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Hood's Sarsaparilla expels them, renovates, strengthens and tones the whole system. This is the testimony of thousands annually.

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Laying It On.

Nell—Did you hear May's fiancé rhapsodizing over her complexion?

Belle—Yes, he certainly did lay it on pretty thick.

Nell—Yes, but not nearly as thick as May does.—Philadelphia Ledger.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

No Great Difference After All.

"It isn't considered polite to ask a Chinese how many wives he has."

"Well, it isn't polite to ask an American how many wives he's had, either."—Detroit Free Press.

Some Other Town.

"Wants to be a police inspector, does he? Has he anything to recommend him for the position?"

"Yes—he's already rich."

The Dim Past.

Leban was justifying the deception he had practiced upon Jacob in the matter of Leah.

"I didn't mind letting him have Leah," he said, "but I'm a little more particular as to Rachel. I've had my doubts all the time, anyhow, about taking into my family a young man who is willing to work seven whole years just for a girl. He doesn't seem to me to be the kind of man that would be likely to get ahead in the world."

But Jacob's willingness to work another seven years for Rachel struck the old man as showing grit and perseverance, and it is a matter of history that the young man finally made good as a son-in-law.

Old-Fashioned Simplicity.

"Our dads were a lot of mossbacks, weren't they?"

"Deed they were. Why, those old chaps used to actually think that the 'Black Crook' was indecent."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Tillie Wanted to Make Sure.

It was Tuesday morning. The clothes had been washed, dried and folded and common sense pointed to the fact that it was ironing day, but cautious Scandinavian Tillie, the new maid, was not going to make the mistake of going ahead before being sure that she was right. Before committing herself to the obvious task she poked her head into the dining room to say, appealingly: "Meesis, I skuld like to speak something." "What is it, Tillie?" "Skal I cook some flatiron?" asked Tillie, earnestly.

Not a Stenographer.

"I understand that you have a new typewriter."

"Yes."

"Did you succeed in getting a bright one?"

"Yes, it's nickel-plated."—Houston Post.

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For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"Turn my face to it once more!" he whispered; and as they raised him, he inclined his ear to listen. "It's calm enough here, God bless it," he said; "but I can hear the waves a-breaking hard upon the bar!"

As Frere relieved Mrs. Vickers from the weight of the corpse, Sylvia ran to her mother. "Oh, mamma, mamma!" she cried, "why did God let him die when we wanted him so much?"

Before it grew dark, Frere made shift to carry the body to the shelter of some rocks at a little distance, and, spreading the jacket over the face, he piled stones upon it to keep it steady. The march of events had been so rapid that he scarcely realized that since the previous evening two of the five human creatures left in this wilderness had escaped from it. As he did realize it, he began to wonder whose turn it would be next.

The following day passed gloomily. It was hot and sultry, and a dull haze hung over the mountains. Frere spent the morning in scooping a grave in the sand, in which to inter poor Bates. Practically awake to his own necessities, he removed such portions of clothing from the body as would be useful to him, but hid them under a stone, not liking to let Mrs. Vickers see what he had done. Having completed the grave by mid-day, he placed the corpse therein, and rolled as many stones as possible to the sides of the mound. In the afternoon he cast the fishing line from the point of a rock he had marked the day before, but caught nothing. Passing by the grave, on his return, he noticed that Mrs. Vickers had placed at the head of it a rude cross, formed by tying two pieces of stick together. After supper—the usual salt meat and damper—he tried to talk to Sylvia. "Why won't you be friends with me, missy?" he asked.

"I don't like you," said Sylvia. "You frighten me. You are not kind. I don't mean that you do cruel things, but you are—Oh, I wish papa was here!"

"Wishing won't bring him," says Frere.

"There! That's what I mean! Is that kind? 'Wishing won't bring him'! Oh, if it only would!"

"I didn't mean it unkindly," says Frere. "What a strange child you are!"

