

Peter Elwanger, a market man at Bowles market, Louisville, is the possessor of a silver dollar coined in 1804, which he refused to sell for \$800. The coin came into his possession through an aged relative in Indiana, who has owned it for over fifty years. There are but seven pieces of this date in existence, and they are valued at \$1,000 each by coin collectors. Henry Stochhoff offers to buy the coin for \$800.

Some enterprising people in Belgium have applied the telephone to a novel use. Little bells are supplied and fitted to the bed of all who desire to rise early in the morning but cannot do so of their own accord. A certain time is fixed and communicated to the central station, and at the precise moment agreed upon the current is turned on and the bells commence to ring, and continue doing so until the slumberer awakes, leaves his couch and informs the head office that he has had enough.

The Los Angeles (Cal.) Herald mentions a plant which is said to be a sure cure for snake bites. The plant is called the "spider lily," and displays a beautiful flower that makes it a fine ornament for yards and gardens. The leaves can be dried and preserved for years. When needed for a sting or a bite they can be moistened and applied in the form of a poultice to the wound. If used when green there is no necessity for moistening the plant, as all that is necessary is to bruise the leaves and apply them to the wound.

The estate of the Vanderbilt family is estimated at about \$200,000,000; that of the Astors at nearly as much, and that of A. T. Stewart from \$70,000,000 to \$75,000,000. Jay Gould's wealth is set down in round numbers at \$100,000,000 and Rockefeller's at \$35,000,000. The property belonging to the estates of the rich Californians—Hopkins, Mills, Flood, Fair, Sharon, O'Brien, Mackay and Huntington—will reach, it is thought, some \$250,000,000 more, making in all \$855,000,000. Even this enormous sum is not supposed to equal the combined wealth of all the members of the Rothschilds. The richest man in Great Britain is the Duke of Westminster, whose income is rated at a guinea (twenty-one shillings) a minute, or about \$2,700,000 a year, derived almost entirely from real estate in the midst of London. The late William H. Vanderbilt is said to have had an income at least three times as large. There are, however, more Englishmen than Americans with incomes of \$1,000,000 or thereabouts. England is prodigiously wealthy (as well as extremely poor), and her wealth is the accumulation of hundreds of years, and is growing now at the rate of \$600,000,000 annually, the net profits of all her industrial and commercial enterprises. At the present rate of increase, she will have accumulated in twenty-five years fifteen thousands of millions additional capital. No wonder interest is low there, and that her capitalists are constantly seeking investments throughout civilization. The accumulation of money, however, has been even greater in this country, where the rate of interest has diminished in ten years far more than in any part of Europe.

Elections on the other side are far less costly now than in the ante-reform days. One memorable election in the West Riding of Yorkshire cost Lord Fitzwilliam \$250,000, and the defeated rival house of Wortley, Lord Wharcliffe, \$100,000. Fox's famous election for Westminster cost \$135,000. The elections in Galway and Mayo, in the west of Ireland, which lasted over weeks, cost the contestants generally at least \$50,000, and in nearly every instance their estates, loaded with encumbrances thus contracted, passed out of their families. The voters, many of them brought from mountain homes at long distances from the seat of the election, had virtually to fight their way in herds to the polls. The candidates, on their part, had usually to fight two or three duels as a necessary accompaniment. On one occasion the celebrated Colonel Martin, on being asked who was likely to win a certain election, wrote back: "The survivor." The last of the Martin family, his daughter, died just after landing in 1850, at the Union Place (present Morton House) Hotel. The liquor saloons, styled on the other side public houses, instead of being closed as here on election days, were all kept open at the candidates' expense. A Squire Fleming, who successfully opposed Lord Palmerston for Hampshire, in reply to a long address of that Minister, got up and said: "I do not know anything about the subjects on which the noble lord has spoken. I only know that I have ordered all the public houses in Hampshire to be opened, and they will be kept open at my expense until the close of the polls." The ballot was the principal instrument in doing away with those old lively electioneering times. The expenses are now limited by law to \$3,000 at the outside and in many cases to less, and need not exceed \$250 or \$300. The candidate is obliged to make returns of the exact amount expended. The expenditure of many of the Irish M. P.'s at the last election did not exceed \$250. Mr. Labouchere's return at Northampton was only \$150.

(From the Chicago Ledger.)
OLIVIA;
—OR—
THE DOCTOR'S TWO LOVES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"The Second Mrs. Tillotson," "Never Forgotten," Etc., Etc.

[CHAPTER XLVI.—CONTINUED.]

