

THE TYRANICAL FATHER.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

From The People's Home Journal.

CHAPTER I.

Here was a "come down" to Jennie's soaring imagination. Her father absolutely refused to play the role of "The Stony-hearted Father," ruthlessly destroying the secret hope that had risen in her heart that some romantic incident, for which she had so often longed, was about to break the sameness of her dull and prosy life.

And to increase her dissatisfaction, Edward Wright, whom she really liked, and whom she had invested with many of the virtues and graces that adorned her favorite heroes, instead of throwing himself at her feet and declaring that no power on earth should take her from him, had actually condescended to the common sense and conventional method of asking her father's permission before speaking to her! Nothing more was necessary to convince her that he was not, to use her own language, "the chosen arbiter of her destiny."

After tea, Jennie slipped out of the back way, and ran over to a neighbor's, for the twofold purpose of avoiding what she was pleased to term the "persuasions" of the aforesaid Mr. Edward Wright, and to pour her troubles—or rather her want of any—into the sympathizing bosom of her dear friend, Arabella Eugenie Angelina Stubbs.

Jennie being firmly convinced that "the course of true love never did run smooth," and as, in the event of her becoming Mrs. Ed-Wright, there would be nothing left for her to do but to order her wedding finery, and go through the requisite ceremony, she either avoided the poor fellow altogether, or else treated him with such an air of lofty indifference as to put him to his wits' end to discover the cause of this singular change in her conduct.

"Jennie," said Mr. Stacey, a few weeks after, "who was that young man you were talking with at the gate this morning?"

"Edward Wright, papa," replied Jennie, not a little astonished at this abrupt inquiry, as well as the scowl that accompanied it.

"Well, never let me see you with him again!"

Jennie opened her eyes still wider.

"Why not? I thought Edward was a great favorite of yours?"

"So he was, until I found him out. I did think a great deal of the young man; but after what has happened he shall never darken my door again!"

"Dear me! what in the world has he done?" asked Jennie.

"Done? what ought to send him to the penitentiary—what would send him there if I had the law in my hands!"

The sudden pallor that swept over Jennie's face would have betrayed to the indifferent eye the true state of her affections.

"Do you mean that he has been stealing, papa?"

"Stealing? he has done worse than that!"

"Good heavens!" faltered poor Jennie, "has he been killing anybody?"

"Worse than that. A man that

will sell his country is worse than a murderer; and any one that will vote for that lying, double-faced traitor, Higgins, is a worse scoundrel than he!"

"Is that all?" said Jennie, drawing a long sigh of relief. "I thought it was something dreadful."

"All?" echoed her father. "I should say that it was enough, quite enough to sink him in the estimation of every honest man. Once more I say, don't let me see you with him again!"

Here Mr. Stacey stamped out of the room, banging the door after him.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Jennie, as she picked up the contents of the work basket, that her father had knocked over in his furious exit, "I should like to know what's got into pa, all at once. To think of his forbidding me to speak to Edward just for that!"

And with flushed cheeks and a flutter of delight at her heart at the thought of having "something to tell," and that something so "strange and mysterious," she sought the presence of her usual confidant, the fair Arbella Eugenie Angelina Stubbs, to whom it was duly unfolded, with sundry embellishments the fruit of her fertile imagination, and who quite agreed with her in thinking it to be "the strangest thing that ever came to her knowledge!"

"Jennie," said Mr. Stacey, the next day after dinner, as taking his hat he turned to leave the house, "young Wright had the impudence to speak to me again about you; and, as he intimates that he did so by your permission, you may as well know, once for all, that it can never be! I would sooner see you in your grave than the wife of such a man! I've got a husband picked out for you. Deacon Obidiah Pettigrew is a man that will do you and the family some credit."

"Deacon Pettigrew? why, pa, he's more than twice my age!"

"That's the reason why I've selected him; you need some one to keep you steady. He will be here to see you tomorrow evening, and I shall expect you to receive him with the respect and consideration due to your future husband."

Before his daughter had time to recover from the astonishment into which this announcement threw her, Mr. Stacey was some ways down the street.

"Well, I know two things," exclaimed Jennie, putting down her foot with a determined air, "I won't have that stupid Deacon Pettigrew, and I will have—Edward Wright!"

As she said this, she took from her bosom a letter from the last named individual, full of protestations of undying love, and imploring her to meet him in the little grove, just back of the house, at half past six, that evening; re-reading it for about the fortieth time with flushed cheeks and kindling eyes.

That evening, as Jennie to the appointed place, which she did not fail to do, she found Edward waiting for her.

Instead of wearing his usual cheerful look and pleasant smile, he stood leaning against a tree, with arms folded across his chest, and a gloomy cloud upon his brow; "Looking," as Jennie confidentially informed the sympathizing Ar-

bella Eugenie Angelina Stubbs, "for all the world like the picture of Rubert Di Rinaldo, in 'The Brigard of the Black Forest.'"

Edward found little difficulty in persuading her to leave home, and unite her fate with his. Accordingly, the next night, as soon as the house was still, Jennie, enveloped in a dark mantle, and her face concealed by a thick closely-drawn veil, stole out through the back way to the place where her lover was waiting.

He had a covered carriage, and, though the night was dark, she could see the dim outline of a man upon the box.

They rode nearly two hours—mostly in silence; for now that the irrevocable step was taken, Jennie's courage began to fail her, and she

TO BE CONTINUED.

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A 19th CENTURY MIRACLE.

A Newspaper Man Relates a Marvellous Story.

An Interesting Chapter in His Own Life—Some, We Hope, May Profit by Reading Same.

From the Herald, Columbia, Tenn.