"There are persons," says Sylvia, "who have no affinity for each other. I read about it in a book papa had, and I suppose that's what it is. I have no affinity for you. I can't help it, can I?"

"Rubbish," Frere returned. "Come here, and I'll tell you a story."

Mrs. Vickers had gone back to her cave, and the two were alone by the fire, near which stood the kettle and the newly made damper. The child, with some show of hesitation, came to him and he caught and placed her on his knee. The moon had not yet risen, and the shadows cast by the flickering fire seemed weird and monstrous. The wicked wish to frighten this helpless creature came to Maurice Frere.

"There was once," said he, "a castle in an old wood, and in this castle there lived an ogre, with great goggle eyes."

"You silly man!" said Sylvia, struggling to be free. "You are trying to frighten me."

"And this ogre lived on the bones of little girls. One day a little girl was traveling the wood, and she heard the ogre coming. 'Haw! haw! Haw! haw!'"

"Mr. Frere, let me down!"

"She was terribly frightened, and she ran, and ran, and ran, until all of a sudden she saw—"

A piercing scream burst from his companion. "Oh! oh! What's that?" she cried, and clung to her persecutor.

On the other side of the fire stood the figure of a man. He staggered forward, and then, falling on his knees, stretched out his hands, and hoarsely articulated one word—"Food!"

It was Rufus Dawes.

The sound of a human voice broke the spell of terror that was on the child, and as the glow from the fire fell upon the tattered yellow garments, she guessed at once the whole story. Not so Maurice Frere. He saw before him a new danger, a new mouth to share the scanty provision, and snatching a brand from the fire, he kept the convict at bay. But Rufus Dawes, glaring round with wolfish eyes, caught sight of the damper resting against the iron kettle, and made a clutch at it. Frere dashed the brand in his face. "Stand back!" he cried. "We have no food to spare!"

The convict uttered a savage cry, and, raising the iron gad, plunged forward desperately to attack his new enemy; but, quick as thought, the child glided past Frere, and snatching the loaf, placed it in the hands of the starving man, with, "Here, poor prisoner, eat!"

and then, turning to Frere, she cast upon him a glance so full of horror, indignation and surprise that the man blushed and threw down the brand.

As for Rufus Dawes, the sudden apparition of the golden-haired girl seemed to have transformed him. Allowing the loaf to slip through his fingers, he gazed, with haggard eyes, at the retreating figure of the child, and as it vanished into the darkness outside the circle of the firelight, the unhappy man sank his face upon his blackened, horny hands, and burst into tears.

CHAPTER XV.

The coarse tones of Maurice Frere roused him. "What do you want?" he asked.

Rufus Dawes, raising his head, contemplated the figure before him, and recognized it. "Is it you?" he said, slowly.

"What do you mean? Do you know me?" asked Frere, drawing back. But the convict did not reply. His momentary emotion passed away, the pangs of hunger returned, and greedily seizing upon the piece of damper, he began to eat in silence.

"Do you hear, man?" repeated Frere, at length. "What are you?"

"An escaped prisoner. You can give me up in the morning. I've done my best, and I'm beat."

This sentence struck Frere with dismay. The man did not know that the settlement had been abandoned!

"I cannot give you up. There is no one but myself and a woman and child on the settlement." Rufus Dawes, pausing in his eating, stared at him in amazement. "The prisoners have gone away in the schooner. If you choose to remain free, you can do so as far as I am concerned. I am as helpless as you are."

"But how do you come here?"

Frere laughed bitterly. To give explanations to convicts was foreign to his experience, and he did not relish the task. In this case, however, there was no help for it. "The prisoners mutilated and seized the brig."

A terrible light broke upon Rufus Dawes, and he began to understand how he had again missed his chance. "Who took her?"

"That double-dyed villain, John Rex," says Frere, dying vent to his passion.

Rufus Dawes burst into a laugh so discordant that it made the other shudder. "We'll starve together, Maurice Frere," said he; "for while you've a crust, I'll share it. If I don't get liberty, at least I'll have revenge!"

