

# Her Heart's Secret

By JEAN WARNER.

Or Under a Spell.

## CHAPTER XV. (Continued.)

"Dear me! Who'd have thought it?" said Miss Felicia, advancing to meet her visitor. "Miss Grey, as I live, and looking so sweet, and so fresh, and so delightful. This is a pleasure, indeed!" and Miss Feenix, whose withered visage could never have been called either fresh, sweet or delightful, puckered up her face into a vinegary smile, and pecked Miss Marian affectionately on the cheek. "Do come in and sit down. I was just straightening things up a bit. Widow Lee and Sophia Dawes—you know Sophia Dawes holds her head very high now, as if people could forsake her father shoveled in their souls. Well, as I was saying, they stepped in for a chat and a cup of tea; and some people can't even take a bit of cake without leaving things all in a muck. Sit down here by the window and have a fan. Take a chair; it won't crush that lovely lawn. As I was saying to Mary Wirt, last Sunday, 'Miss Grey certainly has the sweetest taste in dress.' You know Mary Wirt—old Wirt, the soapboiler's granddaughter? Left her a lot of money; but, my dear, soap will stick. She always looks dowdy, dress how she will. 'I was just passing by,' said Miss Marian, who felt that this sudden renewal of friendship required some slight explanation, and who never let honesty betray her into an awkwardness, "and your little place looked so sweet. Miss Feenix, that I thought of old times, when dear mamma used to bring us here, and felt I must stop for a chat. We have had so much company this summer, and I have had so little time to visit old friends—"

"I am sure of it," said Miss Feenix, accepting the calumet of peace, eagerly, for Miss Grey's friendship would be quite a feather in her spinster cap. "Of course it's only natural that attractive young people like you and Mr. Laurence—dear me! it seems only the other day that he was little Laurence—the only natural, I say, that you should draw your young company to Grey-laws; and then, Clive Towers is so near. I hear that they are having fine times there this summer. Miss Fannie just home—and what a sweet, lovely girl she is, so bright and charming, and that fairy-like creature, that was with her in church on Sunday. Is it really true that she is young Mr. Clive's intended? I couldn't help noticing that his eyes were fixed half the time on her face; but then, my dear—you will excuse my saying—I thought and told Louisa Knoll, who was speaking of the matter, that it had been a settled thing for years between Mr. Clive and you."

If Miss Feenix had intended to spur her visitor on, she could not have chosen her words more judiciously. Miss Marion's eyes flashed, as she rejoined, loftily:

"You are quite mistaken, I assure you, Miss Feenix. Mr. Clive never has thought of me, nor I of him. I have been Fannie's particular friend, and no matter what happens, will always be the same to her. But, as for any near-relationship, I am happy to tell you there is no probability of it—none whatever."

"Dear me! now, who'd have thought it?" said Miss Felicia, with a long-drawn breath. "Things do turn out so differently from what people expect. Well, my dear, I can't say that I'm sorry, and I can't say that I'm glad, for Herbert Clive is the finest catch in the county."

"Do you think so?" asked the visitor, with scornful doubt.

"Do I think so, my dear? Why, I really know so," answered Miss Felicia, positively. "Why, his father's wealth must be enormous. Not that he wasn't poor enough once, for his own parents left him nothing; but old Basil Clive, his father's only brother, adopted him, and schooled, and set him up fairly in business; then finished off by dying without any will, and leaving his nephew heir to everything. The old man was the queerest, most eccentric old being. No person had any idea of what he was worth until he died, and then he was found to have at least a million of money banked and stocked, and invested in every sort of way—not to mention the land about here, which is worth now fully a quarter of a million more. I happen to know so positively, because Luck Blake, the assessor's wife, is a particular friend of mine, and she says Robert Clive's taxes alone take a handsome sum yearly; for Robert Clive was old Basil's only heir."

Miss Marian's brow darkened; the skeleton, then, was not the fleshless glint of pecuniary distress; the proud Clives had never felt the pinch of poverty. There were no mortgages upon those smiling acres, those waving fields and shadowy forests; no debts were hanging over the Towers like a threatening cloud.

Miss Marian was rather disappointed. She had entertained a vague idea that it was some engaged creditor whose menaces she had overheard, some defrauded money-lender, who was making vain and desperate efforts to obtain justice.

