

Natural Question.

Parts of the southern coast of Newfoundland near Cape Ray and of the southwestern coast near Cape Ray have an unenviable reputation as the scene of many disasters. While the native of Newfoundland is keen about getting material benefit from wrecks, he is also distinguished for gallantry in saving life and for care of the dead. So says a writer in the Newfoundland Magazine.

Near Cape Ray, about 1830, an old man, a young girl and a boy of 12 saved all the crew and passengers of a Canadian packet ship.

So common are wrecks that when men engage for fishery it is part of the agreement that the servant shall get his share of the "wrack." Houses in these neighborhoods are all furnished and ornamented from lost ships.

When the Rev. J. J. Curling first came to the colony he was holding service in one of these places. An old fisherman kept looking at his fine coat.

"That be a fine piece of cloth," said the old man, at last, laying his hand on the minister's arm. "Never seed a better piece of cloth in my life. Get 'e out of a wrack, sir?"

AN ENEMY TO DRINK.

One Woman Who Has Done a Great Deal to Put Down This Evil.

Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 3, 1900. (Special)—When the Independent Order of Good Templars of Minnesota wanted a State Organizer, they chose Mrs. Laura J. Smith of 1217 West 33rd street, this city. The American Anti-Treat League also selected Mrs. Smith as National Organizer. The reason is not far to seek. This gifted woman has devoted her life to a battle against Drink and Drinking Habits. Her influence for good in Minnesota is and has been very far-reaching.

About two years ago, however, it seemed as if this noble woman would have to give up her philanthropic work. Severe pains in her back and under her shoulder blades, made life a burden and work impossible. Physicians were consulted, and they prescribed for Kidney Disease. Three months' treatment, however, failed to give Mrs. Smith any relief. Her husband was much exercised, and cast about for something that would restore his good wife to health and strength. He heard of the cures effected by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and advised her to try them, which she did. She is now a well woman and says:

"Two weeks after I commenced taking Dodd's Kidney Pills I felt much better, and at the end of seven weeks was completely cured. I have had no recurrence of the trouble, but I take a pill off and on, and find that it keeps me in good health."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers at 50 cents a box.

They are easily within the reach of all, and no woman can afford to suffer, when such a simple and sure Remedy is at hand.

The Proper Way.

"You should never point, Johnny," said Mrs. Brown as they left the shop; "it is very rude."

"But what are you to do, ma, when you don't know the name of the thing?"

"Why," she returned, "let the assistant show you everything in the shop until he comes to the right one."

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adults. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 5¢ the price of coffee. 15¢ and 25¢ per package. Sold by all grocers.

No Hope.

Cobble—I wish I could stop playing poker.

Stone—Why don't you swear off?

Cobble—I do. But every single time I swear off I begin to win.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25¢.

That which we love most in men and women is faithfulness.—S. Brooke.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.
Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
Brentwood
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.
CARTER'S FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.
Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. *Brentwood*
Genuine Signature
CURE SICK HEADACHE!

Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP
Cures a Cough or Cold at once.
Conquers Croup, Whooping-Cough, Bronchitis, Croup and Consumption. Quick, sure results. Dr. Bull's Pills cure Constipation. 50 pills 10¢.

'Twixt Life and Death

BY

FRANK BARRETT

CHAPTER XXX.—(Continued.)

Certainly the window curtain did bulge out, taking the form of a man's shoulder; he rose sharply, resolved by a movement to dispel her fears if this were the cause.

With a scream of terror she sprang up, and throwing herself before him clutched his hand, while she turned her bosom toward the man with the knife whom she knew well had taken refuge behind the curtain.

The peril was real enough, as Sweeny saw the next instant when the curtain was swept back and Anderson sprang out with the dissecting knife in his restless hand.

With the swift, decisive judgment of a man trained to meet sudden emergencies, Sweeny measured the danger and his own resources. Passing his left arm quickly round Nessa as she stood between him and the knife, he swung her to his side, and, taking one stride forward, with his right hand seized Anderson's arm as he raised it to strike; then with his disengaged left he grasped the maniac by the throat, thrust him back, and pinned him, choking, against the wall. It was done in an instant.

