Mrs. Emma Stolt, of Appleton, Wisconsin

"A Neighbor Advised Me to Use Peruna. I began to Improve at Once."

MRS. EMMA STOLT

Mrs. Emma Stolt, 1069 Oneida St., Appleton, Wis., writes:

"Peruna has done me a great deal of good since I began taking it and I am always glad to speak a good word for it.

"Three years ago I was in a wretched condition with **backaches, bearing down pains**, and at times was so sore and lame that I could not move about. I had inflammation and irritation, and although I used different remedies, they did me no good.

"A neighbor who had been using Peruna advised me to try it, and I am glad that I did. I began to improve as soon as I took it and I felt much better.

"I thank you for your fine remedy. **It is certainly a godsend to sick women."**

Catarrh of the Internal Organs

Miss Theresa Bertles, White Church, Mo., writes:

"I suffered with catarrh of the stomach, bowels and internal organs. Everything I ate seemed to hurt me. I never had a passage of the bowels without taking medicine. I was so tired mornings, and ached all over. I had a pain in my left side, and the least exertion or excitement made me short of breath.

"Now, after taking Peruna for six months, I am as well as I ever was. Peruna has worked wonders for me. I elieve Peruna is the best medicine in the world, and I recommend it to my friends."

At Culross Abbey in Fife, Scotland, a tombstone has been found which is believed to date from the fourth century of the Christian era.

Sometimes It Does.

Teacher—Tommy, do you know what an epic is?

Tommy Tucker—Yes'm. It's something you take that makes you sick to your stummick.

No Chance.

"Does your husband indulge in games of chance?"

"No, indeed."

"But I thought he played the races?"

"So he does."

"But that's a game of chance."

"Not with him."—Houston Post.

Then They Clinched.

Floorwalker—I'd be ashamed to let my trousers bag as yours do. You ought to have them creased once in a while.

Bookkeeper—If my shins were as sharp as yours I wouldn't have any more trouble in keeping my trousers creased than you do.—Chicago Tribune.

Going Too Far.

"Look here," exclaimed the leading man, as he entered the green room; "when I kissed you in the third act some of the coloring came off your cheeks and got on my face.'

"You villain!" snapped the irate leading lady.

"Oh, that's all right, madam. I don't mind being a villain, but I don't want to be a deep-dyed villain."

Determined Optimism.

"Grandfather, how have you managed to retain your hopefulness and your faith in human nature?"

"My dear, I avoid modern fiction, never go to see a society drama, and read nothing in the newspapers that has a display head over it."

How Marbles Are Made.

Most of the stone marbles used by boys are made in Germany. The refuse only of the marble and agate quarries is employed, and this is treated in such a way that there is practically no waste.

Men and boys are employed to break the refuse stone into small cubes, and with their hammers they acquire a marvelous dexterity. The little cubes are then thrown into a mill consisting of a grooved bedstone and a revolving runner. Water is fed to the mill and the runner is rapidly revolved, while the friction does the rest.

In half an hour the mill is stopped and a bushel or so of perfectly rounded marbles are taken out. The whole process costs the merest trifle.—Philadelphia Record.

Uncle Allen.

"'A man may smile and smile, and be a villain still,' quoted Uncle Allen Sparks; "but I've known crooked men that could keep their faces just as straight as anybody else."

The town of Torquay, England, has adopted a bylaw to prohibit people from using bad language even in their own houses.

THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

He carried the little secretaire upstairs and there, locked in his own room, he wrote a letter which was destined for St. Petersburg, but traveled in the first instance to the care of one Dr. Brun, of Hollington place, London. In the solitude of his own chamber Mr. Zeno permitted himself an accurate and intimate acquaintance with the French language, little of it as he allowed himself for his present purposes to know outside.

Meanwhile things were going more pleasantly in the garden. Angela, with a little twinge of conscience, had informed Austin that Major Butler would be delighted to meet him and had expressed his great regret that he had been unable to make the call he had contemplated that day. The fact that the major had charged her with this message did not help her much, for she knew its hollowness. The major rather dreaded the advent of a man who wrote books and regarded Austin as a fellow who would be likely to know a lot of things and expect other people to know them also.

"Oi'd meek wun of the porty meself," said Fraser, with his own invaluable sang froid, "but ol've meed up me moind to go back to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" said O'Rourke. "That's a little sudden, isn't it?"

