

# HER HEART'S SECRET;

Or, UNDER A SPELL.

BY JEAN WARNER.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A "Disinterested" Friend.

Herbert Clive had been restless all the evening after his interview with Sybil at Sunset Hill.

He had devoted himself to Miss Marian Grey, escorted her home, and laughed, jested and chatted with a nervous gaiety which the young lady—who, from her pinafore days had regarded Herbert as the epitome of all masculine perfections—found exceedingly delightful.

"Grey-lawn" was the adjoining estate to Clive Towers, and the young people of both places had grown up on the friendliest terms, though there had never been much intimacy between their parents.

Mr. Grey, senior, was a dried-up old limb of the law, too grim and taciturn to form social ties, and Robert Clive was not the man to press friendly relations on any one.

The ladies of the family had visited during the late Mrs. Clive's life time; but since her death the heads of the two houses rarely exchanged more than a formal bow.

But Laurence and Herbert had been college chums, and were still fast friends, while Fannie and Marian were "devoted" in that airy, paternal way peculiar to their sex, patronized the same milliner and modiste, and were very confidential as to coiffures, cosmetics and all the pretty arts pertaining to feminine fascinations.

But the friendship went no deeper. There are strange affinities between woman and woman, and these two girls, whose lives had glided on so smoothly, side by side, could never be friends in the truest acceptance of the term, as Fannie and Sybil might have been.

There was something dark and secret about Marian which Fannie Clive recoiled from, unconsciously as the sunlight from the cloud—something which perplexed and annoyed her far more than Sybil's acknowledged reserve.

With a woman's intuition, she felt Marian was insincere, though she could not tell where or when; by the same unreasoning logic she knew Sybil was honest and true, despite the shadows which darkened her heart and soul from her gaze.

But men are not gifted with this delicate acumen, and Herbert found Miss Marian a very frank, charming and beautiful companion, as they walked together over the moonlit hills to her house.

Laurence and Fenton Forest loitered behind, to indulge in a smoke, so our hero had the field to himself, had he been disposed to take advantage of it. But Miss Marian perceived, with mortification of spirit, that Mr. Clive had no mind for sentiment that evening. Neither the moon-lit waves nor the shadowy groves could awaken any romantic ideas, and the jests and laughter which were so sparkling in the drawing room at Clive Towers seemed to lose their spirit and brilliancy in a tete-a-tete walk through the woods.

Miss Marian was disappointed. She had quoted a verse from Byron, and Herbert had made an absurd parody of it; she had stopped at a sequestered glade, to admire the mist-robbed river, and the young gentleman had given her a matter-of-fact warning about damp feet and chills; she had made some allusion to their childhood romance, and Herbert had frankly called himself "a little fool."

It was very provoking, and naturally Miss Marian grew a little spiteful, and proceeded to manifest it as only a mortified woman can.

"What a strange fancy dear Fannie seems to have taken for that young lady—Miss—what is her name? Oh, yes—Miss Sybil Wraye."

"Strange?" repeated Herbert, lightly. "What is there especially strange about it, Marian? Ladies' fancies are generally unaccountable, but Miss Wraye seems a very gentle, attractive friend for one of her own age to choose."

"Oh, no doubt," answered the young lady, in a tone which was slightly sarcastic. "There is no doubt of her attractions; but she seems so very, very different from dear Fannie herself—so silent, and quiet, and reserved. Where did Fannie pick her up anyhow?"

"They were schoolmates at Madam Fleury's, I believe," was the rather cold reply.

Mr. Clive found the young lady's questions exceedingly harsh.

"Ah, at Madam Fleury's?" repeated Miss Grey, thoughtfully. "Then, of course, it is all right. But—"

"Why should it not be all right?" he asked, quickly. "In what manner has Miss Wraye invited your criticism, Marian? I know ladies are apt to be severe upon each other, but I confess that Miss Sybil seemed quiet and unobtrusive enough to diam even a sister-woman."

