You Must Feed the Nerves, not Strain Them: Build Them up, not Stimulate Them; Coax Them, not Drive Them.

Ordinary Foods do not Supply Sufficient or Proper Nourishment for Wasted Nerves-They Must be Carefully Treated on Scientific Principles.

THE CASE OF A PARALYTIC WHOSE NERVES WERE SO NOURISHED THAT HE WAS CURED.

From the Courier-Herald, Soginane, Mich.

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It was past midnight, when, without undressing, he threw himself upon his bed in the little convent-like cell to bed in the little convent-like cell to smatch a few moments of aleep. Its spolless, peaceful walls and draperics affected him strangely as if he had brought into its immaculate serenity the sanguine strain of war. He was awakened suddenly from a deep slum-ber by an infinite sense of alarm. His first thought was that he had been summoned to revel an attack. He say His first thought was that he had been summoned to repel an attack. He sat up and listened. Everything was allent except the measured tread of the sentry on the gravel walk below. But the door was open. He sprang to his feet and alipped into the gallery. In time to see the tail figure of a woman gidding before the lattice of the set her to the the last moonlit window at its furthest end. He could not see her face, but the characteristic turbaned head of the negro race was plainly visible.

He did not care to follow her, or even alarm the guard. If it were the spy or one of her emissaries, she was powerless now to do any harm, and under his late orders and the rigorous vigilance of his sentinels she could not leave the lines entries are below. She probably knew this as well as he did; it was, there-fore, no doubt, only an accidental in-trusion of one of the servants. He re-entered the room and stood for a few entered the room and scote for a rev momenta by the window looking over the moonlit ridge. The sounds of dis-tant cannon had long since cassed. Wide awake and refreshed by the keen morning air, which alone of all created things seemed to have shaken the burden of the dreadful yesterday from its dewy wings, he turned away and lit a candie on the table. As he was rebuckling his sword belt he as piece of paper lying at the foot of the bed from which he had just risen. Tak-ing it to the candle he read in a rough-ly scrawled hand:

"You are asleep when you should be on the march. You have no time to lose. Before daybreak the supports of the column you have been foolishly resist-

ing will be upon you. From one who would save you, but hates your cause." For a moment he was transfixed. The handwriting was unknown, and evident-ly disguised. It was not the purport of ly disguised. the message that alarmed him, but the terrible suspicion that flashed upon him that it came from Miss Faulkner! She had failed in her attempt to pass through the enemy's lines-or she had never tried to! She had deceived him, or she had thought better of her chiv-alrous impulse and now tried to mitigate her second treachery by this second warning, and he had let her messenger escape him!

He hurriedly descended the stairs. The sound of voices was approaching him. He halted and recognized the faces of the brigade surgeon and one of his aids-de-camp.

"We were healtating whether to disturb you, general, but it may be an af fair of some importance. Under your orders a negro woman was just now challenged stealing out of the lines. Attempting to escape, she was chased there was a struggle and acramble over the wall, and she fell, striking her head. She was brought into the guard house unconscious."

"Very good, 1 will see her," said Brant, with a feeling of relief.

"One moment, general. We thought you would perhaps prefer to see her-

He moved away. Although attaching little importance to the mysterious message—whether sent by Miss Faulter or emanating from the stranger erself-which he had reasoned van erren-which he had reasoned which arred only upon a knowledge of the rightal plan of attack—he never reless quickly dispatched a sum outing party in the direction from which the attack might come, with orders to fall back and report at on-

With a certain half irony of recolu-tion he had selected Jim Hooker to no company the party as a volunteer. This done he returned to the gallery. The surgeon met him at the door. "The indirations of concussion are passing way," he said, "but she seems to be affering from the exhaustion follow ng some great nervous excitement. Voo may go in-she may rally from it

With the artificial step and mysterious hush of the ordinary visitor to a sickbed. Brant entered the room. But one institut greater than this comnon expression of humanity held him indically in awe. The room seemed no longer his-it had slipped back into that austere conventual privacy which had first impressed him. Yet he hesiared; another strange suggestion-it seemed almost a vague recollection-overcame him like some lingering performe, faint, far off and pathetic, in its dying familiarity. He turned his eyes st timidly towards the bed. The

coverlet was drawn up near the fhroat of the figure to replace the striped entor gown, stained with blood and dust which had been hurriedly torn off nathrown aside. The pale face cleanses of blood and disguising color, the long pange lay rigidly back on the pillow addenly this man of iron nerves ut oddenly tored a faint ery and with a face n white as the upturned one before him. (eff on his knees beside the bed. For

the face that lay there was his wife's. Yest here. But the beautiful hair that she had gloried in—the hair that his worth he had thought had once fallen like a benediction on his shoulders-was streaked with gray along the blue veined hollows of the temples; the orbits of those clear eyes, beneath their delicately arched brows, were singed with days of suffering; only the clear cut profiles even to the delicate imperioneness of lips and nostril, was still there in all its beauty. The cov riet had slipped from the show

its familiar marble contour startly im. He remembered how in the arty married days he had felt the same of that Diana-like revelation, and he still nymph-like nusterity which ung to this strange, childless we o even fancied that he breathed again - subtle characteristic perfume o e lace embroideries, the delicate cu rappings in her chamber at Roble erhaps it was the intensity of his ga-

echaps it was the intensity of his ga-perhaps it was the magnetism of his sence-bint her has parted with all sigh, half moan. Her head, a mongh the eyes were still closed turned on the pillow instinctivel owards him. He rose from his knee-ther eyes opened slowly. As the line close of wonderment cleared from them, they met him-in the old antag-mism of sairit! Yet her first gesture mism of spirit! Yet her first gesture rass a feminine pathetic movement with both hands, to arrange her straggling air. It brought her while fingers, cleaned of their disguising stains, as a sudden revelation to her of what had happened; she instantly slipped them mck under the coverlet again. Brant inck under the coveriet again. Brant lid not speak, but with folded arms tood gazing upon her. And it was her voice that first broke the silence. "You have recognized me! Well, I appose you know all," she said with a weak half-defiance. He bowed his head. He felt as yet i could not tend his wire and anyet i

