

Her Heart's Secret

Or Under a Spell.

By JEAN WARNER.

CHAPTER XXII—(Continued.)

"I will be silent, if you wish it, sir," answered Herbert, who realized that a struggle this conciliatory tone cost his father. "I will be silent, but that is all I can yield, even to your wishes. My heart will ever be the same, and every effort in my power will be made to unravel the mystery that surrounds this unhappy girl's fate; for my opinion is unalterable that she met her death in shielding me from a shot that would have bereft you of a son."

Mr. Clive started, and a sudden tremor of alarm broke the stern repose of his face.

After a moment he spoke again, but with evident perturbation:

"I have long wished you to take a trip to Europe—a tour of at least a year. I think that, under all the circumstances, you could choose no better time than the present."

"I understand you, sir," answered Herbert, bitterly. "You think I am a child still—that I can be diverted by a change of scene—that in other climes I will learn to forget. Well, I will go, when I find that all is hopeless here. Then indeed," he added, in a lower tone, "I must go elsewhere, to die here of despair. I believe—I know that you mean kindly, sir, and I-I will go, in a fortnight from to-day."

And with this promise Mr. Clive was forced to be content.

CHAPTER XXIII, Was It a Dream?

"And your brother is really going abroad?" asked Miss Marian Grey, who had been spending a social evening with her dearest Fannie. "Dear me! Isn't the fancy a sudden one? I am sure he had no idea of such a thing a month ago."

"Perhaps not," answered Fannie, listlessly. "Papa thinks it best for him to travel awhile. He is looking badly."

"Wretchedly!" answered Miss Marian, with consoling emphasis. "I never saw any one so changed in a little while; indeed, every one is talking about it. As Miss Felicia was saying, he looks ten years older within the last two weeks."

Fannie sighed. She herself looked pale and changed and sorrowful. This first tempest-had been a rude one to a flower so tenderly reared. For the last ten days she had kept her room, exhausted by the passionate bursts of grief that had left her nervous and prostrated.

Miss Marian was her first visitor. Her repeated entreaties for admittance to her dearest friend could no longer be refused; and for the last hour she had been seated by Fannie's sofa, torturing the poor girl by a clever cross-questioning, masked by the most gushing sympathy.

"The queerest reports are going round," said Miss Marian, as she shook out her lace handkerchief. "The most absurd stories are told and believed; and, of course, as you may imagine, my dear, I am a regular victim for all the newsmongers in the neighborhood. My intimacy here is so well known. Does your head ache? Do let me bathe it; papa says I have a mesmeric touch. Yes, indeed, I can't tell you how many calls I have had that I can attribute to nothing in the world but curiosity. I offended the Leslies terribly yesterday by informing them, bluntly, once for all, that there was no use in asking me any questions regarding this wretched affair, for I knew nothing about it whatever, and wished to know nothing. You have to be rudely positive to some people, or they will bore you to death."

Fannie thought so, too; but she felt too weak and wretched just now to be "rudely positive" about anything. "Indeed, you know all that I can tell you, Marian," she said, wearily. "There is a mystery about poor, darling Sybil's loss that none of us can solve. She is gone from us—that is all we know"—Fannie's voice choked with sobs as she spoke—"gone from us forever."

"Now, Fannie," said Marian, reproachfully, "you are giving way again. It is really a rebellion against Providence to mourn this way; and, though, of course, my dear, it may seem cruel to say such a thing now, I can't help thinking you will feel, after a while, that one who so persistently refused you her confidence, who closed her heart to your gaze, was unworthy. In the truest sense, of the name of friend."

"Hush, Marian!" Fannie rose from her reclining posture, and gazed upon her "friend" with flashing eyes. "I will not hear a word from you against Sybil. You never liked her. I know it! You would have poisoned my mind against her long ago, if I had listened to you; but I knew her—aye, and you—too well. What if she did refuse me her confidence? I never asked it. What if she did close her heart to your gaze, was unworthy. In the truest sense, of the name of friend."