"I'm sure I meant no offense," said the lady, apologetically. "I really had no idea you were so—so interested in the young lady, Mr. Clive. I ought not to have spoken at all, perhaps; but dear Fannie and I have grown up almost like—like sisters," added Miss Marian, with charming hesitation, "and, knowing her frank, impulsive disposition, as I do, I was naturally a little anxious to learn when and where she had formed so close and tender a tie as that which seems to exist between her and Miss Wraye. I may have been critical," she continued, gently, "but I assure you, Mr. Clive, it was only as a friend would criticize, with perhaps too jealous an eye, the stranger who seems to have stepped between her and her childhood's friend."

"I am sure you wrong Fannie," said Herbert, warmly. She can never change toward you, Marian, any more than I can toward Laurence. The ties of years are not to be so easily severed. But friendship need not be a monopoly. Love alone rules with such jealous

sway; friendship shares its privileges willingly, seeking only to know that it has worthy partners in its high estate.

"Perhaps," said the young lady, dubiously; "but women cannot argue about their feelings as cleverly as men. We get notions without knowing why; and though, of course, it is an absurd idea, I could not help fancying from the first that this Miss Wraye was not the friend that—that your mother would have chosen for her child."

"And pray, why not?" asked Herbert. "Surely you have some reason for a conclusion so very injurious to a young lady?"

"Do you ever arrive at a conclusion without reasoning, Mr. Clive?" was her meaning reply. "But, since you force me to be explicit, I will say that, from all I have seen and heard of Miss Wraye, I should be very loath to admit her to an intimate companionship. I prefer friends whose present and past are less shrouded in mystery. I am too frank, perhaps; but, surely, our old friendship gives me the privilege of speaking the truth. I only say honestly what others say less kindly, though more cautiously. There, you are biting your lips! I have offended you. Forgive me if I have presumed too far. I promise that this subject shall never again be broached between us."

They had reached the gate at Grey-lawn while she spoke, and as she paused and held out her hand, with an expression of wistful anxiety in her beautiful eyes, Herbert felt almost remorseful at the indignation her words had awakened.

This lovely girl was a true friend. She spoke frankly and fearlessly, and did she not speak the truth? What did she know of Sybil, save that she was fair and sweet, and gentle? Had not Madam Fleury warned him that there was an impenetrable cloud around her pupil? Nay, had not Sybil, with her own lips, told him with her own lips that there was a shadow upon her path—a curse upon her life? And yet he had suffered her to be a sister to his sister. He had asked her to be the wife of his bosom—his better, dearer self. He loved her—loved her!

Miss Grey might well scowl at the logic that could condense itself into such brief words. He loved her, and would believe nothing, hear nothing, think nothing against her. He loved her, and that was proof, reason, argument—all!

Very coldly he took the little jeweled hand Miss Marian extended to him. Very grave and courteous was his brief response.

"I could not take offense at such disinterested friendship, Marian, even were I disposed to do so. Still, I think you judge her too harshly and too harshly. 'This generally the purest and most delicate nature that veils itself in womanly reserve. Good-night!' he added, with forced playfulness, "and don't be jealous, Marian."

She shook her head, laughingly, but a dark change came over her face, as he disappeared from her sight. The soft, beautiful eyes grew hard and fierce, and a bitter smile curled her full, red lips.

"Is he mocking me, I wonder? Can he know what he says? Not be jealous? Ah, he little guesses the demon this night has awakened in my heart! He loves her—loves this sly, white-faced, silent girl—this girl of whose past and present he knows nothing. Ah, Mr. Clive, I have heard of this mysterious pupil of Madam Fleury's before! You forget that I, too, have other friends than your foolish, light-headed sister. Aye, I have learned something of Miss Sybil Wraye, and I will learn more. How his face flushed, how his eyes flashed, at my words! Ah, it was joy, fierce joy for me to see him wince at my thrusts! Yes, yes! If I know not how to win his heart, I know how to wound it. Aye, and I will wound—sharply, relentlessly, with a deadly aim—wound it to the core!"

She entered the house. It was nearly midnight, and her father was very regular in his hours; but to-night a light burned in his study, and the sound of voices told her he was not alone.

