

HER NAME.

From the Current.

Then father took the Bible down
And in his clear, old-fashioned hand
Upon its Record pages brown
He wrote the name as it should stand.

LOVE'S LESSON.

BY HELEN HARCOURT.

"Yes, my dear," said the sick man,
gazing with a loving smile upon the
proud, stately girl bending over him,

"I hope Rupert will arrive in England
before I go hence. I long to see the
lad once more, and I want you two to
see each other. But if not," he added,

"it will be all right—I've fixed that.
Yes, yes; my plan is best for both of
them. And now kiss me, Allie, dear.
It is time you were asleep."

A pair of lips, sweet, yet with a
haughty curve that told of an ambi-
tious spirit, were pressed tenderly on
the broad, white brow of the dying
baronet, who, for the last three years,

had been as a father to his orphaned
niece.

It was a long, lingering kiss that
she gave him, and then, as she reached
the door, she turned impulsively to
bestow yet another.

She remembered, with thankfulness,
in after times, how a glad light flashed
into the fading eyes, for Alice Whitney
was not ordinarily demonstrative, and
the doctors had said that her uncle
might live for several months longer.

She did not know—nor did he—that
this was a farewell kiss; for when the
sun rose again, Sir Charles had gone
out of the world, leaving but an empty
casket behind him—a frail, perishable
shell, bearing his semblance, with a
calm, peaceful smile on his white face,

that told of the quiet slipping away of
the living soul from the dead body.

Sir Charles was gone, but his will re-
mained—an awesome piece of parch-
ment, whose fiat disposed, without
appeal, of broad lands, of stately
mansions, of two hundred thousand
pounds sterling, and more, yea, far
more than all these—of the future of
two persons who had both been very
dear to the testator, whether for weal
or for woe, who can say? But he sure
that he deemed it for weal, else he had
never so ordered their destinies, so far
as in him lay.

Rupert and Alice Whitney, the or-
phan children of Sir Charles' two
younger brothers, had been his espe-
cial charges since the death of their par-
ents.

Rupert had come to him first—an
honest, noble lad, full of life and earn-
est purpose.

He entered the navy, and at the time
of his uncle's death was a lieutenant,
serving on a foreign station. In two
months more he was expected in Eng-
land on an extended furlough—his first
for four long years.

He had never met his Cousin Alice—
she had lived in the West Indies until
her father's death, three years before—
but was well aware of the earnest de-
sire of his uncle that they two should
become all and all to each other.

The latter had sent him Alice's
picture, and being as yet heartwhole,
he was well content to accept the
beautiful wife selected for him.

As to the proud girl herself, she, too,
understood her uncle's wish. A boy-
ish portrait of Rupert hung on the
library wall, and she felt sure she
should like the grown-up original.

So, considering that he would be Sir
Rupert someday—that day had come
now—and that their union would keep
the vast estates together, Alice had
made up her mind that she might do
much worse than to comply with her
uncle's desire.

Sir Charles had hoped to see his two
loved ones united and happy, but
"Time waits for no man," and his sum-

mons had come before his plans could
be consummated.

He had prepared for such contin-
gency, however, and had, as we have
heard him say, "fixed it all right."

By the decree of his will, his vast
property, after a handsome legacy to
his widowed sister, Mrs. Carson, and
sundry bequests to friends and ser-
vants, was to be equally divided be-
tween his nephew, Rupert Whitney,
and his niece, Alice Whitney.

He said Rupert and Alice were to wed
each other within a year of his decease,
and in case of the refusal of either one
so to do, then his or her half of the
estate, with the exception of twenty
thousand pounds—he had not the
heart to punish either of them so
severely, you see—was to revert to the
only son of his sister, John Carson, un-
less he should become the husband of
Alice, she being the refusing party, in
which event the entire estate should
pass to Rupert.

The will further provided that Alice,
until her marriage or majority, should
reside with her aunt, Mrs. Carson.

The latter, be it known, had only
recently become a widow, having spent
all her married life in India, but now,
with her son had returned to England
to pass the rest of her days.

Mrs. Carson was a gay, inoffensive
woman, who hailed with delight the
opportunity of chaperoning a beauti-
ful young heiress, and, at her son's
suggestion, kept to herself the fact
that Alice was to all practical pur-
poses already appropriated.

