

HER HEART'S SECRET;

Or, UNDER A SPELL.

BY JEAN WARNER.

CHAPTER I.

A "Commencement."

It was commencement day at Madam Fleury's fashionable academy. Her spacious salon was filled with the elite of the city. Doting mammas were there, fluttering their matronly feathers with pride and pleasure; solid papas, whose beaming countenances were shadowed with no premonitory suggestions of the madam's semi-annual bills; sympathetic aunts, benevolent uncles and masculine cousins innumerable.

For the madam's establishment was patronized exclusively by the creme de la creme; the madam's young ladies were remarkable everywhere for their stylish manners and elegant deportment; the madam's diploma, embossed in satin and mounted on sandal-wood, was, as she proudly boasted, a passport to the best society everywhere.

There were fifty figures, faultlessly arrayed in imported "commencement" dresses, seated on the carpeted stage, that had been temporarily erected for the proper display of these human exotics.

With their elegant coiffures all in the same fashionable style, their elaborate dresses, cut in the same pattern, their elaborate music, elaborate essays and elaborate manners, the effect might have been satisfactory, but was slightly monotonous.

So, at least, thought Herbert Clive, as, ensconced in a remote corner of the room, he submitted, with polite resignation, to a three-hours' "classical entertainment."

"If they don't all look like the rows of paper dolls Fan used to cut when she was a little girl, there might be some fun in picking out the prettiest ones; but—"

Mr. Clive's criticism was brought to an abrupt termination, for at that moment a young girl stepped out from the ranks which seemed a direct contradiction of his assertion.

Her simple white dress was devoid of all ornament; the hair, of a pale, golden hue, was neither puffed nor coiled, but rippled back from a low, broad brow, and fell in wavy clouds to her slender waist; her face, a pure Grecian contour, was of a transparent whiteness, that it seemed no pain, no pride, nor pleasure could tinge with life.

With careless but unconscious grace, she took her seat at the harp, that stood alone on a crimson dais, and at the first touch of her delicate hand upon the strings, every whisper in the room was hushed; all eyes were turned toward the fairy-like creature, who could sweep the golden chords into such magic harmony—who could wake the soul that sleeps within the poet's soul.

A wild, sweet prelude, very grateful to ears weary of crashing overtures and shrill choruses, floated through the room for a moment, and then the musician's voice arose in a song whose weird melody haunted Herbert Clive until his dying day.

"I'll bind thee with a charm, my love, I'll seal thee with a spell, That thou shalt love me more than all—"

Shalt love me more than well For all my dower is magic power— A power I dare not tell!"

The pathos of the last two lines seemed to Herbert Clive indescribable. They were like the moan of some being cursed with unearthly powers that separated it from human kind; they were at once a cry of triumph and a wail of despair—

"For all my dower is magic power— A power I dare not tell!"

The song died into silence. A murmur of applause, admiration, and perchance of relief, ran through the audience; but the singer was not encored. The emotions excited by her song were not of the order agreeable to fashionable society. There was a heartbreak in the tones, of which society scarcely approved.

"Who is she?" puffed a stately dowager, near Herbert, as the young musician arose from the harp, and returned to her place among her companions.

"I don't know," was her friend's reply. "A pretty little creature, but without any style. Ah, let me see," and, with a second thought, the lady glanced at her perfumed programme. "Ballad—original—by Miss Sybil Wraye." That must be her name, then—Sybil Wraye."

"Sybil Wraye!" That name brought back some half-forgotten associations to Herbert Clive.

Fan had written something home about the girl. What was it? His sister's school-girl letters had in general very little interest for him. He had glanced over them carelessly, smiling, perhaps, at some outburst of girlish enthusiasm, and then (ungallant fellow) twisted them into lights for his cigars.

Pale, and proud, and silent, she took the hard-earned tribute of her success with a quiet bow, and turned away without blossom or bud to sweeten this hour of girlish triumph with promises sweeter still.

