



In J. Fenimore Cooper's Leather Stocking Tales, we read stories of the wonderful agility, physical endurance and the unerring accuracy of the eye of the American Indian when he reigned supreme over this continent. Before he was debauched by modern civilization, he was a magnificent specimen of physical manhood. He lived entirely in the open air, and knew no medicine, save the simple herbs gathered by his squaws.

Civilized man leads an unnatural and an unhealthy life. Unlike the Indian if he would maintain his physical and mental health, he must take reasonable precautions to combat disease. Nearly all diseases have their inception in disorders of the digestion, torpidity of the liver and impurity of the blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is made of simple herbs. It restores the lost appetite, makes digestion and assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver, purifies the blood and promotes the natural processes of excretion and secretion. It sends the rich, red, life-giving blood bounding through the arteries and corrects all circulatory disturbances. It dispels headaches, nervousness, drowsiness, lassitude, and drives out all impurities and germs. It cures 98 per cent of all cases of consumption, bronchitis, asthma and diseases of the air-passages. It gives sound and refreshing sleep, drives away all bodily and mental fatigue and imparts vigor and health to every organ of the body. Medicine dealers sell it, and have nothing else, "just as good."

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Not a day passes on which the newspapers do not record the death of one or more persons from Bright's Disease. Already its victims number hundreds of thousands. Day by day the awful total grows larger. No class is safe from this destroyer.

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CHAPTER X.

"Father, Ran is laughing at you, for all he looks so solemn." Amy flung an indignant glance at the shining black head once more bowed absorbedly over his nutted cup of coffee.

"I had thought of a locket, a heavy gold locket with something engraved on the lid. Girls like to hang things around their necks," said old Mr. Chambliss, looking around triumphantly as if to claim tribute for this subtle insight into the feminine soul.

"Something on the order of a fireman's medal. You might engrave on the lid, 'Reward for gallant and meritorious conduct,'" said Randal, cracking another nut and examining it closely.

"Something like that, yes. I don't know—Ran!"

"Father, Ran is laughing at you, for all he looks so solemn." Amy flung an indignant glance at the shining black head once more bowed absorbedly over his nutted cup of coffee.

"I don't see why—a real handsome locket! I would not even object to her



"Go way, chile."
Initials in small diamonds on the back. It would not be a mean testimonial, eh, mother? You will see to it, won't you, Ran?"

"I think not, sir."
He was beginning to twist the ends of his mustache with restless fingers—a sure sign of ebbing patience. Amy, always a peacemaker by preference, hastily concocted a fresh scheme.

"How would it do to invite her to lunch, mamma? Just you and I and Mrs. Strong, who has known her always."

"And is, so to speak, acclimated."

"Oh, Ran, what an absurd idea!"

"There is but one objection to your plan, Amy."

"Well?"

"She would not come."

"Would not come?"

"No—no more than you, or mother, or any Randal, or any Chambliss that ever lived would go to a house on such terms."

Mrs. Chambliss arched her finely penciled brows and leaned back in her chair with folded hands.

"Randal, you can be very exasperating when it suits you. Perhaps you will be so good as to make your own wishes known in this matter. Rightfully you should be made to bear the entire vexation, as it all springs from your reckless obstinacy in taking your father driving behind that wild brute."

They were curiously alike, that mother and son; alike in their tall, supple forms full of sinuous grace; alike in the delicate, clean cut contour of their refined faces, and were possessed, in common, of a domineering arrogance which, in the mother's case, had never been ameliorated by friction with other potentialities. In her own narrow dominion her judgment had heretofore been considered equal to every emergency. Evidently no more suggestions would be vouchsafed by her in the present one. Randal responded to her demand for an expression of his own wishes composedly.

"I want Amy to call on Miss Martin with me, mother."

"With—you!"

"With me—I as father's representative, Amy as yours. If you went, it would involve the mother, and that would be asking too much of you."

"And after this call?"

"Nothing. Royalty will have acquitted itself becomingly. You have from now until 11 o'clock tomorrow morning to digest the proposition in. I think I will run down day after tomorrow to New Orleans and take the fall races in."

"Randal!"

"Yes, sir?"

Randal turned his head in the direction of that explosive sound. His father was shaking his whitened head vigorously.

"I'll be hanged, boy, if I don't believe you have fallen in love with old Eben Martin's girl!"

"Mr. Chambliss! An overseer's daughter! My son Randal!"

Randal laughed lazily at his mother's disjoined indignation and pressed

his hands against the table by way of propelling himself backward.

"Father might have made a worse guess, mother, and your son Randal might easily do a more foolish thing. I see Thunderer waltzing out yonder, with Abe in the saddle. I am going in for the mail."

The entire family followed him through the long, open windows to see him depart. Randal never offended beyond the possibility of forgiveness. To see him mount Thunderer was one of their daily mild excitements. The battle for supremacy between man and beast was perpetually being waged on the Chambliss lawn and perpetually being decided in Randal's favor.

After his usual display of pirouetting, plunging and bit champing Thunderer suddenly realized that he had been saddled to take his master out to Sessumsport for the semiweekly mail, and, with a final toss of his shining mane, accepted the obligation for that time. His rider turned at sound of his mother's and Amy's voices.

