

Her Heart's Secret

Or Under a Spell.

By JEAN WARNER.

CHAPTER XX—(Continued.)

"Your daughter! Is this lady your daughter?" asked the doctor, in surprise. "Who is she, then? Who are you?"

"One nameless, homeless, friendless," was the despairing reply—"one whose life wrong has blighted and treachery darkened, until it has but one hope, one light, one blessing left. Oh, my darling, my darling, the one treasure left me in this cruel world—save her for me, doctor! Oh, save her, or I will roam this darkened earth a madman, indeed! Save her! You have said there was hope."

"Hope? Yes," answered the doctor, whose heart was stirred with strange sympathy for this wild, erring being. "There is hope; but it lies not in the skill of man. I can do nothing here but watch and wait. The hour of midnight, sir, will decide your daughter's fate. Then the life-tide will ebb or flow."

CHAPTER XXI. Watching the Tide.

Dr. Bond had watched by many sick beds, and thought that he had witnessed human suffering in all its phases; but the vigil of that night was such as he had never kept before.

The dark stone cavern, with its silver lamp; the awful stillness, broken by no sound from the upper earth, the golden-haired girl, so white, and frail, and fair, so out of keeping with all her rude surroundings; and the two companions of the watch—all seemed to unite in forming a scene more like a picture from some German master than the sober reality of common life.

The wretched father sat at the bedside, with stern set features and folded arms, watching every faint breath that came from Sybil's pallid lips. The doctor kept his post opposite, while Ritzpah glided, like a shadow, noiselessly and swiftly through the room, anticipating every want.

Even the old doctor's herb tea was not forgotten by this strange creature. She had concocted it after a recipe of her own, that the old gentleman was forced to acknowledge had merits far exceeding any of the draughts in his pharmacopoeia, for its effects were magical. It seemed to diffuse new life and vigor, through his stiff and feeble limbs, and made him forget the usual toil and weariness of the day.

A thousand vague conjectures flitted through the doctor's mind as he gazed at the fair, lovely face of the so-called Sybil Wraye, and from it to the dark, stormy countenance of the man who watched beside her. Who were they? Whence were they? These two mysterious beings who seemed separated by some strange fatality from their kind.

What was this shadow that rested so darkly upon this young girl's opening life? What was the wrong that had blighted this man's noble nature? What was the link between them and the haughty Clives? What hate had armed this passionate man against Herbert, whose frank, open, honorable character the doctor knew so well?

It was impossible to tell, and the doctor could only look around him in wonder at the strange fatality that had led him again to this fair girl's pillow—the girl whose features were stamped with the likeness of the only woman he had ever loved.

The hours wore on, their passage only marked by the ticking of the doctor's watch, that sounded ominously distinct in the silence of the subterranean chamber.

Ritzpah was without, in the shadowy forest, watching the stars; the doctor was alone with Sybil and her father. She lay still, white and silent as a marble statue. There was no movement of limb or feature to show that life still lingered—only the faint breathing that scarcely stirred the lace upon her breast. The doctor looked at his watch; the hour of midnight was at hand. He bent closer to the couch. He dared not, by word or look, break the spell of which the passionate man beside him told Sybil's father that the crisis had come. There was surely a gleam in the sunny eyelid; a longer, more fluttering breath; a gasp, a struggle! Great heavens! the dark-browed watcher started up with a moan of anguish, that changed into a low cry of delight, as Sybil opened her eyes and faintly whispered:

"Father!"

"My child, my darling, my own Sybil!"

The doctor turned away from the bedside, with eyes dim with unusual moisture. The rapture of that moment was too deep, too sacred, for even his friendly eye. The crisis was passed safely; the life-tide freely flowed.

"Where am I?" asked Sybil, after a moment's pause. "Have I been dreaming, father, of—of sickness—of pain? Where, there is blood upon me—blood! Whose blood, father—whose?"

The doctor interposed. There was an excited quiver in her voice, that made him fear an imprudent revelation.

"You were hurt, my dear, while you were out riding this morning," he said, gently. "It is all. You have been unconscious for some time, but are better now; only I insist upon your keeping quiet—perfectly quiet."

"What does it mean?" she said, clasping her father's hand—"oh, papa, what does it mean? Why is he here—here? Alas, alas, I have betrayed you betrayed you, after all!"