As she passed up to her own room he stopped for a moment in the little passage that connected the office with the main house, wondering, with feminine curiosity, what important client was honored with an audience at this untimely hour, for Mr. Grey was a rigid adherent to system, and it was of his rules to transact no legal business after 4 o'clock.

As she paused in the shadow, the study door opened, and the light within revealed one of the noblest specimens of manhood she had ever seen. A tall, sun-browned man, with crisp, iron-gray curls shading a massive brow, and whose herculean frame was not disfigured by his easy, careless garb, stood upon the threshold, evidently taking leave of her father.

"And you can do nothing for me? Well, I expected as much," he was saying, bitterly; "though they told me you were no toady of that purse-proud hypocrite on the hill. I could make it worth your while to take the case in hand."

"I doubt it," was the wary old lawyer's reply. "You have no case at all, sir, as I understand—no proof, no witnesses, nothing but your own unsupported word."

"Do you call me a liar?" was the fierce rejoinder.

"By no means," was the cool reply. "On the contrary, I am personally inclined to credit your story, wild and improbable as it would seem if I attempted to prove it in a court of justice. For you have no proof, I repeat it, sir—no proof! It would be simply madness in me, or any other lawyer, to attempt a contest on such grounds with a man who has the power, influence and position of Robert Clive."

"Power, influence and position! Aye, curse him—curse him!" was the pas-

ionate reply. "He has all—that of which he has robbed me, increased a thousand-fold! And I—have not even the right to bear my father's name!"

"Be calm, my dear sir—be calm," said the old lawyer, who was growing rather nervous at the visitors' passionate demonstrations. "There are thousands of cases such as yours met with in our profession every day. You can do nothing but submit—nothing but submit."

"Submit!" There was something terrible in the man's hoarse, suppressed tone. "You know not the fierce blood that flows in my veins, or you would never speak to me of submission! Submit to the foul, cruel injustice that takes from me my name, my birthright—the name and birthright I should hand down in honor to my children? Submit to living as I do, a nameless outcast, while he, the liar, the spoiler, fattens on his ill-gotten gains. Submit to be driven from his threshold like a dog by his upstart son? I tell you, sir, there are wrongs to which no one can submit who calls himself a man! Submit? Never! May my right arm wither and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth when I abandon my righteous cause—when I cease to struggle against Robert Clive!"

And, with a fierce gesture of his uplifted arm, the man flung himself from the room, just as the flowing garments of Miss Marian swept up the stairway.

"I wonder—I do wonder what it all means?" said the young lady, a lambent gleam of triumph in her dark eyes. "Some dreadful family secret of the Clives. And they have always been so high and mighty, and honorable. Ha, ha! Mr. Herbert, perhaps you are not so grand a catch as you think you are. There is a skeleton in your closet eh? and my name is not Marian Grey unless I drag it to the light yet!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### Beside the River.

In no very pleasant frame of mind, Herbert commenced his homeward walk. He was vexed with himself, vexed with Miss Marian, and such is love's inconsistency, vexed with unconscious Sybil.

Why did she choose to set herself apart from her sex? Why did she make enemies and critics of those sharp-eyed, sharp-tongued beings, who can forgive all things but superiority? What was this veil of mystery surrounding her that could make one so sweet, and pure, and gentle, the object of so much distrust?

Ah, Love—immortal! Love itself—is not invulnerable to the shafts of malice! and Herbert, who, only a few hours before, had vowed to Sybil that no shadow could ever darken the sunshine in which her image dwelt, even found himself questioning, fearing, nay, even doubting, the woman who ruled his heart!

Truly, Miss Marian knew how and when to wound.

In his present uncomfortable mood, Herbert felt no wish to return home. He had no mind for Fannie's gay badinage, or his father's more earnest converse; he'd not care to meet Laurence or Fenton, who had asked him to stop in the former's bachelor sanctum until their arrival, when Fenton was to concoct some remarkable beverage, whose proportions were solemn mysteries to the civilian world.

So, striking into a by-path that led through the grove, the heir of Clive Towers proceeded to indulge his gloomy meditations by a walk to the river.

