

A Wonderful Record.
Many so-called "specifies" and "cures" for Rheumatism have already been brought before the public; but when Rheumatism, Neuralgia and kindred diseases have become chronic and threaten serious results, you may rest assured that they will help but very little, if any. Although not recommended as "infallible," the peculiar qualities of St. Jacobs Oil especially adapt it to those cases which may be termed "chronic," and which have previously withstood all known "specifies," as well as the prescriptions of the best physicians.

A Pretty Big Discount.

There was a children's hospital in New York which a society lady visited regularly, taking fruit and flowers to the little patients, and in a certain ward a boy was pointed out to her one day as a bad customer.

"Oh, he is incorrigible," sighed the nurse.

"Miss Society talked a while with the little chap, and when she arose to go she said:

"See here, I have heard bad reports about you. Now, I want you to promise me to be good, if you are good for a whole week, I'll give you a dollar when I come again next Thursday."

"The boy promised to try to be good. This promise, though, he did not keep. On her next visit Miss Society, going to his cot, said:

"I shall not ask the nurses how you have behaved this last week. I want you to tell me yourself. Now, what do you think—do you deserve that dollar I promised you or not?"

"The boy regarded Miss Society with a troubled frown. Then he said in a low voice:

"Gimme a nickel!"—New York Tribune.

WORN OUT WOMEN

Will Find Encouragement in Mrs. Merritt's Advice.

Mrs. W. L. Merritt, 207 S. First Ave., Anoka, Minn., says: "Last winter I began to suffer with my kidneys.

I had pains in my back and hips and felt all worn out. Dizzy spells bothered me and the kidney secretions were irregular. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills brought decided relief. I am sure they would do the same for any other woman suffering as I did."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Solution of a Mystery.

Sir Humphrey Davy had been studying one evening in comfortable negligence of dressing gown and nightcap at a little table in his chamber when he became aware of a curious phenomenon. A bright dancing circle of light appeared upon the ceiling. It was unsteady, yet persistent, and he was unable to account for it. He extinguished his lamp, but it only appeared the brighter. It was accompanied by an odor—a scorching odor—and also by a slight sound of sizzling. He was greatly excited and running over rapidly in his mind all kinds of electrical and other interesting theories to account for the mystery when he became aware of a sensation of uncomfortable warmth about the scalp. He hastily put up his hand, and down tumbled his theories and a blazing nightcap. The tassel on its peak had bobbed into his candle as he bent over his book, and the fascinating problem on the ceiling was no more than the reflection of the evening bonfire on his cranium.

Gravity.

The most distant planet in our solar system, Neptune, is 2,750,000,000 miles from the sun, and yet the arm of the sun reaches out and controls the remote planet without the least difficulty. In a word, gravity is universal, every atom in the universe exerting its influence upon every other atom.—New York American.

The Niagara Limited.

"Where are all those honeymoon parties?" exclaimed the reporter as he hurried into the station. "Are they gone?"

"Yes," laughed the station master as he pointed to the turtle doves in the waiting room, "far gone."

CUBS' FOOD.

They Thrive on Grape-Nuts.
Healthy babies don't cry and the well-nourished baby that is fed on Grape-Nuts is never a crying baby. Many babies who cannot take any other food relish the perfect food, Grape-Nuts, and get well.

"My little baby was given up by three doctors who said that the condensed milk on which I had fed her had ruined the child's stomach. One of the doctors told me the only thing to do would be to try Grape-Nuts, so I got some and prepared it as follows: I soaked 1½ tablespoonsfuls in one pint of cold water for half an hour, then I strained off the liquid and mixed 12 tablespoonsfuls of this strained Grape-Nuts juice with six teaspoonsful of rich milk, put in a pinch of salt and a little sugar, warmed it and gave it to baby every two hours.

"In this simple, easy way I saved baby's life and have built her up to a strong, healthy child, rosy and laughing. The food must certainly be perfect to have such a wonderful effect as this. I can truthfully say I think it is the best food in the world to raise delicate babies on and is also a delicious healthful food for grown-ups, as we have discovered in our family."