"Not so, my dear," answered the doctor, in a tone that was intended to reassure both father and daughter. "Do not fear me. I am here as a physician, and a physician is bound to hold inviolate the confidence reposed in him by his patients under any and all circumstances. You have nothing to fear from me."

"You are very good," said Sybil, with that grateful glance in her soft eyes

that went straight through the crusts of five-and-forty years to the old man's dearest heart. "Ah, papa, yes, we can trust him. He means us no harm."

"No harm can touch me while you are safe, my treasure—my darling—my own loved child!" was the deep-toned murmur that reached the doctor's ears. "Only live, my darling! Live for your wretched father's sake—live to bless his blighted life with your love—and—be—happy, darling, this night has taught him a fearful lesson—he will strive to live only for your love—your happiness. We will go away, far from this cursed spot. We will go away to another land, and live only for each other!"

"Only for each other!" she echoed, clasping his hand to her breast, with a weak smile. "Take me away—far, far away—papa, where we can live only for each other!"

"My darling—my own!" whispered her father, forgetful of all things save his rapture and his remorse. "Oh, forgive me, Sybil! Alas, my madness had well-nigh blighted my one sweet flower forever! My reckless hand had well-nigh crushed what I would gladly have died to save! Sybil, Sybil, say you forgive me!"

Very clear and solemn came the answer, full of meaning the doctor only vaguely guessed.

"I forgive you, my dear papa. All that has hurt me so much, I forgive you."

Alas, alas! gravely and sadly indeed, might Sybil speak that pardon. Deeper and deadlier than eye could see was the wound in that gentle breast.

The snowy flesh might heal, the rude scar close, and all seem well again; but within—deep within—the woman's heart would bleed forever and forever, from a wound that only one could pity. One touch could heal.

The gray twilight was slowly flushing into dawn when the doctor left the Witches' Cave. Sybil was sleeping sweetly now, and during her slumber her father had opened his softened heart, to the friend who had come to him as a friend in the hour of his greatest need.

Dr. Bond knew all now, and that knowledge had only given him feelings of warm, almost tender, sympathy for the reckless, wayward man, whom Fate and Providence had thrown so strangely in his way.

He had attempted at first, by friendly argument, to combat opinions and prejudices that he knew were unreasonable; but he found this impetuous being had been too long the sport of his own fierce passions to lead an ear to reason or judgment now.

"I'll have to go away—as far away as possible—was Basil Clive's answer to every argument. "I could not trust myself here. The fiend of hate and revenge and hate is too strong within me. The place is hers, sir—hers by birth, hers by justice, hers by law. If we could only get the proof—the proof that I firmly believe Robert Clive holds in his robber grasp. Clive Towers belongs of right to my child!"

The doctor listened gravely. At sixty we do not readily open our hearts either to faith or hope.

Sybil—his Sybil—the mother of this man, who stood beside him? Sybil Lee, the wife of Basil Clive? The deserted, neglected—nay, disowned wife? How his blood boiled at the thought of her children wandering nameless and friendless, hiding like criminals in their father's land, hating themselves in the caverns of the earth, maddened by wrongs and desperate from injustice!

In the secret depths of his heart the doctor felt that the claim of Basil Clive might be just. He had never liked the master of Clive Towers; there had always been an inexplicable barrier between them, which it seemed as if neither card to cross. For years and years Robert Clive had faced the world, cased in the impenetrable armor of universal distrust.

If this story be true—as it must be true, for the fierce, passionate words of Basil Clive left no room for doubt—if this story were indeed true, and Sybil's child the rightful owner of Clive Towers, should not he, the friend and lover of old, uphold that child's claim, in spite of all the world?

Aye, he would, he must! But meanwhile, there was no proof—no proof. Robert Clive, proud, strong and haughty, stood in a position that none could assail—his uncle's rightful and acknowledged heir. They could only watch and wait.

It would be wiser and better far that this hot-headed, impetuous Basil were leagued away.