The road wound close to the shore, and the quiet waters seemed to murmur their peaceful music at his very feet.

The veiling mists, now illumined by the light of a queenly moon, floated around him like transparent clouds, and gave a strange, unreal, dream-like aspect to the familiar landscape. He was in a world of vague, fleeting shadows; all about him was vapory and uncertain. He could grasp, he could hold nothing; like a weird echo from some far-off shore he seemed again to hear the melody of Sybil's sunset song:

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

The memory of the sweet, sad face, upturned to the rose-tinted sky—of the wistful glance in the soft gray eyes—the tremulous pleading of the beautiful lips—came back to Herbert with a force that swept away all other feelings by a gush of noble tenderness.

"My love, my love—my own sweet, sorrowful love—though the whole world should turn against her, my heart shall be faithful and true! my love shall be her refuge, her safeguard, her shelterer. One gleam from her pure, sweet eyes—one faint smile from her lovely lips—is more eloquent than the voices of a thousand such frivolous, worldly-minded critics as Marian Grey! Sybil, my darling—my own sweet Sybil!"

It was only the unconscious cry of a heart stirred into renewed tenderness; but, as if his words had magic power over her, a white form glided through the mists, and Sybil herself, or her disembodied spirit, stood before him.

For a moment Herbert Clive, sound-minded and practical as he was, thought he looked upon some unearthly vision; for, veiled and shrouded in garments of clinging white, with her pure face wearing a look of dread despair, and her eyes fixed in a gaze of stony unconsciousness, she passed him, like the wraith of her living, breathing self, and glided on, with outstretched arms, to the silent, sleeping river.

Then suddenly, as if aroused by a lightning-flash from a dream, Herbert's sober senses awoke, and, with a low, startled cry of "Sybil!" he caught the girl's arm even as she poised herself for a spring into the waves.

"Sybil! Sybil are you mad or dreaming? God in heaven, what is it you would do?"

She gave one wild, terrified glance into his face, and then sank, covering and trembling on the sands at his feet.

"You here?" she whispered, brokenly; "you—? Then there must, indeed, be a God who watches all!"

"What is it you would do?" he repeated, sternly, for the mighty love swelling in his heart made him her censor now. "Were you seeking death, Sybil?"

"Aye, death!" she answered, in a strange, unnatural voice. "Death and safety. Safety for you and for me! Oh, why did you stop me—why did you stop me? It would have been only a brief pang, and then all would have been over!"

Herbert Clive, gay and thoughtless as his young life had been, shuddered at the girl's words. He had knelt at a Christian mother's knee, had learned from her loving lips those lessons that are far more enduring than all the theological teachings of after years. Was it possible that this fair young being lived in the darkness of utter disbelief?

"All would have been over?" he repeated. "Sybil, Sybil, you know not what you say! Have you no faith, no hope, that you would so madly brave a dreadful Hereafter?"

"No, no! No faith, no hope!" she answered, despairingly. "I have nothing, nothing, either in this world or the next. Life has given me naught but struggle and suffering. Only in death can I seek peace and rest!"

"Do you speak to me thus, Sybil—to me—the man who loves you better than his own life?" was Herbert's reproachful question. "Oh, my darling, my darling!" he continued, his tone changing into one of infinite tenderness; "what is this dark sorrow, this dark mystery, that is blighting, cursing your sweet young life? What is it that stands between us, Sybil? Show me the barrier that my love is powerless to level! Show me the wound my love is powerless to heal!"

"Love? love?" she echoed the word as if it stung her. "Do not speak to me of love! Look at me here, poised on the very brink of a self-sought death, hopeless, wretched, desperate; and you talk to me of love! Go seek happier women for your honeyed phrases. They fall upon my heart like dew upon a parched desert, whose sands can never flower or fruit."

"I will not believe it," he answered. "Your heart is no desert, Sybil. Blighted and seared it may be, but love can make it bloom anew. You can not frighten me, darling. You can not set in glove aside. It has risen upon you like the sun rises over the sheltered valleys. Its course is unalterable. It must shine until the day is done."

