

Love and Lunacy

By Troy Allison

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"I hope you will remember it has been my pet scheme for the last five years," said young Dr. Hilyer, polishing his glasses with a vigor due less to necessity than to a desire to avoid his sister's flashing eyes.

Bettina gave her head a disdainful toss and helped herself to another chocolate.

"I know I shan't even like him," she said, finding it difficult to express disapproval with any great amount of dignity when one cheek was distorted by a chocolate drop.

"Now, Bettina, that's simply prejudice. He was the nicest fellow at college, and he is the only man on earth I would be willing for you to marry."

Bettina's fingers seized a candied violet which she discovered in the corner of the box.

"Of course I know he's a wonder," she said. "That's the reason I know I shan't like him. He is probably so perfect that he chews his food a regulation number of times before swallowing."

Hilyer laughed.

"I've seen him swallow sandwiches so fast it would take a lightning calculator to keep up with him. Now, Bettina, please be reasonable! I haven't seen Dent since we left college, but if he is as jolly a doctor as he was a medical student you certainly will not have cause to complain of his primness. He will be here in time for the dance to-night, and I simply want you to be nice to him. I don't know what it is women do to themselves when they want to be especially charming, but you can do it when you try, little sis."

Bettina balanced the somewhat depleted candy box on top of a skull that ornamented the doctor's desk.

"That's to keep the servant from eating the rest of it," she laughed. "Maggie wouldn't dare touch it now. Well, Brother Doctor, I'll see what effect the new pompadour silk will have on Dr. Dent. If it is immediate and startling and you see me sitting in the conservatory holding his hand don't be alarmed; it may be necessary to take his pulse."

Dr. Hilyer smiled as his erratic little sister flitted from the room.

He had been resident physician at the Burton asylum for two years, where it was customary to give an occasional dance for the inmates. Bettina found something unusual in these dances that she fairly reveled in, and she had not been known to miss one since her brother had been in charge. She would take the electric car from the city and arrive at the sanitarium triumphantly bearing a box containing her newest party dress, produced by home talent. The girl's mother encouraged her industry by giving her all the material for party dresses that she would make up, and her chic creations were the envy of her girl friends.

When she had arrived that afternoon she had shown her brother a gay little blue and pink pompadour frock that he had vowed would make it necessary to send all his harmless patients back to padded cells and leave a paucity of

Periodic Pains.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are a most remarkable remedy for the relief of periodic pains, backache, nervous or sick headache, or any of the distressing aches and pains that cause women so much suffering.

As pain is weakening, and leaves the system in an exhausted condition, it is wrong to suffer a moment longer than necessary, and you should take the Anti-Pain Pills on first indication of an attack.

If taken as directed you may have entire confidence in their effectiveness, as well as in the fact that they will leave no disagreeable after-effects.

They contain no morphine, opium, chloral, cocaine or other dangerous drugs.

"For a long time I have suffered greatly with spells of backache, that seem almost more than I can endure. These attacks come on every month, and last two or three days. I have never been able to get anything that would give me much relief until I began the use of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, and they always relieve me in a short time. My sister, who suffers the same way, has used them with the same results." MRS. PARK, 721 S. Michigan St., South Bend, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first package will benefit. If it fails he will return your money. 25 doses, 25 cents. Never sold in bulk. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

dancing men.

Dr. Dent's train was late. He hurried into his dress suit, and the two friends started down the hall toward the ballroom. An attendant came up hurriedly and whispered that Hilyer was needed immediately.

"I'm sorry, old man," he said, turning to go with the nurse. "You'll have to find your way in alone. There's no hostess, so go in and talk to any one you like. You'll find Bettina somewhere. Look for a yellow haired little girl in a blue and pink dress. I believe the little mixx has sprinkled diamond dust in her hair and put a black patch on her cheek to be in keeping with her pompadour costume, so you will have no trouble in recognizing her."

Bettina was partly hidden by a group of palms when Dent entered the room. She saw him speak to several of the patients near the door and finally ask one dark eyed girl to dance.

Bettina recognized him immediately from the photograph in her brother's room and studied him calmly as he and his partner passed her.

Certain she was that Will had not told her Dent was a perfect Hercules and that even the photograph had been misleading. She acknowledged to herself the improbability of a man of his type masticating food according to set rules and was rather inclined to think Will might have mentioned his style of dancing as a point in his favor when he had given a list of his friend's many virtues that afternoon.

When she saw him coming toward her with the evident intention of speaking she thought he mistook her for a patient, and her eyes sparkled with mischief.

"May I introduce myself?" he asked, bowing before her.