"I wish you'd come, O'Rourke," said Maskelyne. "But Major Butler is a dreadful Tory, and I am not sure that you'd care to meet each other."

"Major Butler might convert me, perhaps," said O'Rourke. "No, no. Clearly I am impossible." He spoke with so perfect a gayety and good humor that he hurt nobody. But a little later he contrived to get Maskelyne apart, and to question him about a matter which had puzzled him a good deal. "How does your dreadful Tory's niece contrive to be familiar with Dobroski, when a mere Home Ruler like myself is quite too terrible for the old gentleman? I call him the old gentleman with no dishrespect," he added, with his delightful smile. "And, of course, he may be a young gentleman, and still be the lady's uncle, though, again, he is her guardian, and probably elderly."

"Dobroski and Miss Butler's father were dear friends," said Maskelyne, repeating what he had heard from Angela. "When Dobroski escaped from Siberia he landed in England without funds or friends. Miss Butler's father found him out, maintained him, so far as I can learn, for years, and was a stanch friend to him. She has known him from childhood, and has a great affection and veneration for him. It is a difficult position, for he and her uncle are at daggers now. But Dobroski seems to worship her."

"Yes, I can see that," O'Rourke answered. "A charming girl," he added, softly, and in so natural a way that Maskelyne supposed him to be ignorant of his own interest in her. "There's romance in the situation, too," he continued, in a lighter tone. Maskelyne, with a mere nod in answer, made a move in Angela's direction. "No," said O'Rourke, putting an arm through one of his. "You don't escape me in that way. I have something to say to you, and I know that you will be shifty and evasive and underhanded in your ways until I have said it. Let me speak, old fellow. We shall both be easier. I can't tell you what I think and feel about that splendid loan of yours. I was really desperate. I don't know what I should have done without it."

"Very well," said Maskelyne, pressing his companion's arm with a gesture of affection, but speaking very dryly; "it is over now?"

"No, my friend of outward marble and inward tenderness, it is not over. And it never will be."

"Once for all, O'Rourke, bury that confounded thing, and have done with it.

"Well, there, the thing is buried. I'll say no more till I can pay you back again. But I suppose you don't forbid me to think of it in the meantime? It was the only kindness in that way I ever had or ever wanted. I shan't forget it; that's all. And now it's buried."

On the following day O'Rourke took a quiet walk by unknown ways across the fields. He was a born townsman, and had but little love for rural tranquillities by nature, but he was already weary of the work of the session, and was glad to escape to fresh air and silence for awhile. One gentle little hill after another drew him on. He would see what lay beyond this gentle eminence, and then he would see what lay beyond the next, and in this fashion he sauntered on until he came in sight of a most exaggeratedly castellated house of gray stone standing in the midst of a dark pine woods. The building was of a moderate size, but its peaks and turrets dwarfed it, and from a little distance made it look at least as much like a child's toy as a dwelling house for real people. This was the chateau of Roufoy, and the present residence of Major Butler.

The wanderer, who had fairly good taste in most things, stood for a moment to smile at this preposterous edifice, and then walked on again. It was a day of cloudy soft light, and the air was wonderfully sweet. The woods were in the freshness of their greenery, and the dark hues of the contrasting pines set off the lighter foliage. A few hundred yards before him lay the first link of a river which went winding in a rounded zigzag until it lost itself to view behind the shoulder of a wood-clad hill.

He strolled down to the river side, and there cast himself upon the grass, and stared up at the soft motionless clouds. The stream ran through narrower banks than common near where he lay, and kept up a pleasant drowsy gurgle. Listening to this, he lay there enjoying all the delights of leisure after labor in every fiber of his body, until he fell into a light doze. From this he was awakened by a rustle and the sound of an execration gently breathed. Sitting up he was aware of a gentleman of British aspect, florid, sturdy and well set, who stood on the other side of the river, rod in hand, persuasively pulling at a fly which had lodged in one of the branches of a bush. Lying down he had been hidden from the angler, who, seeing him rise, gave something of a start.

"Pardon me, sir," said the stranger, in labored and very English sounding French, "can you detach that fly for me?"

"Major Butler," said O'Rourke to himself. "Is this Major Butler, I wonder?"

He answered, also speaking in French, that he would do his best, and walked to the bush. O'Rourke secured the branch to which the fly was attached, and cut it away, after which he disentangled the hook, and the angler and he raised their hats to each other.

