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When thirsty? Water.
Now use the same good common sense, and what would you give them when they are too thin? The best fat-forming food, of course. Somehow you think of Scott's Emulsion at once.
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MISS CAPRICE.
BY ST. GEORGE RATHBONE
Author of "Doctor Jack," "Doctor Jack's Wife," "Captain Tom," "Miss Pauline of New York," Etc.

CHAPTER V—Continued.
Almost immediately the native servant appears, to whom she speaks in low tones, while John wonders when so great a revolution in the affairs of orders like this occurred whereby they are enabled to have menservants.
Hardly has the native vanished than another sister appears carrying a small tray upon which are seen a crystal bottle full of grape juice, three odd glasses and a plate of plain flat cakes.
"Doctor Craig, our order refuses the use of wines; this is the pure juice of the grape, expressed at our own vineyard on this island. It is as harmless as water, but refreshing. It is our simple habit to invite our guests to join us in this way: we believe in the Arab rule of breaking bread; those with whom we take salt are ever more our friends. You will not, cannot refuse. How should they?
John looks at the professor, and in turn the latter looks at John.
"Madame, you have given me cause for happiness; we will join you in your simple lunch," returns the young man.
"You are wounded," noticing his arm in its sling.
"Not seriously."
"By chance I saw your adventure this day. I am proud to have the hero of that noble deed for my guest."
"Pardon; please do not mention it."
He accepts a glass of the grape juice and an anise-seed cake, for this plant is grown in Malta for export.
The liquid is cold and very refreshing. John has a dozen questions on the tip of his tongue, all of which relate to Sister Magdalen, but he does not put them, for his thoughts become somewhat incoherent, and it is so comfortable sitting there.
When the Mother Superior raises her veil to sip from the amber glass of unfermented wine, John Craig, M.D., has sense enough to notice two things: the hand that holds the glass is plump and fair, and the lips under the veil form a Cupid's bow such as age can never know.
This arouses a wild curiosity in his mind; he wonders what this woman, who wears such a strange habit, can be like, and watches her with something like eagerness.
Surely the room is growing very close; a window opened would be a good thing he believes, and yet somehow lacks the energy to open it, turns his head, and sees the professor lying back in his chair fast asleep.
This gives him a faint shock, but his nerves are deadened; nothing would sur-

prise him very much now, unless an earthquake occurred.
"Rest your head, Doctor Craig; the back of the chair is very comfortable," he hears a soft voice say.
Warm breath fans his face. The Mother Superior has thrown aside that ugly bonnet; it is a young face, a fair face, surrounded by golden curls, that looks down upon him, as with a stage laugh the woman rests one hand on the head of the drugged medical student from Chicago to exclaim:
"At last! he belongs to Pauline Potter!"

