THE MORGANTON STAR, FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1888.

AUNT AND NIECE;

The Mistress of Hazelwood.

By GERALD CARLTON,

HAPTER XVIII.-[CONTINUED.]

letter and the account which he had weeeved from Jack Graham of Ada's sudden and dangerous fit gave Will much concern.

"Actually," he said to himself, after he had thought the matter over, "it is now in my power, according to Miss Bentley's opinion, to cure Miss Wentworth of her madness- to make her happy, and to make Miss Bentley happy through her niece."

"Was it a wild, mad project that he was on?" he asked himself. "Was not his mind, enfeebled by the fever, incapable of directing him?"

Distructing his own judgment, he con-sulted Graham. He fully expected that Jack would laugh at him; but he did no such thing.

"Tell me, old fellow," he said to Jack, who had listened most attentively to his proposition, "is this the notion of a man cracked by fever and sorrow, or does it sound to you a sober. sensible act? Can I say or wr to this to Miss Bentley, or would it be the act of a madman?"

"It is the right thing to do," exclaimed Jack, heartily. "Say it-don't write it-at the earliest moment.

"You see, Jack," pursued the young man, "our little woman said, on her death-bed, that she would like me to marry. So far as I am concerned, I would like to remain single; but then it seems to me now that it would be abominably selfish on my part to remain single when I can bring about, according to Miss Bentley's opinion, so much good by marrying.'

"Exactly. Of course you would wait for a year or so; you might learn to like her by that time, you know."

"I like her now, Jack; poor child!" "Well, learn to love her, then. She's very charming. Life with her would not be so unpleasant, after all. Do it, Witl; do it!"

"I think I will try it at any rate," Tryfoil answered.

"You are a confounded scoundrel if you don't," Jack said, laughing; "for it's a glorious chance for doing a virtuous action, and you must do it; it's your duty. Lock at happiness, and consequently, yours, Miss whom we caught lurking here.' the good results. It gives you an object to Bentley. I should never be so impertinent He seized her hand, which were as cold work for, without which, possibly, you as to propose this remedy solely on my own as death. would go crazy. It cures madness and mis- account. I do not claim the idea as my own. "She is not alone!" he said. "For heav-

pected visitor there that day-Sir Landy | his own happiness in making the offer. Sir Lindsey, the London banker. He had got there some hours before Will's

arrival, and had been informed by Miss | hesitation, she agreed to do. Bentley of the young man's anticipated journey to Hazelwood.

permit him to be present at the interview, which request was, of course, granted. in her old, Learty manner, and warmly congratu'ated him on his recovery.

"Not a word till after dinner," she said. brightly, as Tryfoil began to explain the nature of his visit; though in her brightpeared to him the words: "I am so serry poor Emily is dead!" running sadly and

"How is Miss Wentworth?" Will asked, turning a shade paler as he thought of the to Ada's bedroom-the ex-library. errand he had come on.

"You know me well enough to believe," he went on, after she had replied to his nine. question, "that nothing but the belief that I can serve you and your niece would have led me to come here after what has passed?"

"Not a word till after dinner, if you please," Miss Bentley repeated; and, with that, she led him into the dining-room.

Will Tryfoil was both surprised and displeased at finding Sir Landy Lindsey there. "I am glad that you are better, Mr. Try-

foil," said the banker, co'dly. He had been told of all that had taken place since his last visit to Hazelwood House, even of Emily Graham's death. He met the young man now, as he had done in the past, with that cold politeness which seemed to be a part of his nature. There was very little said during dinner. Miss Bentley and Sir Landy were anxiously wondering as to what Will Tryfoil had to tress of herself.

propose for Ada's benefit, while the young man himself was thinking, with a faint heart, of the difficult task before him. "Never mind," he thought; "it is only a

dream. I will wake up soon.

room Will was thankful that he had escaped a

he grew to dislike the man more and more | of the house. each time he saw him.

"Now, Mr. Tryfoil." said Miss Bentley, pidity. when they had got seated, "you need have no hesitation in speaking before Sir Landy. | which he called Miss Bentley's attention. He knows all connected with my niece's melancholy history-besides, three heads are better than one you know. We are all attention. Begin, if you please.

