

## For Thin Children.

Children are always thin and pale when they do not assimilate enough fat. This seems strange, perhaps, but it is literally true. Unless there is a healthy assimilation of fat food the blood becomes depleted, tissues waste away, vitality becomes low and the body languishes for the need of proper nourishment.

## Scott's Emulsion

is useful to children, especially in two ways. It is Cod-liver Oil emulsified, thus being easily assimilated and rendered palatable, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda added to tone up the nervous system and nourish the bones. This combination of these potent nutrients is just what thin children need to give them flesh, color and vitality. Almost all children like it.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!

Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1.



"Well, sir, you have been very fair spoken to me, though I can see that I have you to thank that I have these bracelets upon my wrists. Still, I don't begrudge for that. It is all fair and above-board. If you want to hear my story I have no wish to hold it back. What I say to you is God's truth, every word of it. Thank you, sir, for the glass bottle in hand, and I'll put my lips to it if I am dry."

"I am a Worcestershire man myself—born near Pershore. I dare say you would find a heap of Smalls living there now if you were to look. I have often thought of taking a look round there, but the truth is that I was never much of a credit to the family, and I don't think they would be so very glad to see me. They were all steady, chaps, good folk, small farmers, well known and respected over the country-side, while I was always a bit of a scamp. At last, however, when I was about eighteen, I gave them no more trouble, for I got into a mess over a girl, and could only get out of it again by taking the queen's shilling and joining the Third Buffs which was just starting for India."

"I was not destined to do much soldiering, however. I had just got past the goose-step and learned to handle my musket, when I was told enough to go swimming in the dangers. Luckily for me, my company sergeant, John Holder, was in the water at the same time, and he was one of the finest swimmers in the service. A crocodile took me, just as I was half way across, and nipped off my right leg just as clean as a surgeon could have done it, just above the knee. What with the shock and the loss of blood I fainted, and I should have been drowned if Holder had not caught hold of me and paddled for the bank. I was five months in hospital over it, and when at last I was able to limp out of it with this timbered stump, I was told that I found myself invalided out of the army and unfitted for any active occupation."

"It was, as you can imagine, pretty down on my luck at this time, for I was a useless cripple, though not yet in my twentieth year. However, my misfortune soon proved to be a blessing in disguise. A man named Loti, white, who had come out there as an indigo-planter, wanted an overseer to look after his coolies and keep them up to their work. He happened to be a friend of our colonel's, who had taken an interest in me since the accident."



HOW HE LOST HIS LEG.

To make a long story short, the colonel recommended me straight for the post, and as the work was mostly to be done on horseback, my leg was no great obstacle, for I had enough knee left to keep a good grip on the saddle. What I had to do was to take the plantation, to keep an eye on the mop as they worked, and to report the idlers. The pay was fair, I had comfortable quarters, and altogether I was content to spend the rest of my life in indigo-planting. Mr. Abelwhite was a kind man, and he would often drop into my little shanty and smoke a pipe with me, for white folk out there feel their hearts warm to each other as they never do here at home."

"Well, I was never in luck's way long. Suddenly, without a note of warning, the great mutiny broke upon us. One month India lay as still and peaceful, to all appearance, as Surrey or Kent; the next there were two hundred thousand black devils let loose, and the country was a perfect hell. Of course you know the result. It was a deal more than I did, very likely, since reading is not in my line. I only know what I saw with my own eyes. Our plantation was at a place called Muttra, near the border of the northwest provinces. Night after night the whole sky was alight with the burning bungalows, and day after day we had small companies of Europeans passing through our estate, with their wives and children, on their way to Agra, where were the nearest troops. Mr. Abelwhite was an obstinate man. He had it in his head that the affluents had been exaggerated, and that it would blow over as suddenly as it had sprung up. There he sat on his veranda."

## "Mothers' Friend" Cures Breast.

I have been a midwife for many years, and in each case where "MOTHERS' FRIEND" was used it accomplished wonders and shortened labor and lessened pain. It is the best remedy for RISING OF THE BREAST, coming and with the price for that alone.

Mrs. M. M. Brewster, Montgomery, Ala.

Sent by Express or mail, on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Book "To Mothers" mailed free. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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"My first thought was that these fellows were in league with the rebels, and that this was the beginning of an assault. If our door were in the hands of the rebels, the rebels would be there. They were in Cawnpore. Maybe you gentlemen think that I am just making out a case for myself, but I give you my word that when I thought of that, though I felt the point of the knife at my throat, I opened my mouth with the intention of giving a scream, if it was my last one, which might alarm the main guard. The man who held me seemed to know my thoughts; for, even as I braced myself to die, he uttered: 'Don't make a noise. The fort is safe enough. There are no rebel dogs on this side of the river.' There was a ring of truth in what he said, and I knew that if I raised my voice I was a dead man. I could read it in the fellow's brown eyes. I waited, therefore, in silence, to see what it was that they intended to do."

"Listen to me, sahib," said the taller and fiercer of the pair, the one whom they called Abdullah Khan. "You must either be with us now or you must be silenced forever. The thing is too great a one for us to hesitate. Either you are heart and soul with us, or you are not. If you are not, you are on your oath on the cross of the Christ, or your body this night shall be thrown into the ditch and we shall pass over to our brothers in the rebel army. There is no middle way. Here it is to be death or life? We can only give you three minutes to decide, for the time is passing, and all must be done before the rounds come again."

"How can I decide?" said I. "You have not told me what you want of me." But I tell you now that if it is anything against the safety of the fort I will have no truck with it, so you can drive home your knife and welcome."

