

THE TYRANICAL FATHER.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

From The People's Home Journal.

CHAPTER II.

grew depressed in spirits—she hardly knew why. It seemed to her that they would never reach their destination, which Edward had informed her was the house of a clergyman in an adjoining town. But at last, to her great relief, the carriage stopped.

"To avoid observation, we are going in through the back way," whispered Edward as he assisted her to alight. "Draw the veil down."

The night was so dark that she could not see a thing, and she clung to the hand that led her along a short path, up some steps, into a dark, narrow passage which led into a hall, and from thence into a room that opened out of it, lighted by one small, low lamp. Beside the table, on which it was placed, the clergyman stood—a venerable looking man—and at the lower end of the apartment seemed to be a number of persons, though the light was so dim that only the outlines of their forms were visible.

Edward spoke a few whispered words to the clergyman, and then the ceremony commenced.

As soon as the last words were spoken, as if by a preconcerted movement, the two burners at each end of the room were lighted, filling it with a sudden blaze of light, while a peal of laughter made it ring from again and again.

As soon as Jennie's dazzled eyes would permit her to see, she found, to her astonishment, that she was back in the house she supposed she had quitted forever, and surrounded by her father and quite a large group of friends and relatives.

"My daughter," said Mr. Stacey, advancing toward her, "I trust that I have played the part of the 'tyrannical father' to your entire satisfaction, and that you will now permit me to offer congratulations upon a marriage that has long been the first wish of my heart."

"I hope you enjoyed the ride," said her roughish brother Tom, who, in the capacity of coachman, had driven her all about the outskirts of town, and finally back again.

"How could you deceive me so?" said Jennie, turning her eyes upon her husband, as her mind took in the ruse that had been played upon her.

"Dearest love," he said, with a look that quite disarmed her, "it was the only way by which I could hope to win you."

This effectually cured Jennie of her desire to be a heroine. She settled down into a sensible woman and a most happy wife and mother and often laughingly relates to her young friends the story of her elopement.

And the reader will agree with us in thinking it to be the first case upon record where a daughter runs away and is married in her father's back parlor, taking for her husband the man of his choice as well as hers.

A DUKE AND HIS FRIEND.

BY ANNA LAURA FISHER.

From Good Stories.

It was not ordinary attractions of Shellington that had brought Lee

Granby and his chum, Ned Bryce, to that fashionable watering-place. The Australian cricketers were there; several matches had been arranged, and both the young men were vividly interested in the various events.

To dissipate the maternal anxieties of Mrs. Grandby, who was nervously afraid of hotels, lest her dear boy into a damp bed. Lee and his friend had eschewed them. At his mother's suggestion, he had taken up his quarters at the semi-detached villa of a certain Mrs. Mundy, an old acquaintance, so whom his maternal parent felt confident that his and Ned's creature comforts might be safely entrusted.

We are sorry to say that Mrs. Mundy's new boarders talked of her to each other irreverently as "the old girl," tossed her many antimacassars into corners, ridiculed the glaring gilt-framed oleographs with which she adorned her walls, and made fun of her pretension to gentility, as the widow of a church-warden. But as she combined cleanliness with good cookery and the villa was pleasantly situated in a shady road not far from the sea, they were very well satisfied with their apartment.

"But by Jove, the old girl's been deceiving us!" exclaimed Ned, on the second morning after their arrival, as he and his friend came up the garden from their early swim. "she gave us to understand that we were the only lodgers, and I have just caught sight of a female face at one of the upstairs windows."

"The slavey's, I dare say," responded Lee indifferently; "or perhaps the dear departed church-warden had a niece, who lives with her."

"Perhaps," echoed Ned, dubiously. But when the friends entered the breakfast-parlor, extra cups and saucers indicated that these really was an addition to what Mrs. Mundy always spoke of as "my little circle."

"Two young ladies, entrusted to my charge by their papa," she explained. "As unexpected as delightful. An illness among the servants made him hurry them from London. I cannot stay with them myself," he said to me—he is such a gentlemanly man is Mr. Lyons!—but I know my daughters are in good hands when they are in yours. You will take care of them till I can arrange to join them. Those were his words, I assure you gentlemen. It is not the first time I have had such a sacred charge imposed on me."