As to Alice's speaking of such a mat-
ter to strangers, that was the last
thing a girl so proud and reserved was
likely to do.

"You see, mother," said John, "if
people know Alice it not 'on the mar-
ket,' to use an expressive phrase, she
will at once lose eclat, and won't have
half the fun; neither will you, as her
chaperone, be so courted. So let's
keep quiet, that's all. Ru will not be
here for three months or more yet, he
writes me, some red-tape delay about
his resignation, he's going to play the
lord bountiful on his estates, you
know, now he is Sir Rupert. He writes
like a regular muff; duty, love for his
uncle, esteem for Alice—and all that
sort of stuff. He will come to us as
soon as he arrives. Wonder what he
looks like? Don't fancy I have missed
much in never having met my dear
Cousin Ru. Bah! he's a lucky fellow,
anyhow!"

"If only it had been you, my boy!"
sighed his mother.

And John stalked gloomily away to
meditate and plan how to fall heir to
a forfeited half of the estate.

"No hope with Ru," he muttered.
"His willing enough, so is she now;
but she may be made to kick the
traces. It's worth a try; anyhow."

Down by the sea, where Mrs. Carson,
her son and the great heiress went, by-
and-by, the latter created a sensa-
tion.

Young, handsome, proud, immensely
wealthy, she was courted by impecun-
ious titles and the mothers of eligible
sons.

Her Cousin John, with praiseworthy
self-denial, made it his business to
bring captives, and lay them at her
feet, seeking ever to please her eye and
her intelligence in his selections.

But it was a difficult task he had set
himself. The one defect in Alice's
character (and it was only a surface
defect, after all) was her ambition and
a too great belief in the power of
wealth.

Dear would she have liked to be
called "countess" or "marquis," could
that have been accomplished, and her
uncle's estates have remained with her,
and undivided; but as this could not
be, she deemed it better to be only a
baronet's lady, and to hold the estates
entire.

Of love, Alice knew nothing—noth-
ing of its mighty power or its infinite
weakness. She might learn; but nei-
ther time nor John Carson had brought
her a teacher yet.

"Alice," and Carson touched his
cousin's arm, "permit me to present to
you Mr. Allen Anderson."

Alice looked up to meet the search-
ing gaze of a pair of brown eyes, flash-
ing, jeweled, enthroned in a bronzed,
bearded setting; not a handsome face,
but something better—good, honest,
earnest.

That night when Alice went to her
room, she sat down and gazed out
over the sparkling sea-waves; and—it
was very ridiculous, she told herself,
and so it really was—they seemed to
be singing, and the burden of their
song was, "John Anderson, my Jo
John!"

The days sped on, riding, boating,
walking, and still, in the quiet hours
of the night, the soft sea-waves kept
on singing, "John Anderson, my Jo
John!"

And by-and-by there came an hour
when they varied the song, and ut-
tered, in a deep, tender, musical voice,
"Alice, I love you, I love you!"

If Allen Anderson had been there at
her side, still repeating it, Alice could
not have heard it more distinctly, and
somehow it was more than she could
bear. It was wretched, miserable!

She turned from the window, as she
had from him, and throwing herself
on the sofa, wept bitter tears.

They were all for him—oh, yes, ear-
nently so! The sad look in those brown
eyes had been so pitiful when she
spurned his plea, giving him to under-
stand that she considered such words
from a poor, untitled man to an heir-
ess as impertinent and insulting.

Brewton was a resort where the
slaves of fashion revelled for awhile in
freedom from the bonds of formality;
all were free to come and go as they

chose, untrammelled by society's iron
fetters.

The neighboring barracks, with its
gay garrison, perhaps was largely re-
sponsible for this state of things.
However that might be, it existed.

One of these delightfully free cus-
toms was, that any lady who desired,
might, without fear of offending the
proprieties, row herself out upon the
beautiful, smooth waters of the bay,
in one of the many skiffs provided for
such purposes. There were several
ladies brave enough and skillful enough
to enjoy this unwonted bit of liberty,
and of these Alice was one.

This was how it came to pass—that,
early on the morning following those
bitter hours of pity over the misery
she has caused to leap up into those
tender brown eyes, she went down to
the beach alone and pushed her little
boat out upon the silvery waters.