"I think you are right," answered the doctor, as he grasped the hand of Sybil's son, and looked into his dark, flashing eyes with paternal kindness, sighing, to think how different both lives might have been if this rash, misguided being had been his child. It is better that you should go away with Sybil as soon as she is able to be moved, which will not be under a fortnight. It will be better for her, better for you, better for everyone. Meanwhile remember that you leave a friend behind you who—who for many reasons has your interests truly at heart—a friend who, like the warder of some stormy coast, is watchful for the turn of the tide. And if you need means—that little girl has stolen her way into a heart that I thought sealed forever—if, for her sake you would accept—"

"No, no," answered Basil, quickly—no help. Thank you very much, sir—very much! I have money in plenty, to go or stay where I will. I only ask you to keep my secret, to let me get her away from this cursed spot in peace!"

"But they—they family at the Towers—will be anxious about your daughter," said the doctor, perplexed at the difficulties of his position. "Would it not be well to let them know she is safe?"

"Let them know nothing of her!"

was the stern, determined reply. "Let them believe her dead, as henceforth she will be dead to them forever! Aye, forever!" he continued, his dark face growing darker with passionate resolve. "Five-and-forty years ago I swore a fearful oath, on my father's corpse—swore it in the hearing of the traitor who then and there refused me the justice that was my father's dying legacy to me and mine! I swore undying enmity to Robert Clive and all his race! I swore that while a drop of my blood flowed in living veins, that blood would boil with fiery hate to him and his! I swore never to relent, never to condone, never to forgive! And yesterday—yesterday—the man's voice grew husky—"was it a wonder I saw his son looking with a lover's eyes into my daughter's face; whispering to her with lover's accents; pleading with her—with my child, my Sybil, my one treasure—pleading for the sweet young heart that is mine—mine alone! Was it not enough to rob me of my father's name, my father's lands, my father's inheritance, that now the cursed Clives should grasp at my only treasure, my one ewe lamb—my child?"

"Papa, papa!" a feeble voice called faintly from within.

"But she—she is mine still—mine still!" continued the passionate being, fiercely. "Aye, and I will keep her mine until the man comes to her whom I can freely, willingly give her. I will forsake justice, vengeance—all things—to keep my daughter mine! Aye, sir! though every drop of blood in these veins would be poured out gladly for my Sybil's sake, I would rather see her lying at my feet, white and still, and lifeless, as I saw her today—I would rather see that my own rash hand had struck her death-blow, than see her happy, blest and honored, as the wife of Herbert Clive. My life is too deep, too lasting, for aught but death to quench!"

"Papa, papa!" again came the feeble accents from within, low and piteous as the wail of a suffering babe.

"I come, I come! Remember! Basil Clive wrung the Clive's hand in his powerful grasp. Silence, silence; it is all I ask. I have trusted you. Do not betray us. Let us shake off the dust of this accursed spot, and turn our backs upon it forever! Let us be dead—dead and forgotten—in the land that we cannot call our own. Good-by! Remember—silence!"

CHAPTER XXII. Seeds of Discord.

Three days had elapsed since Sybil's loss, and still the well-nigh hopeless search went on.

Only for her remains, or for some trace of her burial place—for it was the general conclusion now that the shot had proved fatal, and the affrighted murderer had concealed the body and fled ere the pursuit had well begun.

The intricate mazes of Clive Forest, the hundreds of by-paths leading to the river, made the search both practicable and easy; and young Mr. Clive's horror at the awful deed had for the first few moments so paralyzed his powers that he could only with difficulty recall the exact circumstances under which the murder had occurred.

He had heard the shot; he had seen Sybil lying bleeding from a breast wound beneath her horse's feet; had lifted her to a neighboring bank, and, finding her severely, if not fatally, injured, hurried to give the alarm, and seek for the help which he thought so near. When he returned to the spot on which he had left her she was gone.

It was all he knew—all the information the most curious cross-questioner could elicit; and, though all sorts of wild rumors were current in the neighborhood, none could be traced to any reliable source.

Dr. Bond had been in bed for the last three days with a severe attack of rheumatism, brought on, as he informed his nurses, by his mental worry in spending ten hours in Clive Forest on a wild goose chase.

He was so irritable and testy on the subject that his visitors found it wisest to avoid as much as possible any allusion to it; for Sybil had been a favorite patient of the old doctor's, and it was one of his peculiarities to speak of nothing that recalled his heart.