The sinister aspect of this famished savage sitting with his chin on his ragged knees, rocking himself to and fro in the light of the fire, gave Mr. Maurice Frere a new sensation. He felt as might have felt that African hunter who, returning to his campfire, found a lion there. "Wretch!" said he, shrinking from him, "why should you wish to be revenged on me?"

The convict turned upon him with a snarl. "Take care what you say! I'll have no hard words. Wretch! If I am a wretch who made me one? If I hate you and myself and the world, who made me hate it? I was born free—as free as you are. Why should I be sent to herd with beasts, and condemned to this slavery, worse than death? Tell me that, Maurice Frere—tell me that!"

"I didn't make the laws," says Frere. "Why do you attack me?"

"Because you are what I was. You are free. You can do as you please. You can love, you can work, you can think. I can only hate!" He paused as if astonished at himself, and then continued, with a low laugh: "Fine words for a convict, eh! But never mind, it's all right, Mr. Frere; we're equal now, and I shan't die an hour sooner than you, though you are a free man."

Frere began to think that he was dealing with another madman. "Die! There's no need to talk of dying," he said, as soothingly as it was possible for him to say it. "Time enough for that by and by."

"There spoke the free man. We convicts have an advantage over you gentlemen. You are afraid of death; we pray for it. It is the best thing that can happen to us—Die! They were going to hang me once. I wish they had."

There was such a depth of agony in this terrible utterance that Maurice Frere was appalled at it. "There, go and sleep, my man," he said. "You are knocked up. We'll talk in the morning."

"Hold on a bit!" cries Rufus Dawes, with a coarseness of manner altogether foreign to that he had just assumed. "Who's with ye?"

"The wife and daughter of the commandant," replied Frere, half afraid to refuse an answer to a question so fiercely put.

"Poor souls!" said the convict, "I pity them." And then he stretched himself, like a dog, before the blaze and went to sleep instantly. When morning dawned Frere awoke him.

Rufus Dawes glanced around him stupidly, and then remembering what had happened, with a great effort he staggered to his feet. "I thought they'd got me," he said; "but it's the other way. I see. Come, let's have breakfast, Mr. Frere. I'm hungry."

"You must wait," said Frere. "Do you think there is no one here but yourself?"

The convict, stretching out his wasted arms, looked down upon them with the uncertain gaze of a drunken man. "I am weak now," he said. "You have the best of me;" and then he sunk suddenly down upon the ground, exhausted. "Give me drink!" he moaned, feebly motioning with his hand.

Frere got him water in the pannikin, and having drunk it, he smiled, and lay down to sleep again. Mrs. Vickers and Sylvia coming out while he still slept, recognized him as the desperado of the settlement.

"He was the most desperate man we had," said Mrs. Vickers, identifying herself with her husband. "Oh, what shall we do?"

"He won't do much harm," returned Frere, looking down at the notorious ruffian with curiosity. "He's as near dead as he can be."

Sylvia looked up at him with her clear child's glance. "We mustn't let him die," said she. "That would be murder."

"No, no," returned Frere, hastily; "no

one wants him to die. But what can we do?"

"I'll nurse him!" cried Sylvia. Frere broke into one of his coarse laughs, the first one that he had indulged in since the mutiny. "You nurse him! That's a good one!" The poor little child, weak and excitable, felt the contempt in the tone, and burst into a passion of sobs. "Why do you insult me, you wicked man? The poor fellow's ill, and he'll—he'll die, like Mr. Bates. Oh, mamma, mamma, let's go away by ourselves."

Frere walked away. He went into the little wood under the cliff and sat down. He was full of strange thoughts, which he could not express, and which he had never owned before. The dislike the child bore to him made him miserable, and yet he took delight in tormenting her. He was conscious that he had acted in endeavoring to frighten her, and that the detestation she bore him was well earned; but he had fully determined to stake his life in her defense, should the savage who had thus come upon them out of the desert attempt violence, and he was unreasonably angry at the pity she had shown. When he got back he found Dawes stretched upon the brush wood, with Sylvia sitting near him.

