# HER HEART'S SECRET;

## Or, UNDER A SPELL.

BY JEAN WARNER.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### In a Dream.

"She is sleeping," said Fannie, stepping softly to her brother's side, as he re-entered the house after his interview with Dr. Bond. "She is sleeping so quietly and sweetly now, I am sure she will be better when she awakens. I have darkened the rooms as the doctor told me ,and left her alone. Oh, brother, brother!" and Fannie clasped her hands upon Herbert's arm and looked up earnestly into his face, "weren't you frightened almost to death? I was. I thought that angel girl was dying, sure enough!"

"You are very easily frightened, dear," said Herbert, lightly. "I have seen ladies faint before."

"You need not pretend to be so philosoprical," said Fannie, archly. "I saw your face, sir, and you were as white as a sheet. Come, Bertie, tell me the truth. I'll be the most trustworthy of confidants. Don't you love her a wee little bit? Good gracious, if the boy isn't blushing like a June rose! Ah, I've caught you, and I'm so glad, Bertie—so very, very glad!"

"Glad! Of what?" asked Herbert, bitterly. "That your brother has been a fool? Evidently, your friend has not made you her confidant, or you would know that her heart and hand are already engaged.'

"Engaged? Sybil engaged" exclaimed Fannie, with an expression of unfeigned dismay. "Why, brother, you must be dreaming. Sybil doesn't care a fig for any man in the world—or did not a month ago. I've heard her say so a dozen times. When all the other girls used to be whispering of their beaux and lovers, she would never say a word, only that proud lip of hers would curl disdainfully. And she told me with her own lips, just before school broke up, that she had never given love or marriage a thought in her life."

"In such matters, can a young lady's word be always depended on?" asked Herbert, cynically. "I believe a little equivocation is considered pardonable. Miss Wraye told me, only last evening, that she was engaged to—to another."

"I can't believe it! I don't believe it!" said Fannie, excitedly. "You must have misunderstood her, brother. You don't know, Sybil as I do. She is the soul of truth. And she told me—in one of these rare moments—for it is very seldom that Sybil opens her heart—she told me that her life had been too full of sorrow and darkness for the dreams and hopes of girlhood to find a place in it. And then she added, with her sad, sweet smile, that she had never given a thought to love or marriage in her life. I remember it so clearly," concluded Fannie, clinching the matter with girlish decision, "for Helen Lee had been married that day, and everybody was raving about her diamonds and her laces, and she had sent Madam Fleury a great piece of the wedding cake to cut for supper, that was so rich it made us all sick."

"And this was just before your school broke up—just before she came here?" said Herbert, eagerly.

"Two days later," answered Fannie, positively. "I can't be mistaken, for I have Helen Lee's cards for the 20th of June. And so I'm quite sure," added Fannie, as, with a bright smile, she looked roguishly up into her brother's face, "that if she had fallen in love, it has been since her coming here.'

A light stole over Herbert's face as he gazed affectionately at his sisterly comforter. A momentary ray of hope seemed to break through the dull, gray cloud that had settled upon his life.

Might he not, indeed, have misunderstood Sybils broken, incoherent words? Was not her calm confidence to Fannie more to be relied upon than her timid, nervous refusal of last night? Could he hope still—hope that in some far-off, shadowy future, Sybil might learn to love?

"Fannie," he said, after a moment's pause, "I would not intrude, dear, upon the sacred confidence of friend in friend. But if it be not a betrayal of such confidence, can you tell me aught of Miss Wraye's friends—of her home? I do not ask from idle curiosity, but from an earnest and friendly interest. Father, very naturally, has questioned me regarding your intimacy with Miss Wraye, and when and how it was formed, I being, in a great measure, responsible for her presence here as your guest."

"Papa is so queer and poky about some things," pouted Fannie. "I'm sure Sybil is as good, and a great deal better than I am, if her father isn't as rich and grand."

"Her father? Then she has a father living?" said Herbert, quickly.

"I don't know; I suppose so," said Fannie, doubtfully. I konw she wears a locket with his hair in it—but gracious knows whether he is dead or alive. Sybil is so queer she never speaks of herself or her relatives, and I am sure it was none of my business to inquire what she didn't choose to tell."

"And she never spoke to you of her home, her friends?" said Herbert, in a disappointed tone.