Bettina raised a haughty little head. "It is somewhat unusual for royalty to be approached with so little formality," she said icily, "but of course the daughter of the lost dauphin of France has had to put up with a great many trials."

Dent looked startled. "Perhaps I have made a mistake"—he commenced.

"Oh, don't mention it," she interrupted, with an airy little wave of the hand. "Tis within royal power to pardon, and even I, Princess Fleur-de-lis, feel that it is no condescension to talk to Alexander the Great on an equal footing."

Dent bowed again profoundly, so profoundly that when he stood erect he had gained control of the smile that threatened to convulse his countenance, for he knew he could not be mistaken about that patch and diamond dust. It was scarcely probable that two girls would be dressed just like this.

"Your highness, no battle trophy ever filled me with a joy that the effect of your approval does not far exceed. Permit me," he added, seating himself beside her.

"It's really a pleasure," she continued affably. "It is so seldom that one meets royal blood in this democratic America. It will positively be the cause of my being an old maid, for of course princesses could not marry a commoner, could she?" Bettina's wicked little smile was now in evidence, and the patch on her cheek called attention to it in a way that seemed positively audacious.

"No, indeed," he assented eagerly; "of course princesses must marry—er—kings and things."

Bettina nodded approvingly. Her blue eyes looked into his with guileless expression that threatened Dent with a second attack of convulsions.

"Yes, of course," she smiled into his face with a confidential friendliness. "I rather think I would like a king myself, but I have met so few," sighing. "In fact, you are the first one."

He leaned over and took the fan from her hand.

"Fair princess, I feel that one could wish the first might be last and the last might be first."

"Oh, don't; please don't," she entreated hurriedly. "Don't wish for any-

thing. I'm afraid you might—cry."

Dent stared in astonishment.

"Perhaps I ought not to have mentioned it"—she drew the corners of her small mouth down in an absurdly contrite manner—"but we heard about—Alexander the Great's weeping; it's really a matter of history. I would not start you by crying and spilling the evening for you—not for anything."

"I feel a lump in my throat right now," he declared. "I am perfectly sure that if you don't dance this next waltz with me I shall burst into tears according to history."

She rose quickly.

"Anything to please the ba—I mean anything to keep you from crying," she said as they joined the dancers.

Hilyer peeped into the conservatory an hour later. "I guess I'll not disturb that," he muttered and tiptoed away. On the last day of Dent's holiday Bettina's maid carried a box into her room.

It contained delicate purple and white lilacs tied with a royal purple ribbon strangely decorated. On one streamer was a hand painted shield of strange device, and another end of ribbon was tied around a small scroll of paper.

The girl opened it eagerly.

Little Princess Fleur-de-lis—Alexander the Great feels another lump in his throat. He wants to call this afternoon and ask you that the fleur-de-lis shall be bound always by the royal ribbons of his house.

Later that afternoon Bettina smiled into his eyes admiringly.

"I certainly am glad to marry a man who knows so much," she said, pointing to the painted ribbon that she wore in a knot on her breast. "Now I was so ignorant that I had no idea how Alexander's coat of arms looked."

Dent drew the curly head over on his shoulder and laughed.

He asked him why he laughed.

He didn't think it necessary to tell her that he had paid a girl in an art store to copy the strangest looking shield he could find in the dictionary. A lion couchant or a charger rampant was all the same to him—he had trusted to luck that she would not know the difference, and he now added a touch of diplomacy that promised him great future success as a married man.

"What am I laughing at, little girl? You might know that a man who was emotional enough to cry for mere worlds would laugh when he found—"

heaven."

The Birds in the Picture.
George Chambers, an artist, was once commissioned by King William IV, of England to paint a picture of the attack on a fortress on the Spanish coast by a frigate commanded by his majesty, who was then the Duke of Clarence. The attack took place at night. Chambers completed a beautiful picture from some rough sketches that were in the king's possession, and when submitted for approval his majesty was delighted with it, but Chambers had taken an artist's liberty with the picture and for the purpose of relieving the somber veil of night had introduced some sea gulls skimming the waves. "Hello, hello, Chambers!" said his majesty. "This will never do to have the birds flying about at night. They were all gone to roost." "So they were, your majesty," replied Chambers, "but you gave such a rousing broadside with your guns that they all woke up and flew about." "Ah, so I did; so I did, Chambers. I forgot that. Very good, very good!"

A Whistler Adorer.
In his book on Whistler, Mortimer Menpes writes: "Once an interesting figure appeared on our horizon, a French painter. He was Whistler's find and was held up to us followers as an example. At last, Whistler said, 'I have found a follower worthy of the master.' I noticed with secret joy that he did not call him pupil. This man went bareheaded always when in the presence of Whistler. Whether out of doors or in, no one could persuade him to wear a hat."

