



FACTS ABOUT BABIES.

What woman doesn't want a baby—a dimpling, laughing darling, dainty enough to be cradled in a snow-white lily? Every womanly woman wants one, but she doesn't want too dainty a baby. A baby's cheeks may be too waxen-white, and its body too puny, and when that's the case, baby's cheeks won't dimple or its lips laugh, and death is in its eyes.

Above all things a woman wants a healthy baby, and she may have one if she will but use the right remedy for weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that make baby a possibility. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all medicines for prospective or would-be mothers. It makes a woman's distinctive organism strong, healthy and vigorous. It allays inflammation, soothes pain and heals ulceration. It banishes the discomforts of the waiting time and makes the little newcomer's entrance to the world easy and almost painless. It insures baby's health. In writing for advice to Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., a mother, wife or maid writes to one of the most eminent and skillful specialists in the world, at the head of a staff of physicians that has treated over 250,000 women.

"When I was taking your treatment, I sent in the names of three ladies who were sterile," writes Mrs. M. A. Scott, of Park Rapids, Hubbard Co., Minn. "One had been married seven years and had no children, and after taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription she gave birth to a big girl inside of a year. The other one was confined within a year and a half, after going six years without having any children. I do not know how the third one came out, for we moved away."

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SYNOPSIS.

Peter Clephane and Andrew Kilgour are cousins, students at Edinburgh University, between whom is a better feud. The former is the son of a rich city lawyer and his cousin is the heir of an estate in the Highlands that has almost passed into the hands of creditors. After a bitter fight with his cousin, Kilgour is on his way home when he falls in with company at the "Hound and Stag" inn at Perth. Arrived home his companion on the journey turns out to be his uncle, Peter Clephane's father. To retrieve his family's fortune Andrew is sent to India.

CHAPTER XV (Continued.)

"One people, pressing about us, speculated aloud on the doom that was in store for me, and their auguries were anything but cheering. What was more disquieting, they once or twice showed a disposition to take matters into their own hands. If they had done that, I have a notion this history would never have been written. As I listened to the shoutings and mutterings about me I had a very vivid remembrance of Said Achmet's tale of the Egyptian and Persian.

"Here may be the very place where they were killed," I thought to myself, as we went along. "Here their blood may have been poured out. These walls may have echoed their dying groans." And sometimes in sudden flares and sweeps of the torches the crimsoned ground had gruesome suggestions of violent deeds.

On reaching the castle walls, which were surprisingly thick, we entered through a narrow gateway, flanked with towers, to a sort of esplanade, crowded with soldiers. Then we entered an outer court, passing through another narrow gate to an inner. This also we traversed; then we passed through several crooked corridors, till we came to a gap in a dead wall. Into this I was thrust, a door was banged and bolted behind me, and I was alone, in utter darkness. A moment's groping proved I was in a windowless dungeon—probably a condemned cell.

CHAPTER XV.

TRIAL FOR MY LIFE—A SINGULAR DIVERSION.

Huddled in a foul hole, which admitted neither light nor air, I tried to imagine what might be the outcome of this fresh entanglement. One thing seemed certain; that I was to be kept fast under bolts for the night. In the morning, if a pestilential air did not finish me in the meantime, I should probably be led forth to a mock trial and convicted by overwhelming evidence of uncommitted crimes, for I knew the ingenuity of the Asiatic mind in devising charges. What would follow—the judgment and form of execution—were matters that could be foretold with disquieting accuracy.

The prospect gave me less concern than might be imagined. Assuredly fortune was using her teeth and claws upon me with implacable malevolence. But her persecutions were beginning to lose something of their poignancy. Like a vain woman, fortune loves to show her power, and like a meddling one, she must have a finger in every man's pie, making it sweet and sour according to her whim and humour. But when one has, as the poet puts it, looked on his own funeral procession, he may smile at her efforts to inflict pain. He is then setting beyond her range. To that stage of apathy I was fast approaching.

The ignominy of the thing troubled me most. To die once is the fate of all, and death, as wise men have ever taught, may be made glorious. But to be shut up in a hole like a rat and then probed out to be worried by bloodthirsty hounds is not to close the fifth act of one's play with any dignity or glory. If they would only put a proper sword in my hand, then I might leave my memory green and furnish a tale worth telling to their grandchildren.

In spite of what has been said, I must not boast of confidence, for when at length outworn nature claimed her boon of sleep I was constantly starting up, with a throbbing heart and a clammy brow. To be rid of the plaguing dreams I decided at last to keep awake. As the best means of doing that I crept about the cell, entertaining myself first by guessing its dimensions and then by feeling its walls inch by inch with my hands. This diversion lasted but a little while, and then I fell back on my own thoughts. They, refusing to be confined, flew to other days—to old scenes and familiar faces. Time reversed his movement, the past became the present, dead things started into life, and the absent and the distant were brought near.

Every brae and bush about Kilgour, every bend of the road, every burn, almost every tuft of heather, every dear figure, my father, my mother, old Duncan, and the rest rose before me with the vividness of reality. Sir Thomas Gordon with his brown face was there, too, and so was Isabel, looking as I had so often seen her, with her melting eyes and her abundance of glossy hair. I trembled with a feeling—half of joy, half of superstitious dread—as I looked from one to another of the visionary company. It was pleasant to see them all as of old. Should I ever see them again? The meeting was glad, but would it be the last?

In some agitation of spirit I rose, and my foot struck against the green bag. It was an electric link connecting me in very reality with those of whom I was thinking. I picked it up, drew forth the keys, hurriedly

turned them and the next instant was playing Highland airs with might and main. Very weird and strange and thrilling sounded the music of my native hills in that close subterranean cell—thrilling as the grasp of a friend in the day of adversity, strange as the Gaelic speech amid Arabian sands. I played till I knew no fear and forgot all danger, till there rose within me a spirit of revolt and resistance that would have defied the united power of all the caliphs from Aboe-Bekr to Mussalin. (The first and last of the real caliphs. Under the Mamelukes there were, properly speaking, no caliphs, and the claim of the Sultan to rank as caliph is absurd.)

My gaolers beat upon the door with the butts of their muskets to demand silence, but they might as well have whistled to the charging lion. Heedless of their pounding, indeed scarcely hearing it, I played on, the wild slogan of the clans almost bursting the walls asunder. Paster and faster danced the fingers of the piper; ever more and more furious rose the strains that never yet failed to give the strength of ecstasy to a Highlander. It was the pipes that won Waterloo, that saved Lucknow, that broke the Russian swoop at Balaklava. On rooking fields of gore their scream has made men forget death and banish the thought of yielding. What they had done in the stress and havoc of battle they were now doing in solitariness and darkness. With their music in my ears, I could dare anything.

All at once the door opened, and a reflection of far away sunshine dribbled feebly in. A band of grisly warriors stood without, grasping their weapons and bearing countenances of distrust and apprehension.

"Come forth," said one, stepping a little in advance of his fellows. "The great Abou Kuram waiteth to hear the charges against thee."

(To be Continued.)

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