"I don't think she ever did," said Fannie, reflectively. "I always fancied she had lived in the country somewhere, she knew so much about trees and plants, and could teach Madam Fleury more about botany than that old friz-pate ever knew herself. Somehow, brother, I don't think the dear girl's home is a very happy or pleasant one, and I hope"—Fannie smiled up again into Herbert's face—"I hope it won't be very long before some nice fellow offers her another."

And with this somewhat unsatisfactory conclusion, Fannie flitted away to her flowers, having changed her brothers stoical endurance of the inevitable into all the unrest of suspense.

He must know, from Sybil's own lips, the meaning of her contradictory words—he must know if she were fettered or free; for Herbert Clive was the soul of manly honor, and the betrothed wife of another seemed almost as far removed from him as if the nuptial vow had been already spoken before God and man.

All through the summer day the windows of Fannie Clive's boudoir remained closed, and the well-trained servants passed the door noiselessly. Evening came, and still Sybil seemed to sleep, until Dr. Bond's carriage drove through the gate, and it was necessary that he, at least, should see her.

Then, very softly, Fannie stole into the darkened and perfumed room; very gently drew aside the snowy curtains.

The pillows still bore the impression of Sybil's head; her handkerchief and vinaigrette lay upon the floor beside the sofa; but, with a low cry of dismay, Fannie recognized the fact that Sybil herself was gone!

General excitement and surprise ensued. The open side door, leading to a balcony, showed the means of escape, and even Dr. Bond's usually imperturable countenance betrayed signs of anxiety.

"Quick!" he said, in an undertone, to Herbert. "To the river, where you saw her last night! I fear she has gone there. And—and the opiate has not yet ceased to act! Hurry, for God's sake; for she knows not what she is doing—she is still in a dream!"

The doctor's tone and look, even more than his words, added wings to Herbert's steps. He sped down the river path, spurred on by a thousand fears.

Down the steep declivity, through the shadowy grove, the young man sped, scarcely knowing how he passed over the ground. Hope seemed to have taken new life in his heart. Love, that he had believed crushed and despairing, sprang up in immortal strength. Sybil, in deadly peril, seemed all the world to him again.

The doctor's suggestion proved correct. On the narrow stretch of silvery sand that formed the river beach, Herbert found the wanderer.

She was seated on a huge rock, that had fallen, ages past, from the steeps above, and had been washed by the waces until it was smoothed and polished as if by a master's hand.

Her beautiful hair fell about her shoulders, unbound by the usual fillet; her cheeks were flushed unnaturally, and the soft gray eyes had a strange, far-away look in their limpid depths, that showed Sybil was, indeed, in a dream.

Sky and water glowed with the rich beauty of the summer sunset, and the fair girl, seated by the rose-hued waves seemed a different being from the pale wraith who had glided through the moonlight the night before. For there was a smile upon Sybil's lips, a tender radiance in her far-off gaze. She was happy in her dream.

"Sybil!" cried Herbert, delighted to find his treasure safe—"Sybil, you have frightened us so! Why did you fly away? Will you not come home with me?"

"Home!" she repeated, softly—"home. Ah, how sweet a word! Have I, indeed, a home?"

"Poor child—poor little homeless dove!" said Herbert, pityingly.

"He loves me!" repeated Sybil, softly, to herself—"he loves me! His voice is low and sweet, like distant music—so sweet to ears that have heard only the bitter, jarring notes of hate and revenge. Love, love! The word is so strange and sweet—so strange and sweet! Why must I shut out the beautiful sound? Why cannot I, too, love and be loved? Father, father, take from me my cruel heritage! Give me woman's sweetest, dearest, holiest right—the right to love! I, who have never loved—I, who have never hoped to love. Herbert, Herbert! Ah, there is music in the very name!"

Herbert held his breath and listened. She seemed unconscious of his presence, or conscious only as it suggested or accorded with her train of thought. Was it wrong to take her thus at a disadvantage—wrong to steal from her the secret she guarded so jealously—wrong to read a blissful hope in her tender smile, her beaming eye? What lover, even be he chivalrous and honorable as Herbert Clive, could stop to reason here?

"It is so sweet to love," she continued, softly—"so sweet to know that an eye brightens, and a lip smiles, and a voice breathes low music for you alone! Fannie's love was precious to me; but this—this would seem God's own priceless gift—Heaven upon earth! Ah, I might believe, I might hope, if I had the blessed right to love!"