The drawing-room time-piece struck the hour of nine as she was speaking.

"I have very little to say," Will answered, uneasily; "but that little is extremely diffi-"No!" cult. I hope you will both understand that my only object is Miss Wentworth's at the size of it. It belongs to the beggar,

Landy urged Miss Bentley to acquaint her niece with that offer, which, after some

"I will break to Ada what you have said to-night, Mr. Tryfoil," she said. "It will The banker was greatly puzzled by Will's be better coming from me, I think; but I note, and he requested Miss Bentley to will not say now when I will tell her. I must have a little time. She is not in a fit mental condition to receive such news at pres-The mistress of Hazelwood received Will ent. Just now, for instance, when I left her, she was most strange: she kissed mepoor child, although I told her 1 should return in half an hour-passionately she clung about me, as if we were about to part forever. Let this question of your offer ness-as in her entire demeanor-there ap- 1 stand over, then, for a little time; and z w" -moving toward the door-"excuse me for an instant, while I see how she is. I am sympath-tically through all she said and very nervous about her to-night-though I don't know why.'

She left the drawing-room and proceeded

Miss Bentley had sourcely gone when the timepiece struck the third quarter after

Alone with Sir Landy Lindsey, Will prepared himself to hear a criticism on his conduct and character. The banker opened his mouth to speak, but did not; for, pale and trembling, Miss Bentley rushed into the room which a moment before she had left with such quiet, queenly dignity, and cried wildly:

"Mr. Tryfoil, she has gone!" "Gone!"

The two men started to their feet. "Her room is empty-the window is open! Gone!"

into confusion. The mad terror that had seized Miss Bentley immediately that she had discovered her niece's mysterious absence-the agonizing thought that Ada was bent on self-destruction-still left her mis-

Ghastly pale, trembing from head to foot, her temples throbbing with cruel wildness, she did all that the calmest could have done toward finding her niece.

Her voice rose above all the others in di-Dinner over, they all left for the drawing- recting the search that was made. The grounds were examined in every direction. One servant was dispatched to Perthard, tete-a-tete with the banker, for, somehow, another to a village which stood to the right

Everything was done with murvelous ra-

Will found the first and only clew, to "Quick! Don't you know that footmark?" He pointed to a tremendously large and clumsy imprint of a man's foot, which, by the light of a lantern carried by one of the servants, was visible on a flower-bed just below the library window-a footmark ap-

"I do!" he exclaimed excitedly, "Look

ery in one young lady, and so removes from It is yours!" casting his eyes toward Miss en's sake don't alarm yourself with the idea of suicide. I'm off! Trust in me! If she is to be found, which of course she is, I'll "God speed you," she returned, hoarsely. "I do trust in you. You give me new life!

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INFERNATIONAL LESSON FOR

JANUARY 29 1885.

V. 13. We are now entering the second division of the record of the public ministry of Jesus. As the first commenced with the attestation of the Father to His Sonship, Matt. iii., 17, so this commences with a similar attestation on the part of one of His apostles. Up to this time, no such declaration appears on the part of the people or of His disciples. And it came in answer to His own question. Jesus asked his disciples what the people said about him? Whom did they take Him to be!

V. 14. And the answer was varied in its tone. Some, probably the Herodians, said John the Baptist. They held that he was risen from the dead, and so acounted for the mighty works which Jesus wrought. Others said He was Elias, or Elijah, while yet others said He was Jeremiah, or one of the other prophets. All gave Him a high posi-tion; while, probably, the popular judgment was much lowered by the opposition of the Scribes and Phariszes to belief in His Messiah-The Watchur

V. 15. But Jesus would not rest here. At once he made it a personal matter. "Who say ye that I am?" thus pointing the great truth that in every such question the indi-Hazelwood House was instantly thrown vidual application is always the paramont Route, a Dakota railroad managed by a concern. In that line it is of small consequence to us what others may think or say, but it is of infinite moment to ourselves that we each one think and speak the real truth about Christ.

