

## AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS.

BY KATE RATHMORE.

From New York Weekly

### CHAPTER I.

I remember it as well as if it were yesterday. At the door of my house, in Camden, N. J., the carriage stood at the door that was to take me back to school for the spring term. My mother gave me innumerable instructions, smoothed my collar, and adjusted my hat on my head properly, then gave me a kiss and stood looking wistfully at me as I went down the walk and got into the carriage. A month or two later—it was in June, I think—after a hard struggle, one afternoon, with some figures, all about a ship and a cargo and the profit and all that, I went out to join the boys. When I reached the playground they were gone, and there was nothing for me to do but to amuse myself as best I could. I strolled about the house with my hands in my pockets (which my mother told me distinctly I must not do), and suddenly remembering her instructions, took them out again; then, for the want of better amusement, I began to whistle.

Next to the school there was a pretty cottage, separated from the school-house by a board fence. The two houses were not one hundred feet apart, and there, on the tennis-ground, stood a girl, a trifle younger than myself, looking straight at me.

Now, when a boy suddenly finds himself observed by a pretty girl, he feels quite queer. I remember that very well. My hands went right into my pockets, but, remembering that was not the correct thing to do in the presence of a girl, I took them directly out again. Then I concluded it would be a good way to show how little I was embarrassed by turning twice around upon my heel, a movement on which I greatly prided myself. After that, I don't remember now—it was so long ago—what new capers I cut. But one thing is certain. I was soon hunting for something I pretended to have lost in the grass beside the fence.

"If it's your knife you've lost," I heard a pleasant voice say, "it isn't there. I picked up a knife there a week ago, but it was all rusty and no good."

"Oh, never mind," I said, looking up into two eyes peeping out from a sun-bonnet, "it wasn't much of a knife, and I've got another."

"Are you one of the boys at the school?"

"Yes."

"What class are you in?"

"The third."

"Do you study geography?"

"Yes."

"What is the capital of Austria?"

I scratched my head.

"I don't remember that," I admitted, reluctantly. I'm first-rate on capitals, but I can't recollect that one."

"Why didn't you go off with the boys?"

"I was behind with my sums. I expect they've gone to the river. I like the woods pretty well, they're full of squirrels."

"And snakes," she added. "I'm not afraid of snakes. I suppose you're afraid to go there."

"No, I'm not."

"If you want to go there now, and are afraid, I don't mind going with

you, just to keep of the snakes and things."

She looked wistfully out at the wood. I can see her now, leaning on her racket, deliberating—if such a process can be called deliberation where the conclusion is predetermined—the straight, lithe figure poised between the racket and the foot, one little leg crossed before the other—peering out at the forest. Suddenly, without any warning, she dropped the racket and started for the wood.

We were not long in crossing the field, and were walking in the dense shade, when she stopped, and, looking at me with her expressive eyes, said:

"How still it is here! It seems to me I can almost hear the worms moving in the earth."

"Yes, it is pretty solemn," I replied. "Let's go on; the river winds about down there, and we can see the water go over the dam."

I heard a distant voice calling "Julia." It was very faint; she did not hear it; I stood a moment, hesitating.

"Come, let's go," I said, starting forward.

"Julia," I heard again, more faintly than before.

I hurried her on, fearing she would hear the voice and turn back.

Presently we emerged from the wood, and stood by the river. I was familiar with the ground, and led my little friend directly to the dam.

"Most of the boys are afraid to walk out on that dam," I said.

"I'd be afraid."

"But you are only a girl; a boy oughtn't to be afraid."

With that, I started boldly out, occasionally standing on one foot, and performing sundry antics to show how brave I was. Then I came part way back and called to her to come.

"Oh, no," she cried; "I'm afraid."

"Afraid! You little goose! With me to hold on to?"

Between her fear and a disposition to favor a boy older and stronger than herself, it was not long before I was leading her out on the dam.

"Don't you see it's nothing?" I said.