"Sybil, Sybil!" Herbert sprang forward to her feet, forgetful of all other things but the rapturous conviction her words conveyed. "Sybil, is it true, or am I, too, dreaming? Oh, my love, then let us dream forever—let the waking never come!"

But, alas! with his very words, the dream was o'er. She started up with a frightened cry; looked around her in bewilderment. The flush faded from her cheek, the dreamy light from her eye.

"Where am I?" she said, passing her hand over her brow. "I have been asleep so long. Where am I?"

"Ah, here is my lost patient!" said the voice of the old doctor, as he came puffing and panting down the hill. "Ah, you are wide awake now, I see! You did not know you had fallen into the hands of such a grim old wizard. You gave me quite a fright, my dear. I had no idea my little pills would hold you in so potent a spell."

But Sybil did not understand. She only locked friom one to the other, with wide-open, startled eyes.

The roseate flush on earth and sky was changing slowly into the purple hues of twilight. The illusory brightness had vanished—Sybil's dream was past.

### CHOPTER XII.

#### Witches' Cave.

More than a mile below the grassy slope that was crowned with the stately mansion of the Clives, ran a dark ravine, so wild and lonesome in its wooded depths as to defy the most venturesome speaker of the picturesque from exploring its recesses.

A little stream brawling through a rocky channel, made the spot musical with its clamor; but beside the gurgle and splash of the waters, the warble of the wild bird that could trill unbroken melodies from its sequestered nest, and the hum of a thousand lower creatures of the wood, no sound was heard in the darksome hollow, that seemed a bit of Nature's rebellion against the taming hand of man.

And yet the hand of man had thrust itself even there. In the darkest center of the ravine, where the tangled vines and sturdy undergrowth made approach almost impossible—at a spot where the little streamlet, widening into a tiny crystal lake, seemed to sleep for a moment ere it hurried on to meet the sweeping river—was a strange structure, half-natural, half-artificial, known by the ominous title of the "Witches' Cave."

The cave itself was a deep but narrow fissure, the bed, perhaps, of some long-dry streamlet, and was popularly supposed to stretch, by its many ramifications, for miles beneath the surface of the surrounding hills.

Just at its opening was built a rude hut, of rough-hewn logs, so overgrown with vines and mosses as to be scarcely distinguishable from the work of nature around it.

It was twilight of the second evening after Sybil's swoon, and an old woman sat beside the few embers on which she was preparing her evening meal—so old, and dry and withered a creature that it was impossible to define her race or color.

Her skin was of a sort of ashen-gray, and seamed and wrinkled almost out of human likeness; her cheeks and lips had long ago fallen in around her toothless gums; her grizzled eyebrows met above the two sunken sockets, within which there burned, with a strange, unnatural fire, a pair of fierce black eyes.

She wore a coarse, though clean, cotton dress of a bluish color, and the few gray locks that escaped from the snowy turban on her head were stiff and straight.

As she sat stirring the mixture on her fire with a forked stick, and crooning to herself some queer old rhyme, she might have easily passed for one of those "weird women" who, cursed with unnatural power, live and die outcasts from their kind.

All around seemed to carry out the ideas suggested by her appearance. The only furniture in the hut were a couple of rude stools, a huge, flat stone, that might have either for altar or table, and the mats that were doubtless intended for the old woman's bed.

Strange skins of all descriptions hung from the rafters—snakes' and lizards', as well as squirrels' and deer's; bundles of herbs were drying in every corner; while, most remarkable of all, from the center of the rough ceiling hung a huge stalactite, that caught the red glimmer of the fire and flung it back over the room in a sort of lurid glow.

Suddenly the old woman lifted her head, with the quick, startled movement of a wild creature of the wood. She had heard a step, though the light footfall, that scarce rustled the fallen leaf, could be distinguished by no other ears.

For a moment she listened, then, nodding her head several times, began stirring the porridge again.

"It is her—ha, ha!—it is her," muttered the ill-omened old being, with a discordant laugh. "She'd like to keep away from old Rizpah if she coulo, but she can't. The spell is on her, in her blood, and in her bones and in her heart. It was born in her, and it was bred in her, and she can't get away from it with all her book-learning and her knowledge. She has to come back to old Rizpah at last!"

Even as she spoke, a slight form shadowed the threshold—a young girl, with a soft, white mantle flung over her muslin dress, and the Capuchin hood drawn over head and shoulders, entered the hut, and, flinging away the temporary disguise, displayed the pale, exquisite features and floating hair of Sybil Wraye.