Who was this Sybil Wraye? Herbert glanced at the bouquet he held in his hands. He had purchased it for his sister, but Fannie was laden down with flowers now.

So, without waiting for a sober second thought, the young man scribbled on a card the name that had so awakened his interest, and dispatched the bouquet, by a polite usher, to Miss Sybil Wraye.

He saw the swift look of surprise that passed over the girl's pale countenance as the flowers were handed to her; he noted the faint smile dawn upon her lips, and then change into a quiver of pain; he caught one glance at the wondrous gray eyes hidden beneath those silken lashes, and a strange, pitiful tenderness stole into his heart.

Poor child—friendless, sorrowful child! How young, how lovely, how lonely she was! What charm was it that seemed to set her apart from all the others? What fascination drew his gaze to her fair, delicate face?

He had seen thousands of women far more beautiful, thousands more attractive; yet this pale, slender girl had awakened emotions in his heart he had never felt before.

"Good gracious, brother!" and Fannie's merry voice aroused him from his dream, "are you napping in this dark corner? I have been looking everywhere for you. Do carry some of these flowers, and my fan, and my diploma. Oh, dear, dear! I am so excited and nervous, and delighted, that I scarcely know what I am about. Do think that my stupid school days are over at last. There's good gracious, some horrid man has nearly torn my dress off! Bertie, did papa send me the bracelet he promised me, and do you think the dear old darling will give me a summer at the springs?"

"Take a long breath, Fan—do," laughed her brother. "I can't answer forty questions at a time. Why, ten minutes ago you were a very model of elegant composure. I was gazing at you in silent and wondering admiration."

"Don't be aggravating, brother, please," pouted the pretty graduate. "You were not looking at me at all, or I need not have searched the room over half a dozen times to find you. There were plenty more gallant cavaliers ready to escort me, but I had an especial reason for finding you; and, dear me! Bertie, did papa send me the bracelet he promised me, and do you think the dear old darling will give me a summer at the springs?"

"Take care of all these things, brother," and the heedless girl dropped books, diploma, fan and flowers in a careless heap at his side. "I must go find Sybil."

And, without waiting for another word, Fannie Clive, whose charming impulsiveness had been a very thorn in Madam Fleury's flesh, darted off through the gay crowd to search for her forgotten friend.

The audience was dispersing now, and so many admiring friends stopped the pretty graduate with compliments and congratulations that it was some time before she could follow the object of her search.

Sybil's harp was covered, and she was gone; the stage was vacant, and the busy groups, laughing and chatting in the spacious salon; there was no sign of the golden-haired songstress, whose bewitching melody had a few moments ago held the gay audience spell-bound.

A long, covered balcony led from the drawing room to a miniature conservatory; where the madam gave elegant lessons in botany, and here it was that Fannie at last found her friend.

She was standing beneath the shadow of some dark-leaved Egyptian plant (whose classification had defied all the researchers of feminine science), and the fair, flower-like head was bent over a bouquet of snowy blossoms she held in her hand.

"Sybil—dear Sybil!" cried Fannie, springing forward to her side, "what are you doing here, you naughty girl, all alone? Why did you run away from me? Herbert is here, and—"

Something in the death-white face upturned to hers, made the impulsive girl pause a moment, and then ask, quickly, "Are you ill, darling? Are you suffering? What is the matter, Sybil?"

"Nothing," was the slow reply—"nothing, I am very well, Fannie. You should not have sought one like me, dear, in the hour of glad triumph. Yet it is like you—like you, and only you."

"It was like me to rush off in my headlong way and leave you to mope here by yourself!" said Fannie, remorsefully. "Come, darling; Herbert has the carriage waiting. I wrote them all that I was going to bring the sweetest, dearest girl in the world home with me. Let us go change our dresses, so that we can take the evening train. For I know that dear fellow is fuming himself into a fever at our delay, even now."

treat me so unkindly—I did not think you could be so fickle, so false!"