"His only heir," continued Miss Feenix, who, when wound up for a gossip, would have kept at it all day. "Though there was, I remember, some sort of a queer story, at old Basil's death, of a wild young fellow making his appearance at the house and claiming to be his son by a private marriage. Of course, nobody believed him, and, indeed, 'twas said he acted more like a madman than a Christian; cursed and swore at Robert, and declared that he was betraying the old man's trust."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Miss Marian, with eager triumph flashing in her eyes; "and how was the matter settled? What became of the pretended son?"

"They got rid of him somehow, and hushed the matter up," answered Miss Feenix. "Of course, no one put any faith in his story, for old Basil Clive was not the sort of man to make a fool of himself, and everybody knew that Robert was his heir. If he hadn't been"

—Miss Feenix nodded her head sagely—"he never would have got Agnes Dean for his wife; for, with her money and attractions, she could have looked for the best in the land. Her father would not give his consent to the marriage until Robert Clive was master of Clive Towers; then he was willing enough."

"But suppose the pretended heir could have proved his claim?" asked Miss Marian, who was listening, with breathless attention. "Suppose Basil Clive had, indeed, left a son? Then—"

"Robert Clive would never have touched a penny of his uncle's money," said Miss Feenix, positively—"not a penny; for there was no will. It would have been different with him and his money; very different, indeed! Herbert and Fannie wouldn't be the catches they are now, I can tell you. 'Twas old Basil's money made them all!"

"Old Basil's money!" Miss Marian walked home with the words echoing in her ears, and a look of malicious triumph in her eyes.

As she repressed the open gate of Clive Towers, she paused and glanced in at the graceful group assembled on the doory terrace.

Her eyes fell upon the young people who were just preparing to mount.

Fannie made the most bewitching of Di Vernons, in her dark-blue riding habit, with her soft, brown tresses and laughing face looking out from beneath a masculine beard.

Fenton Forest was reining in his prancing military charger at her side, while Herbert Clive was carefully inspecting the saddle-girths of the snow-white Fairy, that was the especial pride of his father's stable, ere he trusted the spirited little Arab with the slight, graceful figure waiting quietly beside the granite pillar of the porch.

It was to this figure that Miss Marian's most malevolent glance was directed. Sybil Wraye was in her simple riding habit of olive-green, her lovely hair knotted up beneath a soft cavalier hat, whose drooping plumes shaded her beautiful face most becomingly, was a picture that might have disarmed the malice of any but a sister-woman.

But Miss Marian Grey was a woman, and a rival; hence, the light in her eye grew more pitiless as she recognized the beauty and grace, she could not deny.

"Old Clive's money made them all," she repeated to herself—"old Basil Clive's money! What if it should not rightly be theirs? What if, after all, there is another heir? You have given me a clue, Miss Feenix—you have given me a clue—and it will not be my fault if I do not follow it to the end. It will not be my fault if Herbert Clive brings that white-faced chit as mistress at Clive Towers."

## CHAPTER XVI. A Morning Ride.

It was chiefly for Sybil's benefit this ride had been proposed. Dr. Bond had suggested active recreation of all kinds as the best tonic for his patient, and Herbert and Fannie had, with praiseworthy earnestness, seconded his efforts to arouse their guest from the state of nervous depression into which she had fallen.

She started at every sound; the slightest whisper blanched her cheek to a deathly pallor; she could neither rest or sleep. Some ever-present terror seemed to haunt her night and day, and she drooped beneath it, like the flower that is shadowed by the deadly boughs of the Upar tree.

But, despite the cloud upon her happiness, the gentle girl had unconsciously entwined around her the affection of all at Clive Towers. Not only Herbert and Fannie, who were already captives to her charms, but every servant in the house rendered the unexpecting guest most willing attention; and even Mr. Clive's prejudice had somehow melted away, and he had never carried out his first intention of writing to Madam Fleury and inquiring from her the antecedents of his daughter's friend.

His stern, cold eyes often followed Sybil's fairy-like form with a strange interest, and though she avoided him persistently, his tone, when they did meet, was as gentle and kind as when he greeted his own loved daughter.

Even stern, unyielding Robert Clive had fallen under Sybil's spell.

Only this morning, as the horses were being led out, he had stopped Herbert with a warning:

"The Arab is a little restive. If Miss Wraye is to ride her, be sure that the girls are safe. Fairy is gentle, but, as you know, she is easy to take fright; so keep an eye on her."

Herbert smiled to himself as he assented. It was scarcely necessary to warn him to watch the horse that Sybil rode.

Fannie and Fenton had dashed off in a mad race through the woods, and, for the first time since their meeting by the sunset river, now nearly a week ago, Sybil and Herbert were alone.

