



It is altogether admirable when a man, by dint of sheer will, wrings a fortune from niggardly circumstances. The world is full of instances where men have done this, but never in history was this accomplished by a weak and unhealthy man. Ill-health not only weakens every physical function but every mental faculty and every moral quality. If a man will stop and reason for a moment, he does not have to be a physician to understand the causes of impure blood, or its far-reaching effects. When a man's digestion is disordered, his liver sluggish, his bowels inactive, the blood is deprived of the proper food elements, and the sluggish liver and bowels supply in their place, the foulest of poisons. The blood is the life-stream. When it is full of foul poisons, it carries and deposits them in every organ and tissue of the body. Bone, sinew, muscle, and flesh-tissue, the brain cells and the nerve fibres are all fed upon bad, poisonous food. Serious ill-health is bound to result. The man is weakened in every fiber of his body. He is weakened physically, mentally and morally. He suffers from sick headache, distress in stomach after meals, giddiness and drowsiness, loss of appetite and sleep, bad taste in the mouth, shakiness in the morning, and dullness throughout the day, and lassitude and an indisposition to work. Sooner or later these conditions develop consumption, nervous prostration, malaria, rheumatism, or some blood or skin disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best of all known medicines for ambitious, hard-working men and women. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It makes the appetite keen and hearty, and the digestion and assimilation perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and rich, the nerves steady, the body vigorous and the brain alert. Where there is also constipation Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used. Both of these great medicines are for sale by all medicine dealers.

NOTHING.

A SOUTHERN STORY OF ANTE BELLUM DAYS.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH

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CHAPTER VII.

"It's out yonder in the wagon, full of pussimmons. But maybe you've outgrown your love of pussimmons. I seen a fine lot of ripe ones. Frost, you know, last Tuesday, and I thought maybe you'd like to eat 'em as we driv' home."

"Which I expect we ought to be doing now. I promised mother to help her with the sweet potato pies. Indeed I have not outgrown my persimmon taste."

Seth waved his hand vaguely.

"Whenever it suits you. If you want to draw some mo', I can wait. So can the sweet potato pies. I can be diggin' them post holes by way of savin' time. Don't mind me, sissy."

"I don't believe I want to draw any more. My morning has been all spoiled. I am quite ready to go home."

"Who sp'iled your mornin'?"

"Mr. Adrien Strong. What an Adonis he is, Seth!"

A veiled but dangerous light came into Seth's mild blue eyes.

"Is Adr'n Strong been pesterin' you?"

"I think I pestered him more than he did me."

Such an unaffected ripple of laughter broke from Liza's parted red lips that Seth's threatening aspect melted instantaneously into one of the most abject adoration.

"I'd rather hear one laugh like that from you, sissy, than to lis'n to the brass band of Dan Rice's circus, b'dogged if I wouldn't, for a fac'. But what's that about Adr'n Strong sp'ilin' your mornin'?"

Then, as together they traversed the peafield toward where the wagon was waiting for them, Liza told him about Adrien and Sarah Jane and the broken ramrod. About the revelation contained in the crumpled piece of paper which Adrien had meant to cram into the barrel of his gun she did not speak. The wallet she put into Seth's hand, saying briefly:

"He left this behind. Give it back to him, please."

"Did you think I warn't never comin' back for you?" Seth asked, lifting her lightly into position on the wagon and putting his fruit offering into her lap.

"I thought you were staying longer than usual, but I suppose it was the posts or an extraordinary good picking to weigh. Which was it?"

"No, it warn't the posts, nor the cotton, nuther. I found the pickers was so close to Ntek or Noihin that I jus' stepped over to see how Strong was makin' it."

"Well, how is he making it?"

"Po'ly enough, poor boy. I'm troubled 'bout him, sissy. He's gettin' mighty sour 'bout everything. Strong didn't use to be one of the sour sort. I think he's got a bigger contrac' on hand than he bargained for in rumnin' that place, but he won't own up to it. I wish I could help him some way, I do, for a fac'."

Liza put her hand caressingly on Seth's rough coat sleeve and left it there.

"Seth, you've got the tender heart of a gentle woman under this rough coat somewhere. You are worth all the Martins put together."

Seth looked down sidewise at her uncomprehendingly. The instinct of helpfulness was simply one way of breathing with him. Liza's outspoken praise made him uncomfortable.

"Are you makin' fun of me, sissy?"

"The idea! You are a simpleton, Seth. But what I was going on to say was more complimentary to myself than to you. Strong needs me. He does not need you. He very politely requested me to stay away from his cabin, and I have respected his wishes so far. Mother is afraid of Strong. Any one can see that." Then, with a quick gesture of impatience, "What does it mean anyhow? What has bittered the boy? Does any one know? Do you know, Seth?"

"Parshully," said Seth mysteriously. "I reckon I know more'n anybody else does, but that ain't sayin' much."

He broke off suddenly, shading his eyes from the sun glare with one long, brown hand and stared intently across the broad, flat fields which spread for more than a mile in unbroken cotton culture on either side the narrow wagon road.

"Look a yonder! Good Lawd! A runaway, or I'm a Dutchman. Kin you hol' these reins, sissy? The mules is steady as milk cows."

He flung the heavy reins into her lap, and, springing from the wagon, ran with the fleetness of an Indian straight toward a thick rolling cloud of dust that was approaching with the impetuosity of a whirlwind.

Liza, following his flying motions with wide eyes, saw him plant himself squarely in the road directly in the pathway of the advancing danger, saw him clutch wildly with futile courage at the foam flecked head stall of a maddened brute, saw him dashed aside like

a storm tossed autumn leaf and knew that but a few rods of the wagon road now intervened between herself and that flying terror.

With swift decision she twisted the heavy leather reins about her slim wrists and turned the clumsy cotton wain broadside to the runaway. He was already close enough for her to see the swaying trace and the loosened single-tree that had caused all the trouble. Seth was limping helplessly toward her, far in the rear. He was shouting something at her, with both hands held to his mouth. His words were lost on the air, swallowed up in the clattering of infuriated hoofs and the terrified snorting of the brute so near at hand.

With an instinct of self preservation she stooped and possessed herself of the heavy whip Seth had flung from him. Its thong was of plaited rawhide. Its handle a clumsy combination of wood and lead. There was no time to plan her mode of attack. It was reduced to a matter of seconds, to a question of dealing or receiving annihilation. Rising, the better to deal her blow, she grasped the driving whip by its plaited thong, swung it tentatively in both encircling hands and aimed it with telling force at the broad, shining shoulder of the beautiful brute, who, swerving and snorting as he reached the barricading team, received the full force of the leaded handle between his luminous eyes.

(To be Continued.)



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