

A man may talk of disdainful physical strength and prowess until Doomsday, but the fact remains that he cannot look at a picture of an old-time knight, magnificent in his physical proportions, dauntless in his physical courage, and armed, ready and eager for a contest to the death with any comer, without a thrill of admiration. Mental superiority is desirable and admirable, but is the "game worth the candle," when it is won at the expense of physical health and strength?

The unhealthy man may gain the pity and even the admiration of men and women, but it is a question whether such a man ever thoroughly gains their respect. The man whose arteries bound with the rich, red blood of health carries with him a force and an intensity that command respect, even though he be slightly inferior mentally to the weak, nervous man. While no medicine in the world will add an inch to a man's stature, there is one famous medicine that will fill the veins and arteries with the rich, red, bounding blood of perfect health. It is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the great blood-maker and blood-purifier. When the blood is pure and rich and red and plenty, and filled with the life-giving elements that nourish every tissue of the body, it is impossible for a man to suffer from ill-health of any description. When every little blood-vessel in the lungs quivers with the rush of healthy blood, it is impossible to have unhealthy lungs. When the walls of the stomach are nourished with healthy blood, dyspepsia and indigestion are impossibilities. When the liver is supplied with healthy blood it is bound to be active. The skin that is nourished with healthy blood will be clear and fresh and glow with health. "Discovery" is sold by druggists.

Mr. Isaac E. Downs, of Spring Valley, Rockland Co., N. Y. writes: "For three years I suffered from that terrible disease, consumption, and had wasted away to a skeleton. To-day I tip the scales at 187, and am well and strong. The 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me."



NECK OR NOTHING.

A SOUTHERN STORY OF ANTE BELLUM DAYS,

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH

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CHAPTER VIII.

The younger man stood contemptuously chewing the end of his mustache and looked after the moving wagon. One of the field hands had been dispatched to the Strong stables for a fresh horse. There was nothing to do but await its coming. The old man was walking around the buggy examining it for possible fractures. The younger one came out of his reverie with a soft, prolonged whistle and put on his wide awake.

"So that is Eben Martin's daughter! Pity!"

"What is a pity?"

The rich, lazy voice drawled mockingly:

"That they should have sent her off and educated her above that sphere of life in which it has pleased God to place her."

"Ducedly pious, boy! Here, Ran, look at that king bolt, will you?"

"Who are those people, Seth?" Liza asked, when they were safely out of earshot.

"Old man Chambliss and Ran Chambliss. And a upstart crowd can't be found. I reckon, now that Ran has had a whole year in Europe, he'll be harder to stan' than ever."

"But what does he do, Seth?"

"Who? Old man Chambliss?"

"No. I know he does nothing. He is a planter."

"Ran Chambliss?"

"Yes."

"He don't do nothin' either. He's a planter's son."

"Don't do anything, Seth, dear," said Liza, cooing her correction as carelessly as if Seth's grammar was the only thing in life of any importance to her at that particular juncture.

But before they reached the overseer's house she had bestowed one more descriptive adjective on Mr. Randal Chambliss—"and impertinent."

CHAPTER IX.

"Mid reedy fens widespread" Strong Martin had established his hermitage.

The river front or bottom lands of the Hill Place partook of the character of their swamp neighbors over on the Louisiana side of the river—rank vegetable growth and teeming animal vitality everywhere!

Gloomy cypresses towered in funereal grandeur high above the spreading crowns of broad branching water oaks. Vivid green canes grew in serried ranks close beside the loose leaved wild cherries, that in autumn waved their terra cotta flambeaus over the dark bosom of a stagnant green pond—"thick and slab" as a witch's stew. Pallid cypress knees lifted their blunted cones above the opaque waters of the pond, offering coigns of vantage to countless slimy things that undulated sinuously about their roots or coiled tenaciously about their crowns. Spanish moss hung in a melancholy profusion of gray bannerets from every branch and twig that showed the slightest inclination to separate and let in stray sunbeams. Frogs croaked at high noon among the coarse bulrushes that fringed the oozy banks of the pond. The stridulous note of the grasshopper, punctuating the dreary quietude, made itself heard between whistles.

All of which went toward the giving of such an evil reputation to the Black Moccasin pond that it was considered the evil one's own dominion by the slaves for miles around. A few yards beyond its somber boundaries rose the crumbling wooden stile that stood Strong instead of a front gate. It was not a cheerful spot, even under the full blaze of the noonday sun. In the gloaming it was trying to the stoutest nerves.

The wooded cliffs that led upward to the brighter tableland where Sans Souci reared its stately white and green facade girdled Neck or Nothing with verdant palisades that were almost perpendicular in places and quite inaccessible for ordinary pedestrians.

Such as her brother's hermitage was, Liza got her first glimpse of it on the morning after her day of humiliation. He was sitting before a table belittered with books and newspapers, amid which was placed an unappetizing array of plates containing his noonday meal. Not reading, not eating—pondering, with both elbows planted squarely among the newspapers and the books and his chin resting in his palms. He lifted his head at sound of Liza's rustling skirts and looked at her in unwilling surprise as she stepped daintily over his sunken doorsill and glanced at wonderingly about her as might a wood nymph who had lost her way and strayed into a mortal's habitation entirely against her own will.

"Upon my word, Strong, this spot would have made the reputation of a Salem witch!" She shivered prettily and came farther into the bare room. "I am in a delightful state of goose-flesh and can feel nerves sprouting all over me. I had to skirt that remarkable of water out yonder and I greatly

feel creepy. Please offer me a chair."

Strong rose and placed his one chair at her disposal. She settled herself into it composedly. A pretty flush from exercise or nervousness had spread over her face with enhancing effect. Strong could feel himself warmed and cheered by her presence in spite of himself. It was like letting a brilliant ray of sunlight into a long closed closet. He had shoved some books aside and was sitting on a corner of the table, swinging one foot a trifle petulantly. After all, even stray sunbeams would expect some sort of entertainment.

He knew that she was taking in every particular of his poor surroundings with bright, alert glances, and never before had his one unglazed window, with its clumsy wooden shutter flapping drearily in the wind, his shellless chimney jamb, with its dusty litter of pipes and



"Where? What did he look like?"

shot pouches and powder flasks, his ascetic iron lounge, with its knobby mattress, intrusively displaying its unevenness beneath the coarse honeycomb spread, impressed him so disagreeably. It must have been Liza's own exquisite personality that stamped the contrast so sharply. He attempted a colloquial diversion:

(To be Continued.)



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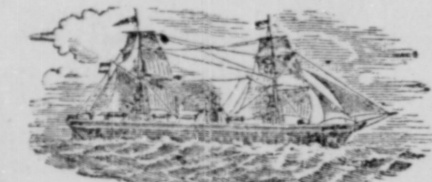
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