NAGGING PAINS

Newport News, Va., July 22, 1903.

Last summer while recovering from illness of fever, I had a severe attack of Inflammatory Rheumatism in the knees, from which I was unable to leave my room for several months. I was treated by two doctors and also tried different kinds of liniments and medicines which seemed to relieve me from pain for awhile, but at the same time I was not any nearer getting well. One day while reading a paper I saw an advertisement of S. S. S. for Rheumatism. I decided to give it a trial, which I did at once. After I had taken three bottles I felt a great deal better, and I still continued to take it regularly until I was entirely cured. I now feel better than for years, and I cheerfully recommend S. S. S. to any one suffering from Rheumatism. 613 3rd St. CHAS. E. GILDERSLERVE.

Rheumatism is caused by uric acid or some other acid poison in the blood, which when deposited in the muscles and joints, produce the sharp, cutting pains and the stiffness and soreness peculiar to this disease. S. S. S. goes directly into the circulation, all irritating substances are neutralized and filtered out of the system, the blood is made pure and the general health is built up under the purifying and tonic effects of the vegetable remedy.

Write for our special book on Rheumatism which is sent free. Our physicians will advise without charge all who will write us about their case.

SSS
The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

CRAZED BY HER MISFORTUNES

Hardships Endured by a Plucky Woman Who Went From Germany to Alaska.

Frau A. Schichanowsky, said to be of noble Polish birth, has been brought to this city from Nome on the steamship Garonne insane, says the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. No tale of indomitable courage and hard luck in fighting the hardships of the north is known which can compare with the story of what this woman has done alone.

Frau Schichanowsky came to this country from Berlin. In the European metropolis she moved in cultured circles and was herself an artist of ability. In 1900 she landed in Nome, with little money and alone. Without a word of English and friendless the brave woman set about mastering the dangers of a wild land.

Why Frau Schichanowsky left the fatherland is not known. All that can be learned of her is that on the death of her husband she pluckily set forth to win a fortune in Alaska.

The exorbitant cost of living in an Alaska gold camp when the fever was at its height soon exhausted her slender resources. Acting on the advice of a fellow countryman, she determined to prospect in the Neulugk river country. With a pack on her back, far too heavy for her woman's strength, she set out for Council City.

Her way lay across the cold tundra. For three days she tramped, slipping over knee deep in the treacherous slush and mud. Prospectors she instinctively avoided. By the third day the strain of the hard trip had exhausted her strength. Smitten with fever and weakened by hardship, she turned blindly back to Nome. How she reached the city is not known, but there she found shelter in a small tent on the tundra. She was found exhausted by a Roman Catholic priest, who gave her the only shelter to be had—on the boards of his church floor.

On her recovery Frau Schichanowsky started again for Council City, arriving safely. Winter was at hand, and the only shelter she could find was in an abandoned shack on the outskirts of the camp. This she repaired and made habitable. A stove was constructed of tin cans picked up about the camp. The body was a five gallon oil can and the pipe made of smaller cans. She lived in the cabin all winter alone. She saw but few human beings.

In the spring Frau Schichanowsky located some rich claims. Before she could file notice of possession they had been jumped. She built an addition to her cabin and started a store. She turned her artistic ability to account by sign writing. A stock of cigars, sweets, pressed flowers and bright toys sold well, and she gained a comfortable

income. Later she located other claims, profiting by her experience and keeping their location secret.

Frau Schichanowsky built most of her cabin with her own hands. During her residence in Council City she transformed the rude shack into a home of culture and comfort. Every bit added to the place was her own handiwork. The interior was bizarre. Huge furs obtained from natives covered the floor. On the walls were hung colored prints framed in rough bark and bits of moss in an artistic manner. Pictures of her own, one of which obtained a prize in Berlin and another honorable mention, were on the walls. A huge pair of antlers hung from the ceiling, supporting an empty cocoon shell which served as a candle holder. A large, beautifully colored Paisley shawl, relic of her former life in Germany, curtained one end of the room.

Further misfortunes were in store for the plucky woman. She obtained lots in Council City, which were later stolen from her. She found many of her neighbors men of wolfish cruelty. It is thought that brooding over her misfortunes is the cause of her insanity.

Frau Schichanowsky was a woman of spotless reputation. When she came to America she was a beautiful woman. She was brought from the north haggard and aged beyond recognition from the hardships she combated.

SHE WAS FOUND EXHAUSTED BY A PRIEST.

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PROPER WAY TO WALK.