"There is no day for me!" was the passionate answer; "no light, no sun! It is all darkness and night—eternal night!"

"The sun has risen," he repeated, taking her by the hand, and lifting her, with gentle force, from her shrinking posture. "Darling, the sun has risen, and there can be no more night. Let the past be past forever, with its darkness, its sorrows; I seek not to unveil them, whatever they may be. The future shall be all sunshine, gladness and peace. Only trust me, Sybil—trust your wounded heart to me. Let me love you, and teach you how to love me a little in return."

"If you knew—if you only knew—how you torture me!" she murmured, in a broken whisper. "My life is dark enough, dreary enough, barren enough, already. You only mock its bitterness by pointing to the smiling Eden that lies far, far beyond its reach. Why will you not believe me when I tell you love for me is hopeless? We can never love; or if, alas, it is our cruel, cruel fate, that love must be our curse instead of a blessing—our cross instead of our crown."

"One word!" cried Herbert, detaining her, as she would have fled away—"one word, Sybil, shall silence my pleading voice forever. Are you free? Has any one the right to stand between us? Are you pledged to another?"

"I am not free," was the low reply. "There is one who stands between us, and who will stand between us forever. I am pledged to another—whom I love and honor, and must obey."

## WHAT A JOURNALIST IS.

How He Differs From a Plain, Ordinary Newspaper Man.

After his lecture before the journalistic class at Cornell university, a sophomore class asked Eli Perkins when he became a journalist.

"Never," said Eli, "but I do hope, after twenty years' more experience, to become a newspaper man."

"Well, what is the difference?" asked the sophomore.

"Just this, my son," said Eli. "A callow reporter calls himself a journalist. As George Welshons says, 'in his first tadpole stage, when his head is swelled,' he is a journalist. If he finally shows great brain and industry, and escapes the fool-killer, he may become a reporter. After years of study and toil, and when his brains are stuffed with wisdom, wit and discretion enough to kill his own editorials and 'make up' a sixteen-page Sunday edition, then I say he's a newspaper man."

"Then he is as high up in the profession as he can get?"

"Yes; he is now at the pinnacle. By and by when he gets lazy and stiff and old and stupid, they reduce him to the position of editor."

"An editor is a decayed newspaper man, with bunions on his brain, chilblains on his heart, corns on his ears and warts and dyspepsia on his liver. The business of the editor is to sleep up-town all day and at night he prowls around a newspaper office, and at midnight he takes a blue pencil and assassinates every bright and readable idea that the smart reporters have brought in during the day."

"The editor is all epithet, while the reporter is all proof. The editor calls a man a chicken-thief, and gets sued for libel, while the reporter, kodak in hand, interviews him while picking off the feathers in his back yard, and the next day the thief takes a whole advertisement to shut up the newspaper."

"No," continued Eli; "I hope I am a newspaper man, and I dread the time when I shall get old and stupid, and have to kill my own bright thoughts which made the people glad, sold newspapers and made Americans know me."

"S'death! the skirt." "Ah!" exclaimed the great detective, "here is the tell-tale skirt." "Betrayed!" groaned the criminal. "I might have known that such a loud garment would blow on me."—Philadelphia North American.

Not Without Ability. Uncle Bob—Well, Johnny, are you at the head of your class? Johnny—No, but I can lick the fellow that is!—Hartford Courant.

## DEGENERATE DOG.

Many Diabolical Tricks Played by the Viciously Aberrant Animal.