The sudden blow was too much for warm-hearted Fan's already excited nerves, and she dropped on the bench behind her and gave way to a very tempest of childish tears.

"Don't dear—don't!" said a low, constrained voice in her ear, and Sybil's icy hand was laid upon her brow. "Don't cry this way, Fan, or—you will make me yield, despite myself."

"I'll never forgive you Sybil Wraye!" sobbed the spoiled pet of fortune vehemently, "never, never, never! You promised me and you deceived me—you that I have loved better than any one in the world—you promised me and you deceived me!"

"No, no, no," the answer came, as if wrung in desperation from the white lips; "you shall never say that of me, Fannie, you, who have been my only friend. I will keep my promise—I will go home with you; but, oh, Fannie, Fannie! it is not of my own free will. Remember that you forced me, by tears and reproaches that I could not withstand."

"I knew you would, you delightful girl!" exclaimed Fannie, kissing her in a rapture of delight. "There is Herbert now, looking for us. Brother," and twining her arm about her friend's waist, Fan smiled at the tall gentleman whom Madam Fleury had just led to the conservatory door, "this is the dearest and best of friends, who is coming to spend the summer with us, Mr. Clive—Miss Sybil Wraye."

CHAPTER II.
A Double Warning.

Madame Fleury had evidently something upon her mind, disturbing its usual elegant composure.

Her bright black eyes followed the two young girls as they left the room to make the necessary changes in their toilet, and then, with a little preparatory cough, she motioned Mr. Clive to one of the seats under the orange trees.

"There is something I intended to mention to your father, Mr. Clive, if he had honored us with his presence to-day. But—ahem!—that being impossible, I feel that I owe it to myself, and—ahem!—the reputation my academy has always held in the highest and most select circles of society, to mention to you, as your father's fitting representative."

Herbert bowed. The madam's preface was somewhat appalling. Had Fan been found guilty in problems of propriety? Had she lost her heart or her diamonds? or run up too large a bill in ribbons and sugar-plums? The young man's ideas of feminine difficulties were rather vague.

"Your sister," continued the madam, gradually recovering her usual suavity of manner, "is, as I need not inform you, Mr. Clive, one of the loveliest, frankest and most impulsive of girls. Both the very candor and simplicity which we all find so bewitching in the young, makes it incumbent upon friends and guardians, whose judgment has been ripened by knowledge of the world—readers it incumbent on them, I repeat, to be doubly vigilant and prudent in all that concerns—ahem!—the welfare of those committed to our charge. Do you follow me?"

Herbert, with rather a perplexed expression of countenance, implied that he did.

"This being the case," continued the preceptress, with a gracious smile, "and knowing, well, as I do, the high position which your sister will rightfully assume in society, I have observed with no little anxiety the choice she has made of friends; and I assure you, Mr. Clive, that the intimacy she has formed with Miss Wraye has been entirely without my approbation. I have remonstrated with Miss Clive more than once, I have pointed out to her young ladies of her own standing in society, with whom she could properly and naturally form ties of friendship; I seriously objected to this visit to your home; but your sister has been deaf alike to my advice and remonstrances. I found that I was entirely powerless to control the singular infatuation for this chosen friend."

Herbert's brow had darkened strangely during this lengthy address.

"May I ask," he inquired, briefly, "on what you ground your objections to this young lady's intimacy with my sister? Do you know of anything prejudicial to her as a companion to those of her own sex and age?"

"She would not be among my pupils, sir, if I did," was the lofty reply. "No; my objections are grounded on my knowledge of society, and what it demands. Miss Wraye has no position, no friends, no influence to elevate her to an equality with your sister. She was placed here by a lawyer, who acts as her guardian, pays her bills promptly, and denies her nothing that a young lady in good society requires; but she has been here now for more than a year, during which time she has received no letters, seen no friends, and maintained the singular, ungirlish reserve of manner, which I consider both unnatural and ungracious in one so young, though, in justice to her, I must add that her remarkable talents and ladylike deportment have been beyond question of criticism."