"Let us return to what I told you at first," I said; "if you find Olivia, you have no more authority over her than I have. You will be obliged to return to England alone, and I shall place her in some safe custody. I shall ascertain precisely how the law stands, both here and in England. Now, I advise you, for Foster's sake, make as much haste home as you can, for he will be left without nurse or doctor while we two are away."

She sat gnawing her under-lip for some minutes, and looking as vicious as Madam was wont to do in her worst tempers. "You will let me make some inquiries to satisfy myself?" she said. "Certainly," I replied; "you will only discover, as I have, that the school was broken up a month ago, and Ellen Martineau has disappeared."

I kept no very strict watch over her during the day, for I felt sure she would find no trace of Olivia in Noireau. At night I saw her again. She was worried and despondent, and declared herself quite ready to return to Falaise by the omnibus at five o'clock in the morning. I saw her off, and gave the driver a fee to bring me word for what town she took her ticket at the railway station. When he returned in the evening he told me he had himself bought her one for Honfleur, and started her fairly on her way home. As for myself, I had spent the day in making inquiries at the offices of the octoris—those local custom-houses which stand at every entrance into a town or village in France, for the gathering of trifling vexatious taxes upon articles of food and merchandise. At one of these I had learned that, three or four weeks ago, a young Englishwoman with a little girl had passed by on foot, each carrying a small bundle, which had not been examined. It was the octoris on the road to Granville, which was between thirty and forty miles away. From Granville was the nearest route to the Channel Islands. Was it not possible that Olivia had resolved to seek refuge there again? Perhaps to seek me? My heart, bowed down by the sad picture of her and the little child leaving the town on foot, beat high again at the thought of Olivia in Guernsey.

I set off for Granville by the omnibus next morning, and made further inquiries at every village we passed through, whether anything had been seen of a young Englishwoman and a little girl. At first the answer was yes; then it became a matter of doubt; at last everywhere they replied by a discouraging no. At one point of our journey we passed a dilapidated sign-post, with a rude black figure of the Virgin hanging below it. I could just decipher upon the post, in half-obliterated letters, "Vile-en-bois." It occurred to me that this was the place where fever was raging like the pest. "It is a poor place," said the driver, disparagingly; "there is nothing there but the fever, and a good angel of a cure, who is the only doctor into the bargain. It is two leagues and a kilometer, and it is on the road to nowhere."

I could not stop in my quest to turn aside and visit this village smitten with fever, though I felt a strong inclination to do so. At Granville I learned that a young lady and a child had made the voyage to Jersey a short time before, and I went on with stronger hope. But in Jersey I could obtain no further information about her, nor in Guernsey, whither I felt sure Olivia would certainly have proceeded. I took one day more to cross over to Sark and consult Tardif, but he knew no more than I did. He absolutely refused to believe that Olivia was dead.

"In August," he said, "I shall hear from her. Take courage and comfort. She promised it, and she will keep her promise. If she had known herself to be dying she would certainly have sent me word."

"It is a long time to wait," I said, with an utter sinking of spirit.

"It is a long time to wait!" he echoed, lifting up his hands, and letting them fall again with a gesture of weariness; "but we must wait and hope."

To wait in impatience, and to hope at times and despair at times, I returned to London.

CHAPTER XLVII.
THE LAW OF MARRIAGE.

One of my first proceedings after my return was to ascertain how the English law stood with regard to Olivia's position. Fortunately for me, one of Doctor Senior's oldest friends was a lawyer of great repute, and he discussed the question with me after a dinner at his house at Fulham.

"There seems to be no proof of any kind against the husband," he said, after I had told him all.

"Why?" I exclaimed, "here you have a girl, brought up in luxury and wealth, willing to brave any poverty rather than continue to live with him."

"A girl's whim," he said; "mania, perhaps. Is there insanity in her family?"

"She is as sane as I am," I answered. "Is there no law to protect a wife against the companionship of such a woman as this second Mrs. Foster?"

"The husband introduces her as his cousin," he rejoined, "and places her in some little authority on the plea that his wife is too young to be left alone safely in Continental hotels. There is no reasonable objection to be taken to that?"

"Then Foster could compel her to return to him?" I said.

"As far as I see into the case, he certainly could," was the answer, which drove me frantic.

"But there is this second marriage," I objected.

"There lies the kernel of the case," he said, daintily peeling his walnut. "You tell me there are papers, which you believe to be forgeries, purporting to be the medical certificate with corroborative proofs of her death. Now, if the wife be guilty of framing these, the husband will bring them against her as the grounds on which he felt free to contract his second marriage. She has done a very foolish and a very wicked thing there."