"It is nothing against the fort," said he. "We only ask you to do that which your countrymen come to this land for. We ask you to be rich. If you will be one of us tonight, we will swear to you on the naked knife, and by the threefold oath which no Sikh will ever known to break, that you shall have your fair share of the loot. A quarter of the treasure shall be yours. We can say no falser."

"I asked, 'I am ready to be rich as you can be, if you will, but what shall I have if I do not?'"

"You swear, then," said he, "by the bones of your father, by the honor of your mother, by the cross of your faith, to raise no hand and speak no word against us, either now or afterwards?"

"I will swear it," I answered, "provided that the fort is not endangered." "Then my comrade and I will swear that you shall have a quarter of the treasure, which shall be equally divided among the four of us."

"There are but three," said I. "No! Dost Akbar must have his share. We can tell the tale to you who are all here. Do you stand at the gate, Mahomet Singh, and give notice of their coming. The thing stands thus, Sahib, and I tell it to you because I know that an oath is binding upon a Feringhee, and that you will trust me. Had you been a lying Hindoo, though you had sworn by all the gods in their false temples, your blood would have been upon the knife, and your body in the water. But the Sikh knows an Englishman, and the Englishman knows the Sikh. Hearken, then, to what I have to say."

"There is a rajah in the northern provinces who has much wealth, though his lands are small. Much has come to him from his father, and more still he has set by himself, for he is of a low nature and hoards his gold rather than spend it. When the troubles broke out he would be friends both with the British and the tiger—with the Sepoy and with the company's raj. Soon, however, it seemed to him that the white men's war was coming, for through all the land he could hear of nothing but their death and their overthrow. Yet, being a careful man, he made such plans that, come what might, half at least of his treasures would be left to him. That which was in gold and silver he kept by him in the walls of his palace; the most precious stones and the choicest pearls that he had he put in an iron box and sent it by a trusty servant who, under the guise of a merchant, should take it to the fort at Agra, there to lie until the land is at peace. Thus if the rebels won he would have his money, but if the company conquered his jewels would be saved to him. Having thus divided his hoard he threw himself into the cause of the Sepoys, since they were strong upon his side. By doing this, mark you, sahib, his property became the due of those who have been true to their faith."

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"I will swear it," I answered, "provided that the fort is not endangered." "Then my comrade and I will swear that you shall have a quarter of the treasure, which shall be equally divided among the four of us."

"There are but three," said I. "No! Dost Akbar must have his share. We can tell the tale to you who are all here. Do you stand at the gate, Mahomet Singh, and give notice of their coming. The thing stands thus, Sahib, and I tell it to you because I know that an oath is binding upon a Feringhee, and that you will trust me. Had you been a lying Hindoo, though you had sworn by all the gods in their false temples, your blood would have been upon the knife, and your body in the water. But the Sikh knows an Englishman, and the Englishman knows the Sikh. Hearken, then, to what I have to say."

"There is a rajah in the northern provinces who has much wealth, though his lands are small. Much has come to him from his father, and more still he has set by himself, for he is of a low nature and hoards his gold rather than spend it. When the troubles broke out he would be friends both with the British and the tiger—with the Sepoy and with the company's raj. Soon, however, it seemed to him that the white men's war was coming, for through all the land he could hear of nothing but their death and their overthrow. Yet, being a careful man, he made such plans that, come what might, half at least of his treasures would be left to him. That which was in gold and silver he kept by him in the walls of his palace; the most precious stones and the choicest pearls that he had he put in an iron box and sent it by a trusty servant who, under the guise of a merchant, should take it to the fort at Agra, there to lie until the land is at peace. Thus if the rebels won he would have his money, but if the company conquered his jewels would be saved to him. Having thus divided his hoard he threw himself into the cause of the Sepoys, since they were strong upon his side. By doing this, mark you, sahib, his property became the due of those who have been true to their faith."

"This pretended merchant who"

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

my companions would not be led into conversation. I took out my pipe, and laid down my musket to strike a match. In an instant the two Sikhs were upon me. One of them snatched my firelock up and leveled it at my head, while the other held a great knife to my throat and swore between his teeth that he would plunge it into me if I moved a step.

"My first thought was that these fellows were in league with the rebels, and that this was the beginning of an assault. If our door were in the hands of the rebels, the rebels would be there. They were in Cawnpore. Maybe you gentlemen think that I am just making out a case for myself, but I give you my word that when I thought of that, though I felt the point of the knife at my throat, I opened my mouth with the intention of giving a scream, if it was my last one, which might alarm the main guard. The man who held me seemed to know my thoughts; for, even as I braced myself to die, he uttered: 'Don't make a noise. The fort is safe enough. There are no rebel dogs on this side of the river.' There was a ring of truth in what he said, and I knew that if I raised my voice I was a dead man. I could read it in the fellow's brown eyes. I waited, therefore, in silence, to see what it was that they intended to do."

"Listen to me, sahib," said the taller and fiercer of the pair, the one whom they called Abdullah Khan. "You must either be with us now or you must be silenced forever. The thing is too great a one for us to hesitate. Either you are heart and soul with us, or you are not. If you are not, you are on your oath on the cross of the Christ, or your body this night shall be thrown into the ditch and we shall pass over to our brothers in the rebel army. There is no middle way. Here it is to be death or life? We can only give you three minutes to decide, for the time is passing, and all must be done before the rounds come again."

"How can I decide?" said I. "You have not told me what you want of me." But I tell you now that if it is anything against the safety of the fort I will have no truck with it, so you can drive home your knife and welcome."

"It is nothing against the fort," said he. "We only ask you to do that which your countrymen come to this land for. We ask you to be rich. If you will be one of us tonight, we will swear to you on the naked knife, and by the threefold oath which no Sikh will ever known to break, that you shall have your fair share of the loot. A quarter of the treasure shall be yours. We can say no falser."

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