Grape-Nuts is equally valuable to the strong, healthy man or woman. It stands for the true theory of health. "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs.

A CROWN OF FAITH

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"Then what do you mean to do? Have you told Mrs. Wycherly how much you detest being made a prisoner of life?"

"Ah! you do not know mamma," replied Ella, with a shudder. "You think me daring, defiant, full of spirit? So I am when not in her presence; but before her I am cowed, abject, frightened. Have you not seen it? I cannot account for this. I have been afraid of my mother ever since I can remember. I never dare to tell her how mad and miserable the idea of this imprisonment makes me, or if I hint even at it, she annihilates me, scorches me, withers me with her scorn.

"What an awful woman!" said Lionel passionately.

"She is my mother," said Ella, with a dreary smile; "and she fancies she is doing right."

"How can she fancy so?" asked Lionel excitedly. "Any clergyman of any denomination would tell her she was doing evil. Only what crime is this which has to be expiated?"

"Do not ask me now," said Ella. "I was about to tell you, but I have lost the courage. Some other time I will tell you."

She looked at him strangely, sorrowfully, and his blood curdled at the unwell-comforted thought that this delicate creature should in any way be tainted by so much as the shadow of evil. He longed to say, "Whose crime?" But he dared not ask the question, nor dared he allude again to that love of his—that strong passion for Ella Wycherly, the roots of which were in his very soul, and twined about the very fibers of his being. Something in her look conveyed to him that he was not the ideal hero whereof she had spoken.

"But you ask my help, Miss Wycherly," he said. "You know how far you may command me."

"I know," she answered quickly; "and now we come to the pith of the subject. I am only eighteen, and my mother can claim possession of me for three years longer. Now she designs this autumn to take me over to Italy. I must escape long before then. I must earn my own living. I should like to go upon the stage. Will you assist me?"

"Willingly. But a public career is full of difficulties. You would need money."

"I will give you my jewels to sell for me," said the girl quickly; "they are my own, and worth two thousand pounds. I wish to be independent."

"I see you do," replied Lionel, with a sigh. "But have you thought of the fact that in presenting yourself publicly there is danger of your being recognized and claimed by Mrs. Wycherly?"

"I was only talking nonsense," she said. "I do not wish to go upon the stage. I only wanted to observe how my grave and reverend tutor would like the idea of my becoming an actress. No, Mr. Leigh; I should like to do something. Let me give lessons in singing; that is my forte; and let me earn my living quietly under another name. I have been well taught in London and abroad."

"But to cast yourself upon the world of London—alone?" hesitated Lionel.

"Ah! I am sure I could take care of myself," said Ella.

"Pardon me; you know nothing of the world. Is there no one—no woman friend whom you could trust where you would be safe?"

"I hate women friends!" cried Ella, in a burst of temper, for which Lionel was at a loss to account. "No; I have no friends—women friends, nor any of the nobler sex. I see I must depend upon myself."

"I am not deemed worthy to be called a friend, of course," said the tutor.

"No," replied the capricious Ella. "I think you mean well, of course; but it would be quite impossible that you should comprehend me, or sympathize with me."

Lionel was wounded to the core by this caprice. He flushed hotly.

"You are Miss Wycherly, of Wycherly," he said proudly. "That constitutes a barrier between you and a mere teacher of languages."

"I am Miss Wycherly, of Wycherly," she replied, flashing a look of intense scorn; "and I will have the honor to wish you good afternoon."

She pointed to a path across the fields.

"If you follow that," she said, "it will take you to Wycherly. I shall return through the wood."

And without another word she swept down the narrow woodland path, leaving him in sorrowful amazement to watch her receding form.

CHAPTER XV.