Mr. Clive's brow brightened, and he drew a breath of relief. It would have been rather hard for him to have heard anything against Fan's cherished friend. That came like a condescension was surely above all shadow of reproach.

"I understand the responsibility of your position, madam," he answered, politely; "but I am too much of a democrat to give your objections the weight they may, perhaps, deserve. Miss Wraye seems to be a very charming young lady, and Fannie is undoubtedly attached to her. It would be a pity, I think, to let a cold, worldly wisdom sever a tie that seems to me the natural and spontaneous outspringing of heart to heart. There is something very charming in a first friendship—it has all the freshness and fragrance of spring."

Herbert would have launched into the metaphorical, had not the cold, irresponsible light of the madam's black eyes suddenly brought him back to a matter of fact.

"As you please, Mr. Clive," she answered, with her set, society smile. "I have only done my duty in explaining to you the position the young lady holds in my academy; and, having done so, I shall consider myself relieved of all further responsibility."

"What an old grimalkin she is!" was Herbert's mental comment, as the two young girls entered the room.

And Sybil, in her dainty brown traveling dress, with her pale-golden hair caught up in a Grecian knot under a graceful straw hat, seemed lovely and ladylike enough to have stepped from a throne.

His generous heart swelled indignantly as he noticed the contrast in the madam's farewells—how gushingly gracious was her embrace of dear Fannie, how cold and constrained her good-bye to Miss Wraye; and he vowed inwardly that all he could do should be done to make this beautiful girl, for awhile, at least, forget the shadow that seemed to rest so unaturally on her opening life.

He would brighten her path with sunshine, though it only gleamed a day.

It was not a very difficult task for Herbert Clive to be agreeable. Gifted with a natural charm of manner and graceful address, a warm heart and a lively fancy, he could not fail to please, even without making any particular exertion to do so.

But the madam's cold, and it seemed to him, cruel, warning, had served as a spur to his ardent, generous nature. He felt as if he could not do enough to show this friendless, lonely girl she was a welcome and honored visitor to his home.

It was a twelve-hours' journey to Clive Towers, and as the sun set in purple glory behind the western hills, the travelers began the pleasant portion of their trip—their sail up the broad river, on whose sloping banks was situated Herbert's princely home.

Fannie had scarcely set foot on the steamer ere she was met by a party of merry young friends; and after the first introductions and supper were over, a moonlight dance was improvised on the spacious decks, and the sounds of gay music and happy laughter woke the echoes of the solemn hills beneath whose shadows the noble vessel passed.

Herbert did his devoir manfully, though somewhat wearily, to several blooming partners, ere he contrived to slip away from the merry scene.

He missed one fairy-like form from the light-hearted group—one sweet, low voice from the silvery chorus—and already he felt a void and silence because Sybil was not there.

He found her all alone, standing at the stern of the steamer, looking into the waters that were here tossed into turbulent waves and showers of pearly spray by the mighty wheels.

As he reached her side, Herbert noticed her start nervously and throw something which she held in her hand into the seething waters; and, with a feeling akin to pain, he recognized the flowers he had given her that evening floating for a moment, worthless waifs, upon the moonlit waves.

He had fancied she valued them a little—a very little. She had held them in her hand all the evening, had touched them tenderly, and once or twice inhaled their perfume, as though it brought some sweet, sad memory. And now she had flung them away like withered weeds.

"Why have you stolen off from us all, Miss Sybil?" he asked, with assumed lightness. "I did not know young ladies were so fond of indulging in maiden meditation fancy free."

"I am used to being alone," she answered, simply, "and these tossing waters have a charm for me. I like to hear their passionate murmur as the steamer passes through their heart. By-and-by they will be all still again—all still. We can only see the life and the spirit here."

"You would like the ocean better," he answered, "there you see, you feel, the life everywhere. There the swelling, seething, restless waves are never still, and the proudest vessels are our frail human skulls are tossed about on the sea of life."