She was in no mood for conversa-
tion; she knew she should snap at any
one who came to her with careless,
flippant talk. Everything seemed so
dark, in spite of the sunny skies, and
it was so cruel to laugh and joke when
—when— Well, she hardly knew when,
or what, or why, only life was so
miserable, and her world had turned
"topsey-turvy."

It was too bad that she should be
made to feel so like a criminal, just
because she preferred a man with a
title, and to keep her uncle's estates
from being divided, to one who evi-
dently was not rich, and a commoner.

But bad as it was, while the dainty
oars rose and fell mechanically, they
kept saying, in low grumbling jerks,
"John Anderson, my Jo-John," in a
curious, monotonous rhythm that
nearly drove her wild, and when she
looked down into the water, a dark,
bearded face, with such a mournful,
pained expression on it, gazed back at
her. Really, it was too bad—it was
outrageous, just because she preferred
—Ah! but did she prefer?

Alice started as this question sud-
denly rose before her—the first the uni-
versal teacher had succeeded in calling
to her attention.

She knitted her brows, white brows,
and threw back her head in scornful im-
patience, and then, right before her
on the glistening water, she saw some-
thing that excited her wonder.

A low, flat platform, like a raft, with
a pole set up in the centre, and at its
top a circular disk. It was evidently
anchored there; but for what purpose?
And what meant that little skiff
moored alongside of it?

Some one must have brought it
there, yet no one was to be seen.

Slowly, with some hesitation, Alice
drew nearer, until close enough to ver-
ify her suspicion that she knew the
owner of that boat. It was the one
Mr. Anderson had secured for his own
use (and hers, as she knew well), but
where was he?

A terrible thought flashed into her
brain, causing a curious tightening of
her heart-strings. She had driven him
away in despair, last night. Could he
—But no, no! he was too good, too
brave, too honorable to seek a coward's
relief from sorrow.

Nevertheless, the thought overcame
all else, and she sent her boat flying
over the water toward that other
empty one—faster, faster yet, as she
drew closer; for prostrate on that
mysterious platform lay a figure that
she knew—ah, yes, would know amidst
a thousand—the peer of them all!

He never moved as she knelt at his
side, calling on him passionately to
speak to her. Heaven only knows
what wild ideas, horrible fears had
taken possession of the proud girl.
But she remembered afterward that
her first glance was for an empty pistol
in his hands.

His clear-cut features were turned
skyward, white and drawn with pain.

There was no wound that she could
see, yet he remained deaf to her ap-
peals for one word of forgiveness.

She looked round in despair, and
then she saw what the trouble was.

The huge timbers that formed the
raft were not tied very closely togeth-
er. His foot had slipped between two
of them like a trap, and the grinding
and crushing had caused a pain so in-
tense that he had fainted.

He had evidently been trying to
free himself, for his pocket-knife lay
at his side, and the rope was partially
cut.

With trembling hands Alice complet-
ed the work, and tenderly released
the poor, bruised foot.

Just then he opened his eyes, and,
seeing her, raised himself on his el-
bows, gazing wildly at the sweet,
blushing face bending so near him.

"Am I dead?" he murmured. "Is
this heaven?"

Boom! boom! came heavily echoing
from the far away shore, and some-
thing struck the water—drenching them
with spray.

Never was a man roused more effec-
tually.

"Good heavens!" he cried, "it is the
battery firing at this target! And you,
my darling, my darling!"

He struggled to get to his feet, and
fell back with a groan, and immediat-
ely tried it again, only this time Alice
held him down, her hand on his
shoulder.

"They must be signaled, they must,"
he panted, "or you may be—Oh, God!"

He covered his face with his hands
as the ominous boom rang out, and
again the spray fell over them.

Alice gave one glance at his white
face, distorted with anguish, then
sprang to her feet and, snatching off
her shawl, waved it over her head,
while she hurried to the target-pole
and held it there, like a broad flag.

She paid no heed to Allen's agonized

prayer to throw herself flat on the
platform, but watched the distant
shore with intense earnestness.

"They see! they see!" she cried.
"They are waving a flag, and now they
are putting off a boat. Oh, Allen, Al-
len, you are safe now!"

The strain over she tottered over to
him, and dropping on her knees beside
him, laid her head on his shoulder.
Self-deception, was over forever!

