

THE FATAL KISS.

BY TRISTRAM MONKE.

From New York Weekly.

CHAPTER III.

"Oh, Fedora, my darling!" he cried, taking her into his arms, and kissing her passionately. "One may hear of men who have dared all for those they love, and yet how little one hears of the heroism and devotedness of your sex. How can I and my comrades, who are free from every taint of guilt, thank you, who have so haply saved us—poor victims of the Russian tyranny?"

"By following me, dearest," she said, in a low, hurried voice. "All is prepared, a sled awaits us outside the village; my old servant, Moutcha, drives, so don't be frightened when you see him."

Once more she kissed his flushed cheek, and the three companions in turn took her gloved hand and held it reverently in dumb gratitude and respect.

Outside the hut they halted, and, perceiving the body of the dead lover of Fedora, Alexis exclaimed:

"Of a truth, my love, you have a clever little head, but you have forgotten one thing."

"And that is?"

"To divest him of his weapons," he continued, doing so himself as he spoke.

Five minutes later they were speeding noiselessly westward.

But little remains to be told. After countless danger, the party reached England three months later. Two of them were subsequently pardoned and returned to Russia, a third lives in Paris; while Count Alexis Pattowa and his lovely wife live within ten miles of Lyons, France, and often, when alone in their drawing-room, the count imprints a kiss on his wife's fair brow, whispering, as he does so, the sinister word:

"Siberia!"

THE HUSBAND'S EXPOSURE.

BY GERALDINE RUTHWELL.

It was a wintry night in Chicago, the thermometer marking at least five degrees below zero, John W. Burnham, the well-known banker, sat before his cheerful grate-fire, smoking a cigar, and beside him was his intimate friend, Henry Cassidy, who was similarly occupied.

Mrs. Burnham and her two grown children had gone to a party, so the two friends, sure of not being interrupted, conversed confidentially.

"What can be the reason," said Cassidy to Burnham, "that you will not consent to the marriage of your son to the daughter of William Espendole?"

"My dear fellow, I do not oppose the match. It is my wife who will not hear of it."

"But what reason can she have to refuse her consent?"

"I dare not tell you," answered Burnham, lowering his voice.

"A mystery!" exclaimed Cassidy.

"Come, you know how discreet I am. Let me learn the reason."

"But will you promise to keep it a secret?"

"I promise faithfully."

"Well, it is now six and twenty years since I was married, and I frankly confess to you that I was jealous of my wife."

"My position obliged me to see a great deal of company at home, and I feared that some of my numerous visitors would rob me of my Clotilda's affections. One of these, particularly, William Espendole, caused me the greatest fear."

"I could not deny him access to my house, as he belonged to a very influential family, neither had anything in his conduct given me reason to do so."

"At the time I speak of I had bought this house, where I previously had constructed in secret, behind this mantle, a narrow closet, from which I could hear all that passed in this room, wherein my wife received her visitors."

"For a long time Espendole contented himself with depicting, in the most vivid colors, the passion which consumed him. My wife listened without making any answer. At last, one day he became more impatient than before, and threatened to blow his brains out before her eyes if she would not show a little more esteem for him."

"But I am a married woman, as you know," exclaimed she, in a voice interrupted by sobs.

"And if you were a widow?"

"Sir!" said my wife.

"If you become a widow," insisted he, "swear to give me your hand."

"To this proposition my wife answered only with tears, and he left her."

"The next morning an extraordinary occurrence greatly increased the agitation of Clotilda. During breakfast, a servant came and whispered in my ear that our cook wished to speak to me privately."

"Let him come in," said I. "I have no secrets from my wife."

"The cook came, as pale as death, and, with a long face, he told me that he had that morning received a package containing ten fifty dollar greenbacks, a small vial, and a note telling him to put the contents of the vial into the first oyster pate he made. (You well know my extreme fondness for oyster pates, while my wife cannot bear even the odor of them.)"

"He was promised even a greater recompense if he faithfully executed the commission. Fearing some treachery, he had hastened to give me the vial and the five hundred dollars."

"I immediately put a few drops of the liquid contained in the vial on a lump of sugar, and gave it to my wife's little dog. The poor little animal was taken with violent convulsions and expired in a moment. There was no doubt that intention was to destroy me."

"That same day Espendole came, as usual, but Clotilda refused to see him, and wrote to say she would confess all to her husband if he ever dared to show himself again. Having uselessly tried to restore himself in her favor, he resolved at last to marry, and since that our families have had no communication, except that my son has fallen in love with his daughter, and, although I have given my consent, my wife opposes it."

"She is right," indignantly exclaimed Cassidy. "I never should have thought Espendole capable of such a vile action."

"Ha, ha, ha!" said the banker, bursting with laughter. "Do you, then, too, accuse him?"

"Who, then, could it be, if he was not the culprit?"

"It was myself, dear fellow. The stratagem cost me five hundred dollars, which I gave to my cook. It was rather dear, but, at the same time, I got rid of a dangerous rival and a lap-dog which I equally detested. Ha, ha, ha!"

At this moment the door opened, and Mrs. Burnham entered the room.

"I thought you were at the party, Clotilda," said her husband.

"No; I do not feel very well and am going to bed. Edward has accompanied his sister. I have bro't you a key, which I have found in your desk, and, as it does not seem to belong to any of the locks in this house, some friend of yours must have left it behind him."

