The village blacksmith is usually considered the type of good health. Even he sickens and dies frequently in early youth. No man, not even the most robust, can afford to neglect his health, which is his most precious endowment. The man who does so will sooner or later pay the penalty in some serious or fatal malady. When a man finds that he is losing his appetite, that he passes restless nights, that he awakens in the morning unrefreshed and without ambition or mental or bodily vigor, when he is troubled with headaches, nervousness or biliousness, it is time for him to take serious thought for his health.

These symptoms are by no means trivial, and are indicative of disorders that may lead to consumption, nervous prostration, malarial troubles or some serious blood disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best of all medicines for men and women who suffer in this way. It restores the lost appetite; it gives sweet, refreshing sleep; makes the digestion perfect, the liver active and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the greatest of all nerve tonics. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, weak lungs, bronchitis, spitting of blood, obstinate coughs and kindred ailments. It is also an unfailing cure for nervous exhaustion and prostration. At all medicine stores.

Mrs. Rebecca F. Gardner, of Grafton, York Co., Va., writes: "When I was married I weighed 125 pounds. I was taken sick and reduced in health and broke out with a disease which my doctor said was eczema. I fell away to 90 pounds. I began using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and now I weigh 140 pounds and am well."

Constipation often causes sickness. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe. They are tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules, in little vials. Druggists have nothing else "just as good." They regulate the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

THE ONLY HOPE!

For Victims of Bright's Disease is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Not a day passes on which the newspapers do not record the death of one or more persons from Bright's Disease. Already its victims number hundreds of thousands. Day by day the awful total grows larger. No class is safe from this destroyer.

War and intemperance, with all their miseries and fatalities, are not responsible for as many deaths as have been caused by Bright's Disease. Yet, there is a way of resisting it; of drawing its poisoned fangs, and making it as harmless as a summer breeze. That great medicine, Dodd's Kidney Pills, has cured thousands of the worst cases. It never fails to cure, hopeless as the case may seem.

Would you safely shield your loved ones from the fatal grip of this curse of mankind—Bright's Disease? Then use Dodd's Kidney Pills, the **only cure on earth for this disease.**

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GRATEFUL COMFORTING

Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour, Superior Quality, and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in ½-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

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Woman AGAINST Woman

* * * * * * *

BY MRS. MARY E. HOLMES.

Author of "A Woman's Love," "The Wife's Secret," "A Heartless Woman," "Her Fatal Sin," "A Wife's Peril," "A Desperate Woman."

SYNOPSIS.

Under very romantic conditions Roy Darrell marries a supposed farmer's daughter, Alice Brown. Alice is practically neglected by her husband after marriage, and although she is Countess of Darrell her life is a very lonely one. The Earl is attached to a Miss Valerie Ross who is staying in his house. She hates the young Countess and plots with another guest in the house—Count Jura—to abduct her. The Earl, by this time, finds that he really loves his young wife and is almost distracted about his loss. In the meantime Alice has been conveyed by Count Jura to underground vaults used by him as a warehouse for stolen goods, and is left in charge of Dame Barden and her daughter Myra, accomplices of the thieves. With the aid of detectives Lord Darrell discovers his wife, ill with brain fever, at an inn whither Count Jura has taken her on his way to London.

CHAPTER XVII. (Continued.)

Presently Davis came in while she was siting thus.

"You know all, my lady," she said lightly. "Ah, what did I always say? I knew you were a born countess. Why, it is quite a romance."

"Some of it was a painful romance, Davis," Alice said slowly. "Yet how strange it all seems! A year ago a farm-help, ill-treated and alone. Now a countess with——"

Her voice died, the memory of her husband came with startling clearness, and with it the thought that she lived and was the barrier to his happiness with Valerie.

She lay languidly back in her chair, looking sadly out of the window while Davis chatted on.

"You will soon be able to leave here and go back to the Castle, my lady."

Alice shuddered.

"I cannot go back there yet,' she said in low tones.

Davis made no answer. She went to the door.

Lady Darrell was beckoning her out. She slipped away, and someone else entered the room softly.

"No, Davis," Alice went on slowly; "I cannot even think of the Castle yet. Davis," she asked suddenly, keeping her face well turned away, "did—did the earl ever ask for me when I was ill?"

No answer.

Alice gave a deep sigh.

"Never mind' Davis; don't think of my stupid questions. I was only—I—"

She covered her face with her hands, and someone bent over her and took them gently away, kissing them passionately at the same time.

Alice started, grew crimson, then white as death.

Beside her on the ground knelt the very man of whom she spoke—the earl—her love—her husband.