A Physical Instructor Gives Advice on the Subject.

The way to walk straight is not to think of the shoulders at all, says a physical instructor. Hang your arms loosely at your sides and hold yourself erect by moderate tension of the back and abdominal muscles and the muscles of the neck. Then your shoulders will have to hang right.

Don't "throw out" your chest. The chest that is inflated properly by deep breathing is bound to be thrown out, and thrown out not like that of a stuffed figure, but naturally, because it can't help it.

Don't walk with a stiff neck. Hold your head erect the way an animal does. Watch a deer. Its neck is always in motion, yet it is always held beautifully. Your head poised on a stiffly held neck is no good for either balancing or looking around you. Poised confidently on strong but pliant neck muscles, it becomes what a head should be.

Many classes of men who do much walking, such as Indians, guides and trappers, walk with their bodies inclined forward a little bit. But they don't round their shoulders or stoop from the hips. This throws their weight a little ahead and gives the leg muscles the chance to exert all their power in the best directions. But the upper body is never bent by these men. It simply is held forward from the hips at a very slight, barely perceptible, angle.

Even if correct poise in walking had nothing to do with other forms of athletics it would be invaluable in itself. The man who walks right is going to keep his organs—heart, kidneys, liver and lungs—in splendid form. But, besides all this, it helps wonderfully in all outdoor sports.

PAPUAN CANNIBALS.

They Must Murder and Taste Human Blood to Attain Manhood.

The cannibal instinct of the Papuan of New Guinea is not hard to explain. In all the 313,000 square miles of New Guinea there is not a tribe which does not regard murder as a knightly accomplishment. Until a man has taken a human life and has sipped human blood he is an object of ridicule. He is not permitted to tattoo himself, and with a skin thus unadorned he is shunned by Papuan society.

Immediately after killing some one, however, the murderer must undergo six days of "purification," which are marked by various uncanny rites. He first washes himself and his weapon and seats himself upon a stage in the sight of the whole town, but nevertheless unnoticed by all. During this time he must eat nothing except roasted bananas, the pulp of which he bites out and the rest he throws away. On the third day he has so far purified himself that his friends entertain him at a feast, and on the fourth day he decks himself with all the ornaments of his home and parades up and down the village. After being thoroughly admired he walks down to a river, and, standing with feet wide apart, he lets all the boys who want to become great men swim through his legs. On the next day at dawn he jumps from bed and yells out of the window at the top of his lungs. His shout is supposed to scare away the ghost of his victim. On the following day he returns to his wife, who has spurned him up to this time, and is once more installed as the respected lord of his household.—New York Tribune.

One-half of our life is spent in making experiments; the other half in regretting them.—Brown Book.

It is better for a young man to blush than to turn pale.—Cicero.

Frankness consists in always telling the truth, but not always all the truth.—Balzac.

CATARRH

K'hawking and Spitting, Dropping into the Throat, Foul Breath, CURED THROUGH THE BLOOD

By Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.)

TO PROVE IT, SAMPLE SENT FREE. Botanic Blood Balm [B. B. B.] has cured to stay cured more cases of Catarrh than all other remedies combined. B. B. B. destroys the awful catarrhal poison in the blood which causes the symptoms, and thus makes a perfect lasting cure of the worst old cases.

SYMPTOMS.
The poison in the blood produces bad, offensive, fetid breath, bad teeth, and sickness of the stomach; in some cases vomiting up clear phlegm; enlargement of the soft bones of the nose affecting sense of smell; catarrh of the mucous membranes, hawking, spitting up lumps, weak stomach, nose bleeding, headaches, sneezing, while asleep, stopping up of the nose; thin, hoarse blood, all run down, specks in the eyes, loss of spirits, etc. Botanic Blood Balm [B. B. B.] forces its way through every blood vessel and vein, expelling all catarrhal poison that stands in its way, permanently removes every symptom and thus makes a perfect cure. B. B. B. sends a flood of rich pure blood direct to the affected parts, giving warmth and strength just where it is needed.

Deafness. Ringing in the Ears, Head Noises.
Nearly all cases of Deafness are caused by Catarrh of the Ears in the blood. The air passages become clogged by catarrhal deposits stopping the action of the vestibular bones. Thousands of sufferers from even total deafness have had their hearing permanently restored by taking B. B. B. for Catarrh of the Ears. B. B. B. gradually removes the catarrhal deposit from the air passages, thus making the nerves of the ear respond to the symptoms of approaching deafness and catarrh. B. B. B. never fails to remove ringing in the ears, and head noises in a few weeks. It is the best and of hearing try Botanic Blood Balm [B. B. B.] It may be the very remedy your system needs.