For a few seconds Anderson writhed and struggled furiously to free himself from the iron grip, and then exhausted by the effort, purple in the face under the garrote, he let the knife slip from his nerveless fingers. Nessa dashed forward, and flung it to the further end of the room; but the danger was past. As Sweeny relaxed his left hand, Anderson dropped to the ground like a lump of clay. Kneeling beside him, Sweeny glanced anxiously at Nessa.

"What shall I do?" she gasped.

"Fetch me the long bath towel. There's a brave woman," he added, as she brought it quickly to him. "I might have known that you wouldn't give in while your help was needed. You see, there's no danger now; the poor wretch is as feeble as a child. Double the towel; now lay it crosswise under his shoulders—a little lower—so. We must fasten his arms down for the present, in case of another outbreak. Are you there, John?"

He made no reply. She could not even pretend to feel relieved.

She would have had still less cause for relief if Sweeny had told her all that passed between him and Dr. Channing.

"We shall have to find out how long this has been coming on," Dr. Channing had said.

"I don't see how we're to do that," Sweeny replied. "My wife can give no account of him before a quite recent period, and in her present dangerously nervous condition I fear to press her for any explanation."

"Who has been his keeper?"

"I wish I knew. He's responsible for a deal. I think his name must be Hexham, or something like that; it is the only name my brother-in-law seems to remember, and he always speaks of him with fear."

"Hexham, Hexham," repeated Dr. Channing, reflectively, as he felt in his pocket for his notebook. "Why, that reminds me that a man with a name like that has been inquiring at Bartholomew's whether a man of unsound mind has been brought in there. I made a note of it at his request. I'll hunt him up."

A few days after that Dr. Channing brought the great specialist, and they held an exhaustive consultation over Anderson. When they had come to a definite conclusion, Sweeny sought his wife.

"You have to decide a very grave question, love," he said. "Our opinion is unanimous that your brother's reason may be restored. A tumor, probably the result of a blow, has formed under the cap of the skull. Dr. Hewet has determined its exact position. It presses upon the organ of memory, and is the cause of all the terrible manifestations we have observed. If the tumor is allowed to remain, your brother must grow worse, and his sufferings be indefinitely prolonged. It is horrible to think what those sufferings may lead to before death ends them. You are his nearest relative; you are to decide whether or not the operation is to be performed."

"If I refuse, he will never know me," Nessa said to herself. "If I agree to it, he will claim me as his wife."

"Shall I say that you will give your decision to-morrow?" he asked.

"No; I will give it now. The operation shall be made."

And as Sweeny left the room with this sanction she said to herself:

"There is no escape."

The operation was performed with complete success. Anderson awoke as from a horrible nightmare. The relief from pain was instantaneous; memory slowly returned.

One afternoon Sweeny came to Nessa and said:

"He remembers his sister. He has asked to see you. Come."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Sweeny was seated at the breakfast table on the following morning when Nessa came down in her dressing gown, her hair simply gathered in a knot. He detected something unusual in her manner the moment she entered the room—a certain nervous rapidity of movement, a wavering look in the eyes, ordinarily so steadfast and calm in their regard.

"I hoped you would sleep for another hour," he said as they met.

"I am ashamed to be so late. And now I have hurried down like this because I felt so anxious to tell you what—what I did not tell you last night."

"Oh, about that poor fellow upstairs. I went in to see him just now. He hasn't woken yet, happily. Well, we can talk about him over a cup of tea—"

"No, dear, I want to tell you at once—before anything. He—that man!—with her hands upon his shoulders she pressed her face close to him that he might not read the lie in it—"he is my brother!"

"Your brother!" he exclaimed, holding her from him at arm's length.

She made no reply, but dropped her head to escape his eyes in an agony of shame, believing that he had already detected her in this deliberate falsehood.

