HER HEART'S SECRET;

Or, UNDER A SPELL.

BY JEAN WARNER.

CHAPTER II. (Continued.)

And then Fanny's merry voice called them from the cabin door, and the strange interview was over.

CHAPTER III.

Sunset Hill.

There are few fairer spots on earth than the mountain slope from which arose the granite crests of Clive Towers. The background of misty-blue uplands; the silvery river, winding through the mossy vale; the dark forest, tossing its whispering boughs to the mountain breezes, and the grand old mansion, so broad, so stately, yet so unpretentious—almost seeming itself a part of nature's handiwork, so well did the massive proportions and simple architecture accord with the landscape around it.

It was evening, and a merry group was gathered on the velvety lawn in front of the house.

Gay croquet mallets were wielded by pretty hands, and the musical click of the balls was mingled with the murmur of sweet voices and the ripple of silvery laughter.

Fannie Clive was there, a very Hebe, in pale rose-colored muslin and floating ribbons; her friend, cousin and constant cavalier, Fenton Forest, a dashing young navy officer, gorgeous in buttons and beard; Laurence Grey, a tall, slender, thoughtful young student-friend of Herberts's, and his sister Marian, a liquid-eyed brunette; and last, though by no means least of all, with her golden hair rippling over a robe that seemed woven of morning mists, Sybil Wraye, pale, slender and beautiful, with the heir of Clive Towers ever beside her, hanging, entranced, on her slightest whisper, watching eagerly for her faintest smile.

When the game was over, she would have escaped with Marian and Fannie to the rose garden, but Herbert was quick to detain her.

"Have you forgotten your promise to me, Miss Sybil? You were going with me this evening to Sunset Hill. It is just the hour to see all its beauties."

"Fannie will come with us?" said the young girl, glancing toward her friend.

"She has seen it a hundred times; besides, Fan never had much of an eye for the beauties of nature," was the brother's laughing reply. "She prefers the beauties of art. The hill is not a quarter of a mile distant, Miss Sybil, and there are no ogres to be met with on the way, although I could not have promised you as much three years ago."

"Ah!" she said, with a slight start.

"I had a scuffle about here with one of the most notorious villains that ever went unhung," continued the young man, lightly, "and I came very near saving the hangman that trouble. But such reptiles are hard to kill, and by the time I had recovered the senses which he had pretty well knocked out of me, he had dragged himself off to the river, where he may lie to this day, for aught I know."

"Did he attack you?" asked Sybil, in a very low voice. "Did he try to rob you?"

"I don't know as I should have resented that so much," answered Herbert, smiling. "A genuine Jack Sheppard might have appealed to my Bohemian sympathies. No: this fellow met me with mysterious threats and incomprehensible menaces. I always had the greatest objection to mystery; I can stand open, honest villainy very well, but underhand business maddens me. I love the sunlight myself, Miss Sybil, and can bear no darkness around me. But enough of an uninteresting subject. Here we are at Sunset Hill."

It was less a hill than a ridge of the mountains which, crowned by a crest of stately cedars, looking over a valley of gathering shadows to the golden west.

Far beneath flowed the river, slowly veiling itself in silvery mists; far beyond it were the realms of sunset, pillared in purple, and stretching out in vistas too dazzling for mortal eye to reach.

Sybil stood for a minute on the sunlit height, silent and breathless, then her gray eyes deepened; a faint rose, which might have been only a reflection of the glorious sky above, flushed her transparent cheek; and, forgetful of her companion, unconscious of the admiring gaze he fixed upon her lovely face, a song, soft and low as the evening twitter of the birds, trembled from her lips.

"Thou in the sunlight
And in the shade;
Yet, ah, by the sunlight
The shadow is made!
Thine be the gladness
And mine be the gloom;
For love, through thy triumph,
Is only my doom."

"Sybil"—in the sudden tenderness which mastered him, Herbert forgot the formal prefix he had hitherto given her name—"Sybil, you must sing those sad notes no more. Poor little warbler! what thorn is piercing your tender breast, that draws forth from your lips such plaintive melody? Trust me with your sorrow, Sybil; let me be your brother, your friend—nay, what words are those for me to utter?—I, who have learned, in three short weeks, to love you with the love that surpasses all others—with a love that would shield you from every danger, every sorrow, every pain—with a love that trembles at its own height and depth, at its own despairing strength, perhaps its own wild folly. Sybil—"

"Hush, hush, hush!" she whispered, turning to him a face from which every vestige of life and color had faded. "You must not speak so to me—me! I—I am a stranger to you. You know naught of me."