She shrank timidly as I led her along. I determined that she should go to a point where the water poured over a portion of the dam lower than the rest. I turned my back to step upon the post. It was but a moment. I heard a cry, and saw Julia in the flood. The expression that was in her eyes is, to this day, stamped clearly on my memory—an expression of mingled reproach and forgiveness.

I could scarcely swim a dozen strokes, but not a second elapsed before I was in the water.

I swam and struggled and buffeted to reach her; all in vain. An eddy whirled me in a different direction. My strength was soon exhausted. I was borne down the river, sinking and rising, till I came to a place where I caught a glimpse as I rose to the surface, of a man running along some floats extending over the river, and raised above the water on posts. My feet became entangled in weeds, I sank. I heard a great roaring in my ears, then oblivion.

When I came to I was lying on my back. I remember the first thing I saw was a light cloud sail-

ing over the blue. There was an air of quiet and peace in it that contrasted with my own sensations. Then I saw a man on his knees beside something he was rubbing. I turned my head aside, and saw it was a little figure—Julia. She was cold and stark.

My agony was far greater than when I had plunged after her into the stream. Then I hoped and believed that if she were drowned, I would be also. Now I saw her beside me, lifeless, and I lived.

Then some men came, and the man who was rubbing Julia said to them:

"Take care of the boy; the girl is too far gone."

They took me up and carried me away, and laid me for awhile on a bed in a strange house. Then I was driven to the school.

The next day my father came and took me home. I was ill after that, too ill to ask about Julia; but when I recovered, what a load was taken from my mind to know that, by dint of rubbing and rolling, and a stimulant, she had been brought to and recovered. I also learned that the man who had cared for us had seen Julia fall, and had rescued her. When I saw him running along the planks, it was to his boat chained to the end.

That summer my father removed with his family, to Scranton, Pennsylvania. He was obliged to wait some time for my recovery, but, at last, I was able to travel, and left, without seeing the little girl whom I had led into danger. I only heard that I had been blamed by every one.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## 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 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, Lethargy, Shit 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 rating 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 is 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 60,000 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.

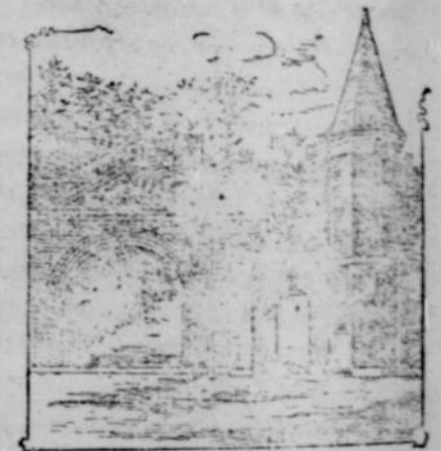
It is no wonder then that the name of Charles H. Hackley is known at home and abroad. His munificence to Muskegon alone represents an outlay of nearly half a million. For the past twenty years he has been a constant sufferer from neuralgia and rheumatism, also numbness of the lower limbs, so much so that it has seriously interfered with his pleasure in life. For some time past his friends have noticed that he has seemed to grow young 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 neuralgia and rheumatism, and the pain 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 rheumatism pain 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 I had to give up. I couldn't sit still, and my sufferings began to make life intolerable. Two years ago last September I posted an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People,

and what they had done for others, and some cases so nearly resembled 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 even stronger than the printed testimonial, and it gave me faith in the medicine.

"I began taking the pills, and found them to be all that the professor had 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 nature; 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 myself a perfectly well man. I have recommended the pills to many people, and am only too glad to meet others in health through the medium of this wonderful medicine. I cannot say too much for what it has done for me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have an enormous sale, and from all quarters come in glowing reports of the excellent results following their use. An analysis proves that they contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are a unique specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatic, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of influenza, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration, all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic eruptions, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as 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.



HACKLEY PARK.

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 25 cents a box or \$2 boxes for \$4.00, 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 as compared with other remedies.

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