"Lyons," did she say?" queried Ned, when Mrs. Mundy had left the room. "That's the name of those girls on the other side of the square my sister is always raving about. I hope these are not her pieces of perfection. Why? Oh, because from her description they must be marvels; and I don't like your wonderful young woman, and I have always steered clear of these."

"Then they do not know you?" "No. I have annoyed Edie more than once by refusing to be introduced to her pets. It's plaguy provoking to run across them here."

"You are not certain," he was reminded.

"No; but the name is not a very common one. But if these are Edie's dear friends, we shall have to change our quarters."

"That would be a bore; and as you have not made their acquaintance—"

"But they would recognize my name, and claim acquaintance with me as Edie's brother and we should be bored—"

"There they are," interposed Lee, as two slight, graceful figures, in print morning-dresses, sauntered past the window. "They are uncommonly nice girls, too."

"Yes, and it would be uncommonly nice, wouldn't it, to have all of our sayings and doings reported to the home authorities, eh? I advise flight."

"Let's breakfast upon it. I'll lay my life that Mrs. Mundy will introduce us as 'Mr. Crambery and friend.' That is how she speaks of us to the servant. If I have to do the civil, I'll call you the Duke, as we used to at school. You are of quite as Italian an aspect as you were then."

TO BE CONTINUED.

2 GOOD 2 Journals

FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.

Our Premiums

FOR THIS YEAR.

—THIS PAPER—

—WITH—

THE S. N. FRANCISCO

Weekly Call!

PRICE \$1.25 PER YEAR.

—OR—

THE SAN FRANCISCO

Morning Call!

PRICE \$6.00 PER YEAR.

THE SAN FRANCISCO WEEKLY CALL

is a handsome eight-page paper. It is issued every Thursday, and contains all of the important news of the week, gleaned from every quarter of the globe, complete up to date of publication. It furnishes the latest and most reliable financial news and market quotations, and gives special attention to horticultural and agricultural news, and is in every respect a first-class family paper, appealing to the interest of every member of the household.

THE MORNING CALL

(SEVEN ISSUES A WEEK)

is a live metropolitan daily. It is the MOST RELIABLE, and is recognized as being the LEADING NEWS-PAPER of the Pacific Coast. Either of the above papers we will send post-paid as a premium on receipt of the following subscription prices for the combination:

DAILY CALL

AND THIS PAPER, PER YEAR,

\$6.00

IN ADVANCE.

WEEKLY CALL

And This Paper, Per Year,

\$2.50

IN ADVANCE.

THE STRATTON BAND INSTRUMENTS
Will deliver NEXT PRESIDENT
Now is the time to form new Bands for California music. We are offering special inducements for 1922.
Send for our illustrated Catalogue.
JOHN F. STRATTON
MANUFACTURER
NEW YORK

BUCKS! BUCKS!!

W. D. HUFFMAN will be in Burns again this fall with Grades and Thoroughbred Bucks.

Will sell Grades from \$3.50 to \$6 per head. Thoroughbreds \$6 to \$10.

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 most fertile 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, ever came 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 latest of the Herald he has visited nearly every home in the county. Upon "stage" occasions—that is, the Herald's annual picnic, on which he is the "Master of Ceremonies." There are few men better known, far better liked, more more trusted, and that he says the Herald, unconditionally and unqualifiedly, 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 physicians had given up hope of his recovery.

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 standing 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, 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 further. He and the physicians with whom he advised pronounced my disease incurable, and I miserable.

"He told my friends they could try anything they wished, and then I began trying my friends' remedies—herb roots, shavings of bark, electricity—help, nothing, nothing, nothing, but I internally and gradually, 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 lobbe about on crutches.

"It was suggested to me then that nature would do the rest, and I left of 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 could ride stick 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 a way least 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 do so, I will refer them to Dr. J. H. Hill, J. M. Hunter, J. B. Lockridge, Joe Terrell, Anderson J. Lehots, 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 a good man and woman 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 unerring 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, anemia, 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 headaches, 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, scintilla, 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 cramp, catarrh, consumption of the bowels and lungs, and also for invigorating the blood and system when broken down by over-work, 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, the great supporter of all organic life. Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, 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.