"I know that you are the loveliest, purest, most perfect of women!" continued Herbert, impetuously; "I know that sweet voice of yours awakened the deepest depths of my heart; I know that I love you better than my life—that the dearest hope of my heart is to win you for my own, my purer, dearest self—my wife!"

"Would you choose a wife because her face is fair and her voice is sweet?" she asked, in a tone which trembled, half-scornfully, half-timidly. "Would you choose a wife whose heart and soul are sealed books to you? of whose past you know nothing? whose very name is unknown to you—for Sybil Wraye is not my name. Ah, you shrink, you falter, Mr. Clive! It is not for such as me to hear your words—to listen to your vows—to bear your honored name. It is not for me—"

"For you, and only you!" he answered, eagerly, striving to grasp her hand, as she would have turned away from him. "You are only trying me, Sybil. Darling, that sweet, snow-white face of yours is pledge sufficient to me of your innocent past, of your beautiful future. Only trust me, Sybil, as I trust you! I ask no more. There can be no darkness, beloved, beneath the pure sunshine of love It reaches, it gladdens, it beautifies all things."

"Aye, but the sun sets," she answered, dreamily—"the sun sets, and then the night must come. No, Mr. Clive, you have forgotten wisdom in speaking—I have forgotten prudence in listening to you. Let us treat this conversation as though it had never been. I will go away to-morrow, and you must forget me."

"Forget you?" he echoed, bitterly—"forget you, Sybil? Can one go out into darkness forever, and forget he has seen the light? Forget you?—forget these two brief weeks of paradise and go calmly into the frozen regions of utter despair? Oh, Sybil, Sybil! But why should I reproach you, my poor little darling? The fault was not yours. I was too blinded to see the folly of my own hopes, the madness of my own love. I was too hasty, too rash, in speaking to you. But I can wait, darling—I can wait! Only give me a word of cheer, of hope, to live on, then try my patience as you will!"

The sunset hues had faded from the western sky, and the roseate flush from Sybil's cheek. There was no music in the dry, hard voice that answered Herbert's ardent appeal.

"I can give you no word of cheer, no word of hope. The gulf between us is too wide, too deep, too dark, for any link, however slight, to cross. We must part to-morrow, Mr. Clive, and heaven grant we may never meet again!"

There was a thrill of pain in her last words that stirred the dying hope in Herbert's breast.

"Sybil, Sybil! you do pity me. Your heart is not all cold—it is too sweet, too womanly, not to feel both sorrow and sympathy for such great grief as mine!"

"I have no heart!" was her agitated reply. "I have no right to a woman's heart, to a woman's sympathies. I am, for I must be, all stone—all stone!"

"You?" he repeated, in sad surprise—"you, so young, so gentle, so beautiful, so gifted with all that can make woman happy and man blessed?"

"You are mistaken," she answered, coldly. "There is a curse that will follow me everywhere—that I will take to no man's hearthstone; there is a spell upon me that no happiness can dissolve. I must live, I must suffer, I must die alone! But," her voice grew softer, "you will believe me when I tell you, Mr. Clive, that I have felt your sister's kindness and your own far more deeply than the happier woman would have done. I did not seek it; I did not claim it; I did not deserve it; yet—yet"—she bowed her face in her hands, and a convulsive shudder seemed to pass through her frame—"I should have fled from it. My shadow should never have darkened your threshold—my hand should never have broken bread at your board. It was weakness—nay, it was folly, madness—that brought me to Clive Towers!"

"Say, rather, it was fate," replied Herbert, imprisoning in his strong hand the little fingers that were clasped so despairingly. "Darling, there's but one answer I will take as final. Look up into my face with those beautiful, true eyes, and say: 'Herbert, I do not love you.' All else is naught to me. Love like mine banishes all suspicion, defies all distrust. I will not grieve you with another sigh, another prayer, if you will look frankly into my face and say you do not love me."

But she only bowed her head still lower upon her breast.

"Spare me!" she murmured. "Life is hard enough without this—without this!"

"You cannot say it!" repeated the young man, triumphantly. "Sybil, Sybil! your own heart is my ally. You do love me a little—only a little, Sybil?"

"Love you! Love you! No, no! I cannot, I dare not!" she cried, desperately. "Love, love! The word is mockery between you and me. See!" she added, pointing with a wild gesture toward the west. "The light was but for a moment, the darkness, the chill, the shadow of night have come upon us already. It is our doom—our doom!"