"He is better," said Mrs. Vickers, disdaining to refer to the scene of the morning. "Sit down and have something to eat, Mr. Frere."

"Are you better?" asked Frere, abruptly.

To his surprise, the convict answered quite civilly. "I shall be strong again in a day or two, and then I can help you, sir."

Within a week from the night on which he had seen the smoke of Frere's fire, the convict had recovered his strength, and had become an important personage. He was skilled in all the mysteries of the prison sheds. He knew how to sustain life on as little food as possible. He could fell trees without an ax, bake bread without an oven, build a weather-proof hut without bricks or mortar. From the patient he became the adviser; and from the adviser, the commander.

As the time wore on, and the scanty stock of provisions decreased, he found that his authority grew more and more powerful. Did a question arise as to the qualities of a strange plant, it was Rufus Dawes who could pronounce upon it. Were fish to be caught, it was Rufus Dawes who caught them. Did Mrs. Vickers complain of the instability of her brush wood hut, it was Rufus Dawes who worked a wicker shield, and, plastering it with clay, produced a wall that defied the keenest wind. He made cups out of pine knots, and plates out of bark strips. He worked harder than any three men. Nothing daunted him, nothing discouraged him. When Mrs. Vickers fell sick, from anxiety, and insufficient food, it was Rufus Dawes who gathered fresh leaves for her couch, who cheered her by hopeful words, who voluntarily gave up half his own allowance of meat that she might grow the stronger on it. The poor woman and her child called him "Mr." Dawes.

But the days stole on and no vessel appeared. Each day they eagerly scanned the watery horizon; each day they longed to behold the bowsprit of the returning Ladybird glide past the jutting rock that shut out the view of the harbor, but in vain. Mrs. Vickers' illness increased, and the stock of provisions began to run short. Dawes talked of putting himself and Frere on half allowance. It was evident that, unless succor came in a few days, they must starve.

One day Sylvia was sitting in the sun reading the "English History," which, by the accident of fright, she had brought with her on the night of the mutiny. "Mr. Frere," said she, suddenly, "what is an alchemist?"

"A man who makes gold," was Frere's not very accurate definition.

"Did the ancient Britons know it?"

"No; not so old as that."

Sylvia suddenly gave a little scream. The remembrance of the evening when she read about the ancient Britons to poor Bates came vividly into her mind, and though she had since re-read the passage that had then attracted her attention a hundred times, it had never before presented itself to her in its full significance. Hurriedly turning the well-thumbed leaves, she read aloud the passage which had provoked remark:

"The ancient Britons were little better than barbarians. They painted their bodies with wood, and, seated in their light coracles of skin stretched upon slender wooden frames, must have presented a wild and savage appearance."

"A coracle! That's a boat! Can't we make a coracle, Mr. Dawes?"

The convict knitted his brows gloomily.

"Come, Dawes!" cried Frere, forgetting his enmity for an instant, in the flash of new hope, "can't you suggest something?"

Rufus Dawes, thus appealed to as the acknowledged head of the little society, felt a pleasant thrill of self-satisfaction. "I don't know," he said; "I must think of it. It looks easy, and yet—"

He paused as something in the water caught his eye. It was a mass of bladders seaweed that the returning tide was wafting slowly to the shore. This object, which would have passed unnoticed at any other time, suggested to Rufus Dawes a new idea. "Yes," he added, slowly, with a change of tone, "it may be done, I think I see my way. How far do you think it is across the bay?"

"About four miles,"

The convict sighed. "Too far to swim now, though I might have done it once. But this sort of life weakens a man. It must be done, after all."

"What are you going to do?" asked Frere.

"To kill the goat."

(To be continued.)

Dr. C. Gee Wo

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