



A man who navigates knows his chart compass and sextant will guide him with unerring certainty across ten thousand miles of tempest-driven ocean straight to one little speck of an island on the almost boundless waters. With the same unflinching and scientific physician seeks for some undiscovered remedy in the wide ocean of materia medica. He knows that when the nature of a disease is once thoroughly understood he has located the ultimate and longitude of the remedy; and its ultimate discovery is only a matter of time. It was in this way that Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., was guided to his world-famous "Golden Medical Discovery" for the cure of consumption. He realized that consumption is a constitutional malady, deep-seated in the blood. He sought and found this marvelous constitutional remedy which renovates and enriches the vital current with nutritious life-giving elements; healing wasted tissues, restoring digestive and assimilative power, and building up healthy flesh and genuine enduring vigor. In all those debilitating diseases which are caused by imperfect nutrition; this extraordinary "Discovery" is the most perfect alterative remedy and strength-builder known to medical science. It is not a mere temporary stimulant like various malt "extracts." Its good effects are permanent. Where costiveness is among the prevailing symptoms, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used in conjunction with the "Discovery."

"Dr. Pierce, I am one of your most grateful patients," writes Mrs. Annie M. Norman, of Equinunk, Wayne Co., Pa. "I have taken 'Golden Medical Discovery,' also 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets' with wonderful results. I am, as many of my friends tell me, like the dead brought to life. The doctors said I had consumption and death was only a matter of time. That was six years ago. I concluded to try your medicine. I continued until I had taken nine bottles of 'Discovery' and several bottles of 'Pellets.' I got well and have done a great deal of hard work since."

THE DOCTOR.

(Continued.)

...a purrceened, kind of gentle like, to ask the Doctor what might be the man's name, what did he look like and any other p'ints that might be of use to me. But he shook his head and says, 'Mike, it isn't for you to find my man; it's for me. If any one else shets me out, I'll shoot the chap that does it, even if it's you. I tell you he's mine,' and that look that I'm speaking of comes back agin ten thousand times worse than before. It makes me shiver. He wouldn't say nothing more, which is all I know."

A few days later a blizzard struck New Paradise and Devil's Gulch. Little snow was flying in the air, but the sleet that spun and gyrated everywhere was like billions of birdshot. There were places in the gorges where it would snatch up a man and fling him away like a feather in a hurricane. It bounded through the gullies, gorges, ravines and pockets, shrieking like a legion of demons; it penetrated the thickest clothing like a dagger and chilled the marrow in one's bones; sometimes its howling sank to a dismal wail, so low and tremulous that we fancied it was subsiding, only to break out the next minute with tenfold fierceness. All that we could do while it lasted was to cower in our cabins, or at the Angel's Bower, and wait for it to spend itself. There was no working in the Golconda until an abatement came.

On the second night we gathered at McGuigan's. There had been abatement enough during the day for the landlord to gather more wood and plug some of the chinks and crevices in the Bower. It was the same party that was there three months before, when the Doctor introduced himself particularly to Red Mike. I never saw him in a more entertaining mood. He told a number of his army experiences, and every one felt when listening to him that nothing in our own lives was to be named beside

them. I can see now in recalling that night that the difference lay in the manner of telling and the restless personality of the man himself.

As he sat, partly tipped back on his stool, with his legs crossed, his feet as delicately shaped as a woman's showing through the big boots, which came above his knees and into which his trousers were tucked, his slouch army hat on one knee, his bright eyes sparkling and the thin silken hair tossed off his forehead, he formed a picture whose peculiar winsomeness no painter ever surpassed.

The bulldog crouched in his corner, devouring him with his eyes and ready to spring at our throats on the first provocation. But there could be none. No one would interrupt the narration which we wished could continue till morning.

At times the shrieking blizzard shook the structure so savagely that we expected it to go scurrying down the gulch, spilling us on the way. We drew in our breath and tried to be as heavy as we could, while praying that the elemental fury would hold off until the Doctor finished the particular story he was telling.

