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The best of all known blood purifiers is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It makes the appetite hearty, the digestion perfect, the liver active and fills the arteries with the rich, red blood of health. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It cures all forms of eruptive skin diseases. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. It cures bronchitis, weak lungs, spitting of blood, obstinate coughs and kindred ailments. It gives vigor and health to the muscles and activity to the brain. Thousands have testified to the benefits derived from the use of this wonderful medicine. All medicine stores sell it.

Mrs. Ella Howell, of Derby, Perry Co., Ind., writes: "In the year of 1894, I was taken with stomach trouble—nervous dyspepsia. There was a coldness in my stomach and a weight which seemed like a rock. Everything that I ate gave me great pain. I had a bearing down sensation; was swelled across my stomach; had a ridge around my right side, and in a short time I was bloated. I was treated by three of our best physicians but got no relief. I was so weak I could not walk across the room without assistance. I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and one bottle of the 'Pleasant Pellets.' I began to improve very fast after the use of a few bottles. It cured me and thank God my cure is permanent."

APPALLING DEATH

From Kidney Disease Prevented by Dodd's Kidney Pills, Only.

"Kidney Disease." Do you know what it means? It means that the kidneys are either rotten, or rotting; the blood is full of poisonous, death-dealing corruption; that the kidneys can't do their work; that the victim is a walking charnel-house; that his hours are numbered; that the victim must take Dodd's Kidney Pills if he does not want to die.

Have you Kidney Disease? Is your skin hot and dry; memory failing; breath short; urine, reddish, or pale colored; does it scald when passing; is your appetite changeable; do your ankles swell; have you bitter taste in the mouth on getting up mornings; is there a brick-dust deposit in your urine?

Any of these signs is proof positive of Kidney Disease. Will you be cured, or will you die? Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only means on earth that will cure you. They never fail.

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SEASON OF 1898.

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For further information apply to
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Charlottetown, May 13, 1898

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."

CHAPTER XIV.

"Where am I?" gasped Alice, clasping her hands together. "What place is this? What has happened to me?"

"You are with friends," whispered the old woman.

"Friends!" The girl started up, and gradually got on to her feet, weak and trembling. "Friends! Ah, I remember that man's face—that girl, too. Where is she? She looked at me kindly. She would help me."

"I will help you, dearie," soothed Dame Burden, putting down a small tray on the couch; "but first you must eat this food, or you will die."

Alice stared at it blankly—the horror and fear of what had befallen her seemed to have stupefied her.

Wherever she glanced she seemed to see Count Jura's dark face before her. "Oh, help me to get away!" she murmured imploringly.

"Eat this, and we will talk about it." The weakness she was suffering forced Alice to turn to the food. She swallowed a few mouthfuls with difficulty. The coffee seemed to do her good.

"Now, I have eaten," she said, standing erect, "help me—help me!"

"You want to get away?"

"Yes—yes."

"To go back to your friends?"

Alice started. She had no friends to go back to.

Valerie Ross hated her, Lady Darrell tolerated her, and Roy—her husband—would perhaps rejoice that she was gone.

Then the memory of his last kind words floated to her like a delicious vision.

A thrill shot through her of brief happiness, then it faded again into her agony of fear.

She could not go to him; but let her only be free again, she would be content.

"I have no friends," she said, slowly; "but for the love of God help me to escape! Something here frightens me. I feel like a caged bird. How long have I been here? It seems years since; but all is one hideous dream. I can remember nothing distinctly."

"What will you give me if I help you to escape?" asked Mrs. Burden greedily.

Alice looked at her sadly.

"I can give you nothing now but my thanks. Only help me, and in the future I will work like a slave to repay you."

The old woman's face darkened. She hoped the victim was in some way gilded, and that she might have reaped a small harvest on her own account.

"That will do," she answered; "I will help you. Listen. It is now growing dusk, in another hour it will be dark. You are now in the Abbey ruins. I will return to you by that time. In the meantime plait up your hair, take off that white robe, put on this dress—it belongs to my daughter; your own cloak will do. You will find water in that ewer. Be very quiet in your movements. I will give you out you are asleep—you understand? Then we will creep out together to the back of the ruins, and you must walk alone to either Nesley or the town on the other side of Moreton."

Alice seized the old woman's hand and pressed her lips to it.

"God bless you!" she said brokenly.

Dame Burden lifted her hand to pull aside the curtains, and Alice saw for the first time the glittering ring on her thick, brown finger; a feeling that she recognized it came over her, even in her fear, but she could not remember rightly.

They passed through the curtains into the stone passage; the dim light vanished; they were in utter darkness, save for the touch of the old woman's hand, the sound of her heavy breathing, Alice could have imagined it was some hideous dream.

At last they stopped, a gust of fresh air greeted them from round a corner, and as Dame Burden moved on again, Alice saw, to her intense joy, the branches of trees waving to and fro in the night wind.