"You think she did it?" I asked.

He smiled significantly, but without saying anything.

"I cannot!" I cried.

"Ah! you are blind," he returned, with the same maddening smile; "but let me return. On the other hand, if the husband has forged these papers, it would go far with me as strong presumptive evidence against him, upon which we might go in for a divorce, not a separation merely. If the young lady had remained with him till she had collected proof of his unfaithfulness to her, this, with his subsequent marriage to the same person during her lifetime, would probably have set her absolutely free."

"Divorced from him?" I said.

"Divorced," he repeated.

"But what can be done now?" I asked.

"All you can do," he answered, "is to establish your influence over this fellow, and go cautiously to work with him. As long as the lady is in France, if she be alive, and he is too ill to go after her, she is safe. You may convince him by degrees that it is to his interest to come to some terms with her. A formal deed of separation might be agreed upon and drawn up, but even that will not perfectly secure her in the future."

I was compelled to remain satisfied with this opinion. Yet how could I be satisfied while Olivia, if she was still living, was wandering about homeless, and, as I feared, destitute, in a foreign country?

I made my first call upon Foster the next evening. Mrs. Foster had been to Brook street every day since her return, to inquire for me, and to leave an urgent message that I should go to Bellringer street as soon as I was again in town. The lodging-house looked almost as wretched as the forsaken dwelling down at Noireau, where Olivia had perhaps been living, and the stifling, musty air inside it almost made me gasp for breath.

"So you are come back!" was Foster's greeting, as I entered the dingy room.

"Yes," I replied.

"I need not ask what success you've had," he said, sneering. "Why so pale and wan, fond lover? Your trip has not agreed with you, that is plain enough. It did not agree with Carrie, either, for she came back swearing she would never go on such a wild-goose chase again. You know I was quite opposed to her going?"

"No," I said, incredulously. The diamond ring had disappeared from his finger, and it was easy to guess how the funds had been raised for the journey.

"Altogether opposed," he repeated. "I believe Olivia is dead. I am quite sure she has never been under this roof with me, as Miss Ellen Martineau has been. I should have known it as surely as ever a tiger scented its prey. Do you suppose I have no sense keen enough to tell me she was in the very house where I was?"

"Nonsense!" I answered. His eyes glistened cruelly, and made me almost ready to spring upon him. I could have seized him by the throat and shaken him to death, in my sudden passion of loathing against him; but I sat quiet, and ejaculated "Nonsense!" Such power has the spirit of the nineteenth century among civilized classes.

"Olivia is dead!" he said, in a solemn tone. "I am convinced of that from another reason; through all the misery of our marriage, I never knew her guilty of an untruth, not the smallest. She was as true as the gospel. Do you think you or Carrie could make me believe that she would trifle with such an awful subject as her own death? No. I would take my oath that Olivia would never have had that letter sent, or written to me those few lines of farewell, but to let me know that she was dead."

His voice faltered a little, as though even he were moved by the thought of her early death. Mrs. Foster glanced at him jealously, and he looked back at her with a provoking curve about his lips. For the moment there was more hatred than love in the regards exchanged between them. I saw it was useless to pursue the subject.

"Well," I said, "I came to arrange a time for Doctor Lowry to visit you with me, for the purpose of a thorough examination. It is possible that Doctor Senior may be induced to join us, though he has retired from practice. I am anxious for his opinion as well as Lowry's."

"You really wish to cure me?" he answered, raising his eyebrows.

"To be sure," I replied. "I can have no other object in undertaking your case. Do you imagine it is a pleasure to me? It is possible that your death would be a greater benefit to the world than your life, but that is no question for me to decide. Neither is it for me to consider whether you are my friend or my enemy. There is simply a life to be saved if possible; whose, is not my business. Do you understand me?"

"I think so," he said. "I am nothing except material for you to exercise your craft upon."

"Precisely," I answered; "that and nothing more. As some writer says, 'it is a mere matter of instinct with me. I attend you just as a Newfoundland dog saves a drowning man.'"

I went from him to Hanover street, where I found Captain Carey, who met me with the embarrassment and shamefacedness of a young girl. I had not yet seen them since my return from Normandy. There was much to tell them, though they already knew that my expedition had failed, and that it was still doubtful whether Ellen Martineau and Olivia were the same person.

Captain Carey walked along the street with me toward home. He had taken my arm in his most confidential manner, but he did not open his lips till we reached Brook street.

"Martin," he said, "I've turned it over in my own mind, and I agree with Tardif. Olivia is no more dead than you or me. We shall find out all about it in August, if not before. Cheer up, my boy! I tell you what, Julia and I will wait till we are sure about Olivia."