Maury County is one of the richest and biggest and best counties in Tennessee. It would be an exaggeration to say that any one man knew every other man in this county, but it may safely be said that few, if any, can come nearer to it than Mr. Joe M. Foster, whose home is at Carter's Creek, and who is now connected with the Herald. In the interest of the Herald he has visited nearly every home in the county. Upon "state occasions"—that is, the Herald's annual picnic reunion he is the "Master of Ceremonies." There are few men better known, few better liked, none more trusted, and what he says the Herald, unconditionally and unequivocally, will vouch for.

To see him now in perfect health and energy, one would not think that two and a half years ago he was a bed-ridden invalid, a physical wreck, whose family physician, loved ones at home and friends all thought was soon to be called hence, that such is the case, and not only he but his family and a hundred friends will testify to it.

It was a peculiar affliction he had, and his cure was marvellous, his recovery a nineteenth century miracle. And that others may enjoy the blessings of the wonderful medicine which beyond the peradventure of a doubt—under God's blessing—saving his life, Mr. Foster—not desiring publicity but with the hope of doing good—has consented to tell of his sickness and his cure.

It was in the fall of 1892 he was taken ill. He was a farmer then, and had spent the day exposed to the weather and working in the field, and for five hours was in the mud, in a stooping position. In a few days thereafter he had a peculiar feeling in his feet and hands; they became numb and felt as if asleep.

But, perhaps, it would be better to let Mr. Foster tell his own experience, and this is what he says:

"Following the numbness of my feet and hands, that numbness spread until my whole body was paralyzed. I had a dreadful constriction around my body, and as I grew worse this extended up, cutting off my breathing; it finally got within a few inches of my throat and it was with difficulty that I breathed at all. At irregular intervals I had lightning pains throughout my entire body and limbs, and for at least five months I was perfectly helpless, and a man servant was kept in my room day and night to turn me in bed and wait upon me.

"In the earlier part of my illness my feet felt as if I was walking bare-footed on a stiff carpet. Soon I could not walk at all in the dark, and could not even stand alone with my eyes shut. I rapidly grew worse, and soon my limbs refused to carry me. Finally I lost my sense of feeling or touch, and could not tell when my feet were against each other, but felt all the while as if they were being pulled apart.

"In the beginning I had called in my family physician, a very successful practitioner. He put me on a treatment, with instructions to keep very quiet. But I continued to grow worse, and in about six weeks he told me, candidly and honestly, that he had done his best, that he had also advised with some of Columbia's leading physicians, giving them my symptoms, but that he could do nothing for me and it was useless for him to try any farther. He and the physicians with whom he advised pronounced my disease locomotor ataxia, and incurable.

"He told my friends they could try anything they wished, and then I began trying everything that was suggested. I tried different kinds of electricity—belt pads, shocking machines and electro-pole, with numerous kinds of medicines, both internally and externally, but all to no effect, until about April 1st, 1893, a cousin, Mr. A. N. Aiken,

of Columbia (who is now clerk and Master of the Chancery Court of this county), recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I began using them as per directions for locomotor ataxia, and in about one week some of my friends thought I was better; but it was two weeks before the improvement was plain to all and satisfactory to myself. Then, however, I knew the pills were doing their grand and glorious work, and I kept taking them until I could hobble about on crutches.

"It was suggested to me then that nature would do the rest, and I left off the pills. In about ten days I saw that I was going down hill again; I promptly renewed the pills, and again I began to improve. A second time I tried to leave the bottle to a good constitution, but found it still too weak so I commenced on the pills again and kept taking them until I was well.

"I was in my fifty-first year when I was taken sick. It is now about two years since I discarded crutch and crutch and found my legs strong enough to carry me. I am enjoying splendid health, weigh more and look better than for years, and attribute my health and my recovery and life to the magic of Pink Pills for Pale People, under the blessing of God.

"I have recommended these pills to a number of people, and many I know have been cured by them. I wish in my heart that every person on earth who is suffering as I was could get them and would try them.

"To those who know me, I hope it is not necessary for me to add that I make no statement of my own free will, without money and without price. But if there are any who are inclined to doubt, I will refer them to Dr. J. H. Hill, J. M. Foster, B. D. Lockridge, Joe Terrell, Anderson Nichols, S. B. and G. W. Nichols, all of Carter's Creek, Maury County, Tenn., or if they will call upon me I will give them the names of a hundred witnesses of as good men and women as the sun ever shone upon.

"Hoping some poor sufferer may read and believe and be raised from a bed of pain, I am

Very respectfully,

JOE M. FOSTER.

Care of the Herald, Columbia, Tennessee." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are an unfailing remedy for all diseases arising from a poor and watery condition of the blood, such as pale and sallow complexion, general muscular weakness, loss of appetite, depression of spirits, lack of ambition, anaemia, chlorosis or green sickness, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath on slight exertion, coldness of hands or feet, swelling of the feet and limbs, pain in the back, nervous headache, dizziness, loss of memory, feebleness of will, ringing in the ears, early decay, all forms of female weakness, leucorrhoea, tardy or irregular periods, suppression of menses, hysteria, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, sciatica, all diseases depending on vitiated humors in the blood, causing scrofula, swelled glands, fever sores, rickets, hip-joint diseases, hunchback, acquired deformities, decayed bones, chronic erysipelas, catarrh, consumption of the bowels and lungs, and also for invigorating the blood and system when broken down by overwork, worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions of living, recovery from acute diseases, such as fevers, etc., loss of vital powers, spermatorrhoea, early decay, premature old age. They act directly on the blood, supplying to the blood its life-giving qualities by assisting it to absorb oxygen, that great supporter of all organic life. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

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