"You are easily satisfied," said Miss Marian, with her mocking little laugh. "I don't aspire to such high-flown sentiments, but I must say I prefer knowing a little about my friends' antecedents, especially when the world at large looks upon them so dubiously. People do say that if a jealous lover, whom she had flung aside for the more tempting prize, had not interfered, your dear friend would soon have claimed a dearer title still."

"And I would gladly have given it to her," answered Fannie, warmly. "The dearest wish of my heart would have been realized if I could have called Sybil sister as well as friend. She is the only one I have ever seen, lovely and true, and noble enough to be my brother's wife."

"I won't dispel your illusion, dear," said Miss Marian, rising to go. "Think and feel as you please; but, if you will take an old friend's advice, keep your thoughts and feelings to yourself. People will judge by appearances, and I am afraid that it would have taken more than the dignity of the name of Clive to have bolstered up the very shaky antecedents of your friend, Miss Wraye. But as I told Miss Felicia last evening, when she was wondering that your papa could have been so blind, it's no affair of mine. Good-bye, dear. Don't mope any longer, or it will spoil your beauty. I met Fenton out riding last evening, and he was savage at your seclusion. Don't try such a reckless fellow too far. You know men can't take either friends or sweethearts like women can—on trust."

And Miss Marian trailed her lilac-silk flounces from the room, leaving the air heavy with her perfumes and poisoned by her malice.

Fannie went to the window, as if she would breathe a purer atmosphere. Marian's visit seemed to have oppressed her, body and soul.

Miss Grey was an adept in adopting invisible thumb-screws, and knew just how far to stretch her victims on the rack.

How different she was from her brother, Fannie thought, remorsefully. There was something soothing, calming about Laurence Grey's presence. How grave, and kind, and brotherly, he had been on that awful day when he had brought her home stunned and desperate with the first shock of Sybil's death!

Sybil's death—death! Aye, Fannie had at length brought herself to think—to speak the dreadful word—Sybil's death!

Death! It was a new, strange thought to this young creature, so full of life, so buoyant with hope. It was a thought from which she had hitherto shrunk appalled.

But for the first time within Fannie's knowledge—for her mother's death was only a dim childish memory to her—one near and dear to her had crossed the shadowy threshold, and it no longer seemed to her utterly unknown ground.

What was this death through which Sybil had passed? What was this veil that had so suddenly fallen between her and the friend whose hand she had clasped, whose lips she had pressed, whose voice she had heard, only a few brief weeks ago? And now—now—Fannie looked out dreamily into the gathering twilight, and, as the purple shadows grew deeper and deeper, she strove to solve the mysteries of the great hereafter—could Sybil see her now? Was the barrier between them so impassable that the dear one gone before could have no knowledge of, no sympathy with, those who sorrowed so blindly and deeply for her loss? Surely it would be unlike gentle, tender-hearted Sybil to utterly forget.

Great tears were rising into Fannie Clive's eyes as she looked up into that purple distance that sparkled already with ten thousand pallid stars, each feebly light, so her books had told her, coming from a world as great, as wonderful, as well ordered, as our own.

Was it in one of those that the homeless wanderer had at last found a home? Was it—

Fannie started and trembled. Her overwrought nerves quivered at the slightest shock; and—there was a rustle in yonder curtained recess, that concealed the long-closed door—a movement, a step, and, oh, heavens! was the veil, indeed, lifted—the barrier passed? For, paler, more delicate, more ethereally beautiful than when on earth, Sybil herself stood beside her.

"Fannie—dear Fannie!" and the sobbing, awe-struck girl was clasped in an embrace so loving and tender that it dispelled all fear. "Dearest, truest, best of friends! I could not leave you forever without a last goodbye!"

"Sybil!" whispered Fannie in accents that trembled between joy and grief, "oh, I have grieved so for you. Have you, indeed, gone from us forever? Oh, darling, tell me!"

