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Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

death of the lion perfectly. He remembered, too, how Tammas had caught the codfish in the Forth, and had, indeed, had part of the cod for his tea. He told wonderful tales of the presence of mind and bravery of Tammas, who, like all true heroes, remained modestly silent while the stories were being told, and, in fact, on one or two occasions, even protested that Donald was over-rating him.

By the end of the week, when Donald returned to Glasgow, the "antis" consisted only of Davie Logan, Willie Peacock, and Jessie Taggart; and Tammas had triumphantly vindicated himself and regained his position. At the monthly prayer-meeting he prayed for "those of little faith and little understanding," and folk knew he meant Davie and Willie. He offered subsequently to shake hands with Davie and forgive him if Davie would apologise for the disrespect and publicly express regret; but as he also mentioned that nothing would now induce him to consent to Jessie marrying the lad, Davie declined the overtures indignantly.

"I've tried everything, Davie," said Jessie despairingly, when she met Davie that night after Tammas had gone down to the smithy, "but I canna move him. I've argued and reasoned and grat; I've gien him half-cooked parritch wi' nae saut, and I'm greetin' when he comes in; but he tak's nae notice. I canna persuade him, Davie, and he's as bitter as ever against me."

"Weel, if persuasion's nae use, we'll try coercion," responded Davie doggedly. "I'm no gaun to maik a fule o' mysel' by saying I believe his stories noo, for I ken they're a' less. He maun ken that himsel', ta, but he's just obstinate."

"Ay, he's obstinate, Davie, but he's teit the stories sae often that he thinks they're true, and Donald Fraser's as bad as he is. He kens they're no true, but he pretends they are, and supports lika thing my faither says, forbye telling lees himsel'."

"Dye ken Donald Fraser's address, Jess?" asked Davie after a thoughtful silence. "I think I'll gang and see him."

"What for, Davie?"

"Oh, it's just an idea I've gotten in my head," answered Davie. "Gie me Donald Fraser's address."

Jessie complied, and next morning, without having said a word as to his intentions, Davie went off to Glasgow. He was away for two days, and on his return he went boldly to Tammas Taggart's house—Jessie admitted him half-fearfully—and bearded the lion in his den.

"I want a word wi' you, Mr Taggart," he said firmly, as Tammas stared at him in angry astonishment.

"Get out o' this!" thundered Tammas. "Hoo daur ye set fit across my door or speak to me! Get out, or I'll run ye out by the scruff o' the neck."

"Try that, and I'll warrant that you'll be run out o' Forfield by the scruff o' the neck inside twa days," retorted Davie ominously. "Ye needna try to frighten me, Tammas Taggart, and unless ye want me to publish your infamy ye'd best keep a ceevil tongue in your head. Man, ye should think black, burning shame o' yersel', ye auld—Ananias!"

"What! Ye daur—" spluttered Tammas, but Davie's blood was up and he shouted him down.

"If ye daur try to justify yersel' I'll gang straight to the meenister, and you'll be turned out o' the kirk. You're just a born leer, Tammas Taggart, and ye ken it fue. Man, you're sic a leer that ye dinna ken when you're telling lees."

"Oot o' my house, ye slandierer!" cried Tammas. "I'll hae the law on ye for this!"

"I'll gang out when I'm ready, Truthful Tammas Taggart, and I'll tak' this letter wi' me," retorted Davie hotly, pulling a letter from his pocket. "Maybe ye'd like to hear what's in it? I'll read it:

This is to certify that my auld freend Tammas Taggart is the biggest leer wuhung, and an auld swinder. He promised me a pound for backing up his lees, but cheated me oot o' ten shillings. He never was in Africa nor India, that I know of, and his stories are just blethers. I'm a bit o' a leer mysel', but Tammas Taggart tak's the biscuit.

(Signed) DONALD FRASER."

Tammas forgot he was an elder and swore roundly, while Davie regarded him triumphantly.

"He's a— a traitor!" he gasped at last, sinking into a chair. "Noboddy wad believe him. Maybe that letter's a forgery."

"Maybe no!" retorted Davie curtly. "If you're wanting to try to dispute it, Donald Fraser's ready to come doon again if I'll pay his expenses. You're a ruined man, Tammas Taggart, unless—"

He paused and turned to Jessie, who had been listening outside the door, and now entered the room.

"Unless what?" asked Tammas.

"Unless you agree to let Jessie marry me," said Davie calmly. "I dinna want to be hard on you, as you're to be my faither-in-law, but I'll stand nae nonsense. You're a terrible leer, but I'm no' judging ye; it's maybe a kind o' disease wi' ye, but ye can see yersel' what a scandal there would be if I tell s' I ken."

"I'm no' a leer!" Tammas protested indignantly. "I'm maybe a wee inclined to exaggerate whites, but I'm no' a leer, and it wad be a criminal act to try to ruin my reputation by showin' anybody that scoondrel's letter."

"Am I to hae Jess or no?" asked Davie.

"Ay, if you gie faither that letter, Davie, and promise you'll never expose him or affront him," chimed in Jessie,

woman-like taking the part of the under-dog.

"But what am I gaun to tell folk?" asked Tammas. "I vowed I wouldna allow it. They'll be saying I've gien in."

"Ye can tell them I was making your life a burden and you're gied to get rid o' me," said Jess slyly.

"But that's no' true, and I'm no' gaun to tell folk lees," said Tammas solemnly. "I'll just say that being an elder I thoct I'd show a guid example by forgien' my enemies. Gie's that letter, Davie, and see ye haud your tongue. It's just blackmail, nae less, and ye should be ashamed o' yersel'; but tak' her—tak' her and be dune wi' it!"

OVER THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

Mrs. Naggs: "John, have you read How to be Happy Though Married?"

Naggs: "Of course not. I know how, without reading it."

Mrs. Naggs: "Well, how?"

Naggs: "Get a divorce."