Major Butler, for O'Rourke's not unnatural guess had hit the mark, expressed his obligations with some little difficulty, and O'Rourke, who was Paris bred, responded that he was infinitely delighted to be of service. If this were Major Butler, thought Mr. O'Rourke, it would be good fun to conquer his prejudices, and apart from the amusement, it would be agreeable to have a country house to call at during his stay. Then he thought of that charming girl.

He began by asking after sport, and the quality of the stream and the fish, and the major, who was an accessible and friendly soul when once the ice was broken with him, displayed his take, and floundered on with his French in a very courageous and adventurous manner.

Presently he hooked a half-pounder, who behaved in a very lively manner, and was finally grassed workman-like. O'Rourke looked on with interest.

"They give plenty of sport," he said.

"Capital sport," replied Butler, heartily. "They're not feeling well to-day, though. Two or three days ago a young friend of mine, an American, who's staying at my place, fetched out seven pounds in half an hour. Used a fly quite strange to the water, too, a gaudy American thing, but very killing."

"There can't be any Americans over here."

"Only one that I know of," said the major. "Maskelyne." He had time enough to think that this was the novelist, ten to one, and a very different sort of fellow from the man he had expected. "Pleased to meet you," he said. "Shall be glad if you'll look me up."

"Thank you," said O'Rourke, sweetly. "Thank you very much indeed. Maskelyne and I are very old friends."

"Not the novelist," said the major, silently. "Of course not. Spoke much too intimately from the first mention of him only to have met him yesterday."

"You are Major Butler?" asked O'Rourke. There are ways and ways of putting this sort of interrogatory. Butler bowed assent. "Maskelyne told me with whom he was staying. My name is O'Rourke."

"Oh!" said the major, blankly; "you're not the——"

"I'm afraid I am," answered O'Rourke, with so admirable a good humor that Butler could not refrain from a smile. "We needn't talk politics if we differ, as I dare say we do."

Honestly, if Major Butler could have withdrawn his invitation he would have done so, and he was a little annoyed with himself for having given it. But he bethought him, the man was a friend of Maskelyne's, and Maskelyne spoke of him in the very highest terms. But then again, there was something about—people talked—they said the Irish members were here to make terms with that infamous old scoundrel Dobroski, a rascal who thirsted for royal blood and wanted chaos to come again.

"Do you stay long?" asked Butler, with a diplomatic purpose.

"Yes, a week or two, perhaps more. A friend of mine—I dare say you know him—he's really a very distinguished man—Farley, the novelist—is staying in the same hotel with me at Janenne, and so long as he stays I shall stay."

Angela and Maskelyne were each a good deal surprised half an hour later to see Major Butler coming down the avenue toward the chateau side by side with O'Rourke. Perhaps at bottom the major himself was a little surprised, but he was certainly vanquished. He confessed that he had never met a pleasanter man in his life than this Home Ruler, whom in advance he had been prepared to detest.

CHAPTER VI.

Dobroski and O'Rourke sat together in a chamber of the Cheval Blanc .

"You thought my scheme a madman's vision when you heard it first," said the old man, in his tired and tranquil way. "But now? Speak without fear, and with perfect candor."

"I see a practical possibility in it," returned the other. "A bare possibility, but still a possibility."

"Possibility enough to make it worth while to strike when the time comes?"

"Possibility enough to make it worth while to strike when the time comes. Yes." There was something in O'Rourke's manner of repeating the phrase which made the repetition seem weighty, reflective, and full of respect for Dobroski's years and qualities. "But——" He paused with a look of thought, and drummed upon the table with his fingers.

"But——?" said Dobroski.

"We must not lose the cause. We must not lose for want of a little candor. You have laid your scheme before me—given me facts, names, numbers. You tell me that I have your perfect confidence, and that I know now all you have to tell."

"There are details," answered Dobroski—"countless details. But the main facts are yours."

"I am not disputing, sir," said O'Rourke, with a smile which seemed to say how impossible that would be. "I am only recapitulating. But you see, Mr. Dobroski, I get these things from the fountain-head, and I am assured of their verity. But when you ask me to be your emissary at home you forget that I have neither your years, your first-hand knowledge, your history, nor your authority. In short, I am Hector O'Rourke, and you are John Dobroski. If I carry this prodigious scheme to the men in England and in Ireland who would be ready to receive it and to take part in it what credentials have I?"