"Hush!" said Sybil, solemnly. "Darling, I can tell you nothing—nothing. My lips are sealed—sealed to the past; sealed"—she added, with a strange sadness in her tone—"sealed to the future. I can only come to take a last kiss from the sweet lips that have spoken so often words of love and cheer to me. I come my darling, to say farewell—a last farewell!"

"Are you dead, indeed?" asked Fannie, with a shudder. "Sybil, Sybil, are you dead?"

"Aye, dead!" answered Sybil, in her strange, sad tone—"dead forever! The stillness of death is far, far better than the struggle, the moan the pitiful agony of life. Aye, I am dead, darling—dead!"

"And are you happy?" asked Fannie, in an awe-struck whisper. "Sybil, darling, you do not look happy."

"I am at peace," was the grave rejoinder—"at peace for the first time since I knew the sorrow and troubles of life. Let that suffice for you, dearest Fannie. I am at peace!"

"Herbert—poor Herbert!" said Fannie, with a burst of grief. "Oh, Sybil, in the strange world to which you have passed, have you no thought of him? How can you be at peace, when you have left one on earth so broken-hearted?"

Did some earthly memory flush for a moment the white repose of that lovely face? Did some earthly tenderness tremble in that low, sweet voice?

"Herbert!" she echoed, very softly. "Does Herbert grieve?"

"His heart is broken," answered Fannie, sobbing. "He has grown changed, and haggard, and old. He is going away from us to-morrow, and, alas! I fear he will never return. Oh, Sybil, Sybil, for my sake—for love's

sake—speak to him one farewell word!"

"Speak to him?" echoed the spirit visitant, quivering all over as the lily quivers in the storm. "I must not—I dare not! I am dead—did I not say it?—dead to him forever! But you can, if—if he wishes it, give him this for me"—and she picked up a little scissor from Fannie's work table, and severed one of the long, shining tresses from her head—"and tell him," her voice faltered—"that only death could break the spell!"

And then, once more, she clasped Fannie to her breast, and, with a sound that seemed strangely like a mortal's sob, glided away, even as she came.

For a moment Fannie sat gazing after her, fascinated by some mysterious awe; then she roused herself, as if by an effort, from her trance-like state, glanced at the long, shining tress she still held in her hand, and, with a cry of terror, fainted away.

CHAPTER XXIV, On the Ocean Queen.

The great steamship, the Ocean Queen, was just swinging away from the docks. It was a gay, busy, yet saddening scene.

Bright pennants fluttered from every masthead; the uniforms of the officers glittered in the summer sun light; the newly-painted decks were thronged with eager, excited groups, laughing, chatting, sighing, or weeping, as their different circumstances seemed to demand.

Here a merry party of tourists were exchanging jests and badinage; there a mother clung to her son's neck, in an agonized farewell. Here a gay girl, all smiles and dimples, was taking her first rosetined glance at the great world of waters; there the shy bride of a few hours clung blushing to him with whom she had just commenced the unknown voyage of life.

In a sheltered corner of the upper deck a young girl—warmly wrapped in shawls and protected by a handsome attendant—sat silent and alone, surveying the scene before her with sad and thoughtful eyes.

Her glance wandered from group to group, lingering on the sorrowing ones as if they alone awakened sympathy in her breast—passing by the young and happy, as if the sight of them held a sting for her.

Yet, as she looked around her, with pity, sympathy, even tenderness, in her gaze, an acute observer would have noted her strange lack of interest in all she saw.

The noble bay, with its broad stretches of waters widening in the distance, the sunlit slopes of emerald shore around, the mighty city, enthroned like an empress at the gateway of nations, gathering in the tribute swept by the girding river to her feet; all the grand beauties of nature and of art spread, like a living panorama, around her—might surely have enkindled a look of life and animation in a face that lacked neither beauty nor intelligence—in a face that few would have passed without pausing for a second glance.