In another moment they had mounted the steps, and Alice was free.

She spread out her arms as if to embrace the sweet air of heaven, and heaved a great sigh of gladness.

"Now wait just one instant, while I see if the coast is clear. Come, sit in this corner."

Alice followed obediently.

"I pray you may not suffer for my sake," she whispered earnestly. "Is Count—will that man be angry with you?"

Dame Burden chuckled.

"I ain't afeared," she answered, "Now just creep into this shadow, and don't move until I come to you."

Alice nodded; she moved softly behind the piece of ruin indicated, and stood quiet, as the old woman stole back.

She was not afraid, out in the sweet, fresh night air, her senses revived, her

"I can never thank you enough. Only let me get away from this horrible place and I shall breathe once more."

The old woman drew away her hand, and slouched away chuckling.

Alice, left alone, fell on her knees and uttered a brief prayer of thankfulness. As yet she scarcely realized the full meaning of her position, but the glimpse of Count Jura's face had filled her mind with horror and dread that grew and grew until it became almost a mania.

Her brain was clearing now. She recalled the night before the dinner, Roy's admiration and words, her success, the count's villainy, and then Valerie's visit to her room.

After that, try as she would, she could not recollect what had happened.

"I must have been carried away in my sleep, and yet I should have wakened during the journey. This is in the Abbey ruins; it is a long distance. Ah, I remember—her handkerchief—the strange overpowering smell. They drugged me!"

She cowered down in horror and shivered. Then she thought of Dame Burden, and her coming deliverance roused her.

She hastily set about her preparations with beating heart. She coiled up her mass of golden hair, plunger her face into the refreshing cold water, and cast off her wrapper of white silk for the dingy brown gown.

As she did this she suddenly remembered Frank Meredith and the two cards he had given her.

She searched the pockets, and her heart fell—they were not there.

Who had taken them? What was she to do once she was free? To whom could she go?

To return to the Castle was impossible, for she felt with a pang of agony that disgrace must have touched her name.

She drew her cloak on, and pulled the hood over her head, then sat down to think till the old woman came back, as the moments drew near to the hour of her escape, her excitement and agony of fear banished all other feelings.

What did it matter once she was free of these horrible dark vaults?

Would the woman keep her promise? She grew pale with dread. If not, she would try to creep out alone, or else she would die of fright.

But even as she was thinking this, Dame Burden came back. She was covered with a cloak, too, and held out her hand.

"Now, dearie," she said in a hoarse whisper. "I'm ready; the coast is clear."

"Oh, thank you—thank you. Why are you so good to me?" Alice murmured faintly.

"Because I've got a daughter myself," the old woman replied hypocritically. "Now, come on. Stay, here's a sovereign, you have no money with you. I know; hold it tight. There, you needn't thank me; I ain't done nothing to shout out about."

"Nothing!" whispered the girl, you are saving me from worse than death!"

She slipped a thin, white hand into the old woman's one, and glancing round, was led out of the vault into the outer one.

All was still as death; to Alice the whole place was terrible. She could hear the beating of her own heart; it sounded strangely in her ears.

Dame Burden lifted her hand to pull aside the curtains, and Alice saw for the first time the glittering ring on her thick, brown finger; a feeling that she recognized it came over her, even in her fear, but she could not remember rightly.

They passed through the curtains into the stone passage; the dim light vanished; they were in utter darkness, save for the touch of the old woman's hand, the sound of her heavy breathing, Alice could have imagined it was some hideous dream.

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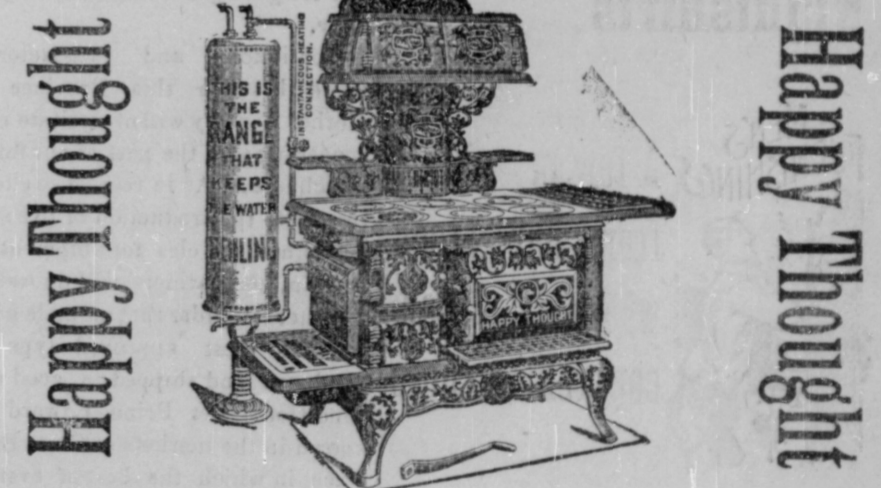
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