"Is there not always a Fate at the helm?" she asked, dreamily—"a stern, impassive Fate, that steers our little barques where and when she will? I have found it so already."

"I prefer to think I hold my own helm," answered Herbert, cheerfully, "and, so far, have found it very fair sailing. And the Fate to whom I resign my post must come in a very charming guise, Miss Sybil. I have never seen her except in dreams until—"

he paused, and then added, recklessly, "until to-day. Why did you throw away my flowers?" he continued, eagerly. "Did you not know I breathed a spell upon them?"

"I have no right to accept gifts from you," she answered, coldly. "We are strangers, Mr. Clive."

"Not so," he answered. "Fannie's friendship is a link between us. You must call Fannie's brother friend, Miss Sybil."

WE ARE LONGER LIVED.

Longevity Is the Century's Chief Characteristic—Its Causes.

What has been the chief characteristic of the nineteenth century? No two critics agree, nor can they, because each prefers a different quality. One singles out science, another invention, as the dominant trait. A third, who looks mainly at the political aspect of life, says democracy. Others, again, say pessimism, philanthropy, doubt, or toleration. So many features, so much diversity, argue at least for many-sidedness, says the Forum. There is one characteristic, however, which distinguishes the nineteenth century from all previous centuries—a characteristic which has become too common to attract the attention it deserves, although it really measures all the rest. This is longevity. During the past 100 years the length of life of the average man in the United States and in the more civilized parts of Europe has increased from a little over 30 to 40 years. A multitude of causes, mostly physical, have contributed to this result. Foremost among these should be placed (1) whatever man be included under the general term sanitation; (2) the more regular habits of living which are the direct outcome of industrial life on a large scale. These are some of the evident means by which life has been lengthened. Inventions, which have made production cheap and the transportation of all products both cheap and easy, have had an influence too great to be computed. And no doubt much has been done to a general improvement in methods of government; although in the main there has been much less progress in practical government than is commonly supposed. No great railroad company or banking house or manufacturing corporation could prosper if its officers and employees were chosen and kept in office according to the system by which political offices almost everywhere are filled. "None but experts wanted" is the sign written over the entrance to every profession, trade and occupation except government. But, whatever governments have done or left undone, the fact to be insisted on here is that the average man today lives almost ten years longer than his grandfather lives. Indisputably, therefore, the year 1900 finds conditions more conducive to longevity than existed a century ago. This is true beyond question for the masses, who feel immediately the effects of plenty, hunger and cold—the great physical dispensers of life and death.

Below Her Expectations. "Claribel, when we are wed your pathway shall be eternally strewn with roses." "Pathway? Then you expect me to foot it everywhere, I infer?"—Detroit Free Press.

Wireless Telegraphy Has had a new demonstration of usefulness by the captain of a lightship, who used it after ordinary signals had failed to notify the shore authorities of danger. In a like manner Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the famous indigestion and dyspepsia cure, acts when other medicines fail. It regulates the bowels and improves the appetite.

Safe Enough. "Sir," she exclaimed, "you kissed me!" "Oh, well, never mind," he replied, reassuringly, "I have no faith in that germ theory."—Philadelphia North American.

Spring Humors of the Blood

Come to a certain percentage of all the people. Probably 75 per cent. of these people are cured every year by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and we hope by this advertisement to get the other 25 per cent. to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has made more people well, effected more wonderful cures than any other medicine in the world. Its strength as a blood purifier is demonstrated by its marvelous cures of

Scrofula Salt Rheum
Scald Head Boils, Pimples
All kinds of Humor Psoriasis
Blood Poisoning Rheumatism
Catarrh Malaria, Etc.

All of which are prevalent at this season. You need Hood's Sarsaparilla now. It will do you wonderful good.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Blood Medicine.

A slate pencil is about the only kind that can come to a point without being lead.