Yet, young and lovely as was that pallid countenance, there was a shadow, even as of death upon its beauty—a light that was not weariness, a stillness that was not repose.

It was the look of one who felt neither pain, nor care, nor sorrow, because the fire of tribulation had seared her heart so deeply that it could feel no more.

"Ah, ma chere, you are here still, and safe," said a brisk voice that startled the pallid dreamer—if one can dream when hope and love have fled. "I have had such a time settling our trunks in that little cabin. Ma chere, but it is a bijou of a place for so little a one. Ah, but 'tis you Americans who know how to make—eh, what you call—comfort—make yourselves comfortable. But monsieur was so anxious about you that I must fly up to your side, and see that his treasure was safe and sound."

"Quite safe and quite comfortable, dear madam," answered the young girl with a wan smile. "Papa is too anxious about me. This sunlight and this sea breeze is delightful."

"The wind is not too strong?" asked the madam, who was a buxom, bright-eyed little woman of about five-and-forty, whose attire bespoke her to be something between a companion and a friend—such a traveling appendage, in short, as a motherless young girl would require on a continental tour.

"Are you quite sure the wind is not too strong for you? Ah, mon Dieu! if you have a look so pale, so fragile—as of a lily that would break in too rude a blast!"

"Ah, you mistake me altogether, madam," was the half-sad answer. "I am far stronger than you think me. You know the lily often bends to the very earth and does not break."

"Ah, yes!" the madam shook her head with a dim comprehension of the simile—"but you must neither bend nor break. Will you not go in and rest awhile? There is so much noise and confusion out here. The turmoil of these empires is vat you call head-splitting."

"I do not find it so," was the gentle reply. "Poor creatures, it is hard for them to part."

"Ah, yes," answered the madam, with a shrug of her plump shoulders; "it is, no doubt vera hard. I know you I first left my country how de bitter tears I shed. I wept—ah, mon Dieu! how I wept! Ah, I was only eighteen then and tears came freely. We are wiser afterward—wiser and harder, and colder. Mademoiselle is happy to have no heart-breaks at eighteen."

"Mademoiselle" sighed a very faint sigh, like the zephyr of a desert where there is neither leaf nor flower to stir at its breath.

"Do we grow so hard as we grow old?" she asked, dreamily. "Does age grow too callous to feel?"

"We grow so, all, perhaps not so cold as so wise," answered the madam, whose character for cheerful common sense had been always her chief recommendation. "We find it so foolish to fret at what we cannot help. And we get ourselves so sore and weary fretting that we learn to look for the smoothest and easiest way. And we find it, perhaps," concluded the madam, with her low, rippling little laugh, and a glance at her own plump figure—"we find it when we are fair, and fat and forty."

"There are some who never find it," answered the girl, in a low voice, "some who sink striving to bear the pain—some who—"

She stooped suddenly, as a tall, dark-browed man, with the form and bearing of some Viking of old, advanced to her side, and bent down to her anxiously.

"The cabin is all ready, if you wish to retire. My daughter you are taxing your strength too far, I fear, to-day. Remember, we have had a long, fatiguing journey, and you are weak yet, very weak."

"But I am resting here, papa," she replied, making an effort to speak gallantly. "It is so much better than the close narrow cabin. Besides," she added, more softly, "I must take my last look at my native land."

"That none in this great vessel leave with less regret," said the father, a harsh frown gathering on his brow. "There is no heartbreak in our farewell, Marie. We leave neither home nor friends behind us. Our world is here."

He laid his broad hand on her shoulder, as he spoke, and light, loving as was his pressure, there was a certain fierce assertion of authority in the girl was quick to feel.

For the purest feelings of this fiery-hearted man lacked the gentler element of tenderness. He loved his child dearly, truly, ardently—he would have poured out the last drop of his blood cheerfully for her sake; but she must be his—his alone—his to guard, to love, to cherish—but his alone.