He held her there, nothing loth, heed-
ing little the pain in his crushed foot.
He was too gloriously happy to care
for a trifle like that.

"I came out here to take a look at
the target they set up yesterday, and
to say farewell to this beautiful bay.
I was going away this afternoon—shall
I still, Allie?"

A soft, hot cheek, pressed closer to
his, and that was all the answer he
got.

"And you take it all back, dear one?
Are you sure—very sure, that you
prefer a poor man, a plain Mr.—to—"

"Hush, hush, Allen!" she said, her
eyes filling with tears. "I despise my-
self, I did then, when—when I in-
sulted you so; but I had not found
out—"

"That your heart had learned Love's
lesson, without your consent? Well,
then, I bless this crushed foot and
those cannon-balls—a few hours
more and it would have been too
late."

"No, no!" faltered Alice, "for I think
I should have sent for you to come
back."

It is not necessary to tell how he an-
swered that confession.

When John Carson heard the news
of his cousin's engagement, which he
did that afternoon, he was wild with
delight, congratulating himself and his
mother on the success of his plans. Now,
Alice would forfeit her fortune, and all
that great half, save the twenty thou-
sand, would be his.

The next day Alice received a mes-
sage from her betrothed to come to
him, as he could not go to her. Her
aunt accompanied her, but remained at
a discreet distance from the sofa
where reclined Alice's disabled hero.

"Allie," he said, earnestly, "you are
very sure you will never repent? There,
there! do not look so reproachful; I
know, dear. But Allie, the doctor says
I must stay just this way for at least
two months, and so I want my wife
now, right away. Can't I have her
to nurse me? I won't be very trouble-
some."

Of course we know how such a plea
was answered—by an abject surrender.

Only a few friends were present at the
quiet wedding, and Alice, in her agita-
tion, was the only one who did not
notice that the minister addressed the
groom by another name than "Allen."

John Carson and his mother ex-
changed startled glances. A flood of
light poured upon them and it re-
quired all their self-control not to be-
tray the bitterness in their hearts.

"My wife," said the young husband,
tenderly, as soon as they were left
alone, "I have a confession to make.
I have deceived you—yes, dear, I have.
Alice, my name is not Allen; it is not
Anderson. I am not a poor man; I
am not Mr.—anybody. Yes, it is all
true this time. You say you do not
want even to see your poor Cousin
Rupert, but I hope that is not true.
I want you to love him, just a little,
for your husband's sake!"

He held out his arms, and drew her
close, close to his heart.

"I deceived you, dearest, because I
wanted a wife who loved me for my
own sake alone. If you had not found
out that Allen Anderson was dear to
you, Sir Rupert would have declined
to carry out his uncle's will, and his
half of the estate, not yours, would
have been forfeited. But, thank
heaven, my darling learned Love's les-
son, after all, and so we'll be happy
ever after."

The Death Rate of War.

Medical Record.

It is a truism that in war disease
kills more than the bullet. The de-
tailed facts showing this, however, in
case of our own war are of special in-
terest. The states and territories con-
tributed to the army of the Union 3,-
500,000 men. Of these, during the
four years of war, there were killed in
action 67,030, or 2.88 per cent.; there
died of wounds 43,000 of 1.85 per cent.,
making a total of deaths from violence
110,030, or 4.73 per cent. On the
other hand there died from disease
224,586, or 9.98 per cent., disease be-
ing thus twice as fatal as the bullet.

The total mortality among Union sol-
diers during the war would be 334,616
or 14.41 per hundred of those engaged.

Thus over 14 out of every hundred
soldiers died in the four years' war.
This is an enormous death rate, but
figures are often wrongly used, and they
do not indicate accurately the mortal-
ity rightly attributable to the war.

The ordinary death rate among male
adults is about 9 per thousand annu-
ally in this country. During the four
years of the war there would have oc-
curred under any circumstances among
the three and a half million of soldiers
about 126,000 deaths attributable
to the war. To put it in a general way,
instead of four men who would have
died in the natural course of events,
fifteen men out of every hundred died
in the course of the war. The death
rate from bullets is only a little greater
than the death rate in civil life, but the
soldier has added the enormous risks
from disease.

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Debility, Neuralgia, and all Female
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stance. Possessing real merit, the remedy is
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