Their way led through a grassy lane, bounded on either side by thicket hedges and shaded by giant trees that met in a canopy over their heads. Their horses' feet fell noiselessly upon the grassy sward. In the silence of the summer morning they seemed brought again despite themselves face to face.

Herbert felt strangely embarrassed and constrained; his memory of Sybil's unconscious revelations were still fresh in his mind. He felt as guilty as though he had stolen into the pure sanctuary of her maiden heart and robbed it of its guarded treasures.

But there was no trace of maiden pride or maiden coyness in Sybil's manner—no reflection of the blush and smile she had worn in her dream; only the white rigid repression of pain on every feature—the sudden, frightened glance of the beautiful eye—

the shadow of fear and terror over all. She guided her horse with a listless, uncertain hand, she seemed to hear without heeding, Herbert's effort at conversation; she answered absently and at random.

Pained and mortified, Herbert himself grew moody and taciturn, and they had gone on for some moments in silence, when Sybil suddenly seemed to arouse herself by a painful effort, and said, in a grave and earnest tone:

"I want to make a request of you, Mr. Clive—a strange request; one that you will not understand, and that I cannot explain."

"To ask of me to obtain, Miss Sybil, as you know," was the somewhat constrained reply.

"No, I do not know," she corrected, "for I am aware that my request will seem an utterly unreasonable one. I want you"—she gave one of her frightened glances around her as she spoke—and lowered her voice almost to a whisper—"I want you to leave home, Mr. Clive; to go abroad, if possible, for an indefinite time."

"To leave home?" echoed Herbert, in unbecoming surprise. "To go abroad? My dear Miss Wraye, you are incomprehensible!"

"I know it," she answered, in a despairing tone. "I told you I could not explain. Yet, 'tis as Fannie's friend, I speak; as—as"—her voice faltered, "as your friend. There is danger threatening you here, Mr. Clive—terrible danger; and—until that danger is removed, I beg of you to leave home."

Herbert's face flushed.

"Danger threatening me here, in my own home, and you would have me flee from it, like a coward? My dear Miss Wraye, you must have but a poor opinion of my manhood, of my courage!"

"There are perils against which manhood, courage, all are vain," she answered, in a voice thrilling with pain. "There is a danger which no hand, however strong, can combat—dark, unknown dangers, from which flight is the only safety; and—and"—her soft eyes fixed themselves upon him, full of terrible meaning, "Mr. Clive, it is such danger that threatens you. Oh, for your own sake, for the sake of all you love, flee, flee, in time! Fly, fly, before it is too late!"

But his face only set itself sternly into the likeness of his father—into a stranger and more forbidding likeness still, that of his great-uncle, Basil Clive.

"You forget that you speak to a man, Miss Wraye," he answered, proudly—"to a man in whom obedience to such a warning would be both weak and cowardly. To fly from any danger is womanly; to fly from an unknown danger would be the basest pusillanimity."

"Then you will not hear me—you will not heed me?" she cried in a tone whose pathos went to Herbert's heart. "Surely, surely, the curse of Cassandra is mine!"

"Sybil, Sybil!" cried the young man, throwing off the mask of formality and speaking in a moved voice, "for God's sake, have done with these mysteries! What is this shadow under which you young life is withering? What cloud is it that hangs between you and the sunshine of love and hope? For I know that no other love, no other tie, binds your heart, I know, darling—forgive me if I hold the precious secret dropped from your unconscious lips—I know the first pure love of that maiden heart is all my own!"

"You know that—that—"

Oh, the beautiful blush that stole like a dawn over that pallid face, the light that trembled in those downcast eyes, the quiver of those parted lips! For one bright moment the spell was broken, the statue lived, the woman breathed!

"I know that you do care for me a little, Sybil," was the happy answer. "Tell me, darling, is it not so? There is no other love binding your heart? Only one little word, Sybil—one little word will lift the weight of suspense from my heart. Say that I have no rival, Sybil—your hand and heart are free. Darling, I can wait patiently. I will not harass you with vows of love if you will only tell me that I have some far-off hope of winning you at last."