"I warned Mademoiselle Marie that this wind was keen," interposed Madam Gillette; "but she is quiet and secluded, and the sights are, no doubt, extremely beautiful."

"As you please," said the gentleman, moving the hand that had rested upon his daughter's shoulder. "I have some things to arrange securely in my state room before the vessel begins to roll. We will have to find our sea-legs, if this breeze continues before we pass the Narrows."

"Eh, ma foi!" said the little madam, holding up her plump hands in dismay. "And her trunks are not even stowed to their places. Must fly, mademoiselle, or there will be grand smash! You are verri sure that the wind is not too strong for you?" she asked, anxiously.

"Quite sure," answered the girl, with a patient, weary smile. "Let me have the sunlight, madam while I may."

And, as the little madam tripped off in her father's wake, Mademoiselle Marie sank back in her chair with a low sigh of relief. She must have been weak, indeed, or so short a conversation would not have so wearied her.

Closing her eyes, as if she would shut out sight as well as sound, the girl seemed to fall again into a listless reverie.

The pale, golden hair, brushed back in rippling masses from the low, broad brow revealed the beautiful features clearly. So still and lifeless were they, until by the deep lustre of the wondrous gray eyes that it seemed almost as if a statue were resting there, not a living, breathing woman.

Deep in that woman's heart, a smothered pain was stirring—a pain she had herself awakened by her last words—"Let me have the sunlight while I may."

And when, at length, her eyes unclosed, there were tears glittering in their limpid depths—tears that she brushed away ere they could fall.

The river was glittering to the westward, like a sheet of burnished gold; the verdant slopes of island and point were steeped in the glorious dyes of sunset; far, far above, dim and distant as a hope of another world, a pale star trembled where the shadows met the light—the star of love and hope.

The busy, crowded scene around vanished from the pale girl's eyes. She was away—far away, beyond the sea, the wood the mountain—far up the golden river, that would like a pathway of light into the heart of a flowery land. She stood again on the verdant slope of a sun-hallowed hill, and listened to words that would echo in her heart for a life-time—"The star of hope shines above us, and will light our pathway."

Ah, mockery—bitter mockery! Already there was a tremor in the vast mass of iron and timber, the fore and wheels began to turn slowly and painfully, the mighty lungs to work. Already a world of waters was widening between; already the flat of eternal welfare had been pronounced.

"Too late, sir—too late!"

A shout from the crowd below startled the dreamer into reality again.

"Not too late for a jump!" cried the captain, cheerily, as a young gentleman with a satchel in one hand ran breathlessly to the edge of the wharf.

The pale face of the watcher on the deck flushed suddenly with a wondrous light; the eyes kindled with radiance. She half-rose, and then, with a low cry of pain, fell back amid her cushions as Herbert Clive with the spring of an athlete, touched the moving vessel's deck.

CHAPTER XXV, The Midnight Song.

Herbert Clive stood on the moonlit deck of the Ocean Queen, watching the faint line, now scarcely perceptible in the distance—the line that marked the fast-receding shore. The breeze had freshened, as the dark-browed traveler had foretold, and few of the passengers were able that evening to appear at the table or on deck.

Mr. Clive was one of the few, and though the mighty vessel rolled and swayed like some playful monster in the moonlit waves, he stood watching the silvery waters, undisturbed by the little horrors of a first ocean voyage.

But sea-sickness would have added little to his present misery. He felt almost as if he would have welcomed some bodily ill that might divert his mind from its bitter and sorrowful contemplations. The thought of her he so deeply loved, so cruelly and mysteriously lost, was ever present to him. Echoes of her words her songs, were ever drifting back like broken music, to his ear. Her form seemed floating before him by day and by night, her eyes looking into his with that last look of despairing love that had brightened them for a moment ere they had closed forever. His spirit seemed broken, his energies paralyzed. He was listless, languid, dreamy utterly unlike the Herbert Clive of old.

