the terrible vengeance of the gypsy girl. She has followed you over land and sea, waiting for the hour to strike, the hour when you would be most happy, and when life would be most dear to you. A short time ago it seemed that that hour had come, and Barbara Morriles struck the first blow. Now, when she has helped to blight your life she comes before you, ready to finish the work with her dagger. You are doomed, Roger Darrel, doomed."

"A fig for your threats, Barbara Morriles. True, your name has often been in my mind, but I have never had occasion to fear you. Come closer here and look me in the face. Then you may strike with this blade if you dare!"

She leaned forward and her eyes were glued upon him for the space of a minute. Then she uttered a sharp cry, Roger loosened his grip upon her wrist, and the hand holding the dagger dropped to her side.

"Will you strike now?" he asked quietly, while a strange look came into his eyes.

"Great heaven! what have I seen? No, your life is sacred from my dagger. You are not Roger Darrel, but the man who saved me when I would have leaped into the mad river, and to whom I owe much! What if I had slain you; my own life would have followed, for I never could have survived such base ingratitude. Farewell, my friend of the past. We shall meet again."

Before he could restrain her she had sped away, vanishing among the shadows of the trees as though pursued by fairies.

Roger Darrel resumed his walk in the direction of his home. What thoughts were surging through his mind just then it would be hard indeed to say, but he seemed to be laboring under some powerful emotion.

What was it the gypsy girl had said? "Not Roger Darrel!"

What mockery could this be, then?

How dared he come there and take possession of Darrel Chase if he was not the true heir?

Captain Grant was an honored guest at Richmond Terrace, and his word seemed to be law. The servants all had their orders to obey him as promptly as they did their master, and between the fiery old man and the whimsical soldier they were kept pretty busy.

Lawrence Richmond had been more moody than ever. He watched Captain Grant from under his shaggy white eyebrows with almost a glare in his eyes, and once in a while there might have been seen upon his face an ominous scowl.

The secret that lay between these two men dealt with the past, and it hung over the head of Lawrence Richmond like the knife of the guillotine. Every day that passed served to increase the feeling of mingled dread and hatred which the one bore toward the other, and Lawrence Richmond was fast becoming desperate.

A demand on the part of the soldier for his daughter served to cap the climax. In spite of his terrible temper and his strange actions at times which would seem to belie the fact, this man sincerely loved his child.

Alone in his library the master of the Terrace paced to and fro like a caged tiger. He did not notice the presence in the room of the Captain until the latter gave utterance to a low, metallic laugh.

The old man looked up quickly, and the keen-eyed soldier noticed a wild, half-eager look upon his face that he had never seen there before.

"He has settled upon something, I can see it by the glitter of his eyes and the way he shuts his teeth. Have a care, my old gentleman, or you will find your claws nipped still closer."

Thus he muttered as he waited for Mr. Richmond to speak.

"You here?" said the other, at last; "what a wonder I knew it not, for generally I feel the evil influence of your presence like a deadly vapor."

"You are disposed to be sarcastic, Mr. Richmond, but under the peculiar circumstances I can forgive you. I am come to ask a little temporary loan of you—a matter of a mere thousand or two."

"Curses on you and your loans, you will drive me to distraction yet. What if I should go mad? Why, man, I would tear you limb from limb, I hate you so. Do you not ever think of the risk you are running in persecuting me thus?"

"I have done nothing so terrible, my dear old gentleman. The case lies in a nutshell. You had your choice between providing for me with a small portion of your immense worldly goods, or else losing the whole of them, your liberty, and, perhaps, your life. That you have chosen the former only proves your wisdom."

There was conscious power in the voice of the Captain that was peculiarly aggravating to the old man, but he calmed himself as well as he was able, though his eyes still glittered with that strange, metallic gleam that boded no good to the object of his anger.

"I hate you," he said, "not so much for what you are doing, man, but because you know I am perfectly innocent of crime, and yet, knowing this, you still blackmail me."

"That is a very nice statement for you to make, dear sir, but how are you going to prove it in any way?"

"Ha! schemer, there more of your cunning-crooks out. The papers that would exonerate me you have stolen and hold over my head. To save them from being destroyed and myself from future trouble, I have been buying your silence in the past, but now your demands are growing too preposterous. For the last time I ask for your mercy. I would not have your blood upon my hands, but I feel like a man hunted by a human bloodhound and who must, unless the dog gives up the chase, either fall himself or destroy the hound. Plainly, Captain Grant, is it your life, or mine?"

"Then hear me, old man. I utterly refuse all compromise. I have no other means of living at present except on you, and as, for reasons of my own, I expect to make America my home in the future, I may as well provide against a rainy day. It is but fair, then, that there should be an equitable division; so make up your mind to that."

Lawrence Richmond's face whitened, and the skin seemed drawn like parchment over the bones. His teeth were clenched as if set in agony, and the wild gleam deepened in his eyes.

He reached out his hand and it fell upon a peculiar nail in the wainscoting. As his finger pressed against this, a portion of the oiled floor of the library suddenly yawned open, leaving an aperture of perhaps a width of four feet, down which the Captain would have been hurled like a cannon ball, but for the fact that he gave an agile spring just as the trap fell, that landed him beyond the danger line. Quickly he whipped out a little silver-mounted revolver.

"Poiled again, old man. You see it is useless to fight against fate. I am ready for any such emergency," and, turning, he left the room.

"Curses on him," muttered the old man, deeply moved, "he bears a charmed life. Satan protects his own, but I will yet burst asunder the bonds of fate, and then let him beware."

(To be continued.)

Had His Sympathy.

Mrs. Neighbor (excitedly)—Oh, Mr. Homer! Your wife has eloped with a peddler. Isn't it awful?

Mr. Homer (calmly)—It certainly will be awful for him, poor fellow!

Her Final Visit.

Hostess (to departing guest)—I'm so glad you enjoyed your visit, my dear, Miss Gullington—Oh, I'm the sort of girl that can enjoy herself any old place.

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Meteors which reach the earth almost invariably contain a large quantity of iron and a smaller amount of nickel.

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Correct.
Gobang—I wonder who this is who advertises for the return of a watch, "and no questions asked?"
Uperlek—Some man. No woman would do it.—Judge.

Colds

"I had a terrible cold and could hardly breathe. I then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and it gave me immediate relief."
W. C. Layton, Sidell, Ill.

How will your cough be tonight? Worse, probably. For it's first a cold, then a cough, then bronchitis or pneumonia, and at last consumption. Coughs always tend downward. Stop this downward tendency by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., 75c. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it well alone. We are willing.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

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Ayer's Pills are good liver pills. You know that. The best family laxative you can buy. They keep the bowels regular, cure constipation.
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