

Her Heart's Secret

Or Under a Spell.

BY JEAN WARNER.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

At "Le Providence."

In the neatest, whitest ward of the "Sisters" Hospital, in the quaint little French town of D—, our story renews.

Ten weeks have passed since the wires thrilled to America the terrible news of the Ocean Queen's total wreck, and the excitement-loving public are already weary of the oft-repeated story, and athirst for a new one.

But in the quiet precincts of simple Little D— it still remains a topic of undying interest, and the heroic men who braved all the terrors of that dreadful night, to rescue the few survivors on the doomed vessel are at the pinnacle of civic popularity.

Several meals have been eaten there already by the mayor and council, and a detailed account of their heroism deposited with the archives of the town, for the edification and improvement of future generations, while the daily papers containing descriptions of the event are in demand by young and old.

But the waves of interest break silently against the whitewashed walls of the little hospital, where the good Sisters, so quietly and skillfully, tend their heaven-sent charges.

No daily papers or daily gossip ever penetrate these sunny, peaceful wards, where life seems no longer a struggle, death no longer a doom.

"Le Providence" was the appropriate name of this quiet haven, that had proved a Providence, indeed, to many a storm-tossed wanderer who had sought refuge within its sheltering walls; and in Le Providence we resume our story.

One of these waifs was tossing restlessly upon a fever couch, on this bright autumn evening. The little boy, with its fleet of white-sailed fishing boats, stretched before the hospital windows like a sheet of molten gold. Over the western waters the sun was setting in clouds of rose and purple, and the silver chiming of the Angels were floating from a hundred different spires, as Herbert Clive opened his eyes, now gleaming, fever-bright, in their cavernous sockets, and felt himself drifting, as it were, from a mighty distance back to unfamiliar earth.

The low, white walls of the room in which he lay, the bright-colored religious pictures hanging around the quaint, diamond-shaped windows, the polished floor and the tiled hearth—all seemed to him bits of some strange painting suddenly brought before his eyes, and of which he formed no part.

The slight, black-robed figure seated by the window, whose features were merely concealed by the closely-trimmed cap and flowing veil, was but a portion of the shadowy, unfamiliar scene, that seemed as yet to be a remnant of his fever-dream.

"Sybil!" he murmured, in a low, weak voice: "where is Sybil?" Then, with a glance of bewilderment he added: "Where am I?"

"In the hospital of Le Providence," answered the nun, as, with a deft movement, she let the veil fall closer around her face. "Monsieur has been very ill."

"Sybil!" repeated Herbert, in the same bewildered tone, as if he were dimly grasping at some broken clue; "where is Sybil?"

"Monsieur has forgotten"—the answer came very softly and sadly from beneath the drooping veil—"he is here alone."

"Alone?" repeated Herbert, slowly—"not alone? She was with me in the wild, dark waters? I held her in my arms as the angry waves dashed over us—I clasped her to my heart, and felt that even death was sweet! And she has gone—gone? Left me again—left me to live—"

The hopeless pathos of his voice must have touched some chord in his listener's heart, for she trembled visibly, and for a moment was silent.

When, at length she spoke, it was in a quiet, measured voice.

"Monsieur is young, to be weary of life. They will tell him here it is always a good gift—one to be used well and wisely, and never—no, never—cast away."

He turned wearily on his pillow; the feeble thread that was guiding him back to life was broken.

Sybil, Sybil! What echo had he heard of her voice that made him believe she was near?

Weak and weary as a broken-hearted child, Herbert turned his face from the sunlight and wept.

The nun gazed at him for a moment, while her slight form trembled like an aspen in the wind; then, drawing her veil close around her, she hurried from the room.

A tall, thin, elderly woman took her place at Herbert's bedside and held a draught to his lips—a cool, pleasant draught, that seemed to steal thought from his brain—that steeped all his senses in a delicious languor of repose.

He slept again, and when he awoke new life and vigor was infused into his frame. He looked about him, and began to realize the present, to remember the past.

A screen was placed beside his bed to screen it from the moonlight that was flooding the little chamber. Two shadows were cast upon the screen—a tall woman, seated by the window, a slighter, smaller figure kneeling at her feet.

Low and guarded as were their voices their words drifted to Herbert's ears. The taller woman seemed speaking gravely:

"It is very hard, my child—very hard; but it must be. I have listened to you, yielded to you, unwisely and imprudently, perhaps, because I felt—I thought life was past. But now—"

"I must go," concluded the other, in a tone that made her listener's heart-chords quiver. "Ah, Sister, I know what you would say! It is not for one like me to hide her torn, despairing

heart beneath your holy garb. I must go forth and wander on."