Christ, the Son of the living God." It was a glorious confession; radiant with the brightest beam of the truth and instinct with its mightiest power. Through the ages it has fleated, bannerlike, at the head of the army of the Church, and underneath its folds the battle has always waged with the most unyielding severity. We note two points in this confession, i. e.,

1. Its Positiveness. There was no halting in the march of Peter's thought; no uncertainty in its tone; no reservation in its statement. It was clear, bold and ringing. There was no paltering with it in a double sense, "Thou art the Christ." It was simple and | and just as the rabbit reached the midunqualified truth.

2. Its Comprehensiveness. It covered the entire ground. Like Jacob's Ladder, "it was set up on the earth, and the top of it reached even unto Heaven." For both the natures of our Lord are comprehended in it. "Thou of mind enough to direct my wife to art'-is not this His Humanity? Is it not take the piece of red flannel off the baby's "the Man Christ Jesus" standing there be-fore him? Was not this declaration made about him? That human form standing there in their milst was not all. Indissolubly joined with that, pervading it with its subtle and deathless influence, was His Divinity-constituting Him "the Christ, the Son of the living God." "The Christ," the Anointed One, set apart from everlasting,

V. 25-28. We must remember that, as our Lord spoke them, "Life" and "Soul" are one and the same word. That "Life" is used in two senses-a higher and a lower: a bodily and a spiritual sense-and that our true life or soul may be lost. And what will every-thing else profit us if that is done? What shall we give in exchange for it? For that will survive when the Master comes again. And what will compensate for a lost soul?

GENERAL LESSONS. 1. The need of right views about Christ, Everything turns on this, As John Newton Savs.

" What think ye of Christ?" is the test, To try both our state and our scheme; We cannot be right in the rest. Unless we think rightly of Him."

2. The ineffable mystery of the Gospel, is just the inevitable necessity of the Gospel. For, unless Jesus were Man, He could not get into the place of the Saviour. And if He were not at the same time God, He could not save us if He were there.

3. The soul is the equivalent of a man's self. Luke, therefore, points the alternative thus: "Gain the whole world and lose himself, or be cast away," Luke ix., 25. For the soul or the true life carries the body with it, and determines the state and destiny of the entire man.

4. The Second Coming of the Son of Man is either the most glorious or the most fearful event—exactly according as we stand related

The Watchman's Report,

There was a serious accident to one of the largest and mostly costly bridges on | Stings, the line of the Dakota & Great Midland local company. The following is an extract from the bridge watchman's report to the President of the company :

"I was approaching the cast end of the V. 15. And Peter, moved with a sudden bridge from my house," writes the watch-inspiration, at once raplies: "Thou art the man, "when suddenly I saw the jackman, "when suddenly I saw the jackrabbit coming down the line towards the bridge right between the rails and running very rapidly. Realizing the disastrous effects his crossing would have on the bridge I ran as fast as possible to wither stop him or in some way induce aim to cross on a walk, but I was too late, and the frightened animal rushed past me and onto the bridge, taking jumps almost as long as the rails. The structure trembled, swayed violently. dle, the bridge, together with the abutments and the rabbit himself, crashed into the abyss below. I barely escaped with my own life, but retained presence sore throat and go back up the track and signal the 7:40 limited Pullman express, I now have both hired men at work repairing the wreck, but it will be several days before travel can be resumed. I would recommend that strong gates be placed at the ends of the other bridges on our road to keep the rabbits off, as they seem to be jumping remarkably high this season, and junless something is done half of our best bridges are liable to be kicked down before spring. -Chingo Tribune.



THIS GOOD OLD STAND-BY

ccomplishes for everybody exactly what is claimed for it. One of the reasons for the great popularity the Mustang Liniment is found in its universa. applicability. Everybody needs such a medicine.

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Keep a Bottle in the Factory. Itsimmediate use in case of accident saves pain and loss of wages, Keep a Bottle Always in the Stable for

use when wanted.

you say the other day you wished it was in | greatest attention. your power to raturn some of the kindness you have received from Miss Bentley. Here you are! Do it, my boy, and good luck to you!" Graham was not drinking to excess now. The devil within was keeping him too busy to permit his indulging in the devil w thout.

Will Tryfoil was bent now on taking the journey to Hazelwood House.

Two weeks had to elapse before he was even in a fit state to bear the fatigue.