"Hope, hope? No, no, there is no hope!" she answered, the life-light fading from her face. "But it is neither love nor hope that stands between us, Mr. Clive. You mistake my words strangely if you thought so. I have no thought of other or other lover when I tell you of the barrier between us. We've never crossed. But—but"—she hesitated for a moment, and then she went on, in a clear, sweet and sorrowful voice—"if it will make you believe me, trust me, listen to me more willingly. I will speak to you as one dead might speak from a far-off sphere, and tell you that, but for the dark abyss that yawns between us, I—might have loved you, might have listened to you, might have found earth's sweetest happiness at your side. It can never be now—never, never, never! But for the sake of what might have been, in pity for the heart that you have wakened, only to make it suffer more keenly, listen to me—fly and save yourself from dangers that I know, yet cannot avert!"

"I cannot listen to you, Sybil," he answered, gravely. "I would brave death willingly at your bidding, but I cannot sacrifice my manhood. If danger threatens those dear to me, I must stay and share it. And for your other words, Sybil, there is a whispering hope in them that I will hold through life and death. As long as no other tie, no other love, stands between you and mine, mine! Mine, darling, despite your fears, your tremors—despite your own little timid self! Mine, though I wait for years ere I can claim you. Mine, although a thousand shadowy perils stood between us—though death itself barred the way!"

Even as he spoke there was a rustle in the thick undergrowth beside him, and a dark face, inflamed with envy and hate, looked out upon the riders.

With a cry of terror, Sybil threw her horse back upon his haunches, as a sharp report rang out through the woods.

A flash for a moment blinded Herbert's eyes, and when he could see again, Sybil lay wounded and bleeding beneath the Arab's feet.

## CHAPTER XVII. Fannie's Fortune.

Fannie's pretty bay Terry, had won the impromptu race, and her mistress drew her up triumphantly in the little glade which was the appointed goal, and waited for the arrival of the cavalier, whose heavy charger had made no time at all against the spirited little

mare.

"Good Terry, pretty Terry!" said the young girl, stroking the silken mane of her pet; "you have won my gloves for me this morning, and you shall have a new silver bit. This ugly curb hurts my beauty's mouth. There, there!" as the animal began to snort and quiver, "what's the matter? What do you see? There is nothing here to harm you, Terry. Why, Terry?"

But Fannie's soothing tone broke off suddenly in a cry of alarm, as she, too, caught sight of the object that had terrified her mare.

Just beside her the heavy undergrowth had parted suddenly, and a weird, ghostly figure appeared, as if emerging from the earth—a shriveled, palsied old woman whose stiff erect form and flashing eyes seemed in unnatural contrast to her trembling limbs and wizened features—a woman whose fierce gaze was fixed upon the young rider with such malignant hate that even thoughtless Fannie was quick to recognize and shrink from it appalled.

"So you are riding out, my fine young lady?" mumbled the old crone, showing her toothless gums in a hideous smile—"riding out this beautiful morning. Maybe you'd cross my hand with a silver shillings, and let the old woman tell you your fortune. It ought to be a rare one, with such a face and form as yours. Cross my hand, pretty lady, and let the old woman read your fortune!"

Fannie glanced around her quickly; Fenton was not yet in sight; Sybil's warning recurred to her mind, and made her cold with fear; the old woman's glittering eyes, fixed full upon her, seemed to read her very soul.

She advanced a step, and placed her skinny, yellow hand upon Terry's bridle, while she still kept her uncanny gaze upon Fannie's frightened face.

"Your fine soldier gentleman has missed his way," she said, with a malicious leer. "I saw him galloping down the river lane five minutes ago. What are you afraid? Afraid! The daughter of the proud, haughty master of Clive Towers, afraid of an old woman like me? Ha, ha, ha! Why, your father would have poor Rizpah's carcass thrown to the dogs, if she dared to lay a finger on you. I know him, you see. Ha, ha!"

"There was something fearful in the old crone's discordant laugh."

"Yes, yes, I know him well!"

"Then you know he would never harm the old and weak?" answered the young girl, with dignity.

"For, with all her childishness, there was a proud, noble spirit within Fannie Clive's breast."

"Never harm the old and weak?" repeated the old woman, bitterly—"he would never harm the old and weak? Try him, my beautiful lady. Tell him that old Rizpah is in his power, and see what he will do. Ha, ha! Why, he would grind me into powder! He would crush these pained bones one by one. There would not be a hair of this aged head left, if Robert Clive had his naughty way!"

Fannie trembled at the old creature's words. She was mad, evidently. None but a mad woman could talk thus thus wildly of her papa. And, oh, how quiet and lonely the place was! Fenton must have lost his way. She must try and get away from her quietly, for those fierce, eager eyes warned Fannie that old Rizpah would be dangerous if enraged.