"Rizpah, is father here?" she asked, breathlessly.

There was no answer. The old woman continued her low crooning, as though she could not hear.

"Ripah," repeated Sybil, in a louder voice—"Rizpah! can you not hear me?"

"I hear you," was the quiet rejoinder. "Look around you. Can you see him here? Rizpah has no parlor or drawing room, wherein honored guests can wait."

"Ah, you are cross this evening!" said Sybil, in a gentle voice. "Are you suffering, Rizpah?"

"At eighty one is always suffering," was the reply; "but no more than common—no more than common."

"I have been sick myself—a little," said Sybil, sinking down on the deerskin mat before the fire. "They gave me medicine that made me forget myself and it frightened me. I was afraid that I might have said something that—that—But papa is safe? You are sure he is safe, Rizpah?"

"Safe enough," was the old woman's answer "Why do you fear for him, child? Have I not read his fate a thousand times in the silent stars, in the running waters, in the whispering leaves? Have I not cradled him in my arms, nursed him from my breast? Have I not loved and cared for him with a love fiercer, wilder, stronger than that of the mother who bore him? If I do not fear for him, why should you?"

"Why should I!" echoed the girl, sadly. "Because I have not your faith or your superstition, Rizpah—because—"

The young girl shuddered. Strive as she would against it, this old woman's wild, dark creed had been one of the influences that had shaped her life.

"Aye, aye," continued Rizpah, "I know—I know! I was taught to read the stars and the waters by wise men, in my own land; and when your father was put in my arms, five-and-forty years ago—in my arms, that were uplifted to curse those who had torn my own baby from their clasp—my heart, that was full of bitterness against all mankind, opened again to the white-faced babe, and I learned to love him, even as my own flesh and blood! He kept Rizpah from growing mad with her grief; he drew the poison from her bosom; and when she sang him to sleep with the songs of her own race she forgot her wrongs and again was happy. And when he, too, was wronged—when they robbed my nursling of his name and his birthright, when his mother died of a broken heart in my arms, and his father left him, beggared and desolate—then old Rizpah's strong right arm stood between her boy and want, and the child grew and thrived, wild and fierce, and strong as those whom the she-wolf suckles and rears—grew up to claim and win his own. And he will win it!"

"Rizpah," said Sybil, taking the withered old hand within her own snowy palms, and speaking gently and tenderly, "I know what papa owes to your noble devotion; I know what I likewise owe to it. But, oh, Rizpah, think of what his life has been! think of the long, weary, bitter years spent in those fruitless efforts to gain his own! think of the manly prime wasted in wicked plans for revenge, justice—call it what you will! think, Rizpah, of what peace, what happiness, what safety, we have lost! and, oh, in pity for your nursling, cease to urge him, by your wild hopes and dark prophecies, on the road to ruin! Let us fly from here, all of us; the air itself seems heavy with danger. Let us fly from here. Would to heaven I had never come near this fated spot!"

"You talk like your mother," said old Rizpah, scornfully, drawing her hand from Sybil's grasp—"like your mother, whose blood ran cold and weak in her veins, and who was never the fitting mate for my boy. She was like the dove in the eagle's nest, striving ever to keep him always quiet. At first I thought you had more of your father's bold spirit. I thought you had learned from him how to hate his foes; I thought that, with the serpent's cunning, you had stolen into their house, and I boasted that one step was gained. But you are no serpent, to strike your fierce sting into the foot that tramples you; you are the weak woman that will not turn, even when crushed. Go! Rizpah scorns you!"

The young girl's pale face flushed slightly at the old woman's bitter tirade. But she glanced at the withered face, and its haggard, half-wild expression made her patient again.

Sybil remembered the days when this poor, old, half-crazed being had been the strongest prop of her father's fortune — the faithful, unwearying nurse of her dying mother—the watchful guardian of her own childish sports—servant, friend, fierce, outspoken counsellor, all in one. And now, tottering on the verge of the grave, homeless and friendless, because he whom she had served so long and faithfully had neither home nor friends, it was little wonder that poor old Rizpah's failing mind fixed itself with fierce tenacity upon the wild hopes she had encouraged for so many years, and that she strove to strengthen her failing powers by recurring to the dark superstition of her youth.

"I am neither the serpent nor the worm, Rizpah," Sybil said, with a good-humored smile. "I came to Clive Towers much against my will, and only because a lovely, innocent girl, who has surely never harmed me or mine, asked me to come as her guest."

