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There is no better exercise for a young woman in thoroughly good health than bicycling. On the contrary, if she suffers from weakness or disease of the distinctly feminine organs, if she rides, at all, such exercise should be very sparingly indulged in. Women are peculiarly constituted and their general health is peculiarly dependent upon the health of the specially feminine organism.

It is the health of these delicate and important parts that "makes the wheels of general health go round." Their strength and vigor are as important to a woman as a man's is to a watch, or a sprocket and chain to a bicycle. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all medicines for delicate women. It makes them strong where they most need strength. Taken during the "interesting interval," it banishes the usual squeamishness and makes baby's admission to the world easy and almost painless. It fits a woman for in-door work and out-door sports. Honest druggists don't advise substitutes.

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A man or woman who neglects constipation suffers from slow poisoning. Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. All medicine dealers.

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If you cannot get beef, mutton will answer.

You may choose between milk, water, coffee or tea. But there is no second choice for Scott's Emulsion.

It is Scott's Emulsion or nothing.

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It brings prompt results in all cases of wasting, or loss in weight.

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LOVE'S COMMAND
BY JOHN A. STEUART.

SYNOPSIS.

Peter Clephane and Andrew Kilgour are cousins, students at Edinburg 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 XII (Continued.)

So my surprise the orchards and gardens ran almost continuously into the centre of the town, and who would was apparently free to enter. In variety and richness they surpassed anything I had ever seen, and indeed seemed rather like the concentrated luxuriance of a whole country than the natural growth of a single spot. There were clumps of feathery date trees, Indian palms, pomegranates, orange, apple, apricot, peach, and fig trees. Another tree there was, too, more famous in Arabian song and story than any of these—the balm tree.

Like so much that is good and famous, it is not beautiful—in fact, it is ugly and scraggy, and were the eye the sole judge, contemptible, but those who know its virtues think little of its mean appearance.

In striking contrast to the dark olive foliage were the blazing tropical flowers, many of them of inexpressible glory and brilliancy. But what touched me beyond anything else were some clusters of magnificent roses, that hung their fragrance on the air, un-mindful of the general noisomeness—at times, indeed, making one forget it. The sight of that common English flower, so familiar and so lovely, stirred the emotions as not all the splendours of the Orient could stir them. It was like the greeting of an old friend in a strange land.

In some of the gardens people were drawing water from deep wells with leathern buckets, others scooping it up from slender stone-rimmed water-courses. At sight of such plenty I began to get hungry and thirsty again, and so tempting was the fruit that presently I found myself meditating a robbery. But at every gate I decided to wait till I reached the next, and in this way, a thief at heart, an honest man from fear, I went along, feasting my eyes, but grievously vexing the stomach, which protested ever more and more vigorously. It is an ill experience to be famishing among plenty.

On turning one of the many street corners, full of the thought which most engages a hungry man, I entered a square in which was assembled a great crowd. A glance made it plain that they were holiday-makers. In the midst was a man wearing over the usual shirt a gay, parti-coloured mantle and a scarlet vest, with wide sleeves like a bishop's gown. His head was fantastically enfolded in a flaming handkerchief, in the voluminous twists of which there were stuck three bobbing peacock feathers. He was seated on a camel as gorgeously caparisoned as himself, and was shouting and gesticulating with many wild grimaces, the people responding to his sallies of wit and distortions of countenance with resounding bursts of merriment.

"A professional story-teller," I said to myself, and it proved I was right.

The fellow seemed master of his business, for all were eager and excited, save only the gaunt, sorrowful camel, which was sunk in a gloom no mirth could brighten. Perhaps, like Harlequin, it was too familiar with jests to be much cheered by them. I had not watched the performance more than a minute when the clown noticed me. He stared for a second in amazement, but quickly recovering the professional insolence he pointed a leering finger at me, calling upon the assemblage to look at the rare curiosity that had opportunely appeared for their entertainment. Like one man they wheeled about and fastened their eyes upon me.

At this I turned quickly on my heel to walk off, considering it the safest policy to get out of the way with as much speed and as little fuss as possible. But the story-teller, hurling a stinging gibe at me about my courage (a quality I would let no man make a jest of with impunity), I turned again and faced the throng, my heart already beginning to bristle in my breast. There was a moment's silence, then the buffoon on the camel began a running commentary on my looks, my dress and spirit, enlivening his remarks with witticism that made very free with my feelings and sent the listeners (all save one) into convulsions of laughter. He capped his insults and insolences by inviting his audience to step forward and examine me for themselves.

The next minute the had formed a ring about me, taking care, however, to keep some distance off, as if I might be an animal of uncertain temper. But a perky youth, in rich cloak and many coloured sashes, eager to set an example in temerity and make sport for his fellows, ran up and probed me in the ribs with his riving-stick. It was wonderful how the old fiery spirit of retaliation came back on me. Quicker than thought I whipped out my pistol and covered the fellow's head. He ducked, dodged and disappeared like magic. Disappointed at his celerity in getting out of sight, I took aim at the clown. He, too, had an antipathy to such target practice, and like a flash was off his camel and hiding among the crowd. A thrilling pause followed as the people, fallen silent, stared in wonder at me, then

at one another, then at the camel standing as saturnine and stupid looking as ever, quite unconscious of its master's sudden desertion.

Satisfied with having frightened my molesters, and anxious to prove my pacific intentions toward the company in general, I returned the pistol to my belt. Seeing this, the chopfallen story-teller sneaked back for his beast, taking care as he led it off to keep its body between him and me. The crowd hesitated a moment, as if uncertain which performer to patronize; then went trooping after the clown in evident expectation of further diversion elsewhere. My impulse was to follow and spoil the fun; but, remembering the discretion which is the better part of valour, I turned aside and went in another direction.

I had not gone a hundred yards when I felt a gentle touch on the arm, and looking round found at my side an elderly Arab of venerable and benignant aspect. As my eyes met his he bowed with a cordial gravity, and held out his open hand. Glad to find any one so friendly, I also bowed and laid my open palm in his, waiting for him to speak.

"I was in the midst of the congregation when the jester derided thee and made the people laugh," he began, in a kindly tone. "I saw thee pull out thy weapon and aim at the fool who smote thee with his riding-stick, and I trembled for thy safety, for assuredly hadst thou slain him thy own blood had watered the ground. When the jester slunk away and the people followed, I hastened after thee to speak with thee, and if thou be in need of aught I possess, know of a surety it is thine. If thou art a hungered, thou shalt eat; if thou art thirsty, thou shalt drink; if thou art weary, thou shalt wash thy feet and rest. Said Achmet hath himself been a wanderer, and knoweth the distress of a stranger in a strange land."

Greatly surprised, though thrilling with joy and gratitude, I replied: "I am indeed a stranger in a strange land, cast on the shore like driftwood, to be tossed and made the sport of fate. But thy kindness puts new spirit in me."

"Art thou hungry?" he asked, looking me in the face.

"Hungry, thirsty, and spent," I answered.

(To be Continued.)

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