There would come a reaction after a time, for there was too much of the fire, and spirit, and strength of man-

hood in him to be crushed utterly by one blow, however swift and sudden, and weighty. But, for the present, the stout young oak was prostrate; the strong man's strength had failed; every fiber of the brave young heart was torn and bleeding almost unto death.

In such a state he had scarcely heeded Fannie's agitated and improbable story of Sybil's visit.

It had all been a dream, of course—was not Sybil before him always, by night and by day?—it was all a dream. And yet, he had taken the long, golden tress and guarded it sacredly. It had been Sybil's once—that he knew, for no other hair could have such a sunset sheen. But he fancied Sybil had given it to her friend long, long ago, and Fannie's vivid imagination, excited by the sorrowful circumstances had pictured the golden tress as a gift from the dead.

"But I saw her, brother—I saw her," spoke to her, kissed her," persisted the girl, as, still hysterical, from mingled terror and delight, she detailed the occurrences of that twilight eve to her brother. "It was Sybil herself, pale and changed and even sadder than when in life—but Sybil, her true self, for I saw her!"

"As I, too, see her, dear, always, by night and by day," answered Herbert, kissing his fellow-nourner tenderly. "We both dream, sister—dream as the hopeless only dream. There is no such joy on earth as seeing Sybil with waking eyes again."

He was dreaming still, standing on the moonlit deck of the mighty vessel that was carrying him so swiftly from the home once made so beautiful to him by love and hope.

A sense of unutterable loneliness came over him as the line of shore grew fainter and fainter, and was at last lost in the misty distance, and, with all her canvas swelling to the wind, her heart of flame beating and throbbing, the Ocean Queen dipped her graceful bow into the waves, and proudly swept along her course from world to world.

In a fitful, despairing mood, Herbert had taken his passage on the first outward-bound steamer that sailed after his promised fortnight had elapsed, and now he began to regret his hasty compliance with his father's request.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COURTESY ON A STREET CAR.

How Chicagoans Get the News Without Having to Buy the Papers.

A big, fine-looking man sat in the corner of a South Side car reading his newspaper. Next to his car a little woman in an up-to-date frock. She had a box of candy in one hand and an open libretto in the other. She tried to get a newspaper from a boy who came through the car, but the conductor broke up the transaction, and, seizing the small newspaper dealer, put him off. Then the pretty woman in the up-to-date frock paid her fare in pennies and smiled.

The big man's newspaper was outspread before her eyes, and she looked at the headlines. Then she read half a column about a thrilling rescue of a typewriter girl by a gallant fireman. She glanced sideways at the big man. Apparently he was taking no notice. She began on a story of burglars in a South Side flat, how they bound and gagged a woman, stole her seakins saccos, and—

"Oh, the horrid things!" she exclaimed, excitedly.

The big man turned around inquiringly and then, quite as a matter of course, he said:

"Have you finished this page, madam? If so, let us turn to the stock reports and the society news."—Chicago News.

Handsome Legacy for Science.

By the will of Charles E. Smith, former president of the Philadelphia & Reading Railway Company, an estate valued at nearly \$500,000 is disposed of. One-sixth goes to the Academy of Natural Sciences, with a valuable collection of botanical books, maps, letters and dried plants. The collection of the plants found within fifteen miles of Philadelphia is to be forever kept separate and distinct as a local herbarium. To the Franklin Institute are bequeathed all the decedent's books relating to iron, coal, mining, railroads, and statistics. The executor, W. Moylan Lansdale, is empowered to sell the personal estate, the proceeds to be divided in six parts, two being devised to Frank G. Smith, United States army, a nephew; one-sixth part each to Thomas T. Smith, Charles E. Smith and Thomas G. Smith, and the remaining one sixth to the Academy of Natural Sciences, the interest of the same to be expended on the maintenance fund.—The Philadelphia Record.

To Abolish the Nasal Twang.