The banker, deeply blushing, took the key. He had recognized it as the key to his private closet.

"My dear," said Clotilda, "I have given Edward my consent to his marriage with the daughter of Mr. Espendole."

"Thanks, dear wife!" said Mr. Burnham. "That is good news."

"Mr. Cassidy," said she, "pray remain and sup with my husband tonight. We have an excellent oyster pate in the larder, which, I assure you, does not contain the slightest portion of poison."

At these words she retired. Hardly was the door closed, when Cassidy said to Burnham, "You are properly caught in your own net. She has been in your secret closet. He that digs a pit for his enemy shall fall into it himself."

America's Great Danger

AN ENGLISH COMMENTARY.

Said an eminent English scientist recently: "The danger that confronts the great American people to-day is not the possible adoption of a wrong financial policy for the nation, or the spread of socialism, or the increase of corruption among public men. All these are bad enough, to be sure, but they are as nothing compared to the terrible national disease—I had almost said national crime—of overwork. The mad rush for wealth is set at a killing pace, and thousands fall by the way every year."

You are likely to be one of the victims. How do we know? Because it is the exception to find a man or woman of adult age in perfect health. Nervous Disorders are spreading with fearful rapidity. Among the symptoms are—Backache, Biliousness, Cold Hands and Feet, Dizziness, Hot Flashes, Fluttering Sensation, Fainting, Headache, Hysteria, Irritability of the Heart, Melancholy, Failing Memory, Palpitation, Lumbago, Short Breath, Sleeplessness, Nervous Dyspepsia, Sexual Debility, Fits, etc.

REV. C. A. CARROLL, pastor First Baptist Church, Yellow Springs, O., writes as follows: "I have used Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine for the past six months. I find it acts like a charm on the whole nervous system. I have not found its equal in giving immediate relief. Dr. Miles' Little Nerve and Liver Pills only need a trial and they will recommend themselves to be the best pills in the market."

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MICHIGAN'S BENEFACTOR

AN OFT REPEATED STORY OF TRUE PHILANTHROPY

What Chas. H. Hackley has Done for Western Michigan—How the only Cloud in the Life of an Honored Man was Brushed away by Science.

From Grand Rapids, Mich., Evening Press.



CHAS. H. HACKLEY.

The most beautiful spot in Muskegon is inseparably associated with the name of Hackley, and in all Western Michigan there is not a name better known, and among the studious and those interested in deeds of philanthropy, this name is known and admired. Chas. H. Hackley has been in the lumber business continuously since 1856, and in that time has amassed a fortune, which gives him a standing among the wealthy men of the nation. But with wealth there did not come that tightening of the purse-strings which is generally a marked characteristic of wealthy men.

There is no prettier spot in the State than Hackley Park in a square surrounded and pierced by stone walls, emphasizing with their whiteness the green of faultlessly kept lawns, its crowning pride a towering soldier's monument on the top of which stands a bronze figure pointing ever in remembrance of the heroes who died that the nation might live. Surrounding this park are the magnificent Hackley Public Library—a poem in granite—with its 80,000 volumes, and the equally stately Hackley school, like a beehive with its 600 children. Other elegant buildings testify likewise to the liberality and munificence of this man who has pulled wealth out of the forests of Michigan.

It is no wonder then that the name of Charles H. Hackley is known at home and abroad. His munificence in Muskegon alone represents an outlay of nearly half a million. For the past twenty years he has been a constant sufferer from neuralgia and rheumatism, also numbness of the lower limbs, so much so that it has seriously interfered with his pleasure in life. For some time past his friends have noticed that he has seemed to grow younger again, and to have recovered the health which he had in youth.

To a correspondent of the Press, Mr. Hackley explained the secret of his transformation, and to his friends who have known how he suffered, it is indeed a transformation. "I have suffered for over twenty years," he said, seated in his private office, "with pains in my lower limbs so severely that the only relief I could get at night was by putting cold water compresses on my limbs. I was bothered more at night than in the day time. The neuralgia and rheumatic pains in my limbs, which had been growing in intensity for years, finally became chronic. I made three trips to the Hot Springs with only partial relief and then fell back to my original state. I couldn't sit still, and my sufferings began to make life look very blue. Two years ago last September I noticed an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and what they had done for others, and some cases so nearly resembling mine that I was interested. But I did not know whether the testimonials were genuine or not, and I did not wish to be humbugged, so I wrote to one who had given a testimonial, an eminent professor of medicine in Canada. The reply I received was a letter longer than the printed testimonial, and gave me faith in the medicine."

"I began taking the pills and found them to be all that the professor told me they would be. It was two or three months before I experienced any perceptible betterment of my condition. My disease was of such a standing that I did not expect speedy recovery, and was thankful even to be relieved. I progressed rapidly, however, towards recovery, and for the last six months have felt much better. I am only too glad to credit the health through the medium of a wonderful medicine. I cannot say much for what it has done for me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have an enormous sale, and from all quarters come reports of the excellent results of using their use. An analysis proves that they contain in a condensed form the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are a unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, neuritis, neuralgia, Vitæ dance, sciatica, paralysis, mania, nervous headache, indigestion, effects of a gripe, palpitation of heart, pale and sallow complexion, flat tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scurvy, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as irregularities, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. There are no ill effects following the use of this wonderful medicine, and it can be given to children with perfect safety.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and are never sold in bulk. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment inexpensive and compared with other remedies.



HACKLEY PARK.

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