

There is a Class of People
Who are injured by the use of coffee. Happily there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over one-fourth as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 16c and 25c per package.

Best of Reasons.

The general passenger agent of one of the Chicago trunk lines received a letter from a Kansas man the other day requesting a pass for himself to Chicago and return. There was nothing about the letter to indicate that the writer had any claim whatsoever to the courtesy he requested, but the railway men thought that perhaps the Kansas had some connection with the road in some way, possibly as a local freight agent. So he wrote back:

"Please state explicitly on what account you request transportation."

By return mail came this reply:

"I've got to go to Chicago some way, and I don't want to walk."

KIDNEY TROUBLES

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Also Backache

I cannot speak too highly of Mrs. Pinkham's Medicine, for it has done so much for me. I have been a great sufferer from Kidney trouble, pains in muscles, joints, back and shoulders; feet would swell. I also had womb troubles and leucorrhoea. After using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and Blood Purifier and Liver Pills, I felt like a new woman. My kidneys are now in perfect condition, and all my other troubles are cured. Mrs. MAGGIE POTTS, 324 Kaufman St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Backache.

My system was entirely run down, and I suffered with terrible backache in the small of my back and could hardly stand upright. I was more tired in the morning than on retiring at night. I had no appetite. Since taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I have gained fifteen pounds, and I look better than I ever looked before. I shall recommend it to all my friends, as it certainly is a wonderful medicine.—Mrs. E. F. MORTON, 1043 Hopkins St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Kidney Trouble.

Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I had suffered many years with kidney trouble. The pains in my back and shoulders were terrible. My menstruation became irregular, and I was troubled with leucorrhoea. I was growing very weak. I had been to many physicians but received no benefit. I began the use of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine, and the first bottle relieved the pain in my back and regulated the menses. It is the best kind of medicine that I have ever taken, for it relieved the pain so quickly and cured the disease.—Mrs. LILLIAN CRIPPEN, Box 77, St. Andrews Bay, Fla.

On a red hot day Hires Rootbeer stands between you and the distressing effects of the heat.

HIRES
Rootbeer
cools the blood,
tones the stomach,
invigorates the body, fully
satisfies the thirst.
A delicious, sparkling,
temperance drink of the high-
est medicinal value.
Made only by
The Charles E. Hires Co., Phila.
A package makes 5 gallons
and 50 cents.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME,
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.
FULL COURSES in Classics, Letters, Sci-
ence, Law, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering. Thorough
Preparatory and Commercial Courses.

Rooms free to all students who have completed the studies required for admission into the Junior or Senior Year in the above courses.

A limited number of scholarships for the Ecclesiastical state will be received at special rates.

St. Edward's Hall, for boys under 13 years, is unique in completeness of its equipment.

The 107th Term will open September 7, 1897.

Catalogues sent free on application to

REV. A. MORRISSEY, C. S. C. President.

TOWER'S
FISH BRAND

SLICKER
WILL KEEP YOU DRY.

Don't be foolish with a mackintosh or rubber coat. If you want a coat that will keep you dry in the hardest storm buy the Fish Brand Slicker. It not for sale in your drugstore or haberdashery. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

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CHICAGO.



greeting to him. He kissed them and seemed to be greatly pleased.

"Thank you! Those are the first words of welcome I have heard," he told her. "I am glad that they have come from my sister. Now let me make friends with my niece."

He held out his hands to Beatrix, who shyly gave him hers.

"And now," inquired Peter Lennox, "may I feel at home?" He looked up suddenly at Lady Lennox. "I have startled you," he said. "You tremble; you are quite pale. I am too abrupt—you must pardon me."

He led Lady Lennox to the little couch near the window and placed her on it.

"I can hardly believe my senses," she told him. "We have been so long deserted, and now it seems as though we had found a friend."

"I am a true friend," said her brother-in-law, "but we will talk of that afterward. Do you know that thousands of miles away from bonny Scotland I read of my brother's marriage to Ailsa Graeme, and that I have been longing to see you ever since? I have a hard, stern, cold man all my life. I have devoted myself to one thing, and have cared for nothing else. Years ago I learned that money was power. In the new world, where I am better known than here, they call me Peter Lennox, the millionaire!"

"I am glad that you have succeeded," said Lady Lennox gently.

"Yes, success is the very wine of life. I thought that I cared for nothing else but money; yet, of late, something has been pulling at my heart-strings—something has stirred up faint memories of home. Three years ago I met in New York some one who had known my brother Charlie. He gave me all his history, and told me how he had been courted by the noblest of the land—Prince Charlie, they called him. I heard the story of his ruin, of his sudden death, of the loss of the old house at Ercledean, and a new ambition entered my heart. I told that I would go back home, that I would seek out 'Prince Charlie's' wife and child, that I would purchase Ercledean, and restore the glories of the house of Lennox."

Lady Lennox clasped her hands, and words of unutterable thanksgiving went up from her heart. Beatrix stood pale and trembling, her dark eyes fixed on her uncle's face.

"You need not remain here another day," said Peter Lennox. "I have taken a house in London—a mansion, I should say. It is already fitted up and decorated, as the auctioneers say, in the most complete and charming fashion. Seriously, it is one of the finest houses in the metropolis—and it is quite ready for you."

"In London?" cried Lady Lennox. "I can hardly realize it! Heaven has heard my prayer at last!"