"Your brother?" he repeated, and then in a joyful accent, "why, this explains everything, my poor, tortured love! Your reticence with regard to the past, your shrinking dread, your mysterious embarrassment—everything. I understand now why you fainted in my arms; why you would not have me go into the study, or leave you in your room. Your brother has not always been in this condition?"

"I cannot say." I have only known him a few months. Oh, do not ask me to tell you any more!" she cried impulsively, for it cut her to the heart to take advantage of his faith and generous love.

"Promise me you will make me tell you no more."

"Not a word. There; sit down here and let me pour out some tea for you."

He kept his promise, and avoided speaking of her brother as much as possible, for he saw that she was restless, unhappy, and painfully self-conscious, and she would not, could not, look him in the face. This perplexed him now that he had conceived the cause of her embarrassment removed.

One day he came to her with delight in his eyes.

"I have good news for you, dear," he said. "Dr. Channing has been here, and we have had a long consultation over your brother. He agrees with me entirely that the primary cause of insanity in this case is accident, and that the disease has grown to its present terrible proportions through neglect if not wrong treatment. Your brother has not the appearance of an hereditary maniac; the symptoms all indicate a merely temporary derangement. I think we may confidently hope that your brother may be cured."

"I am glad of that," Nessa said, gravely, without raising her head.

"I have asked Channing to bring Dr. Hewet. He, you know, is the greatest living authority upon mental disease. If he is of our opinion, that your brother may be restored to reason, all your distress will be at an end, my poor darling."

She made no reply. She could not even pretend to feel relieved.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

James Redmond was at Grahame Towers, occupied in the prudent pursuit of making hay while the sun shone. As soon as it was discovered that Mrs. Redmond had failed to kill Nessa in the arena he saw the folly of relying on further hopes in that direction. Desolation, and the fear that Nessa would find friends before long to protect her interests, prompted him to return to the towers, with a view to getting what he could from the estate before the hour came when he must bolt to escape arrest and punishment for his wrong-doing.

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One afternoon, having worried two pounds on account of a weak-minded wheelwright in Lullingford, with the purchases for the week in his cart, he jogged home to the Towers. When he reached the open space before the house, he found two visitors waiting for him—both seated on the low parapet of the terrace by the gate. One was his wife; the other a man he had not the pleasure of knowing.

"What have you come here for?" he asked, drawing up at the gateway.

"Because there's nowhere better to go to," answered his wife. "I suppose I've as much right to be here as you have. Anyway, I'm your wife, and I mean to stick to you while you've got anything to stick to."

"And who's that, I should like to know?" he asked, pointing his whip at Cummings, who, with less effrontry than Mrs. Redmond, was still sitting in the background, waiting for his introduction.

"Mrs. S., in a new bonnet."

In a moment every feminine head in the congregation was turned.

Iron in Clay.

Most kinds of clay contain a considerable proportion of iron; the red color of bricks, for example, is due to the presence of oxides of iron.

Sand registered the hours in the Middle Ages. For this purpose black marble dust, boiled nine times in wine, was a favorite recipe with learned monks.

"We know a trick worth two of that we, Cummings?"

Thus addressed, Cummings rose from the parapet, and coming forward, said:

"We've come here for business, and back answers won't get us on to a pleasant understanding. If the governor will listen to reason, I'm agreeable to explain my views on the subject, and come to terms with him; if he won't, I shall do the best I can on the other side. But we don't want any bullying, you understand," he added, with a significant nod.

"What have you got to do with my affairs?" asked Redmond.

"What have I got to do with it?" exclaimed Cummings, losing his temper at once—he and his partner were both irritated and touchy with their long walk "well, I think I've had a pretty good lot to do with it, one way and another. I've lost the best situation a man could wish for; I've risked my neck twice, spent all my savings, parted with my last shilling to bring your missus down here; without which she'd never have come; I've done five miles of a dusty road, sat jogging my heels here waiting for you over an hour, and got a back answer the