"No, no," I interrupted; "you and Julia have nothing to do with it. When is your wedding?"

"If you have no objection," he answered—"have you the least shadow of an objection?"

"Not a shadow of a shadow," I said.

"Well, then," he resumed, bashfully, "what do you think of August? It is a pleasant month, and would give us time for that trip to Switzerland, you know. Not any sooner, because of your poor mother; and later, if you like that better."

"Not a day later," I said; "my father has been married again these four months."

Yet I felt a little sore for my mother's memory. How quickly it was fading from every heart but mine! If I could but go to her now, and pour out all my troubled thoughts into her listening, indulgent ear! Not even Olivia herself, who could never be to me more than she was at this moment, could fill her place.

CHAPTER XLVIII.
FULFILLING THE PLEDGE.

We—that is, Doctor Senior, Lowry, and I—made our examination of Foster, and held our consultation, three days from that time.

There was no doubt whatever that he was suffering from the same disease as that which had been the death of my mother—a disease almost invariably fatal, sooner or later. A few cases of cure, under most favorable circumstances, had been reported during the last half century; but the chances were dead against Foster's recovery. In all probability a long and painful illness, terminating in inevitable death, lay before him. In the opinion of my two senior physicians, all that I could do would be to alleviate the worst pangs of it.

His case haunted me day and night. In that deep undercurrent of consciousness which lurks beneath our surface sensations and impressions, there was always present the image of Foster, with his pale, cynical face, and pitiless eyes. With this was the perpetual remembrance that a subtle malady, beyond the reach of our skill, was slowly eating away his life. The man I abhorred; but the sufferer, mysteriously linked with the memories which clung about my mother, aroused my most urgent, instinctive compassion. Only once before had I watched the conflict between disease and its remedy with so intense an interest.

It was a day or two after our consultation that I came accidentally upon the little note-book which I had kept in Guernsey—a private note-book, accessible only to myself. It was night; Jack, as usual, was gone out, and I was alone. I turned over the leaves merely for listless want of occupation. All at once I came upon an entry, made in connection with my mother's illness, which recalled to me the discovery I believed I had made of a remedy for her disease, had it only been applied in its earlier stages. It had slipped out of my mind, but now my memory leaped upon it with irresistible force.

I must tell the whole truth, however terrible and humiliating it may be. Whether I had been true or false to myself up to that moment I cannot say. I had taken upon myself the care and, if possible, the cure of this man, who was my enemy, if I had an enemy in the world. His life and mine could not run parallel without great grief and hurt to me, and to one dearer than myself. Now that a better chance was thrust upon me in my favor, I shrank from seizing it with unutterable reluctance. I turned heart-sick at the thought of it. I tried my utmost to shake off the grip of my memory. Was it possible that, in the core of my heart, I wished this man to die?

Yes, I wished him to die. Conscience flashed the answer across the inner depths of my soul, as a glare of lightning over the sharp crags and cruel waves of our island in a midnight storm. I saw with terrible distinctness that there had been lurking within a sure sense of satisfaction in the certainty that he must die. I had suspected nothing of it till that moment. When I told him it was the instinct of a physician to save his patient I spoke the truth. But I found something within me deeper than instinct, that was waiting and watching for the fatal issue of his malady, with a tranquil security so profound that it had never stirred the surface of my consciousness, or lifted up its ghostly face to the light of conscience.

I took up my note-book and went away to my room, lest Jack should come in suddenly and read my secret on my face. I thrust the book into a drawer in my desk, and locked it away, out of my sight. What need had I to trouble myself with it or its contents? I found a book, one of Charles Dickens' most amusing stories, and set myself resolutely to read it, laughing aloud at its drolleries, and reading faster and faster, while all the time thoughts came crowding into my mind of my mother's pale, worn face, and the pains she suffered, and the remedy found out too late. These images grew so strong at last that my eyes ran over the sentences mechanically, but my brain refused to take in the meaning of them. I threw the book from me, and, leaning my head on my hands, I let all the waves of that memory flow over me.

How strong they were! How persistent! I could hear the tones of her languid voice, and see the light lingering to the last in her dim eyes whenever they met mine. A shudder crept through me as I recollected how she traveled that dolorous road, slowly, day by day, down to the grave. Other feet were beginning to tread the same painful journey, but there was yet time to stay them, and the power to do it was intrusted to me. What was I to do with my power?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The accumulation of books in the public library at Boston has been increased so much that the city has appropriated \$150,000 for a new building.

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