OUR GUARANTEE.—Take a large bottle of Botanic Blood Balm [B. B. B.] as directed on label, and when the right quantity has been taken, a cure is certain, sure and lasting. If not cured your money will promptly be refunded without argument.

Botanic Blood Balm [B. B. B.] is pleasant and safe to take. Thoroughly tested for 25 years. Composed of Pure Natural Ingredients. Strengthens Weak Kidneys and Stomach, cures Dyspepsia. Sold by all Druggists, \$1. Per Large Bottle with complete instructions, home care, Sample certain, sure and lasting. If not cured your money will promptly be refunded without argument. Describe your trouble, and special free medical advice suits your case, will be sent in sealed letter.

Dr. King Released.

Monroe, Nov. 10.—After a careful examination of the typewritten evidence furnished by the court stenographer, Judge Justice has made an order discharging Dr. O. D. King, of Albemarle, from custody, finding as a fact that the statements of the prosecuting witness, Mrs. Hugh Sanders, do not make out a case of criminal assault. The case was brought here last week on a writ of habeas corpus and the evidence in the case submitted to Judge Justice in an effort to secure bail.

A Sure Thing.

It is said that nothing is sure except death and taxes, but this is not altogether true. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption is a sure cure for all lung and throat troubles. Thousands can testify to that. Mrs. C. B. VanMetre of Shepherdstown, W. Va., says "I had a severe case of Bronchitis and for a year tried everything I heard of, but got no relief. One bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery then cured me absolutely." It's infallible for Croup, Whooping Cough, Grip, Pneumonia and Consumption. Try it. It's guaranteed by all Druggists. Trial bottles free. Reg. sizes 50c, \$1.00.

W. L. Douglas, the Massachusetts shoe man, must indeed be popular, for while the State went for Roosevelt by about 90,000, he was elected Governor over the Republican candidate by about 37,000.

Thousands Cured.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve has cured thousands of cases of Piles. "I bought a box of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve on the recommendation of our druggist," so writes C. H. LaCroix, of Zavalla, Tex., "and used it for a stubborn case of Piles. It cured me permanently."

Sold by James Plummer.

A haughty carriage is sometimes a very comfortable vehicle.

PROVERBS

"When the butter won't come put a penny in the churn," is an old time dairy proverb. It often seems to work though no one has ever told why.

When mothers are worried because the children do not gain strength and flesh we say give them Scott's Emulsion.

It is like the penny in the milk because it works and because there is something astonishing about it.

Scott's Emulsion is simply a milk of pure cod liver oil with some hypophosphites especially prepared for delicate stomachs.

Children take to it naturally because they like the taste and the remedy takes just as naturally to the children because it is so perfectly adapted to their wants.

For all weak and pale and thin children Scott's Emulsion is the most satisfactory treatment.



We will send you the penny, i. e., a sample free.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., N. Y.

See and \$1.00; all druggists.

Best for medicinal uses

Your physician will tell you that you should always have some good whiskey in the house. For accidents, fainting spells, exhaustion, and other emergency cases, it relieves and revives. But you must have good whiskey, pure whiskey, for poor whiskey, adulterated whiskey, may do decided harm. HAYNER WHISKEY is just what you need for its great direct from our own distillery to you, with all its original strength, richness and flavor, carrying a UNITED STATES REGISTERED DISTILLER'S GUARANTEE OF PURITY and AGE and saving the dealers' enormous profits. We have over a quarter of a million satisfied customers, exclusively family trade, who know it is best for medicinal purposes and prefer it for other uses. That's why YOU should try it. Your money back if you are not satisfied.

Direct from our distillery to YOU
Saves Dealers' Profits! Prevents Adulteration!

HAYNER WHISKEY
PURE SEVEN-YEAR-OLD RYE

4 FULL \$3.20 EXPRESS QUARTS \$3.20 PREPAID

We will send you FOUR FULL QUART BOTTLES of HAYNER'S SEVEN-YEAR-OLD RYE for \$12.00, and we will pay the express charges. Try it and if you don't find it all right, send it back at once and your \$12.00 will be returned to you by next mail. Don't think that offer over. How could it be fairer? If you are not perfectly satisfied you are not out a cent. Better let us send you a trial order. If you don't want four quart bottles, get a friend to join you. Shipment made in a plain sealed case with no outside show whatsoever.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Col., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash. or Wyo. must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for \$14.00 by Express Prepaid or 20 Quarts for \$16.00 by Freight Prepaid.

Write our nearest office and get it NOW.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY
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151 DISTILLERY, TROT, O. ESTABLISHED 1856.