"Did I ever ask for you, my darling?" Roy said tenderly, a flush on his handsome face, a love-light in his eyes. He still grasped her slender hands in his. "You have not known, you have not seen me near you night and day. I have never left you, Alice—my wife! I have prayed that you might recover, if only to see you knew me, and that you forgave me. Before you utter another word say that Alice—you forgive me!"

She drew back a little.

"I have nothing to forgive you," she said faintly. "You were right. I was then so much beneath you—a farm girl—and I separated you from—from her."

"Listen, sweet, I beg—listen. Remember the night before you were torn away. Did not my eyes speak plainly then? Could you not guess what my heart felt? Ah, Alice, you did know. Then, my darling, I knew nothing of your birth. It was you I loved, as I love now. Were you forty times a farm girl, I must love you the same. You are my very life! Say you love me!"

Alice's heart thrilled, her hands, held in his, trembled, her voice was faint.

"Love you!" she murmured. "I have loved you from the moment I saw you—it was that love that nearly broke my heart."

"My darling!" said the earl passionately, drawing her head to his shoulder, and pressing his lips to hers. "My own—my very own wife!"

* * * *

Six months passed.

Darrell Castle is alive with people; it is the home-coming of the earl and his beautiful young countess.

Sir Humphrey Durant and the dowager Lady Darrell stand together in the wide entrance to welcome their children.

Behind a line of servants, Davis with her face crimson in her excitement at once again seeing her beloved mistress.

Roy had taken no one with them who could remind his wife of what she endured. New scenes, new faces, new love, he determined should work away all traces from her young mind, so Davis had been left behind.

A group of guests were assembled, among whom were Frank Meredith and Geoffrey Armistead, whose friendship now the earl held as part of his dearest possessions.

A glimpse of outsiders were seen; the tenants in the grounds set up a cheer; it was caught up by the servants, and with shouts and acclamations of happiness, Alice, Countess of Darrell, returned to her husband's home and amid all the hand-clapping, the tender words, the genuine affection, gratitude and love for the being who had lavished all the good and treasures of life upon her during the last six months stood first.

When all was over the guests gone, and the Castle silent, Alice put her head on Roy's shoulder, and kissed his hand, while he said tenderly:

"All has gone off well, my darling, yet without all this could you love me, as I love you, with no pomp, no grandeur, no riches—simply for myself?"

"I could," whispered Alice. "I do. Our life, Roy, shall, please God, be very happy—not by riches, titles or grandeur, but through simple, never-dying love!"

* * * *

And while peace and love came to the girl who had suffered, the one who had plotted against her honor, her soul, lived in darkness for evermore.

For when the mangled body of Paul was found on the ground beneath the balcony, from which he had fallen, and Valerie, who had recovered from her swoon, beheld all that remained of her erring brother, the full realization of all it meant to her—disgrace and ruin—was too much for her overwrought and scheming brain.

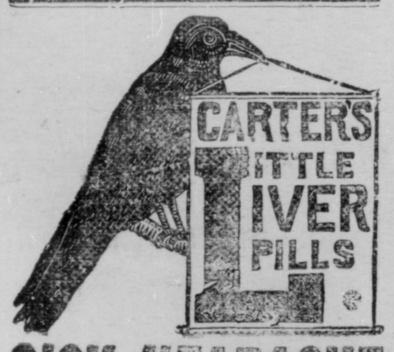
The frail cord that held reason to its throne snapped, and with a piercing shriek Valerie again lapsed into insensibility.

But this time, when her eyes opened again to the light, they bore the look of hopeless insanity.

Visitors to the celebrated establishment of Dr. —— for the mentally afflicted, stand and gaze in piteous admiration at the regally beautiful woman, who never speaks, but with dead white face searches—the ground for the fallen form of her brother, and turns with tigress force to spring on the person who interrupts.

Sometimes she is visited by a handsome man and a fair, lovely girl, but she knows them not, and they wend their way sorrowfully from her till they lose recollections of her wretched life in their own happiness.

THE END.



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Carter's Little Liver Pills

Must Have Been a Cannibal.

The writer of a book of travels, telling of the insect pests encountered in British Guiana, makes a statement of which the best that can be said is that is is probably not so bad as it sounds.

"One lady that I knew, while busy at her toilet, felt something crawling on her shoulder. She screamed and called her husband, and he had just time to knock the centiped off before biting her in the neck."

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First Theosophist—This settles it. I resign from the society."

Second Theosophist—What's the matter?

First Theosophist—Why, one of my tenants has gone off without paying his rent and left me a note saying he would try and square with me in some future existence.—London Fun.

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Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

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(To be Continued.)

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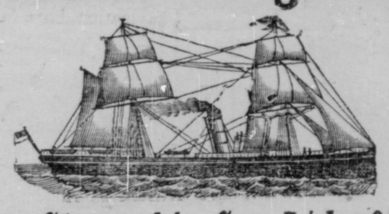

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