At last, at Jack Graham's suggestion, he wrote the following:

"MY DEAR MISS BENTLEY: If you will allow me, I will call on you next Friday evening. I think I have something to propose respecting your niece that may please you and result in your benefit.'

The lady of Hazelwood answered that she would be delighted to see him, if he was well enough to undergo the fatigue of the journey.

This note was shown to Jack, who instantly communicated with his accomplice, the mendicant.

On Thursday evening, Miss Bentley told her niece that Mr. Tryfoil was coming on the next day, and asked her, with a kiss, if she would prefer keeping in her room during his visit.

Ada simply answered "Yes," an ? shuddered.

At eleven o'clock that night, while Ada was sitting in her own room, thinking very deeply, and wondering what the business could be that was bringing Will to Haze'wood House, she was startled by hearing three distinct raps on the window.

They were evidently not the sounds made by a buglar; they were raps meant to be heard.

She instantly connected them in her own mind with Jack Graham and Will's coming visit.

She listened, and heard a voice whisper from without her own name:

"Miss Weatworth!"

After a moment's hesitation, she drew aside the window curtains, and cautiously unfastened the shutters.

She started back!

The glass of the window only divided her from the foul face of the tall, slim beggar.

She was about to cry out to her aunt. when the man signed to her to open the window and receive a letter that he held in his dirty hand.

"An agent of Mr. Graham's" she said, to she opened the window. "Hush! I come from Mr. Graham. Don't

be frightened, Miss. You're to read that letter, and then give it back to me. Be -quick!"

Ada took the letter, and shuddered, as in taking it her hand touched his. She read the note hurriedly, and returned

it to him. The letter, written by Jack Graham, in a

disguised hand, ran thus:

"Remember. Secrecy. Tryfoil has recovered from the fever. He is coming to Hazelwood House to-morrow to take pity on you by your aunt's advice. He is going to ask you to be his wife! Decide. Answer by bearer.

Miss Wentworth covered her eyes with her hands, and whispered to the beggar: "You can communicate with Mr. Graham?"

thother the one trouble of her life. I heard | Bentley, who was listening to him with the "You may remember," he continued, find her."

"that when you and I first discovered Miss Wentworth's foolish fancy about me, that you said it was your opinion that her pas- Bring her back to me. sion was no delusion. Do you retain that opinion still?"

"Yes," Miss Bentley answered. "Her be- gate. havior since then has strengthened that opinion materially.

"You spoke on that occasion of my influence over her. You said that you did not believe her madness to be incurable-that my society would cure it in time-and so on. Did you not?"

LOW.

"As well as I can remember," Will proceeded, gaining confidence, and his face growing less pale as he went on, "you used these words: 'Mr. Tryfoil, if you were not | quired. engaged to be married, I should say to you, try and love my niece.' I said, 'And marry | her?' and you replied. 'Yes, that's my exact feel that he will find her-not I." meaning,' or some such words.'

Will paused for a moment; but neither Miss Bentley nor the banker availed themselves of his silence, so he continued, slowly and hesitatingly :

Miss Wentworth-a great respectful friendship for you, Miss Bentley. There is, understand, no heroism, egotism, or Quixotism in th s offer. I am ready if you will give me the permission, to engage myself to marry your niece!"

Sir Landy leaped from his chair in surprise.

Miss Bentley motioned him to remain the ground, he did not notice that a tear glistened in both her eyes. She brushed them away, however, approached him, and placed her hand gently on his shoulder.

nine.

"My dear brother." she said, and the bility in your offer. I quite understand you. I am sure that you would make my child supremely happy, that in time you would love her; but I must not accept your offer. You are very young, and you fancy that poor Miss Graham's death makes this offer a trivial sacrifice on your part, but it is not so. You have, I hope, a bright future in

herself, and then fearlessly and noiselessly | you for this proof of your friendship, but I cannot procure my niece's happiness at such a sacrifice.' "Sacrifice!" Sir Landy exclaimed. "I

really cannot see the matter in that light. Mr. Tryfoil would not offer to marry the young lady, I should say, if it were distasteful to him.

"Let me say something more," Will interrupted, "and let me disown the praise you have given me. I am consulting my own happiness as much as hers and yours." Will's statement was untrue, and Miss Bentley knew it.

She thought, however, that it was a very noble falsehood.

