



When a man gets down flat on his back, so that he has to be carried about like a baby, he finally realizes that he is a sick man. Very frequently he has been a sick man for years, but has recklessly refused to recognize nature's warnings. Severe illness is something that does not strike a man like a flash of lightning. It creeps upon him by degrees, and at every step warns him with a new danger signal.

When a man feels "out of sorts" or "knocked out," or whatever he may call it, he is a sick man. It is time to take warning. Headaches, drowsiness, loss of sleep at night, loss of appetite, nervousness, bad taste in the mouth in the morning, and frightful dreams—all these are warnings of encroaching illness. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery creates appetite, cures dyspepsia, stimulates the liver, purifies the blood, quickens the circulation and tones the nerves. It makes rich, red, tissue-building blood. It builds firm flesh, but does not make corpulent people more corpulent. Unlike cod liver oil, it does not make flabby flesh. On the contrary, it tears down and excretes the unhealthy tissues that constitute corpulency, and replaces them with the firm, muscular tissues of good health. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. All bronchial, throat and kindred ailments, as lingering coughs, spitting of blood and weak lungs are cured by it. Thousands have testified to its merits. At all medicine stores.

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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. Druggists sell them, and nothing is "just as good."

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Rheumatism makes more cripples than all the railroad accidents that ever happened. Twisted, misshapen caricatures of humanity, who cannot walk without misery, are to be seen every day. The kidneys are to blame. If they are healthy you needn't fear Rheumatism or Lumbago. Dodd's Kidney Pills keep the kidneys healthy and cure Rheumatism and Lumbago. **Dodd's Kidney Pills ALWAYS CURE.**

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CHAPTER XII.

At last Suzanne knew what it all meant. For months past she had been industriously piecing together words and phrases and disjointed sentences that had evidently been violently dislocated upon her entering the room. Her indefatigable industry was rewarded at last.

Something tremendous was about to happen. It concerned her. It concerned "mummy." It concerned her entire race. She was triumphantly glad of her small stock of learning, mere crumbs of knowledge flung to her at second hand by the Miss Gabriella whom they all still missed and by Eben Martin's daughter, who carried herself so loftily now that Suzanne rarely held converse with her. But she was grateful to both the girls for what they had taught her in that scrappy fashion long ago.

Heretofore Suzanne's modicum of knowledge had been held in the same esteem as her modicum of secondhand finery, gleaned from her mistress' wardrobe, something to be reserved for grand occasions on which she desired to overawe and humble her inferiors in the quarter lot.

But it had a real value at last. It helped her to comprehend the long, closely printed columns in the afternoon edition of the Sessumport Herald, which a special messenger was sent to fetch, and which Adrien read aloud with ejaculatory excitement, emphasizing certain passages with triumphant little huzzas and wild wavings of the moist sheet.

It was an enthusiasm, she observed, which was not participated in by the governor. In point of fact, for every one of Adrien's ecstatic huzzas the governor returned something very like a groan. Evidently that long column in the afternoon Herald was full of portent to the white folks. She would read it over herself that night after tea was over and she had combed her mistress' hair and bathed the soft, white, blue veined feet that never trod rougher paths than those that wound through the rose garden of the governor's mansion.

There were countless little services for Suzanne to perform at the big house before she was at liberty to go home for the night—home to Neek or Nothing, where mummy held autocratic sway over Strong Martin's domestic arrangements. But when they were all performed, the soft, waving white hair tucked smoothly away under the lace frilled nightcap, the cut glass carafe of orange leaf water placed on the little stand by the big canopied bed, black Suzanne stole stoffly down stairs into the darkened library, and, groping her way to the table, eagerly possessed herself of the paper that meant so much to her and to her people.

She would read it aloud to mummy first. Mummy was shrewd witted and long headed. She possessed the prophetic vision of a "conger woman," and so could foretell the consequences of this great matter better than Suzanne could possibly do.

It seemed incredible to her as she turned at the side gate to glance back at the grand white mansion towering majestically above its glossy evergreen shrubberies that change or disaster could ever come to her white folks. The very timbers that sheltered them seemed as solid as the earth that had given them growth, the earth, which belonged by right of heritage to the Strongs forever and forever. Who would dare assail such majesty? Mummy might say she could not.

Her way led her through the quarter lot, past the great barnlike log structure which did duty for a dancehouse. She had forgotten it was Saturday night. From between the chinks of the loosely daubed logs long lines of light glimmered redly. The sound of shuffling feet came to her at a great distance. Then the scraping of a badly tuned violin and the rhythmic clatter of the bones held between skillful fingers.

"The folks" were having "lots of fun" inside. Sam Bates was fiddling. Nobody scraped a bow like that but Sam Bates, and Sandy was "rattlin the bones." Sandy, too, was a recognized artist in his line.

She lifted the wooden latch to the clumsy door and stood on the threshold of the dancehouse, bathed in the yellow light flung from half a dozen pitch pine torches stuck in iron baskets against the mud daubed walls. She looked upon the flying figures that were dizzily executing a reel according to Sam Bates' stentorian orders, with envious contempt.

No doubt "them poor quarter niggers" thought it was fine fun. Sam Bates was "mos' dead drunk" already, and Sandy was clattering his bones with discordant energy. After a second of irresolution she stepped farther into the hall, and, waving the stolen newspaper over her head to attract general attention, said peremptorily: "Quit your

foolishness. I got somethin to tell you all."

She was always an impressive figure, by reason of her stately stature and general air of acquired superiority, but tonight the gravity of a sibyl lay in the shadowy gloom of her splendid eyes, causing her command to be obeyed instantaneously, even to the silencing of Sam Bates' brazen voice and Sandy's rattling melody with the bones.

She advanced as far as the first torch basket before speaking again: "Somethin's gwine to happen. Somethin great. Somethin that Mars Adrin is hurrain about and old marster groaning over. And I know all about it."

"Somethin gwine happen to who?" "Sue's allers croakin 'bout somethin."

"What we all got t' do wid it enny which a way?" All this came from various directions tauntingly, but they all quit their foolishness and gathered in an expectant crowd about black Suzanne. The newspaper looked important and corroborative. Suzanne herself looked immensely important.

She stood under the torchlight with her gayly turbaned head held well up, looking gravely about her, as she smoothed the creases out of the Sessumport Herald with a long, yellow hand that faded to a pallid pink in its palm.

Black Suzanne was not black at all. There had been a white Suzanne once, the mistress' sister, for whom the girl had been named, and the distinctive adjective had been found necessary. Aside from her serious, lustrous brown eyes and the waving black hair, of which she was excessively proud, Suzanne was a homely mulatto.

Having purposely prolonged the suspense of her audience until it would bear no greater strain, she spoke again: "I've been knowin it was comin for a long time. It's been in the a'r. Black Suzanne can see as far as the nex' one through a millstone with a hole in it. I've kep' my eyes skinned and my ears pricked."

Sandy rattled his bones impatiently: "Well, if you've got any news wuth totin down here from the big house, let's have it. Time's a-passin."

(To be Continued.)



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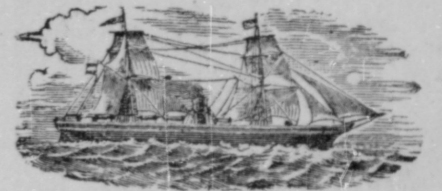
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