"Tell my fortune for me, won't you?" she said, drawing off her pretty gauntlet, and placing a silver piece in the old woman's withered hand. "I have never had it told yet, so be sure you make it a true one."

With trembling eagerness the old woman clutched the girl's snowy hand.

"I will make it true enough, never fear—true enough! Ha ha! Old Rizpah will make it true enough!"

And still holding the little hand in a grasp that was almost painful, she began to mumble and mutter over its delicate lines, as if repeating some evil incantation.

Panic terror was for a moment contended by the fascination all young minds feel in such efforts to unveil the unknown.

Surely, she, whose present was so bright and full of promise, had only dazzling hope and happy love to look forward to in the future.

With a blush and a smile, this darling of fortune lifted the veil of fate.

"Well, mother, what do you see?" she asked, gaily.

"What do I see?" repeated Rizpah, slowly lifting her fierce, malignant gaze to the young girl's face. "Does the daughter of Robert Clive, the spoiler, the usurper, ask what I see? Listen, then," she said, sinking her voice to a low, threatening whisper, that sounded to the terrified Fannie like the hiss of a reptile before it launches its deadly sting. "I see only poverty, ruin, disgrace. I see a broken home and a blackened name. I see a false lover, a false friend, a false servant. I see a darkened life and a broken heart. It is enough. Ha, ha!" Rizpah's wild laugh of triumph echoed through the woods.

"Enough—aye, enough even for the fair young daughter of Robert Clive! Not but the stars have said it. It is enough—it is enough!"

"Fenton! Fenton!" shrieked Fannie, as that young gentleman's horse at length appeared through the trees, "O, Fenton, come—come quick to me!"

"Call him!" said old Rizpah, with her malignant laugh—"aye call your fine lover to your side. He cannot change the fates—he cannot change the future. Call him now! Ha ha! the day will come when you will call him in vain!"

"She is mad she is mad!" exclaimed Fannie whose lovely face was ashen with terror. "Do not harm her Fenton; the poor creature is mad!"

"What has she said? I'll break every bone in her wretched old body!" said the young man fiercely. "You cursed old hag how have you frightened this lady?"

"How have I frightened her?" repeated Rizpah, with an evil smile. "By unveiling the truth. It is an ugly thing to look at sometimes, though not as ugly as a false heart, that is bought by illegitimate gold—not as ugly as a devious mind, that turns, like the wethercock, to every passing wind. Ha, ha! I have shown her the truth. Let her profit by it in time!"

And still shaking her hand with a threatening gesture at the pair, old Rizpah disappeared among the forest shadows.

"Who is she? What did she say to you?" asked Fenton, indignantly. "My darling, my darling, I am here to protect you now; do not tremble so; but what did she say to you?"

"Oh, I don't know—I don't know!" answered Fannie, hysterically. "Every-

thing that was cruel and dreadful. Oh, Fenton, if it should be true—if it should, indeed, be true! If poverty and disgrace should, indeed, be before me!"

"Absurd!" answered Fenton, cheerily. "Poverty and disgrace before you! Why, the old witch must be as mad as a March hare; she can't even know the tricks of her trade. Poverty and disgrace before you, my beautiful queen of hearts—you, whose pathway is gilded by the brightest sunshine of fortune—you, who already have a worshipper at your feet who would count life a paltry sacrifice in your service! Fannie, Fannie, if you would only believe in the depth, the fervor, the fidelity of my love! If you would only listen to me seriously, darling, for I love you—I do love you from my very soul!"

The shadow on Fannie's sweet face made it serious enough now.

"You love me, Fenton? Ah, yes, perhaps you think so now; but if trouble, sorrow should come upon me; if I were no longer gay, and bright, and happy, would you love me then, Fenton? You have often told me that you turned to me like the flower to the sun. But if the sun were darkened, Fenton?"

"Do you think so poorly of my heart's deepest love, Fannie, as to suppose anything could change me?" was the reproachful answer. "Why, my own sweet little love, I would welcome, aye, gladly, the storm that would send you to my arms, to my heart for shelter and support! You do not know what a man's love is, dear, or you would not wound me by such a thought, such a suspicion. But alas for me! your fortune is so sure, your home so happy, your life so blessed, that I cannot make it brighter by my love. I can only plead, and I fear, plead in vain."

"Not in vain, I fear," said Fannie, softly slipping her little hand into his—"not in vain, dear Fenton. I thought that—that we were only playing lovers. Until this morning, I did not know the value of a true and faithful heart. If you do love me truly, Fenton, I will love you, and—be true to you forever!"