SEASIDE EXCURSION TICKETS

hox when you opened it on the dby the window in youder room. "I flower that stood in the window a signal. The flower I myself remove

signal. The nover this plot you and so spoiled the miserable plot you triends had concoted." A look of mingled terror and ove came into her face. "You clouged the signal," she repeated, darwhy, then to

signal," she repeated, dazedby; then in a lower volce: "That accounts for it all!" But the next moment she turned again florcely upon him: "And you mean to tell me that she didn't hely you-that she didn't sell me-your wife -to you for-for what was it?-s look -a kiss?"

"I mean to say that she did not know

"I mean to say that are on not not that she berself restored it to its place. It is no fault of hers nor of yours that I am not now a prisoner."

She passed her this hand dazedly

She passed her this issue around the second across her forebead. "I see," she mul-tered. Then again bursting out pas-sionately, she said: "Fool! you never would have been touched! Do you

think that Lee would have gone for you -with higher game in our division commander? No! Those supports were

a feint to draw him to your assistance while our main column troke his cen-

ter. Yes, you may stare at me. Clarence

Brant. You are a good in yer-they say a dashing fighter, too. I never though

you a coward, even in your irresolu-tion, but you are fighting with me-drilled in the art of v ar and strater.

drilled in the art of var and strategy when you were a boy outcast on sth-plains." She stopped, closed her eyes and then added wearily: "But that was yesterday—to-day, who/Khowe? All may be changed. The supports may still at-tack you. That was why I stopped to write you that note an hour ago—when I believed I should be leaving here for-easy. Next I did it?" she year to with

ever. Yes! I did it!" she went on, with half-wearied, half-dogged determina-

tion. "You may as well know all. I had

arranged to fly, your pickets were to be drawn by friends of mine, who were

waiting for me beyond the lines. Woll? I lingered when I saw you arrive-ingered to write you that note. And-I was too late?"

(To be continued.)

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SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

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Fare, good on this fram only, from Corvallis, Albauy and Philomath to Newport and return, \$1 50. CORVALLIS, June 17, 1896.

H. L. WALDEN, H. B. LOWMAN, Agent, Albany, Agent, Corvallis

EDWIN STONE, Manager, Corvallia.

Hot Wave Abates,

NEW YORK, Aug. 14 .-- There is every mileation that the hot wave has passed off. Rains last night and this afternoon lowered the temperature materially. Up to 10 A. M. seven deaths had been reported. The victime were: Felix Arndt, aged 32; Edward Pepper, 28; William Wilson, 50; Edward Doll, 24; Margaret Roberts, 48; Agnes Eckel, 35; unknown Swede. The death record for this city has grown by 11:30 to 11. The additional victims are: Charles D. Schmidt, 74; Alvin Rupple, 2 months; George Herring, 55; John Martin, 4 Four deaths have been reported at Brooklyn, as follows: Bridget Gorman, 35; Julis H., Fereran, 35; Thomas Skelly, 35; Phillip Uhl, 52





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alone," said the surgeon. "For when 1 endeavored to bring her to and was sponging her face and head to discover her injuries her color came off! She was a white woman, stained and disguised as a mulatte." For an instant Brant's heart sank.

For an instant Brant's heart sank-it was Miss Faulkuer. "Did you recognism her?" he said, giancing from the one to the other. "Had you seen her here before?" "No. sit," replied the sid-descamp. "But she seemed to be quite a superior woman-a holy. I should say." "Describer the strengt feels. "Where Brant breathed more freely. "Where

in she now?" he saleed. "In the guardhouse. We thought it

better not to bring her into the hos-pital among the mon, until we had your orders."

To The Mothers. You have nice children, you know, and nothing pleases them better than a nice nobby aut of clothes that keeps them warm and healthy. Baker has them warm and healthy. Baker has you stand \$1.00 for a suit of clothes, for yp to \$4.007 All them leaves "You have done well," returned Brant

ould not trust his voice and envied h her own.

her own. "I may sit up, mayn't 1?" She man-aged by sheer force of will to struggl-to a sitting posture. Then as the cover-let slipped from the bare shoulders, see aid, as she drew it with a shiver of linguist around her again: "I torgo-that you strip women—you norther-soldiers. But I forgot also," she adden with a sareasth smile, "that you ar-likewise my husband—and this is you room."

The contemptuous significance of he speech dispelled the last lingering rem-nant of Brant's dream. In a voice as dry as her own he said: "I am afraid you will now have to remember only that I am a northern general and you a

southern spy." "Bo be it," she said, gravely. Then, impulsively, "but I have not spied on

you." Yet the next moment she bit her lips as if the expression had unwittingly es-caped her; and with a reckless shrug of her shoulders she lay back on her pil-

low. "It matters not," said Brant, coldiy. "You have used this house, and those within it to forward your designs. It is not your fault that you found noth-ing in the dispatch boxs you opened. She stared at him quickly: then shrugged her shoulder again. "I might here her again the she with the

have known she was faise to me," she said bitterly,"and that you would whee

and billerly, mot the year where where the her soul hway as you have others. Well—she betrayed me! For what?" A fluch passed over Branc's face. But with an effort be contained himself "It was the Bawer thirt betrayed you! The Bawis wither and date fail in the

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