Mr. Clive was concerned in his stately way—exceedingly concerned. The young lady was in his house, under his protection, and that was his cause in being so given the alarm, and being, aside any warmer interest he might have in his daughter's friend.

So Mr. Clive had astute detectives sent from the city, and the mysterious affair was discussed with all due solemnity in his library.

The doors were closed, the curtains drawn, and Herbert, over whose pale, haggard face a score of years seemed to have passed, was called upon again to go through the whole account, whose repetition made his heart-strings bleed and quiver.

The flash, the shot, the fall, and the inexplicable disappearance of the wounded girl, all were retold, briefly and clearly, while Mr. Quirk nodded, smiled and interposed various questions and suggestions, and his conferees, Mr. Quinn, sat silently by the table stroking his wiry beard.

Mr. Quirk talked a great deal, going round and round his subject by all manner of impossible suppositions and conjectures—striking it suddenly by an apparently abstracted study of the tiled hearth and asked "if the young lady's family had taken any steps in the matter?"

It was a rather embarrassing thing to acknowledge that they had not; that, in fact, nothing was known of Miss Wraye's family; that the honored guest of the haughty Clives was, socially speaking, a nonentity.

It was still more embarrassing that—Mr. Quinn directly pressing the mat-

ter—it became necessary to state how, and under what circumstances the acquaintance with Miss Wraye had been formed—how unsuspecting had been Madam Fleur's account of her pupil's position in school and society.

Further inquiries from Mr. Quinn elicited information regarding Sybil's manner of late—her nervousness, anxiety sudden alarms.

Herbert would have died rather than have revealed her warning to him. Those interviews, when sudden gusts of feeling seemed to sweep away for a moment the veil concealing her troubled heart, he held too sacred to even speak of now.

He could only chafe with mingled indignation and impatience as he saw the astute detective's inquiries were all tending to one point; as he felt that every word he said only went to prove that Sybil herself knew and feared the impending danger; that this cruel tragedy was but the culmination of some dark, secret history veiled in Sybil's past.

Herbert's face flushed angrily, and he listened, with set teeth and clenched hands; he could say nothing—nothing that would not tend to throw upon his darling's memory a shadow of deeper mystery than that which rested on it now.

Sybil an adventuress? Aye, that was what they were saying as they rose to go; and his father was listening, with the stern, hard look on his face that made him so like old Basil Clive.

His daughter—the daughter of his beloved Agnes—allowed to associate intimately with a nameless, homeless adventuress!

"I have heard of so many cases of a like nature," said Mr. Quinn, his keen, gray eyes resting on Herbert's face—"clever girls, who, to secure a brilliant alliance, contrive to establish themselves on the most friendly footing in the best of families—worming themselves into their confidence by every art and fascination."

"You are mistaken, sir!" Herbert burst forth, unable any longer to restrain his indignation—"utterly mistaken! Whatever Miss Wraye's manner or position may have been, she was a lady in every sense of the word—nay, what is better than a lady, a true, pure, noble woman! And to assure you that no ignoble motive influenced her visit to Clive Towers, I can bring my sister to prove that she came only in compliance with her eager, earnest and repeated entreaties—that she came to us as an honored guest. And I, at least, shall consider it my place to repel any insinuation against her character or position as an insult to one whom, as a guest in my father's house, I feel bound to defend!"

"Humph!" muttered Quinn, drily. "I thought as much. I have to congratulate you, Mr. Clive," he added, in an undertone, to the elder gentleman. "If I mistake not, the young lady had well-nigh gained her end. Your guest would soon have had a daughter's place."

"Never!" exclaimed Robert Clive, his brow darkening ominously. "We will let the matter drop here, gentlemen; I have gone far enough. All further inquiries as to Miss Wraye's fate can be made by her family or friends, if she has any. It is an affair that reflects no credit on any one concerned in it, and one in which I most prefer that the members of my family should cease to take any active interest."

"Let me understand you, sir," said Herbert, turning from the window as the two legal gentlemen drove away, and showing his father a face white and rigid—aye, and stern as his own. "Do you mean that you intend to take no further steps in this matter—to leave to her family or friends, if she has any. It is an affair that reflects no credit on any one concerned in it, and one in which I most prefer that the members of my family should cease to take any active interest."

