

A DUKE AND HIS FRIEND.

BY ANNA LAURA FISH.

From Good Stories

CHAPTER II.

Before Ned could object or approve, Mrs Munday bustled in, followed by Hebe and Cassie Lyons, who modestly kept their eyes on the carpet, while, with a flourish of her hand, the church-warden's widow named Mr Crambery and friend as forming links in her circle.

The young ladies being shy, and the gentlemen hungry, few words were spoken during the progress of the meal; but when Lee Granby requested Edgardo to pass the salt, two pairs of bright orbs glanced curiously at the darkly handsome man, whose murmured reply was given in Spanish, of which language he knew half a dozen phrases, no more.

When they rose from the table, Lee and Ned would have beat a retreat, but such a sharp shower had just set in as to render it impossible.

The Misses Lyons stood at one of the windows contemplating the weather, while Ned wrote letters at the other, and Lee moved restlessly about the room, coming to a pause at last beside the ladies, to whom he pointed out a break in the clouds.

"We shall have a fine day after all," he cheerfully assured them. "In half an hour or perhaps less the sun will be shining."

"Thanks for your pleasant prediction," said Hebe Lyons. "Your friend—does he not speak English?"

"Like a native. Indeed his mother was an Englishwoman."

"I don't think we caught his name correctly, did we, Cassie? and it is awkward to be domesticated with a gentleman whom we can only speak of as 'the foreigner.'"

"In Spain," said Lee, mendaciously, "Edgardo would be addressed as Il Duca Del Brizio. At school we used to call him simply 'the Duke.' By his friends he prefers to be known as Ned or Mr. Edgar."

"Duch Del Brizio!" echoed Hebe, her color rising, both she and her sister turning to gaze at Ned, who was within hearing, and now rose abruptly and escaped from the room on pretense of being in haste to post his letters.

"Didn't I get you out of your scrape very well?" queried the laughing Lee.

"You made me feel like a fool!"

"Then the more like a peer perchance, for wisdom is not confined to the aristocracy. I'm sure I acted with great self-denial. Not a look or a word shall I be able to win from those pretty creatures now that I have set you on so high a pedestal. Women worship rank, and they will keep all their smiles for 'the Duke.'"

"It will be a jolly lark if they do, and take some of the conceit out of you, Master Lee," was the laughing reply. "I could have kicked you at the breakfast-table, for making yourself so completely at home, and paying so much petits soins to that charming Cassie, while I sat munched and could not find a word to say."

"Of course you haven't my command of the English tongue, but you can look. Ye gods! what a

lot you can say with those expressive Spanish eyes of yours."

"Bah!" was the only reply, and the subject was changed to the more engrossing one of cricket.

But when the Misses Lyons, escorted by Mrs. Mundy, arrived at the cricket-ground to swell the throng of spectators, it was Lee Granby who secured seats for them; and "the Duke" who hovered near, and made himself useful whenever the opportunity occurred.

At first Ned was amused at the pretty air of respectful homage that marked the demeanor of the sisters whenever he addressed them.

"Never before," Hebe told Lee, "had they come in contact with a nobleman, either English or Foreign, and they were filled with astonishment to see one who must be accustomed to princely halls and a retinue of domestics submitting to be waited upon by the one little servant maid of Mrs. Mundy."

Lee gravely assured the fair speaker that Edgardo was a man of the simplest habits, quite a citizen of the world in fact, who, in spite of his rank, would 'dine off' a mutton chop or ride in an omnibus as if he were born to it.

But it provoked the much belauded Duke to see that his rank had the effect of raising a barrier betwixt himself and the pretty sisters.

They would chatter sportively with his friend, or wear the flowers Lee brought them, but when he offered some to Cassie, she accepted them with a sweeping courtesy, and placed "the Duke's" bouquet in one of Mrs. Mundy's vases, as if it were too grand for common use.

Sometimes, if he chanced to be left alone with Cassie, he would endeavor to banish the formality that provoked him. Why should not those rosy lips smile for him as for the rest, and that saucy tongue chatter as freely to him as to Lee or her sister?

But it was to no purpose. She was sure to embarrass him by apologizing for some foolish remark; sure to reproach herself for having forgotten that Signor Edgardo moved in such a very much higher grade of society than her own; and when confession was actually trembling on his lips, she would contrive to slip away and join her sister or loiter in the garden to tease Lee, who never seemed to be troubled with any scruples of conscience.

On the contrary he remarked one morning that they were having a jolly time of it.

"Miss Lyons—Hebe I mean—just the right name for such an incarnation of youth and beauty, isn't it? She tells me her father or some friends propose joining her and her sister in a day or two. Pity, isn't it? The Mundy circle was just large enough for comfort, etc., and will be spoiled by too much expansion. Heigho! our fair acquaintances have made the time pass very pleasantly."

"Oh! yes, it's most-enjoyable for you, I daresay," retorted Ned crossly. "They are on excellent terms with you."

"And always treats your grace, with gratifying reverence. Its killing to see how attentively they listen to every word that falls from the lips of Duca Del Brizio."

"Humph! And if they ever find out how we have hoaxed them?"

"True, I forgot that. I shall be sorry if pretty Hebe takes offense for she is a dear little thing! But if girls will be so silly as to koo-too to rank, they must expect to be laughed at and hoaxed sometimes. Anyhow, the play is nearly over," he was reminded. "We go back to town as the end of the week."

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 highest 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. But 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 doing 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 any 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 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—bath, shock, magnetism, and electrotonic, with numberless 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 County 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 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 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 this 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. Hunter, H. 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, 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 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 cystitis, 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 it 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.