"My darling!" cried Herbert, soothingly. "It is only the gathering twilight. There, there! be calm! I will say no more to you now, Sybil. Do not tremble so, darling—no danger is near us. Look up far above the shadow, darling. See the star of love trembling in the purple sky, the star of hope that lights the evening shadows and heralds the golden morn. It is the only omen I see, the only omen I will take! The vesper-star, Sybil, shines above us, and will light our pathway yet."

CHAPTER IV.

Nightfall.

The silvery gray of the twilight had deepened into violet when Herbert and Sybil returned to Clive Towers.

The housekeeper, Mrs. Wyllis, sat behind the handsome tea service that had been the late Mrs. Clive's especial pride, and the younger people were merrily discussing her fragrant bohea and wafer biscuits.

Mrs. Wyllis had so long held the domestic reins in her father's house that Fannie had neither the ambition nor inclination to dispute her sway, and contented herself with her own enviable position as pet, beauty, and spoiled darling of the household—a bright-winged butterfly, too gay and joyous to ever sink into a humble bee.

A general exclamation greeted their entrance into the oak-paneled dining room.

"Where in the world have you been?" said Fannie. "I thought Herbert had run off with you in good earnest. Why, child, you're as cold as ice, and every bit of stiffness is out of that lovely grenadine; and the dews are so heavy here, and men never have a bit of sense! The idea of that boy dragging you round to see views at this hour of the night, without even a scarf or a shawl! And—oh, dear, I forgot to tell you, Herbert! Papa will be home to-night. We got a letter by the evening mail, and the dear old darling is coming by the next train. And—good gracious! where did I put it?—there was a letter for you, too, Sybil. Such a queer hand-writing. What did I do with it? Oh, here it is, under your plate. Did any one ever see such a criss-cross 'Miss Sybil Wraye?' I do declare, the girl has a regular ague! Why, you're trembling like a leaf. Sybil, sit down, and swallow this cup of hot tea right away."

"I am a little cold," said Sybil, sinking into the nearest chair, and crushing the unread letter into her bosom. "There is such a sudden change when—when the sun goes down."

"Herbert ought to have known that, if you didn't," said Fan, mischievously, delighted at having an opportunity to retaliate upon her brother for his many fraternal lectures. "But men are so heedless, that they never take time to think. I wouldn't be at all surprised if you had contracted a chill to-night that would lead to something serious. These river mists are dreadfully dangerous. Take another cup of tea, dear; and Mrs. Wyllis, do have a fire lighted in Sybil's room. She must go right to bed."

Sybil gladly accepted any excuse that would lead to her retirement from the merry group, 'mid which she felt so sadly out of place.

Her room was in the west wing of the Towers, and, with its low ceiling and dark wainscoting, would have seemed gloomy but for the bright carpet and the handsome curtains that screened the deep-set windows and draped the high, old-fashioned bed.

A cheerful wood fire already blazed and crackled on the broad hearth, and there was a quaint air of comfort about the room that the more modern and stylish part of the Towers could not rival.

It was one of Sybil's preferences to sleep alone, and Fannie, affectionately mindful of this peculiarity, had not claimed her companionship.

But this evening the young mistress of Clive Towers had determined upon seeing her charge safely to bed; so she settled herself, meanwhile, for a social chat.

"Aren't you dreadfully lonely in here, Sybil?" she said, sinking into one of the huge cushioned chairs by the fire, while her friend brushed out her long hair before the old-fashioned mirror set in the wall. "Dear me, I wouldn't sleep alone in this room for a million dollars!"

"Why not?" asked Sybil, with her wan smile. "It seems to me exceedingly comfortable."

"Oh, yes, it's comfortable enough," answered Fan, with a shrug of her pretty shoulders; "but this part of the house is as old as the hills, and—they say its haunted. An old great-uncle of ours died here ages ago. That's his picture hanging over the mantle. I'm sure he looks cross and ugly enough to haunt any one. Papa can't bear to hear these nonsensical tales; but the old country people round will talk, and they say Uncle Basil perambulates the house yet. He was a regular buga-boo to Herbert and myself when we were children. Our nurse used to spin such dreadful yarns, of which he was always the hero, and Herbert got so desperate one day that he made an attack upon the picture, and had nearly poked out the old gentleman's left eye, when papa entered and angrily forbade any further ghost stories."

Sybil turned from the glass and cast a swift glance at the dark portrait over the mantle.

"That was your uncle Bisil, then," she said, in a low voice. "He has a hard face—a hard, pitiless face."