In the midst of his narrative the door was shoved inward and John Wilkins entered.

The man lived half a mile up the gulch, with his wife and small child, a little girl four or five years old. He was a shiftless, ne'er-do-well, who rarely visited New Paradise and was known to only a few of us. He spent most of his time wandering through the mountains beyond, prospecting, except when compelled to shoot game for food for till the little patch of ground at

such a recluse that none of us had ever seen her.

Our first feeling was that of wonder that the fellow could have fought his way through the blizzard, which was bitter and fierce enough to strangle a polar bear. In appearance he was a reminder of Red Mike, except he was more cadaverous, hollow eyed and stooping.

Something unusual must have driven the man thither, for, without approaching the fire or the bar he said:

"Gentleman, I've come for a doctor; I heard you had one with you."

"What is the matter?" asked one. "Is your child sick?"

"No; it isn't Alice; it's her mother; I'm afraid she's going to die. She's had a bad fever for more than a week; but I didn't hear about your having a doctor among you till to-day, or I would have come for him."

"How is your wife now?"

"The fever is gone, but she is so weak, lying with her glassy eyes fixed on the ceiling that I don't know whether she's alive or dead till I speak to her. One thing is certain—if she doesn't get help before the morning, she will go. Is it true, boys, that you've got a doctor among you?"

"Yes," I replied, "there he sits."

The turning of Wilkins' eyes toward the Doctor, naturally caused us to do the same. Without any one having noted it he had donned his army hat and pulled it down so low that only his nose and eyes showed between the rim and beard. He was looking straight and silently at the caller, but even with this partial screen I was struck by the strange glitter in his eyes. A protrusion of his mustache showed that his lips were compressed and he was breathing hard through his thin nostrils. His legs were still crossed and the arms were folded.

"I don't suppose you want to make a journey up the gulch with me," began Wilkins apologetically, "for it's mighty tough out doors, but if I can stand it you can, and it's a case of life and death."

His last words were uttered tremulously and he drew the back of one bare hand across his eyes. All of us were sorry, for rough men are quick in their sympathies, but we felt the Doctor would be warranted in refusing in self-defence. I don't know whether we were surprised or not when he quietly rose in his full height and began buttoning his thick coat up to his eyes and drawing on his mittens, saying as he did so:

"I'll go with you, McGuigan, hand me my case, please."

The Doctor's small leather case of medicines, worth in the diggings more than their weight in gold, he always kept at the Angel's Bower, taking it with him when making a professional call and leaving it again on his return.

The bulldog slowly lifted his shaggy hulk from the box on which he was crouching and yawned.

"Mike, there's no use of your going along." The doctor spoke kindly as he always did to the dog, but his voice sounded like another person's.

"You'll need me to take care of you, Doctor."

"I'm obliged, but I prefer to go alone tonight."

Mike backed slowly to the box, glared behind him as if angry and suspicious of the support, and sagged down with a vast sigh. His heart was broken; it was the first time his master had repulsed him.

"I don't know how to thank you, Doctor," muttered the grateful Wilkins, "but—"

"Then don't try. Lead the way. I'll follow."

The curt interruption was as cutting as the blizzard itself.

Whatever the rest may have thought I never was more certain of anything in my life than when Dr. Creighton walked out of the Angel's Bower he did so in the company of the man for whom he had been searching, for these many years.

III.

Little Alice was asleep by the side of the mother when her father hastily shoved the door inward and strode across the floor of the miserable cabin, which had but two rooms below, in the chief of which the fire was burning.

"Oh, God, she has died while I was gone for help!" whispered the wretched husband, wringing his hands, as he leaned over the couch and peered into the marble countenance.

The doctor was at his heels, studying the patient with the eye of the skilled professional.

"She is not dead; she sleeps; she is doing well. I will warm my hands before touching her."

He stepped to the crackling fire of stumps and knots and extended his unmitten palm toward it. He stood silent, with his outstretching hands, and seemed to have forgotten to remove his hat on entering the place.