"Her guest! their guest!" repeated old Rizpah, bitterly. "You, who should be mistress there, seated at their table and breaking their bread! Child, child, it is a wonder you did not strangle at the first mouthful. It is a wonder their wine and water did not poison your blood! There is no hate like kindred hate, even as there is no love like kindred love. Ah, if you had been a boy! But your poor, weak mother could only give life to a puling girl!"

"Would to heaven I had died when she did!" said Sybil, clasping her hands passionately; "for I live an accursed life, shadowed by danger; darkened and embittered by hatred and revenge. There is no light for me, no beauty, no"—oh, the thrilling pathos, the heart-break of the words—"no hope!"

"Aye, there is hope!" said old Rizpath, catching the last word—"there is hope, child. Have I not told you the stars have said it? Aye, there is hope for you. Listen to me!" She bent her withered face close to Sybil, while the cuning gleam of madness lit her deep-set eyes. "For three years I have lived in this spot alone, and often well-nigh starving. For what, eh? For what? Look here"—the old woman took Sybil by the hand and led her to the back of the hut, where, lifting one of the skins, she disclosed the dark, narrow opening of the cave, through which came a cold, damp draught of air—"look here. These feeble steps have tracked that cave through all its windings, and it leads—ha, ha! where, think you, it leads? To the wine vaults that underlie the proud towers of the robber Clive! Let them close their gates and bar their doors against the rightful heir as they will, but his daughter sits at their fireside, and his foster-mother watches them like the fox in his burrow, with this in her breast!" and Rizpah flashed the blade of a small, keen dagger before Sybil's affrighted eyes. "Aye, before another Clive grasps his father's ill-gotten wealth—before Robert Clive's son which belongs of right to the child of my child—this dagger shall drain the last drop of life-blood from the breast of the robber's heir!"

(TO be Continued.)

#### A New View.

"It jist struck me," said Dismal Dawson, , as he felt about in the bottom of his pockets for a few grains of tobacco, "that me an' the distilleries is in active opposition."

"What?" shouted Everett Wrest, almost with energy.

"Ye see, the stuff theyre busy puttin' up is the stuff I'd like to be busy puttin' down"—Indianapolis Press.

#### They May Be.

"Do you think that rabbits' feet are lucky?" Tenspot asked.

"I do if they are rapid enough to carry the rabbit safely away from the hunter," replied Mullins.—Detroit Free Press.

## THE YOUNG WIFE.

#### Lack of Experience That Causes Numerous Trying Mistakes.

For lack of experience many trying mistakes are made by the young housekeeper which would gladly be corrected if only some kindly friend would come to the rescue. Take a young girl fresh from the schoolroom and from a home where there have been servants enough to do all that is necessary about the housework, or else from a home where the work of the house has all been done by mother, and put into her inexperienced hands the care and entire charge of a house, what else can be expected but that serious mistakes will be made and many bitter tears shed in consequence of her want of knowledge. Ninety-nine out of every hundred young girls that marry are totally ignorant of the necessary care that will fall upon them. If the other one girl from the hundred has been fortunate enough to have a far-seeing mother, who has taught her daughter to look carefully after a household, she should rise up and bless her thoughtful mother for her wisdom. Before a girl becomes a wife she should at least be able to oversee the work that is done in her home, give reasonable directions to the servants, and in time of need she should be able to make good bread, roast and broil meats, know how to make good soups, a few simple desserts, and, above all, know how to make good coffee. From this simple beginning she may, by care and watchfulness, become a good manager of the household stores, even if the necessity of doing the cooking never happens to fall upon her. I have heard mothers say, "Oh! the cares of life will fall soon enough upon her; let her have a free foot while she can, and when she marries she will soon learn." In consequence of this mistaken kindness her daughters have everything to learn when the cares of a home fall upon them, and in consequence of their lack of knowledge many bitter tears are shed, dollars are wasted by her mistakes, and in a large majority of cases an unhappy home and wretched surroundings are the result. Her daughters are left to grow up in the same way, and, in consequence of their mother's ignorance, matters go from bad to worse. There are many, of course, who have too much pride to allow matters to go on in this way, and to these great credit should be given, for they have a hard fight, and will deserve the victory when it has been won. Every mother should teach her daughter the rudiments of housekeeping.