"He was a hard old fellow," said Fannie, lightly. "He lived here in this old hall for years and years, hoarding up thousands upon thousands. Nurse used to tell us that people were actually afraid to come by the house at night, it was always so dark and gloomy. But papa soon changed all that."

"Your father was—his uncle's heir, then?" and the soft cloud of golden hair veiled Sybil's face as she spoke. "Then he had no children?"

"Oh, dear, goodness, gracious, no!" answered Fannie, emphatically. "He was a regular sour, surly old bachelor. He hated women, and wouldn't even have a housekeeper—only Mrs. Wyllis. Of course, I wouldn't have you mention it for the world, but she was a sort of charity-child then, and the people she was bound to used to send her up every day or two, to straighten Uncle Basil's room and run errands for him after he was unable to go about himself. That was how he came to know her first, and he was very kind to her when he came into the property, and sent her to school; and then after her husband died, when I was a tiny baby, she came as housekeeper to the Towers. Dear mamma thought the world of her, and she is a nice old creature, though awfully still—"

"Miss Fannie"—a low, clear voice, at the door, startled the pretty gossip—"Miss Fannie, your papa has come, and is asking for you."

"Papa!" exclaimed Fannie, springing from her seat—"papa come? The dear, precious old darling! where is he See the dear girl tucked up warm in bed, and give her this tea, Wyllis, for I'll have to fly. I haven't seen that darling father of mine for six whole months."

And, regardless of the long brown hair which she had loosened from the comb, and which now fell in beautiful profusion over her shoulders, this unspoiled darling of fortune bounded away, to meet the newcomer with a daughter's loving kiss.

Mrs. Wyllis entered the room, and stood for a moment silently before the fire. She was a slight, pale woman, with features which might once have been pleasing, but they were marred by a sleepy, stealthy expression, which had caused Herbert, in a fit of childish anger, to aptly, though irreverently, compare her to a dozing cat.

She always wore a cap with snowy, floating tabs, and a pair of black lace mittens. Her widows garb was, in all other respects, strictly neat and conventional. Her soft, clinging robes never rustled; her soft slippers never creaked. She moved about the house as gently, as noiselessly, and, it seemed, as harmlessly as a shadow.

But the servants knew full well the faintest whisper of that low voice must be obeyed. They had all felt the iron strength of will which controlled and directed every portion of the domestic machinery at Clive Towers, and they feared, hated, but respected, the slight, pale woman who was so surely mistress there.

Towards the son and daughter of the house she was always gentle and affectionate; to the master, respectful and submissive; to the guests, silent and reserved.

In short, she was a model housekeeper, and under her able management and wise supervision Clive Towers was a model house.

Yet, strange to say, Sybil had from the first felt an inexplicable dislike for this quiet woman. Some magnetic chord of her being seemed to thrill a warning at her approach, as if an enemy were near. More than once she had detected a watchful glance cast upon her by those sleepy blue eyes; more than once shuddered to find them suddenly and noiselessly, at her side.

To-night the girl's overwrought emotions were scarcely within control. She felt as if she could not bear the nameless oppression which the housekeeper's presence caused her. She had her letter to read—the letter still crushed in her bosom, resting on her throbbing heart. She must be alone.

"I trust, Miss Wraye, that you feel no serious inconvenience from your late walk this evening," said the low, clear voice, at last.

"I was a little chilled; that was all," answered Sybil, hastily. "Fannie, in her friendly anxiety, exaggerated a mere passing sensation into an ailment. There is really nothing the matter with me, Mrs. Wyllis, and I should be sorry to detain you from duties that are, no doubt, far more urgent than any slight attention Fannie imagines I require at your hands."

"My duties are so regulated that I never find them urgent," was the composed reply. "I always have sufficient time to attend to the wants and requirements of Mr. or Miss Clive's guests. If I might venture a suggestion, Miss Wraye, I think you will find a little valerian and ammonia serviceable as a harmless nervine—one that will insure you a pleasant night's rest. The late Mrs. Clive, in her last illness, used it frequently."

"Thank you, no," answered Sybil, with an irrepressible shudder. "I require nothing, really nothing, but quiet and rest."

"You find your room perfectly comfortable" said the housekeeper, with a strange intonation on the closing word.

"Perfectly," replied Sybil; "comfortable in every respect."