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(To be Continued.)

That women make such a fuss over a baby?

STATE CANT GET ALL THE CASH.

Surplus on Forfeited Tax Sale Is the Owner's.

Reports received indirectly by the state auditor indicate that the forfeited tax sale was a phenomenal success, better probably than any previously held. Figures are not at hand, but it is believed that higher prices, relatively, were secured than ever before, and, in every county the land was disposed of with a clean sweep. The effect of this on the books of the auditors will be enormous, permitting them practically to start with fresh records.

Contrary to expectations and in direct opposition to the demands made by the authorities, it is expected that all the surplus, that is the sums received at auction above the total indebtedness for taxes, will be paid to the owners. It was thought that this money would go to the state, but Attorney General Douglas has replied to several communications quoting a previous decision. The question arose in 1881 at a similar sale of land for forfeited taxes, when the supreme court in Farnham vs. Jones held that the owner gets the surplus.

The act regulating the forfeited tax sale of 1893 was practically a duplicate of that of 1887, and when the same question arose the court sustained the previous decision. As the act of 1893 is again almost a duplicate of the two preceding, Attorney General Douglas believes that there can be no doubt as to the status of the case.

Had the attorney general expressed this opinion before the sale was on it might have led to much speculation, that is to say, if an owner allowed the taxes on his property to accumulate so much that these pretty fairly equalled the value of the whole, he might then buy it in himself at a lower figure and save on the taxes. For instance, if a piece of property ordinarily worth \$1,000, had taxes of \$600 against it, it might bring at auction only \$500, and the owner could have bought his land back, saving \$100 on the taxes. In a few instances only did the owners buy back their property at figures below the total taxes, and in these cases the profit will have to be theirs.

WHAT IT WAS WORTH.

Aitkin County's Tax Sale Good for \$50,000.

County Attorney J. S. Campbell of Aitkin has finished the forfeited tax sale after eight days' selling. It was a big success. A good auctioneer and a tireless worker for the county, the auditor brought out every dollar that was in it. Outside capital was well represented, and the bidding was strong. Less than a dozen pieces were bid in for the state. Dan Shell of Worthington, Davidson, McKee and Buell of Duluth, and J. J. McDonald of Aitkin, were the heaviest buyers. The receipts were upward of \$25,000. This, with the redemptions and the four years' subsequent taxes that the buyers are compelled to pay, will make the sale worth over \$50,000 to Aitkin county.

BLOODSHED IN ST. LOUIS.

Another Fatality Results From the Rioting of the Strikers.

St. Louis, May 25.—Renewed rioting and another fatality marked the progress of the strike on the Transit company's system yesterday. In the afternoon a Cass avenue car was stopped at the corner of Twenty-third and Cass avenue in order that a barricade which had been placed across the track might be removed. During the enforced halt a big crowd of strike sympathizers attacked the car, firing a number of shots. One of the bullets struck Special Policeman Duncan K. McRea, who was riding on the front platform with the motorman, in the left arm, passing through his body and coming out on the right side. The policeman sank unconscious to the floor. Other patrolmen who had been stationed at the corner to protect the cars, then charged the crowd and beat them back. A riot was then sent and a mounted policeman came at full gallop to the scene. The combined forces soon restored order. McRea was placed in an ambulance and a hasty trip was made to the dispensary. When the unfortunate policeman was taken out and laid on the operating table it was found that he was dead.

Eddie Manz, three years old, was shot through the leg by a man on a Cass avenue car. The little boy was sitting on the front doorstep when some small boys who had been throwing stones at a west-bound car ran up the alley south of the house. A man, supposed to be an emergency policeman, leaned out of the car window and fired a shot at the fleeing boys. The shot struck the child in the right leg near the hip. It is feared the wound will prove fatal. Several others received serious injuries during the day.

Hay Entertains Boers.

Washington, May 25.—Secretary Hay yesterday entertained at luncheon the Boer delegates now in Washington. The affair was a purely personal compliment extended by the secretary and not even of social significance. His son, Adelbert Hay, the present United States consul at Pretoria, has been treated with the greatest courtesy and consideration by the Boers, not only officially, but personally. It perhaps it was a reminiscence of that which induced the secretary to endeavor to reciprocate in this way.