"Don't stay later than 7 o'clock, son, mail or no mail. I can never draw a comfortable breath when you are on that brute's back."

"You promised to practice that violin solo for Mrs. Cathcart's party, Ran. Don't forget."

"Don't worry, dearest, Thunderer's bad temper never lasts long. All right, Amy. If I find Adrien out there, I'll fetch him home to supper. Shall I?"

(To be Continued.)

Clever.

Mrs. Petter—Did you see that? Dixon seized that rocking chair and was into it before his wife had a chance to reach it. And on his wedding trip too.

Mr. Petter—That's just it. There's where Dixon is smart. Nobody will suspect that he is on his wedding tour, don't you see? And besides, he gets the chair.—Boston Transcript.

Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards, they simply unveil them to the eyes of men. Silently and imperceptibly, as we wake or sleep, we grow and wax strong, we grow and wax weak, and at last some crisis shows us what we have become.—Canon Westcott.



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There's a time to all, old and young, man or woman, when poor health brings trouble, anxiety, and burdens hard to stand up under, and one's efforts to rid himself or herself seem only to be baffled at every turn, and we are prone to grow discouraged.

That is not the time to give up—the time for action, the time to seek out the seat of the trouble, and act as your best judgment and the experience of others will help you, guarding against mistakes in the treatment adopted for your particular ailment.

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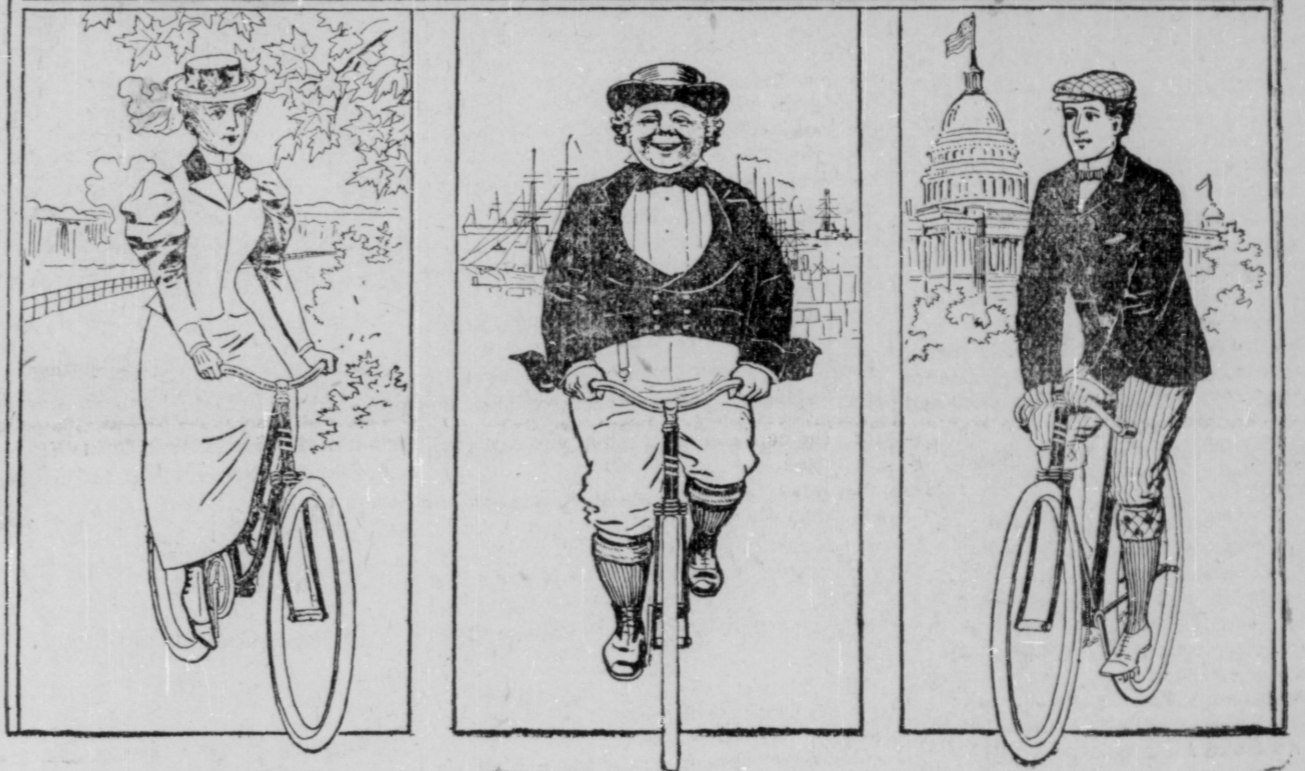
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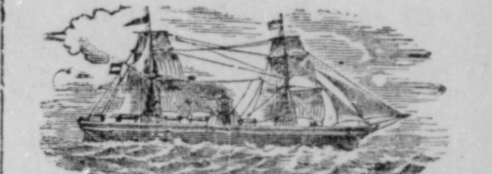
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