Dobroski turned his mournful eyes full upon O'Rourke and regarded him in silence for a time. O'Rourke bore the scrutiny with an admirable candor and modesty.

"That does not speak well for your opinion of the scheme," said Dobroski, after a noticeable pause. "I know, and no man knows better, that when we strike we strike for life or death. I know that a single indiscretion may ruin us. I have weighed the chances and counted the cost for years."

"I recognize the dangers, too," said O'Rourke, "but we must face them and outface them." He spoke lightly, but with an underlying resolve so clearly indicated that there was no doubting him. "No, it is not the danger of the scheme that gives me pause. But it needed all your close and intimate knowledge, all the authority you carry in your name and your career, to make the existence of so vast a plan seem possible. I accept the scheme," he said, vividly, half rising from his seat. "I bind myself to it without reserve. Win or lose! But, except upon the fullest exposition, I would not have taken it. Except upon the loftiest authority, I would not have given credence to it. No, Mr. Dobroski, you must come yourself to England. Leave me behind to work as your lieutenant there, if you think me worthy of the post, but come yourself and bear the news and make the first appeal."

"I will go," said Dobroski, "if you think it needful."

"I think it actually needful," O'Rourke answered. "I will write and will make arrangements. We had better not travel together."

"Good," said Dobroski. "I will start to-night. The longer the interval between my going and your following the less cause to suspect that we have a common errand. Perhaps I can be doing something, in the meantime. I may tell your friend Mr. Frost that the plan carried your adherence with it? Your entire approval?"

"That it carries my entire approval with it," O'Rourke answered, slowly and weightily; "because it promises nothing precipitate, because it promises cool and cautious preparation, and good generalship."

"You think he stands in need of that warning?"

"Most of us stand in need of it," said O'Rourke. "We are too eager. We fritter our chances on affairs of outposts. That has always been our trouble."

"I understand," said Dobroski. "I will not forget your warning. But now, sir, I will say farewell. We shall meet again in a little while, I trust. We have not seen much of each other as yet, but I am not slow to read a true man, and I know that I have done well in trusting you. I have fought in this war for now this forty years and more. We have done but little, but at last the hour is coming, and all will soon be done or undone."

When he first said farewell he took O'Rourke by the hand and held him so until he had spoken his last word. O'Rourke looked back into the sad and passionate eyes that gazed into his own, and his glance was affectionate and worshipful.

The little toy train at the toy railway station at Panenne was getting up steam to be gone, and was making as much noise of preparation as if it had a thousand miles before it. Dobroski emerged from the doorway of the Cheval Blanc, followed by a stout female domestic, who bore a portmanteau in either hand. The old man caught sight of O'Rourke and bowed to him. O'Rourke returned the salute, and turning round when Dobroski had disappeared, saw Austin at his open window.

"Farley," he said, "I believe our old revolutionist is leaving us. He has just gone off to the station with a couple of portmanteaus. Has he said nothing to you about it?"

"Nothing," said Farley, smiling. "Doesn't he take his fellow-conspirator into confidence?"

"Well, you see," returned O'Rourke, smiling also, "I haven't asked him for his confidence. And even if I did, he might prefer to keep it."

"Likely enough," said Farley, smiling still. "Hillo! Here are our friends from Houfoy. Meet them for me, there's a good fellow. I'll be down in two minutes."

(To be continued.)

Just the Thing.

"When I was young, my dear, girls were not allowed to sit up so late with young men."

"Then, papa, why do you allow me to do so? It would be so much more interesting if you would only forbid it."—Judge.

My Hair is Extra Long

Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only hair-food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.

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The remarkable heat-insulating effects of a vacuum is strikingly brought out in the claims made for a new sportsmen's bottle. The vessel has double walls, being really one bottle within another, with a sealed-up intervening space from which the air has been withdrawn. It is asserted that liquids in this bottle can be kept hot forty-eight hours in the coldest weather, and that iced beverages will retain their delicious coolness for weeks in the hottest summer.

Charged Up to Him.

The proprietor of the celebrated mountain inn was showing the new guest the beautiful surroundings.

"Ah, these cliffs?" said the proprietor, rapturously. "In an electrical storm they are awe-inspiring. The next time a storm rises see that you are standing on the porch of the inn. Why, sir, the air is always heavily charged."

"I don't doubt it," laughed the new guest, winking at another late arrival, "and if I don't happen to be standing on the porch I can feel assured that it will be heavily charged anyway—on my bill."

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