Two Men Roasted to Death.

Greenville, S. C., May 25.—In a freight wreck on the Charleston & Western Carolina road yesterday near Laurens, Engineer William McKinney and brakeman Charles Hayes were violently hurled against the engine furnace and covered with coals. They were roasted to death.

Desperate Fight in Office.

Terre Haute, Ind., May 25.—Otto Emons was stabbed almost to death by Jesse Hitch in the office of the Evening Gazette. During the fight Emons used a chair and Hitch a big knife. Emons finally fell from loss of blood from nine serious wounds.

Highbinders at It.

Los Angeles, May 25.—The highbinders are again risky. Queen Yang Chan, upon whose head a price was set, was shot and killed last night by the members of a rival gang.

Not Even a Minority.

Asks—But, even if her family did object, why didn't you elope?

Tellit—The objection was unanimous.—Baltimore American.

Curiosity Saves Life.

A package marked quinine was sent to a woman, but, being curious, she took it to a druggist, who said it was arsenic. A like inquiry into some of the medicines offered will certainly detect the false from the true. For half a century Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has been curing indigestion, constipation and dyspepsia.

For Lease Majesty.

Private Secretary—Your majesty, the audience don't want "The Iron Tooth."

The Kaiser—Have it pulled.—New York Press.

How Much You Eat

Is not the question, but, how much you digest, because food does good only when it is digested and assimilated, taken up by the blood and made into muscle, nerve, bone and tissue. Hood's Sarsaparilla restores to the stomach its powers of digestion. Then appetite is natural and healthy. Then dyspepsia is gone, and strength, elasticity and endurance return.

Stomach Trouble—"My mother had a very bad stomach trouble. She weighed only 111 pounds. After taking four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla she weighed 138 pounds. She took it again after the grip and one bottle got her up." Miss ORR McCOR, 528 Lafayette Ave., Lebanon, Ind.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Blood Medicine.

Heard in a Balloon.

J. M. Bacon, the Englishman who, with his daughter, made a lofty balloon ascent to observe the meteor shower last November, tells some interesting things about the sounds that reached their ears. At a height of 5,000 feet the ringing of horses' feet on a hard road could be heard. At 4,000 feet the splashing sound made by ducks in a pond was audible. The barking of dogs and the crowing of cocks could be heard at 7,000 or 8,000 feet. These sounds penetrated through a white floor of cloud which hid the earth from sight. In the perfect silence of the air around the balloon they were startled by what seemed stealthy footsteps close at hand. Investigation showed that the sound was caused by the stretching of the ropes and the yielding of the silk as the balloon continued to expand.—Youth's Companion.

He Understood the Business.

First Beggar—Why didn't you tackle that lady? She might have given you something.

Second Beggar—I let her go because I understand my business better than you do. I never ask a woman for anything when she is alone; but when two women are together you can get money from both, because each one is afraid the other will think her stingy if she refuses.—Collier's Weekly.

A Useless Adjunct.

"Louise, what has become of your French poodle?"

"Why, Harry made the dealer take him back; he didn't understand a word of our French."—Detroit Free Press.

As to Ingredients.

Customer—Aren't you afraid of this canned maple syrup?

Dealer—No, I'm not; I sell the factory's New Orleans molasses they it of.—Indianapolis Journal.

Under the Influence.

She—Do you believe in hypnotism?

He—In some cases, you for instance, could make me do anything you wanted me to.—Somerville Journal.

Self-reliance and courage go a great way in human affairs.

THE HEALTH OF YOUNG WOMEN

Two of Them Helped by Mrs. Pinkham—Read their Letters.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am sixteen years old and am troubled with my monthly sickness. It is very irregular, occurring only once in two or three months, and also very painful. I also suffer with cramps and once in a while pain strikes me in the heart and I have drowsy headaches. If there is anything you can do for me, I will gladly follow your advice."

—Miss MARY GOMES, Aptos, Cal., July 31, 1898.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—After receiving your letter I began the use of your remedies, taking both Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier. I am now regular every month and suffer no pain. Your medicine is the best that any suffering girl can take."—Miss MARY GOMES, Aptos, Cal., July 6, 1899.

Nervous and Dizzy

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to express my thanks to you for the great benefit I have