## BEATS HER WHITE SISTERS.

#### Indian Maiden Who Has Received 2,000 Applications for Her Hand.

In answer to advertisements inserted in eastern papers a short time since, no less than 2,000 direct applications have been made by white men of all classes and stations for the hand of an unknown Indian maiden whose wealth is not known. The white maiden who has a dozen suitors at her feet is indeed a popular belle but this simple Indian girl has all her pale-faced sisters distanced. The Indian girl lives in Kansas and her mail address is Wichita. She has reached a marriageable age and she is looking for some good man to share her life and her fortune—for she has a fortune, or, as she calls it, an estate. She does not want to marry an Indian; nor, evidently, has she found anyone in that part of Kansas who strikes her fancy exactly. She seeks as a husband some city raised man, who knows a bit about business, from which it may be judged that this Indian maiden is inclined to be thrifty. She has an idea that eastern men are of the brainy sort and accordingly inserted her marriage notice in New York and Massachusetts papers. Replies began to flow upon her after the first day and she has a great variety to select from. She is in no hurry, however, and the white brave who secures her hand must meet many requirements.

#### A Linguistic Hebrew.

The Hon. S. M. Moses, who has been recently appointed a member of the legislative council of Bombay, is very closely associated with one of the best-known families in modern Judaism. His mother was a daughter of the famous of Sassoon and his father was a brother of the late Lady Sassoon, wife of his uncle, Sir Albert. His wife was also a granddaughter of Sir Albert. He was the first Jew to hold the presidency of the great Bank of Bombay. Mr. Moses is possessed by the pride of race and religion. He is said to be one of the best linguists in Bombay, and has even accomplished Chinese.

#### Swarms of Creditors.

The duke of Veragua has swarms of creditors in France, chiefly in connection with the collapse of a company which he formed some ten years ago for the purpose of acclimatizing bull fights on the banks of the Seine, his idea being to create a new market for his bulls, which he breeds for the express purpose of figuring in the arena. The duke is in quite as bad financial odor in Paris as he is in Madrid, where he was bankrupted a short time before coming to this country as the guest of the United States government.

#### A Rabbit Craze in California.

There is a rabbit craze in southern California. The people around Los Angeles have taken to breeding Belgian hares, and it is expected that big fortunes will be made. Rabbit is to be canned and its juicy meat otherwise disposed of; its pelt is to be made into sealskin sacques, its fur into hats and other things are to be done with it. Thre are 600 "rabbitries" around Los Angeles already and over 60,000 high-grade rabbits.

#### A Distanced Bonster.

"I can play chess without chessmen or chessboard."

"Pooh! I've played golf without golf hose and before I knew the dialect."—Indianapolis Journal.


#### Millions for Baseball.

A million of dollars are spent every year for baseball, but large as this is, it cannot equal the amount spent in search of health. We urge those who have spent much and lost hope to try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It strengthens the stomach, makes digestion easy, and cures dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness and weak kidneys.


#### Probably.

"We don't hear you sing nowadays, Miss Madeline."

"My physician has strictly forbidden me to practice."

"Does he live in your neighborhood?"—New York World.


## A Mother's Tears.

**"I Would Cry Every Time I Washed My Baby."**

"When he was 3 months old, first festers and then large boils broke out on my baby's neck. The sores spread down his back until it became a mass of raw flesh. When I washed and powdered him I would cry, realizing what pain he was in. His pitiful wailing was heart-rending. I had about given up hope of saving him when I was urged to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla, all other treatment having failed. I washed the sores with Hood's Medicated Soap, applied Hood's Olive Ointment and gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla. The child seemed to get better every day, and very soon the change was quite noticeable. The discharge grew less, inflammation went down, the skin took on a healthy color, and the raw flesh began to scale over and a thin skin formed as the scales dropped off. Less than two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, aided by Hood's Medicated Soap and Hood's Olive Ointment, accomplished this wonderful cure. I cannot praise these medicines half enough." MRS. GUERINOT, 37 Myrtle St., Rochester, N. Y.

The above testimonial is very much condensed from Mrs. Guerinot's letter. As many mothers will be interested in reading the full letter, we will send it to anyone who sends request of us on a postal card. Mention this paper.


#### And She Did.

Benham—I want you to understand that I am the head of the family!"

Mrs. Benham—The doctor said I would have trouble with my head."—Harper's Bazar.


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EWARE of the dealer who says he can sell you the "same thing" as ALABASTINE or "something just as good." He is either not posted or is trying to deceive you.

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