Leila Leigh still taught French and German at the Ladies' College of St. Martha's. She used to receive letters three or four times a week from Arthur Calthorpe; but she seldom met him. She was not happy. How could she be with the terrible suit in the future, which Ellen Watson was about to bring against Arthur Calthorpe, claiming to be his lawful wife, although he had never addressed one word of love to her in his life? If she established her claim, and was recognized as his wife in the eye of the law, there was reason to believe that the Earl of Beryl would entirely disinherit his kinship.

The old noble had been most solicitous in regard to the recovery of his nephew. Every care and attention that skill and affection combined could devise had been paid to the invalid; and now Arthur Calthorpe was about again as well as ever.

It was hot July. In four months the case was to come on for hearing. Ellen Watson had become a celebrity. There were not wanting persons who advanced this cunning, ambitious woman large sums of money at exorbitant interest; and she lived in a pretty villa, which she hired furnished, about a mile out of Abbottsfield. She kept a groom, a gardener, a cook, a housemaid, a little carriage with a pair of ponies, which she drove herself.

She dressed in the gayest and most fashionable attire. She was sufficiently young and good-looking to create a certain species of interest. Various old bachelors, retired majors in the army,

and lieutenants in the navy, who lodged in the town or neighborhood of Abbottsfield; many young drapers' assistants, a few lawyers' clerks, and auctioneers' clerks; and many young apprentices to milliners and dressmakers in the old cathedral city, girls with romantic fancies and ambitious hearts, looked with wonder and admiration on Miss Watson—Mrs. Calthorpe, as she called her.

When she dashed into town, driving her little ponies, she was always smiling, gracious and affable as a young princess. She wore the prettiest and most fantastical costumes now, during the brilliant July weather. Sometimes of an evening, just as the sky was red, she would come into the town. If it were a cool evening, she would wear a complete costume of black lace and gold. She had copied this fanciful dress from a pretty lady reclining in a chariot in Hyde Park, while a troop of cavaliers crowded about her to pay her homage. At other times Miss Watson would appear in white attire, with no other ornament than a scarlet rose at her breast.

She was always gracious, cheerful and in excellent spirits. She paid ready money for all the goods she ordered; never asked the price of anything; flung down her sovereigns with a smiling air, and seemed to thank everybody, and beam upon everybody, like a beneficent fairy.

There were even a few—a very few people who ventured to call upon the solitair Mrs. Calthorpe, at Geranium Villa. Dr. O'Flight, a physician of repute in the cathedral town, having a certain grudge of long standing against the old Earl of Beryl, actually took his wife and daughters to call upon the adventures, and invited her to dinner on the following Thursday.

Ellen went to the fine old house in the High street, and really won the hearts of the doctor's wife and rather passe but most amiable daughters. Her vivacity passed for wit, her affections for refinement. She was exquisitely dressed in white, with a gold cross and necklace, and a scarlet flower at her waist.

Ellen was clever. She had received an education rather superior to that which a girl in her sphere would be likely to receive in England, and she had read much for her station. She could sing and even play, nor was she wanting in a certain degree of taste. Besides all this, it was popularly supposed that this young person had very solid grounds on which to found her pretensions.

She was really—so she said, and her lawyers said the same—married to Arthur Calthorpe, according to Scotch law. She told a tale plaintively and well—and every word of it false—of his love-making and perfumed vows. One proof she lacked—letters which breathed love, and acknowledged the marriage. In reality, Miss Watson did not possess one line of Arthur's handwriting.

However, this was only July, and the trial did not come until November; therefore, Ellen Watson, being a young woman of resources, did not fear. She had told her lawyer she would be able to produce some letters by the time of the trial, and her lawyer believed her.

It was a lovely evening that Leila Leigh, the tasks of the day being ended, sought and obtained permission from Miss Pritchard, the proprietress of the College of St. Martha's, to walk into Abbottsfield, to the library, there to seek a particular book.

Leila walked along between the hedges. There was a certain depression in the air; or was it in the girl's own heart? Between the branches of the trees she could see the yellow sunset sky. The heat had been intense all day; but now a cool breeze rustled the corn, which grew on the other side of the tall hedge.