"I am glad to hear it," answered Mrs. Wyllis, smoothing her mittens with a stealthy gesture peculiar to herself. "I feared it might be a little—little gloomy for a young person. I am glad you find it comfortable, Miss Wraye—very glad, indeed! And, since you will not accept any assistance from me, I will bid you good-night—a very good-night!"

And, with a little stiff bow, the housekeeper turned away, stopping on the threshold to cast one of her swift, furtive glances at the slight figure that, with its golden hair still falling around it like a veil, stood beneath the dark, frowning portrait of old Basil Clive.

As the door closed behind Mrs. Wyllis, Sybil drew the letter from her bosom and glanced hastily over its few cramped lines.

There was neither address nor signature. Only these hasty, authoritative words:

"I must see you to-night in the graveyard by the river. My time is short, and my path is perilous, as you know; so do not fail me. Be sure to come. I will be there!"

(To be Continued.)

VICTIM OF THE PLAGUE.

The Tortures Endured by a Japanese Woman in Honolulu.

The death of a Japanese woman on Maunakea street last week was an event of more than passing notice. She was stricken with the malady at 11 o'clock in the morning, while performing her household duties, the first symptoms being a sudden rise of pulse with the accompanying fever. She called her husband and told him she must lie down, as she felt weak and exhausted. She reclined on a pallet, which was about the only article of furniture in the shanty where they were living, and attempted to go to sleep: but a sensation of strange pains dispelled all thoughts of rest and she asked her husband to come to her bedside. She could only murmur: "Don't call the doctor; ask Ito to come." Ito, who was her sister, living a few doors away was speedily brought, and she, having a suspicion of the nature of the illness, proceeded to act as nurse. The contact of the black plague is like that of a ravenous tiger—short and fierce. In a little while the poor woman was groaning with pain, and throwing herself from side to side in a vain endeavor to get relief. Ito procured ice and applied cooling lotions to her temples, but the fever had gained a headway that baffled nursing. The disease was a complete master of the patient, and the swellings that characterize the bubon' plague began to appear in just an hour after the first symptoms asserted themselves. It was noon when the miserable victim was suffering indescribable tortures. Shrieking and imploring her husband to kill her, she writhed on her bed of agony. Ito then prepared poultices over the little kerosene stove in the room and applied them to the naseous protuberances that had appeared over the groins and under the arms, working with that constancy that only sisterly affection can impel. At 1 o'clock the woman gave up her life and added another unit to the list of Honolulu's plague-stricken victims.—Austin's Hawaiian Weekly.

Profit in the Orchard.

(Condensed from Farmers' Review Stenographic Report of Illinois Farmers' Institute Roundup.)

H. A. Aldrich said in part: Whenever an orchard overbears it is injured for a long time. After an orchard comes into bearing, no plow should be put into it. It is better to cultivate it by means of a cut away harrow, and follow that by a smoothing harrow. Young trees not in bearing should be plowed deep, 6 or 7 inches. That will compel the roots to strike deeper. Trees so treated get so well rooted that they can't be blown over. We should not grow hay in an orchard, as the grass will always take the cream of the land and the trees will get nothing but the skim milk. Trees in sod suffer from drouth, and the sod is a harbor for all kinds of insects, borers especially. When an orchard comes into bearing, give it the whole ground. If your orchard is not profitable do not lay all the blame on it. The question is asked, "Does spraying pay?" There is no longer any doubt on that point. It costs only 7 to 15 cents a tree to spray.

Q.—At what time should we spray?

Mr. Aldrich.—Three times; just before the blossoms open; just after the petals have fallen; and two weeks later.

Q.—Do you spray your trees before they come into bearing?

Mr. Aldrich.—The sooner you begin to spray the better. Begin the same year you set them, and keep it up, so that when they commence to bear you won't have any scab to fight.

Q.—When the limbs of the trees of an orchard hang too low to permit of cultivation to what extent should we prune, to make it possible to cultivate?

Mr. Aldrich.—I cut my trees back so I can get near the trees or under them, but I never cut off large limbs. Wherever you cut off a limb that is more than an inch and a half in diameter be sure to paint the cut to prevent bacteria from getting in. Prune in summer for fruit and in winter for wood.

Q.—What do you think about cutting off of great limbs sometimes six inches in diameter?

Mr. Aldrich.—I would not do that; I call that butchery.

Q.—Is not the rubbing of the hogs against the trees very injurious?

Mr. Aldrich.—Well, that question is brought up again and again, by men that had hogs in their orchard and lost some of their trees, but I do not believe that the hogs rubbing against the trees is what did the damage. I went into some of those orchards, and in every case I found the ground packed hard, and that is, I believe, what killed the trees.