CHAPTER VII.
John Craig dreams. He fancies himself bathing with demon apes in the wilds of Africa, having read an explorer's account of such a scene very recently.
They press him hard, and he can see no hope of escaping with his life.
In the midst of his mental torture he opens his eyes, and the disagreeable features of the case are suddenly swept away.
Where can he be? Soft music throbs upon the scented air. He hears the gentle splash of a fountain in a court near by; a mellow light, anything but garish, shows him the most luxurious surroundings, silks and velvet, brightness in color and gorgeousness in taste, everywhere.
This amazes him; almost takes his breath away; it is so different from his dream, which left him in a desperate hole.
His mind seems dull of comprehension, which must be the effect of the drug, so that for a brief time he is unable to understand the situation, or grasp his condition.
Then it dawns upon him, the mission that took him away from the hotel; and having reached that point, he is wrestling with what must have followed when something touches his face, something that is cool and pleasant—the soft, white hand of a woman.
Then Doctor Chicago's eyes flash open again, and he looks up startled; he has just recollected Lady Ruth's story, and a wild hope rushes into existence, a hope that could not be put into words, but which takes the form of an idea that she whom the English girl met as Sister Magdalen, his mother, is near.
He looks up; his eyes fall upon a face that boasts of extreme beauty, a pair of wondrous black eyes, and cheeks aflame, a face that, set in subtle coils of hair, would drive an artist wild with the desire to transfer its charms to canvas.
And John Craig strange man, frowns.
Evidently there is something in his composition that prevents him from accepting what the prodigal gods have thrown in his path.
"You?" he says bluntly, and with disdain.
The woman with the black eyes smiles sweetly, as she continues to soothe his forehead, which throbs and burns as though he endures the keenest pain.
"Did you imagine it could be any other, my dear John? You do not know me but I believed you failed to know your own mind. At any rate I have determined not to desert you."
"Pauline, you do not—it is impossible for you to care for me after what has happened."
"Impossible! Why should it be? I can't help myself. I have seen others profess to love me, have played with them as a queen might have with her subjects who prostrated themselves before her. Yet, John Craig I never loved but once. You have stirred my heart to its depths. I am not able to analyze these feelings. I only know what I know."
She does not feel the modesty of a young girl; much acting before the public has made her brazen, this midnight beauty with the glowing eyes, black as sloes, the pouting lips, the figure of a Hebe.
John Craig may have seen adventures before in his life, and probably has been in many a fix, being fond of spending his vacations in rambling over the wilderness away up in the Michigan peninsula, with a gun on his shoulder; but plainly he has now met the crisis of his whole career.
"Pauline, I am a frank fellow, as you know. It is not in me to dissemble. I am going to speak plainly with you," he says, rising to a sitting posture, and looking the actress full in the eyes.
She moves uneasily, and her cheeks, which were erstwhile tinted with scarlet, grow palid. Then she sets her teeth, and with a smile continues:
"That is right. I hate a deceiver worse than anything else on earth. It was your honest way, John Craig, that first drew me toward you. Yes, speak your mind."
Evidently she is in part prepared for the worst, though she has hoped that the old witchery might be thrown about the young doctor.
"When you treated me in that mercenary way, long ago, the regard I felt for you died out of my heart—your spell was broken."
"Ah! John, you have thought so, perhaps, just as I did, but I learned



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Gentlemen,—For over five months I was confined to my bed, not being able to move. The best medical skill was called in, all treating me for catarrh of the stomach, but to no avail. I could not eat the most simple food without being in dreadful misery, and found no relief until same was vomited up. After spending a large sum in medical advice, I was advised to try a box of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. I said it was no use, for I considered mine a hopeless case from which I could not recover. At length I purchased a box from J. Austin and Company, Simcoe, and to my surprise found great relief. Not being able to eat I tried a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills; the pains left me the third day. My appetite has been fully restored. I consider myself perfectly cured, and feel as well as when a young woman, although I am 65 years old at present. I was almost a shadow, now I am as fleshy as before my sickness. Have used only three boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and only two boxes of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. I can do my house work as usual. I am positive that my marvellous cure (which I think it is) is due purely to Dr. Chase's remedies, which I have used. I can honestly recommend the same to any persons suffering from symptoms similar to mine. Wishing you every success.
Yours, truly,
MRS. ANN CHURCHILL, Sr.

that these affections of ours are deeper than we suspect. I believed I had dropped you forever, but time has taught me what a terrible wrench it must be that would tear the image of John Craig from my heart."
"I am sorry to hear you say so, Pauline, for on my part I have been effectually cured. I even look back and regard our love-making as a foolish, boyish fancy, in which neither of us knew our own minds. Why can't you do the same?" he says, calmly.
"I am not built that way—my nature is of the tropical order, for my mother was born in Corsica, you know. Some of these fair English girls may be fickle, but Pauline Potter is the same as when she knew you in Chicago. But, John Craig, this same love can change to hate; it is but a step between the two, and no magician's wand is needed to make the transformation."
Already a change has swept over her face; it does not look so lovely now, for the arched black brows meet in a frown, while from the midnight eyes the fires of aroused passion begin to scintillate.
Craig knows that when he stirs up the pool he arouses the worst elements in her nature. Still he will not disguise his feeling.
Mentally he contrasts this girl with the English maid, and Pauline suffers by the comparison.
(To be Continued.)



The young married couple who are crowned with good health are really a king and queen. They are possessed of an armor that enables them to withstand all the hardships and misfortunes of life. Accidents aside, they will live long, happy lives of mutual helpfulness, and they will be blessed with amiable, healthy children. They will sit together in the twilight of old age and look back without regret over a mutually happy, helpful, useful, successful companionship.
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