Harsh voices can be easily changed to agreeable ones. Of late years much has been said and written concerning the harshness of the American speaking voice, special critics maffling on the voices of women and children. More than half the singing voice is used in speech, and the misuse of the voice in speech is accountable for many of the difficulties in singing. When schools begin, systematically, to train children's speaking voices there will be a vast improvement in the music. This training can be given so easily and quickly that no extra time has to be allowed for it.

The quality of tone used by parents often has a decided effect upon children, and there is hardly another influence so strong in the school room as the kind of tone used and demanded or allowed, by the teacher.

We Wouldn't Litigate.

No, the trillionaire would not litigate. Sooner would he endure an invasion of his rights.

"Were I to litigate," he protested, "I should almost certainly be the cause of numbers of innocent lawyers dying rich!"

This charming anecdote shows conclusively that the possession of great wealth does not necessarily sear the finer sensibilities or deaden the springs of noble impulse.—The Detroit Journal.

Not Awkward in His Head.

Ethel—Percy, did that snuffy Miss Blitzenburx find fault with your waltzing?

Percy—Indeed, she didn't. I jumped around so fast she couldn't—Indianapolis Journal.

Components of a Proposal

Daughter—No, mamma, Harold has not proposed as yet; that is, not in so many words.

Mother—Mercy me Jane. You must not wait for words! Proposals are mostly made up of signs, gurgles, stammers, coughs, hems, hawks and looks, you know!—Puck.

Sleep Changes the Verdict.

A jury recently agreed upon a verdict, sealed it, and went home. After sleeping over it, they disagreed. This shows the power of sleep to strengthen the mind. Those who are troubled with insomnia or stomach disorders should try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It puts the stomach in good condition and induces sound sleep.

The Reason.

Weary Critic—But how could you prefer that insignificant book to all the others you have ever read?

Innocent Young Person—Because I had to read it on the sly.—New York

Morning Tiredness

Is a serious complaint. It's a warning that should be heeded. It is different from an honest tired feeling. It is a sure sign of poor blood. You can cure it by making your blood rich and pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla. That is what other people do—thousands of them. Take a few bottles of this good medicine now and you will not only get rid of that weak, languid, exhausted feeling, but it will make you feel well all through the summer.

Tired Feeling—"I had that tired feeling and did not have life or ambition to accomplish my usual amount of household work. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me relief and also cured a scrofula tendency." Mrs. R. MERRITT, Dowagiac, Mich.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Best Medicine Money Can Buy.

Solitude.

"Yes," muttered the old inhabitant, in faintless dialect, "when I first came to Kentucky to live my nearest neighbor was fourteen miles away, and in those days the best guns carried a scant two miles."

JUNE 1 A BARGAIN DAY.

Farm News, one of America's best live stock and farm journals, price 50 cents a year, has adopted a new and original plan to get into new homes by making an unusually low price on certain Bargain Days. The best offer yet is to send it one year to all who remit 15 cents to Farm News, Springfield, Ohio on June 1, next Bargain Day.

Very Faithful.

Purchaser—I would agree to your price if I were only sure that the little dog would be faithful.

Dealer—Faithful? Well, I should say so. I have sold him half a dozen times already and he has come back every time.—New York World.

\$20.00 A WEEK AND EXPENSES

to agents selling our household goods. Sell on sight. Write C. H. Marshall & Co., Chicago.

Diplomacy.

Miss Wunder—Why do you always ask Miss Sanger to play her own accompaniments?

Miss Gabby—Why, she always plays loud enough to drown her voice.—Baltimore American.

A Book of Choice Recipes

Sent free by Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. Mention this paper.

Tempting Fate.

"I have come," said the young man, "to ask you to let me have your daughter."

"Never!" shouted the millionaire.

"Thanks," shouted the other, as he hurried away. "Up to this time she has refused to smile upon my suit. When I tell her that you object to me she will be mine!"—The Columbian.