"This is what I propose," proceeded the young man. "That I speak to Miss Wentworth, or that you, Miss Bentley, speak for me, as soon as possible; and that on her acto marry at the expiration of one, or two, or

"I will. Miss Bentley;" then, pressing her hands, Will hurried away toward the iron

Miss Bentley called to a servant:

"Bring me a hat and cloak quickly!" The banker came up where she was standing, just by the footmark on the flower-bed.

"I am going myself " she said, "to Perthard to inquire at the station and hotels. I "I did, Mr. Tryfoil, and I believe it cannot rest here; I can do no good. Will you remain in the house, Sir Landy? It is better that some responsible person should stay on the spot.'

"Yes. Where is Mr. Tryfoil?" he in-"He has gone in search of Ada," she re-

plied, her eyes sparkling as she said it. "I

Japanese Magical Mirrors,

These so-called magical mirrors have "The supposition on which you based for years baffied the discovery of the these words," he said, "is now a fact. I am | cause of their reflecting objects that are not engaged to be married, for Miss Gra- on the back side of the mirror. They are ham is dead. I have a sincere liking for thin metal hand mirrors with raised figures on the back of them, and one cast of an alloy of about eighty parts copper and twenty tin, making a very hard yet astic metal.

Mr. Fred Ives, of Philadelphia, has given the matter much thought, and by a few experiments has established quite conclusively the cause of the "magic." silent, and as Will's eyes were bent upon In grinding the mirror they are presumably laid on a flat plate and the grinding pressure applied from the top.

The thin parts of the plate spring away The timepiece struck the quarter after | from the grinding pressure and the thick parts (opposite the raised figures) are ground more rapidly. The pressure rewords and her touch thrilled him, "there is moved, the plate springs back and the -excuse me-much heroism and much no- mirror is concave on the face where the Sources are.

The light reflected from this mirror will show the figures which are on the back, not from any magical power, but because of the concave surface produced over the figures. It was then the result of accident rather than design, and store for you, and-there-enough! I thank | Japanese skill falls back another notch.

A Fly's Weight.

James Spencer, a Chattanooga grocer, being greatly troubled with flies, put twenty-one sheets of sticky fly paper about his store. In the evening he gathered them up, and noticed how much heavier they were, being covered with flies. He weighed the twenty-one sheets and found they weighed seven pounds. Then he put twenty-one fresh sheets on the scales, and they weighed four pounds four ounces. Thus the flies weighed two pounds four ownces. He found that there were twenty flies to each square inch of the fly paper; each sheet had 336 square inches and 6,720 flies, and the twenty-

to this great work. And not a son of the living God, as an angel might be, but "The Son," as sharing His nature; as One with Him in the essential elements of His being

And this was Peter's confession.

V. 17. How clear, how distinctly lined it was. It was not taught him by ilesh and Man had not taught it to him; neiblood. ther had he wrought it out by a process of his own mind. It was an express revelation from heaven. It was given him from above. "My Father which is in heaven" hath showed it unto thee.

V. 18-19. Thus far all is clear. And so indeed are these two verses, but very needless difficulties have been made about them. In a Sanday-school lesson the discussion of such difficulties would be entirely out of place. Let us therefore busy ourselves with the great and precious truths which are too plain for dispute.

1. The Title Jesus gives the Church. It is "My Church." It is so in every regard. The idea of it is Mine. It was with Me before the world began. In the silence of eternity it was with Me. I saw it, and knew it, and loved it from everiasting. The purchase of it was Mine. I gave Myself for it. I bought it with My blood. The building up of it is Mine, "1 will build My Church." Every living stone laid upon the True Foundation is My Work. And the keeping of it is Mine. Unseen My hand shall be upon it, and I will keep it night and day." It is all Mine.