"London?" repeated Beatrix, with a look of dismay. "Oh, mamma, shall we leave mountain and loch for a city full of men?"

Neither of them noticed the dismay, the words of unutterable thanksgiving went up from her heart. Beatrix stood pale and trembling, her dark eyes fixed on her uncle's face.

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"The wife and daughter of the late Col. Lennox are living in the greatest poverty at Strathnarn Grange, near Ercledean, in the north of Scotland. Lady Lennox, who writes this, will be pleased to hear from my friend."

A week passed—no letter came; and the mistress of Strathnarn said to herself that she must have been the dupe of a cruel jest.

One morning Beatrix sat down to the piano; the sunlight fell on her fair proud face with its imperial tenderness, on the graceful figure and delicate hands. She had just begun the first bars of what seemed to be a very beautiful melody, when the sound of a carriage driving to the entrance was heard.

Lady Lennox grew pale as she listened. Was it—could it be the answer to her letter come at last?

"It is a carriage, Beatrix!" she exclaimed.

Both ladies sat quite silent, looking at each other in the greatest consternation. They heard the sound of a masculine piano; a deep rolling voice—talking to Margaret, and Margaret's trembling treble in reply. Then, in a state of great excitement, Margaret opened the door.

"My lady," she cried, "such a thing has not happened these twelve years—a gentleman has come to see you!"

Early training stood Lady Lennox in good stead now; she controlled her excitement and spoke calmly:

"Show the gentleman in, Margaret."

"I have taken the liberty of following this good woman, who seems to have almost lost her senses," said the same deep bass voice; and, looking up, Lady Lennox saw a tall, slight, elderly man with iron-gray whiskers and iron-gray hair, a hard cold determined-looking man, yet with something in his face that made her heart beat wildly, she knew not why.

Time proved that he was right.

(To be continued.)

Writing a Leader.

The late Alexander Russel, the famous editor of the Scotsman, the leading journal of Scotland, was not an easy writer—that is, he was neither fluent nor quick with his pen. He rarely wrote under pressure, for he disliked to be pushed, and declared that haste militated against good writing and sound thinking. He cared for ideas expressed in "good phrasing;" but the form was always to him of less value than the substance.

When Mr. Russel had chosen the topic for a leader—he insisted that the leading article of to-day was all the better for being on the subject of the day before yesterday—he would walk about the room, think over the matter, and jot down his thoughts in shorthand at his writing table.

Unconsciously to the thinker, the process of thinking out a leader was associated with odd motions of his arms and hands. Once the absurdity of his method was revealed to him by a lady, an excellent mimic. The story is told in "An Editor's Retrospect," the title of Mr. C. A. Cooper's book.

Mr. Russel had shut himself up in a country house to work, unaware that his room was overlooked from a neighboring window. After dinner this lady, who had observed him, asked their host if he would like to know how a dog told the color of the ladies' hair and eyes, the color of their dresses; yet he seemed engrossed in themselves.

"Pray enter, sir," said Lady Lennox, with old-fashioned grace and courtesy.

The stranger advanced, bat his bowing.

"Yes, mamma," she replied; but the tone could be easily detected love, respect, obedience, devotion, sympathy. She passed quickly through the dark entrance hall and entered the only habitable room on that side of the house.

There sat Lady Lennox, who looked up as she entered.

"I grew lonely without you, Beatrix. It is not dinner time yet, but I ran the bell. The whole house seems to grow so dark while you are away."

"I wish you would come out with me, mamma; you would forget all about your sorrows before you had been one hour amongst the heather. Troubles ride in the light of the sun."

"The sunshine does not affect granite rocks," sighed Lady Lennox; "and my sorrows are so durable that they might have been carved in granite. Beatrix, I wish, my darling, that I could be a brighter companion for you."

The girl looked up with bright, flashing eyes.

"When have you heard me complain, mamma?" she asked. "I am happy enough."

"It is such a dreary life for you," the mother said, looking at the magnificent face and figure.

"I never wish to leave here," was the reply. "It seems to me, mamma, that I have found the true philosopher's stone. I am content."

Lady Lennox sighed as she looked round her and thought of the recherche repasts, the grand banquets, the costly wines and rare fruits that she had been accustomed to. She was growing tired of salmon and wild duck. But Beatrix made no demur; the simple homely meal, cooked in homely fashion, was a banquet to her. She waited upon her mother, devoting herself to her and cheering her with her chatter. Lady Lennox forgot her troubles, and said to herself that after all the love of her beautiful daughter she was happier than most people.

CHAPTER VI.

Lady Lennox was the first to break the seal that fell upon the little group. She raised her colorless face to his.

"Are you quite sure?" she said, "that there is no mistake? My husband always told me his brother Peter was dead."

"I am alive enough," was the quick reply. When the Ormolla went down, most of those on board sank with her. I swam away from the vessel, and, being a capital swimmer, contrived to keep up until I was rescued by an English ship outward bound. I went with that ship to China, and—well, I never cared to return home. No one cared for me at Ercledean, and I knew my money would be useful to her. Lady Lennox found one thus one day—it was a copy of the Times.

"This will be a treat," she thought, as she opened it carefully.

It was but one month old. For the first time for many months Lady Lennox read of Prussia and France, Holland and Belgium, read of the queen of the royal family, of the marriage of some whose names she knew, and of the death of others. She read one or two trials at law which interested her; and then she glanced at the advertisements.

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