"My darling—my own sweet love—bless you for those words!" was the rapturous reply. "True to you, Fannie! Darling, you are my own sweet love, forever and forever. You are my own sweet love forever and forever!"

Even with his words, a sharp report rang out through the forest—the pistol shot that had laid Sybil Wraye at her lover's feet.

## (To be Continued.)

## Wave of Prosperity.

Huron, and in fact, every town in Beadle county, as well as the farming districts, is being "touched" with the prosperity wave. Incoming trains on the Northwestern and Great Northern daily bring to the vicinity of Huron new settlers, and while all do not locate here or within the borders of this county, a good share of them stop and are fast filling up the vacant farm houses or are building new residences. In Huron not a vacant house is to be seen; places vacant for several years are filled, and rooms over stores are occupied by families. There are no idle men; everybody is employed at good wages. Carpenters and builders, mechanics of every kind, have no difficulty in finding employment. The same condition prevails in the country; some farmers report difficulty in obtaining help for seeding and general farm work. Some building is going on in the city, but the bulk of the work is in remodeling and rearranging houses. Some new residences will be put up. H. C. Hinckley will put up a large house on the corner of Third and Illinois streets; it will be the largest and most expensive residence in that part of the city. The Masonic, Workmen and Woodmen organizations contemplate the erection of a building for society use the present season. The Huron Manufacturing company now occupies its new building, and are busy making Williams' potato planters, a device recently patented by Mr. Williams of this city, which is attracting attention in every part of the Northwest. The company will not be able to keep pace with the demand if their business continues as at present, and the capacity of the plant will be increased. While there is no real boom, Huron and the surrounding country is coming in for a large share of new settlers, and those locating there are of a desirable class, thrifty, energetic and substantial; just the class of people to make good citizens and develop a new country. Real estate transfers in town and country are very numerous, and at fair figures.

## Seasonable.

"The Isis" contains some neat verses to the up-to-date spring, of which the following two verses will show the true poetic fervor:

The "spring's soft breath" the snow-drop breathes and gasps;  
Awakes from sleep the little lascivious snail;  
The crocus opens his golden heart and  
Clasps a lump of hail.  
The primrose, technically known as  
rathie;

Pricks tentatively up her sorrow ear;  
A narrow-curling wind confines our  
Faith that spring is here.  
It reminds one of Horace Walpole's  
terse remark: "Summer has set in  
with its usual severity."—London  
Globe.

## Little Teasers.

Here is a little exercise in punctuation that a normal school young woman recently brought home to puzzle her father.

It is not and I said but or.  
"Looks a little confused, doesn't it!"  
Simple, though.

A few quotation marks and two commas will fix it all right. For instance  
"It is not and." I said, "but or."  
Here is a still simpler catch that may bother you some:

"All o."  
Not much in it, perhaps, but enough to make it troublesome.  
Too hard?  
And yet it's "Nothing after all"—  
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Unreason.

She seemed inclined to doubt the intensity of his love.

"But I fairly burn!" he protested. "How may I convince you that I burn?"

"Quit smoking!" said the beautiful wretch, with cold intonation.

All this painfully reminds us yet again how very unreasonable a woman can be.—Detroit Journal.

## Due Caution.

Oliver—if you refuse me, my heart will be bruised.  
Gertrude—if you wake me, Olly, you will be bruised all over.—Chicago Record.

## Few College Students Die.

The death rate in colleges is extremely low. The strict attention to the physique is given as the reason. Others, as well, may have health and strength. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is recommended most highly for the blood, nerves and stomach disorders, and it cures constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, sluggish liver or weak kidneys.

The sugar dealer is one man who needn't fear failure because he lacks grit.

## Cures Talk

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

BEWARE OF OFFERING something he has bought cheap and tries to sell on ALABASTINE's demands, he may not realize the damage you will suffer by a kalsomine on your walls.

RELIABLE dealers will not buy a lawsuit. Dealers risk one by selling names, brands, etc., without infringement. ALABASTINE Co. own right to make wall coating to mix with cold water.

THE INTERIOR WALLS of every cheap building should be coated only with pure, durable ALABASTINE. It safeguards health and life. Thousands used yearly for this work.

IN BUYING ALABASTINE, customers should avoid getting cheap kalsomines under different names, or having our goods in packages and properly labeled.

USAGE of wall paper is obviated by ALABASTINE. It can be used on plastered walls of wood, brick or canvas. A child can brush it on. It does not rub or scale off.

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