"Oh! How Happy I Am." "HOW HAPPY I AM to be able to say that I am free from pain after five years of severe suffering from neuralgia," writes Mrs. Archie Young, 1817 Oaks avenue, West Superior, Wis. "I am so thankful to be able to say that your '5 Drops' is the best medicine I ever got in my life. When I received it from you last November, I used some of it right away. The first dose helped me. It is impossible to explain how I was suffering from neuralgia. I thought no one could get worse and that death would soon come. I was very weak, and I hardly thought I could live to see my husband come back from his daily labor. Now I can say that I am free from pain, my cheeks are red, my appetite is good and I sleep well all night. Many of my friends are surprised, and say they will send for some '5 Drops.'" Sample bottles of this wonderful remedy 25c, large bottles, containing 300 doses, \$1.00. For information write Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., 164 E. Lake street, Chicago.

MEDICINE IN 1800.

Quint Remedies Prescribed in New York When the Century Was Just Beginning.

At the last meeting of the New York Historical society Dr. Sydney H. Carney, Jr., read a paper on "The New York Medical Profession in 1800." The better to put his hearers into the proper mental attitude for what he had to say to them Dr. Carney reminded them that at the time of which he was speaking peach, plum, and pear trees flourished in Madison square, and Babylonian maples and sycamore trees waved their branches as they had done for generations in City Hall park. There has been some speculation among the curious as to the prevalence of gripes at bedtime among New Yorkers of a hundred years ago. The remedy for this complaint prescribed by the physicians was nutmeg and brandy and the yolk of an egg to be taken before going to bed. For apoplexy, salt and cold water were to be used, whereupon the patient was "immediately to come to himself." A toothache remedy efficacious always with one exception in the practice of one physician was to crush a ladybug between the thumb and forefinger and then to rub the finger on the gum and tooth. Freshly crushed bugs were recommended. For the bite of a mad dog the prescription was an ounce of the jawbone of the dog, some colt's tongue, and a scruple of verdigris, that taken from the coppers of George I and George II being preferred, of which compound a teaspoonful a day was to be taken. If that failed to cure 180 grains of verdigris and half an ounce of calomel were to be given in one dose by a physician in person. If this still failed four grains of pure opium were given to the patient. This last was a secret remedy so successful that early in century the state legislature bought the secret for \$1,000. For a visit the fee charged was \$1, for a resident and a dose \$1.25. Pills were 12 cents. Doctors got \$1 a mile for going out of town. It cost \$4 to get one to Brooklyn and \$10 to have one visit Staten island. For bleeding a charge of from \$1 to \$5 was made. Tadpoles figure in the regimen of that day to such an extent that it is said the people of Vermont, in a season of scarcity, almost fattened on them. And one of New York's famous physicians spent a part of his time in the study of the alimentary qualities of these tid-bits.

Parson's Famous Sons.

Colonel Baden-Powell is a striking example of parsons' sons who have become famous. Like Mr. Cecil Rhodes, whom he also resembles in being a bachelor, he is the son of a clergyman.

Feminine Charity.

Clara—They say Nell is going to marry a man old enough to be her grandfather. Maude—Is it possible! I didn't suppose there was a man living that old.—Chicago News.

Exposure of the Fool.

According to latest advices, a fool is a man who can't make money by pretending to be wise.—Indianapolis Journal.

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Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Though time tells on the face of a clock the clock's face always tells time.

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Sweet Soothing Slumber Man's Greatest Blessing.

Nothing Kills so Quickly as Loss of Sleep. Rest Needed for Repair. How to Obtain It Without Fail.

When you don't sleep well, look out for yourself. Nothing breaks down a person so quickly as loss of sleep, that boon of mankind which gives the exhausted system rest for repairs. No time for repairs means destruction of the machinery. It is so with the human body.

You are nervous, have a load on your chest, are troubled with indigestion, anxiety and forebodings of evil, and all that will please you. All druggists, 10c, 50c, or 10c, or mailed for price. Send for booklet and free sample. Address, Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York.

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