The foundation of it. "This rock." What rock! "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Christ Jesus, 1 Cor., iii., 11. "Therefore thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I lay in Zion for a Foundation stone, a tried stone, a precious cornerstone, a Sure Foundation," Is. xxviii. 16, and 1 Pet. ii., 4-7. Of course, the Peter means a rock. But not "this rock." And very clearly Peter did not think that he was the rock on which the Church was built. And there is no more difficulty between the two sets of passages than there is between the one in which Jesus says of Himself; "I am the light of the world," and the other, in which Jesus says to His disciples: "Ye are the light of the world." No more than there is between the sun and the moon in the heavens. 3. The Builder of it. "I will build," etc. He is both the Foundation of His Church and

the Builder of it. On Himself, as the Sure Foundation, He lays each believer. There He abides. Thence he receives the new life by which as a living stone he grows up into an holy temple in the Lord. With His own hand, by His own Spirit, He imparts to each His own life, and of all He says: "Because I ive, ye shall five also."

4. The safety of it. "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it." How can they? If the Church is His, if He is the Foundation of it, and the Builder of it, if He keep it, how can it be otherwise than safe? Hell is Hades, or the place of departe 1 spirits-especially here, of evil spirits. Gates were the places in ancient cities where counsel was taken and public measures determined on. "The Gates of Hell," therefore, mean all that the powers of evil can devise and executeagainst My Church. In the midst of it all, the Church is safe, evermore.

Then follows the promise of the keys, and here again there need be no difficulty. For a key unlocks the door. And men knew not how to enter the kingdom of heaven until the Pentecost was come. Then the multitude asked what shall we do? And Peter unlocked the door by opening to them the finished work of Jesus. That was the entrance. And from that day there has been no other. There is none other now. There will be none other to the end. Salvation is bound to that alons

V. 20. Jisus would not have His enemies cepting me, we enter into an engagement one sheets had 141,120 flies. Thus one roused into undue activity against Him before may ascentain the weight of a fly; for, if the time; but would have every question concerning Himself to be worked out by them under the quiet influence of his own life. They must judge from that in the light of their own scriptures.

Endurance of the Japanese.

When one reflects that there is never a fire which would fill a half-bushel measure; that the Japanese wear no woolen garments, and only sandals or clogs on their feet; that the Winters are cold enough to make ice two or three inches thick, and the ground is often white with snow, one wonders how they live, writes a correspondent from Japan to the Chicago Muil. There seems to be something peculiar in the physical makeup of the Japanese, as well as in their plants, which enables them to endure safely great cold. I am told that plants which in America are killed by Autumn frosts here live and bloom in the midst of snow, and when the thermometer has gone much below the freezing point. Certainly the people have wonderful powers of endurance if their sensations are as ours are.

Every Japanese, high or low, takes his hot bath every night. He jumps into a vat of water heated from 100 to 115 degrees and enjoys the boil, and stands for hours up to his waist in cold, mountain torrents, and it is said will break the ice in Winter and work up to his neck in immersion, and seems to feel no ill effects from it. He is certainly a wonderful animal, and ethnological data must yet be furnished to convince me that he is not indigenous to the soil he lives on.

A Silver Hand.

Daniel Goodwin, of Weymouth, has a German silver hand, and, notwithstanding the fact that there are no fingers on it, he is at le to keep pace at his trade-that of carpentering-with those blessed with the customary number of digits. An injury to Mr. Goodwin's own hand necessitated its amputation. It was not unt'l he had invented a substitute, which he hoped would enable him to support himself and family, that he would consent to having it amputated. His scheme consists of a socket, reaching half way to the elbow, into which socket the stump is placed, and at the other end of which a hole is drilled and a thread cut. The contrivance is a great success. Mr. Goodwin has a surprisingly large number of useful tools that fit into this tapped hole, and he can drive nails all day with a hammer that is held in place by a check nut screwed against the end of the socket. As soon as he sits down to dinner he pulls a table knife out of one of his pockets with his left hand, screws it into the socket, and proceeds to

The Medicine Mania.

business. - Boston Herald.

Some people, especially among the lower, middle and working classes, are confirmed medicine takers. They read the advertisements of "patent" nostrums, which profess to cure every ill under the sun from agues to ulcers, and implicitly believe the statements which they contain. The ignorant medicine-taker never pauses to consider that if a tithe of the pretensions so blatantly proclaimed had any foundation in fact, the existence of cultivated and learned bodies, such as the College of Physicians and the College of Surgeons, would be no longer necessary. Not only does he believe everything which the advertisers tell him, but he becomes an advocate of the remedies to his friends, and thus, like the snowbali. which increases as the schoolboy rolls it in the drift, the mischief insensibly increases, until in time it assumes colossal proportions .- London Time.