Q.—Is it a good idea to make a chicken yard out of the orchard?

Mr. Aldrich.—Yes, sir; if you cultivate it.

Missouri Fruit Prospects.

Under date of Feb. 15 the secretary of the Missouri State Horticultural Society sends us the following: From reports from ninety three counties of the state, we cull the following:

Apple orchards, where well cared for, are in very fair condition and promise a good crop. Old and neglected orchards are not in good condition and prospects are not good. Injury of trees by freeze of February, 1899, still shows in many places to be serious.

Peach orchards, where properly cut back last spring, have most of them made a fine growth and will hold a fair crop of peaches. Trees not cut back and those cut back too severely, and old trees have many of them died. The very rapid growth on the cut-back trees has prevented the formation of very many fruit buds, and hence we cannot expect a full crop. Some of the buds have already been killed, but there are left, on most trees, all the buds that the trees should have.

Pear, plum and cherry trees, although badly injured in some localities, have formed a good lot of fruit buds and the prospect is good for all of these fruits.

Strawberries have not made a good stand and the prospect is that the crop will be very much shorter than for years.

Raspberries and blackberries have generally recovered from the freeze of '99 and we may expect nearly a full crop.

Grapes are in good condition and promise well.

Taking it all in all we can now safely say that there will be nearly a full crop of apples, a half crop of peaches, a two-thirds crop of pears, plums and cherries, a half crop of strawberries and raspberries, and a full crop of blackberries and grapes. But we still have the most dangerous part of the season to pass.—L. A. Goodman, Secretary.

Some people wonder why more squabs are not raised for market, and say that when pigeons are so very prolific there should be no reason for the squabs selling at from 25 cents to 50 cents each even in winter. The reason why more squabs are not produced is doubtless due to the fact that the men that attempt to raise pigeons do not confine them in covered yards, that is, yards with wire sides and tops. The result is that all kinds of enemies prey on the pigeons and the constant loss from this is large and discouraging. If doves are to be kept for the squabs they produce it is evident that the work to be successful must be scientifically carried on.

The Bite of a Pig.—It is a rather remarkable fact that the bite of the pig is more dangerous than that of any of our farm animals. Why this is so is not easily accounted for; but the fact remains that injuries inflicted by pigs usually take a much longer time to heal than those inflicted by, say, horses or dogs. However, wounds inflicted by swine are of rather rare occurrence.

Dragging Another in Her Downfall.

Lawyer—"What is your age, madam?"

Witness (viciously)—"I am just the same age to a day that your unmarried sister is."—Somerville Journal.

Teeth Made From Paper

Are the latest things in dentistry. By a peculiar process they are rendered better than any other material. They may be fine, but most people would prefer their own, and this may best be accomplished by keeping the stomach healthy with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, as the condition of it affects the teeth. The Bitters will cure constipation, dyspepsia and biliousness.

A Capable Woman.

Jones—Brown married a very capable woman, didn't he?

Smith—I guess so. At least she seems to be capable of making a living for both of them.—Detroit Free Press.

From Washington

How a Little Boy Was Saved.

Washington, D. C.—"When our boy was about 16 months old he broke out with a rash which was thought to be measles. In a few days he had a swelling on the left side of his neck and it was decided to be mumps. He was given medical attendance for about three weeks when the doctor said it was scrofula and ordered a salve. He wanted to lance the sore, but I would not let him and continued giving him medicine for about four months when the bunch broke in two places and became a running sore. Three doctors said it was scrofula and each ordered a blood medicine. A neighbor told me of a case somewhat like our baby's which was cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. I decided to give it to my boy and in a short while his health improved and his neck healed so nicely that I stopped giving him the medicine. The sore broke out again, however, whereupon I again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla and its persistent use has accomplished a complete cure." MRS. NETTIE CHASE, 47 K St., N. E.

Poor Old Henpeck.

"Poor old Henpeck leads a dog's life with his wife."

"Well, why on earth doesn't he apply for a divorce?"

"He says he wanted to, but she wouldn't let him."—Philadelphia Press.

DANCE—Teach yourself in one evening all the latest society dances by sending 25 cents for our new society dancing chart, showing every step and position. American Pub. Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

In a Quandary.

"Darn it!" said the Kentuckian, "that horse thief ought to be lynched to-day; and yet, there's a call to arms at Frankfort. How can a fellow do business in two places at once?"

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are wearying beyond description and they indicate real trouble somewhere.

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