"Oh, doctor, you have made me happy again!" The husband followed him over and stopped beside him, his whole frame shivering with hope and a new born happiness.

"I will say, Doctor, that after years of prospecting, through poverty, suffering and almost death, in which she was always and forever the heroine, I have struck it rich at last; I have found the biggest kind of paying lead and my fortune is secure. Nurse my wife back to health and strength and one-half of it shall be yours—"

"John Warndyke, that is not what I want of you."

The doctor snatched off his hat and flashed his face about with the suddenness of lightning. The countenance of the two men were not a foot apart. That of the doctor was aflame with rage, hate, fury and the very ecstasy of revenge. The glare of

his eyes was the Bengal tiger's when his fangs meet in the velvet throat of his rival.

"My God! Edward Creighton!"

The other breathed out the husky whisper, with a single aspiration, recoiling a step, his hands supplicatingly upward and outward.

Little noise was made but enough to arouse the sleeper. She opened her eyes, large, dark and lustrous, and, from the slightly elevated rest on the rude pillow, saw the couple facing each other.

"Is that you, husband?" she faintly asked in a dazed way. "Whom have you brought with you?"

He called back enough self-control to answer:

"The doctor, Maggie, and he says you are better. I am sure—"

"Go to the next room, close the door and do not come back till I bid you."

Red Mike could not have obeyed the command more meekly than did the hus-

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W. D. MACKAY



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band. It was dark and cold withier he went, for the blizzard was still raging and little heat penetrated from the fire by the sick woman, but John Warndyke knew it not. He walked out unsteadily and closed the door behind him.

The Doctor waited until it was shut, when, keeping his back toward the patient, he removed his outer coat, into whose pockets he had thrust his mittens, laid it over one of the few chairs in the room, where also was placed his medicine case, and then turning slowly about, walked to the side of the couch with the sedate step of a soldier on parade, in that gentle, sympathetic tone which became him more naturally than any one else, he said, drawing up his chair and tenderly lifting the wasted hand:

"Weil, Maggie, I am glad to find you better."

Surprise at hearing herself addressed by her given name, caused her to look inquiringly in the face of the Doctor. The burning candle and blaze of the open fire filled the room with yellow light. Besides, the Doctor purposely placed his countenance so as to reflect its glow. She attempted to raise her head to gain a clearer view, but he gently forced her back.

(To be Continued.)

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Mott's

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Has an Interesting Chat About Dr. Chase's Ointment, HIS SUFFERING FROM ULCERATING PILES CURED.

He says:—I was troubled with itching piles for five years, and was badly ulcerated. They were very painful, so much so that I could not sleep. I tried almost every remedy heard of, and was recommended to use Dr. Chase's Ointment. I purchased a box, and from the first application got such relief that I was satisfied a cure would be made. I used in all two boxes, and am now completely cured.

Every remedy given by Dr. Chase costs years of study and research, and with an eye single to its adaptation for the ailments for which it was intended. Dr. Chase detested cure-alls, and it has been proven ten thousand times that not one of his formulas leave a bad after-effect. Dr. Chase's Ointment is based on lanoline, and the best physicians prescribe it.

Mr. M. T. Wigle, of Kingsville, Essex Co.

Cured of Itching Piles of 23 Years Standing. Physicians Fail to Make a Cure When Dr. Chase's Ointment Gave Immediate Relief.

M. T. Wigle, better known to every one in the vicinity as "Uncle Mike," was troubled for over 23 years with itching piles. At times he was so bad he would have to quit work. The irritation became so intense with constant rubbing that they became ulcerated and would bleed. He had been treated by many physicians, but found nothing that gave him relief. Reading in the paper the cure of a friend who had suffered in a like manner, and being cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment, he procured a box. After the third application he got such relief that he had the first comfortable night's sleep he enjoyed in years. The one box made a complete cure, and he says he would not be without it for \$50 a box if it could not be replaced. Mr. Wigle is a wealthy farmer, well known in the community in which he resides. It is over two years since he was afflicted, and he has never been troubled since.