Suddenly she heard wheels behind her. Looking round, she perceived the roan ponies of the so-called Mrs. Calthorpe. The lady was alone. She wore a white straw hat and a flowing white skirt. She was holding the reins lightly, leaning back among her cushions, smiling her usual smile.

Leila felt her cheeks flush and her heart beat when this woman appeared. Ellen Watson slackened the reins of her ponies, and looked still smiling at Leila Leigh, and Leila flushed again. The contrast was painful. Her rival leaned back elegantly dressed amid soft cushions. Her well-stepping little roans bore her along with grace and spirit. She was actually called in the neighborhood Mrs. Calthorpe. She had money, she had partisans, she had ease, and style, and luxury.

Leila wore a dress of plain striped muslin. Her salary was small; her life was tiresome. She was poor and obscure. Her very beauty was, as it were, hid under a bushel in the seclusion of St. Martha's. Arthur Calthorpe's love for her was just now a thing to hide, and be even a little ashamed of, until the claims of the woman who drove the roan ponies were annulled.

Ellen Watson came to a standstill and beckoned Leila Leigh imperiously with her whip. Leila drew herself up, and was passing on haughtily, when the other called after her.

"Miss Leigh—Miss Leigh, I wish to speak to you."

Leila turned round. The flush had left her cheek; she was pale now; but her eyes flashed. She did not speak.

"Oh!" said Ellen Watson, flipping a hedge-flower with her whip. "I want your brother to give me lessons in French. Will you ask him? I know he could give me four hours a week; and those people at Wycherly could well spare him. I knew you by sight; my maid told me when you sat in church."

"Of course I can mention it," said Leila coldly; and she would have walked on, but the other stopped her again.

"You know I am Mrs. Calthorpe, of course?"

"No; I do not know it. It is not known yet, madam. It will require to be established before it is acknowledged."

Miss Watson's face grew pallid. She clenched her teeth, and the smile died away from her lips.

"What I have heard is true, then, Miss

Leigh. He pretends to love you, eh?"

"Madam, I answer no questions. Mr. Calthorpe can be nothing more than a friend to anybody until your claims are proved or disclaimed."

"They will never be disclaimed," replied Ellen Watson calmly. "I have an uncle, a lawyer, who knows every turn of the Scotch law; and he tells me to rest perfectly secure."

A chill of dread—a conviction that this woman spoke the truth, that her claim would be made valid, and that though Arthur Calthorpe might never live in this Scotch woman, she would have a right to bear his name, and share his fortune—took absolute possession of Leila Leigh.

She turned her face resolutely away from the driver of the ponies. Her heart swelled tumultuously. Despair laid its hold, hard clutch on her. It was useless to reproach this clever adventuress, who had contrived to make the heir of a vast fortune and noble title marry her according to the laws of her country between the pause of a game of forfeits. She called back Leila once more.

"Stop! tell him from me that I shall not trouble him with my presence; only call myself first Mrs. Calthorpe, and next Countess of Beryl. I shall have several thousands a year, and lead a happy life abroad."

Leila did not answer, but turned her face resolutely toward Abbottsfield. The pony carriage went dashing by her swiftly. Soon she emerged into a wide road, on each side of which stood fine old houses in large gardens. The towers of the old cathedral stood dark against the primrose evening sky, from which the golden and purple glow had faded by the time that Leila entered the town.

All at once her thoughts came down to everyday matters. It was a simple cause which recalled them—the rumbling of a cab in hot haste down the High street of Abbottsfield. Leila walked along the pavement half carelessly, watching the cab and wondering whether it was bound. It stopped before a stately old house, the residence of a Dr. Marks, the most eminent medical man in Abbottsfield.

By the time Leila reached the front door, the passenger from the cab stood on the step ringing and knocking. It was some little time before the impatient summons was answered. The man turned round and looked at Leila, and she recognized a valet of Arthur Calthorpe's, a man whom his master had once or twice sent to St. Martha's with presents of fruit and flowers for Miss Leigh and Miss Pritchard, the principal of the college.

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