Now and then there is a degenerate dog, just as there are degenerate men. I once knew a dog of that kind. He was a handsome fellow, a Scotch collie, black, with white breast, and lower forelegs and tip of tail also white. His father was a gentlemanly dog, and his mother was also reputable. At an early age this dog took to killing chickens, and would mouth and kill a whole brood of downy chickens in less than a minute from the first alarmed screech of the mother hen. A little later he killed, as a daily recreation, chickens of all sorts and conditions. Many attempts were made to shoot him, but he seemed bullet-proof. He would run into the street, seize a horse by the nose, and, swinging clear of the pavement, would hang there, while the terrified horse would vainly try to dislodge him. When a man on horseback came along, he would proceed to have fun with him by seizing his horse's tail. No whip could reach him, and when the rider would dismount the dog would beat a successful retreat. He killed all the cats in the neighborhood. When a peddler with samples of potatoes or apples entered the yard of his owner he would greet him with a friendly wagging tail and escort him to the door, but when the same peddler turned his back to go he never failed to take a bite at the calf of his leg. The dog's conduct finally raised the neighbors against him, and the owner was informed that if he did not get rid of him the dog would be shot. To save his life the owner gave him to a butcher. In his new environment he lasted but one day. He bit the butcher's daughter, and the butcher killed him.—Indianapolis News.

## A START IN THE LAW.

What Hitting a Mule Over the Head Had to Do With Making a Lawyer.

Illustrating what a trifling incident can influence a man's whole career, it is told of Judge William Lindsay, who is now United States senator from Kentucky, that when a young man still in his teens he was plowing in his father's field, which was near a cross roads store where a dozen or more men usually congregated. Young Lindsay and the mule he was working to the plow did not "gee" well, and finally in trying to turn the mule around at the far side of the field a worse misunderstanding than usual occurred. The mule turned square around and started back over the plow right at Lindsay, who grabbed a piece of fence rail and hit his big-eared servant a terrific jolt above the eye. The mule fell dead. Lindsay looked at the dead mule and then at the crowd around the field at the store. He saw the men had witnessed his killing of the mule and he started at full run to the store. When he reached there, almost out of breath, he exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I killed the mule, but I did it in self-defense." "By jingo, Bill, you ought to be a lawyer," said one of the men, "for anybody who can think of a plea of that sort on the spur of the moment would make a good one." That suggestion stuck in young Lindsay's mind—he did study law, became chief justice of Kentucky and one of the greatest lawyers they ever had. In 1896, when Lindsay, as senator, deserted his party on the silver issue, one of his old friends who knew of the mule incident, and who was angry at Lindsay for his course, said: "Say, boys, ain't it a pity that Lindsay killed that mule?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## HIS DEADLY PRACTICAL JOKE.

Humorous Man Poked His Umbrella Into a Friend's Back and He Died.

It was a joke; a duet sung in celebration of Cuba's dawning era of progress; a slap on the back and a playful retaliation with the prod of an umbrella, that together formed the merry preface to a fatal tragedy. The actors were Cubans. One, who died the other day, was George Alamillo, a cigar-maker, whose home was in 182 Hamburg avenue, Brooklyn. He was drinking and singing with his friend, Samuel G. Bagley, an insurance adjuster at 50 Howard avenue, in a saloon on Jan. 20. They cracked many jokes about the ejection of the Spaniards from Cuba, and about the relative merits of the cigar trade and the insurance business. Suddenly Bagley, by way of emphasizing his sense of humor, jabbed his Cuban friend in the back with an umbrella. It's sharp point pierced Alamillo's flesh. He cried out in pain, but did not realize at the time the serious nature of his wound. His death was caused by blood poisoning. Before he died the Cuban declared that his friend was blameless. But the police said they would arrest Bagley, if only to cure him of his dangerously playful use of an umbrella as a means to impress upon a victim the point of a joke.—New York Press.

Wearing Out Needlessly. Many people wear themselves out needlessly; their conscience is a tyrant. An exaggerated sense of duty leads a person to anxious, ceaseless activity, to be constantly doing something, over-punctual, never idle a second of time, scorn to rest; such are in unconscious nerve tension. They say they have no time to rest, they have so much to do, not thinking they are rapidly unfitting themselves for probably what would have been their best and greatest work in after years.

Human Nature. Mr. Tigg—I don't see how that Montreal girl could sleep sixty days.

Mrs. Tigg (speaking from observation)—Probably some one kept calling her to breakfast right along.—New York Press.

The latest hiding place for microbes is in moustaches.

A boy never realizes how good his mother is until he gets sick.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 & 3.50 SHOES UNION MADE

Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes.

Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers.

The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Take no substitute claim to be as good. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send a pair on receipt of price and extra, or carriage. State kind of leather, size, and width, plain or cap toe. Cat. free.

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Musk, Cut and Shred

THE CYCLONE MUSK CORN

Shred and Walnut Etc. MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Another Department. Agent of philanthropic society—My dear young woman, the proprietors of this store assured us they had provided seats for their clerks. I don't see any.

Sales Girl—They'r all in the furniture department, ma'am.—Chicago Tribune.

England's Armored Trains. The magnificent armored trains used by England in her war with the Boers will protect her troops in about the same way that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters drives dyspepsia from the human stomach, and then mounts guard that it does not return. The Bitters have won in every case of indigestion, constipation, liver and kidney trouble for fifty years.

Kept Awake Listening. "What makes Mrs. Henpeck look so worried these days, I wonder?" "Her husband has developed a habit of talking in his sleep, and it's driving her crazy."—Philadelphia Press.

Cleanse Your Blood

The thing most desired of a Spring Medicine is thorough purification of the blood. With this work of cleansing going on there is complete renovation of every part of your system. Not only is the corrupt blood made fresh, bright and lively, but the stomach also responds in better digestion, its readiness for food at proper times gives sharp appetite, the kidneys and liver properly perform their allotted functions, and there is, in short, new brain, nerve, mental and digestive strength.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

Possesses the peculiar qualities—Peculiar to Itself—which accomplish these good things for all who take it. An unlimited list of wonderful cures prove its merit.

WHERE JEFF DAVIS COURTED.

A Large Stone That Figured In His Youthful Romance Preserved.

When Gen. Zachary Taylor was in command at Fort Knox, near Vincennes, Ind., Jefferson Davis, afterwards president of the Southern Confederacy, was a lieutenant in the army, and was with his command at the fort. Tradition has it that Davis and Miss Taylor whom he afterwards married, took strolls upon the prairie near the fort, and that they often seated themselves upon a large stone which lay on a knoll some distance away. It is stated that while seated thus one day Davis proposed marriage to Miss Taylor and was accepted. Davis and Miss Taylor were married at Vincennes, and themselves told of the courtship on the stone. To commemorate the romantic incident, Mrs. Dr. J. H. Rabb of Vincennes, has caused the stone to be removed to the house where it is now to be seen.—New York Sun.

PATENTS.

List of Patents Issued Last Week to Northwestern Inventors.

James O. Bane, Waseca, Minn., spring attachment for pump rods; Michael Beck and E. Ferrant, Minneapolis, Minn., automatic magazine gun; Harvey L. Marlett, Warner, S. D., and C. Marlett, Fargo, N. D., self-heating dinner pail; Will S. Metcalf, Flandreau, S. D., plow coulter; William Newton, Minneapolis, Minn., starching machine; Caesar Wilson, Litchfield, Minn., plow attachment.

Merwin, Lothrop & Johnson, Patent Attorneys, 911 & 912 Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul.

Why He Was Afraid to Bid.

At an auction sale of miscellaneous goods at a country store the auctioneer put up a buggy robe of fairly-good quality. An old farmer inspected it closely, seemed to think there was a bargain in it, and yet he hesitated to bid.

"Think it cheap?" asked the auctioneer, crying a 10-cent bid.

"Yes, kinder," was the reply. "Then why don't you bid and get it?" "Wall, I've bought heaps of things in dry goods an' so on," slowly rejoined the old man, "and I never took home anything yet that the old woman thought was worth the price. If I got that ere robe for even 15 cents she'd grab it up, pull at one end and chaw on a corner and call out, 'cheated again—more'n half cotton!' That's 'r' reason I dasn't bid."—Arizona Graphic.

A Book of Choice Recipes Sent free by Walter Baker & Co. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. Mention this paper.

Human Nature.

Mr. Tigg—I don't see how that Montreal girl could sleep sixty days.

Mrs. Tigg (speaking from observation)—Probably some one kept calling her to breakfast right along.—New York Press.

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