A DUKE AND HIS FRIEND.

CY ANNA LAURA FISH.

From Good Stories

CHAPTER II.

"The Duke" to fill in forms at Semerset House, and his friend to do ditto at the India Office.

"Such is life!" groaned Lee. "When we say our adieux, how shall we frame them? How shall we account for our departure?"

"With another crammer, I suppose." replied Ned, bitterly. "I've no doubt you will have ono ready for the occasion."

"I shall merely say that the duke's family affairs call him home but that I shall not go farther than London with you, I shall hope to have the pleasure of seeing them again. Hebe Lyons is a little simpleton, or she would not have credited all our nonsense, but I should not like to lose sight of her altogether."

"She has neither the intellect nor the beauty of her sister. How I hate to hear you talk in such a flippant strain of girls whose only fault is their faith in our sincerity."

"I was entirely your own doing, that I raised your grace to a peerage. And, after all, it was an innocent hoax. You wanted to avoid making the acquaintance of certain young women whom you painted in the most odious colors. I don't believe these are the girls your sister knows."

"Perhaps not; but this suggestion doesn't make matters any better. I cannot go to Mr. Lyons and say to him: 'Sir, I have been masquerading as a Spanish noble, and fallen in love with your daughter. Will you give me the dear, credulous girl I have not hesitated to deceive?'"

Lee Granby gave a long, doleful whistle.

"Have things come to such a pass as that already? Cannot we manage to have an explanation before papa arrives? Lay all the blame on me if you like. I dare say I shall contrive to pacify Mistress Hebe, though she is a bit of a vixen if you thwart her."

"Hark, that is Edie's voice," exclaimed Ned, the blood rushing into his face. "I heard a cab driven to the house. It is—it is she, and they are running down stairs to meet her."

Softly unclosing the door, the young men listened to the hub-bub of feminine tongues on the other side of it.

"Such a horribly dusty journey," they heard Edie say. "Cassie, Hebe, this is Mary, Mrs. Fowkes, my married sister, who has consented to chaperon all three of us, if we will promise to be awfully good."

"Hear us, oh, hear us swear allefiiance!" was the merry response "We could not disobey such a charming young matron."

"Indeed, then, I shall snub her if she takes too much upon herself," affirmed Edie, a lively brunette, with the brightest of eyes and perkiest of noses. "Have you secured rooms for us? And—oh, have you seen anything of my brother and that odious chum of his?"

"Sh sh! they are here!" replied Hebe Lyons, in tones of suppressed mirth. "We have had the rarest fun at their expense. Cassie has had to run away some times lest they should find her out, and I've found her lying on her bed in an agony of laughter."

"What have they been doing? Tell me!" cried Edie.

"Imposing themselves upon us as Il Duca Del Brizio and cher ami Mistare Crambery. It's been killing some times: and we have bowed and bent, and fluttered with delight when his grace condescended to look at us, and believed so implicitly all the audacious falsehoods they have told us, that they look upon us as thoroughly taken in."

The handle of the door slipped out of Ned's fingers. At the sound the ladies fled, laughing as they went and the gulled conspirators surveyed each other ruefully.

"I shall be off to London at once," said Ned, still crimson with mortification. "Mrs. Mundy can pack my portmanteau, and send it after me."

"And I," said Lee Granby, "shall stay where I am, and brave it out. I'd rather acknowledge myself a fool, and justly punished, than run the risk of losing Hebe Lyons' forgiveness."

So he remained, and by his invincibly good humor and patient endurance of the stings and taunts leveled at him, succeeded in regaining the favor of Hebe, who has even promised to become his wife at no very distant date.

Edgar Bryce has less courage, or feels more deeply; but Cassie has not forgotten him; and as, at the particular request of her sister, he is to be best man at Lee's wedding, they will meet again then, and perhaps the Duke will be forgiven as well as his friend.

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From U.S. Journal of Medicine

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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 personally 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 wish 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 breath 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 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—belt rods, shocking machines and electromotive, with numberless kinds of medicines, both internally and externally, but all to no effect, until about April 1st, 1893, a cousin, Mr. A. N. Allen, 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 battle 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 dropped 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, P. D. Lockridge, Joe Terwell, 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."

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