A particle of the Da'm is applied to 'o each t estil agreeable to use and is quickly absorbed, effe mally cleansing the nasel pascages of entarthal vices, cousing healthy secretions.

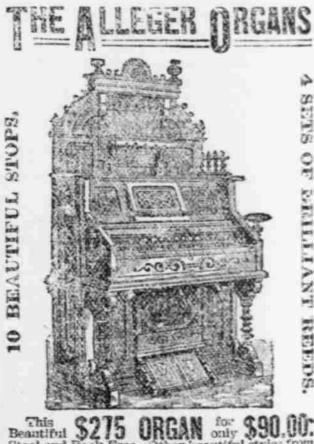
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"Yes. "I have no pen or pencil here," she went on, her lips quivering as she spoke. "Will you send a telegram to him for me?" "Yes."

She handed him some silver through the open window.

"What am I to say?" whispered the man. She was silent for a moment. At length, biting her lips, and trembling

from head to foot, she answered him: "Telegraph these words: 'I am ready,

Be at the library window at half-past nine to-morrow night!" "

CHAPTER XIX.

SIR LANDY'S ACCUSATION.

At a quarter to seven on Friday evening, | make." Will Tryfoil-very pale, weak and nervous -arrived at Hazelwood House.

The sight of it saddened him, for somehow, it brought poor Emily Graham to his mind.

"I thought I should never see Miss Bentley again," he murmured to himself. "Am I Miss Bentley returned, smiling, whereupon really going to see her now, or is this what it seems to be-a dream?"

As it turned out, there was one enex-

three years, according to your or your niece's pleasure. If her love is really a delusion, she will discover it no doubt in that time, on which the engagement can be broken. That during the engagement I strive to make a name and a home for her.

"One moment," Miss Bentley interrupted. "I fancy I can hear footsteps on the gravel path. Listen!'

They listened, but heard nothing, "Go on, Mr. Tryfoil! I am very nervous to-night. Forgive me!" she said.

"I need say no more," replied Will, after a short silence. "I offer my hand in marriage to your niece. I leave it entirely to you, whether she is to be told of that offer , or not. I have, however, one condition to

"What is that?"

That ----'

"That if Miss Wentworth marries she recoives no dowry.'

The timepiece struck the half hour after nine.

"I expected that stipulation, Mr. Tryfoil," the three discussed the proposition in detail very seriously and very calmly. Will maintained that he was consulting

141,120 flies weigh two pounds twelve ounces, it's easy to calculate what one will weigh .- New York Sun.

Reckoning an Income.

A capable domestic servant in our cities may annually lay by a sum equal to the income upon \$3,000 in government bonds; and an industrious mechanic, in steady employment, earns a sum equal to \$20,000 at 4 per cent. A team. ster in Montana, or a cowboy in Colorado, finds that his strength and skill are worth to him, in money each year, as plate. much as would be \$40,000 invested in And the same lands, even if he could buy them at par.

The lawyer or physician in a county town who carns his \$2,000 annually, if suddenly debarred from practice, would require \$66,000 in bonds to yield him the same income; and the editor-in-chief of a great city daily has a power in his brain worth to him, in hard cash, the must every one who would be the Lord's discapital of \$500,000.-Boston Couvier.

V. 21-23. In these verses we have: Our Lord's prediction of his death; 2. Peter's protest against it; and 3. Our Lord's rebuke of Peter. As to (1.) It would be a most interesting subject to look into. For He makes the announcement now for the first time. But space forbids the attempt.

As to (2.) It seemed that Peter took Him earnestly by the hand, protesting against this strange thing. It is just as if he said: "God have mercy on Thee. This shall never hap-It was too awful a thing to contempen.

And as to (3.) Such words were a stumbling block; a tempation; seeking to turn Him from His course, and as such must not even be listened to. They were from the great enemy, and so opposed to all the thoughts of God.

V. 24. Here follows the Universal Law of the Kingdom. Peter did not want to admit the thoughts of God about the Cross. He had much pleasanter thoughts and schemes of his own. And so he must deny himself. And so ciple.

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