"My child, my child! do not give way to such despair," chided the older woman. "It is wrong; it is sinful! You, upon whom Providence has showered such rich and wondrous blessings!"

"I know, I know!" was the sad response. "Ah, Sister, you have taught me lessons during my sojourn in these holy walls that I can never forget. You have taught me to look upward for the brightness that earth denies me. But, alas! you know not the weakness of a woman's heart when—when it loves! You know not the madness, the folly—Will you believe it?—she broke off, passionately—"I have been very happy here, seeing him senseless, fevered, for aught I knew, dying—happy in feeling I was near him, at his side—happy in hearing his fevered, happy in feeling that he would die in my arms. Sister, Sister! what must be the misery of a love that can find itself blessed in pain, in sorrow, in suffering—nay, even in death itself?"

"Poor child!" said the nun, in a tone of tender pity. "Earthly love always has its dregs of bitterness and pain. Be satisfied, be patient, and trust in the goodness of Providence. All will yet be well."

"Alas, you know not the stern fate that rules my life," answered the other, sobbing. "You know not how blind, how pitiless, how relentless, is the will of man. You speak to me of God's will; but I, alas, am bound by the will of a proud, weak, passionate, resentful man, and who, if he knew, if he dreamed of my mission here, would scorn all restraint."

"That mission is now over, my child," said the nun, gravely. "All danger is past. God has heard your first wild prayer to Him, and has spared the life dearer than your own. Leave the future in His wise keeping, and go the way that duty points in peace."

"I must, I must!" was the despairing reply. "There is no choice left me. But—there can be no harm in my looking on his face once more ere—the low voice faltered—"ere I bid him adieu forever."

"Your promise, my child—remember your solemn promise!" said the nun, reproachfully.

"I have not forgotten it," the other answered.

"I do not ask to speak to him. Alas, it would be only adding a new pang to despair. Let me but look upon his sleeping face and bear away with me its expression of peaceful repose."

Herbert lay still, almost breathless, fearing to move or breathe, lest he should dissolve the beautiful dream; for it was Sybil who spoke—Sybil, whose accents trembled in his ear, in tones of despairing love—Sybil, who pleaded for one more glance at his sleeping face.

He closed his eyes and lay like a breathing statue as she approached his bedside. If he spoke to her, if he looked at her, he felt she would again melt from his presence, this strange, mysterious spirit-love.

She glided to his bedside; he felt her head bend above him, lift his wasted hand and as a great scalding tear fell upon his brow a whisper, low and tremulous as the sigh of the summer zephyr, reached his ear:

"My love, my faithful love, farewell—farewell, forever—"

The last word was unspoken, for, as if that treading had started him into life, Herbert unclosed his eyes, clasped the little hand that still rested timidly on his with a fervent pressure, and he and his nurse of the previous evening were face to face.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Seeking a Clue.

"Sybil, Sybil!" The name fluttered from the sick man's lips. "Is it Sybil? Oh, mock me no longer! My beloved, speak to me—tell me who and what and whence you are?"

The little hand trembled in his, the veiled head drooped, but there was no reply.

"Monsieur forgets," said the grave voice of Sister from the other side, "he is in a house where no love enters save that of heaven. Leave us, my sister; I will watch to-night. You are weary and in need of rest."

"Speak to me once—only once before you go!" pleaded Herbert, striving to raise himself on his pillows. "Unveil this mystery that is torturing me far more than bodily pain. Speak to me once more with Sybil's voice! Tell me if you belong to the living or to the dead!"

"To the dead!" The answer came in a hoarse whisper from her pallid lips, as the black-robed form flitted from the room. "Henceforth and forever to the dead!"

"All here belong to the dead!" echoed Sister Winifred's measured, passionless voice. "Life, with all its passion, pride and pain, is over for all of us. We are not of the living, but of the dead!"

Herbert made no answer, but the tide of life from that moment turned. Sybil's whisper, Sybil's tear, seemed to brighten the dark future with the rosy hues of hope—for the dead neither speak nor weep.

In three weeks from that day he was able to leave Le Providence.

As he grew stronger, memory became clearer, thoughts less troubled and confused. He began to link fact to fact, incident to incident—nay, what had seemed dream to dream.

To one of his young and vigorous constitution health came with a glad rebound, and in the first days of his convalescence hope was strong in his heart. Sybil lived—separated from him by the same dark, mysterious

power that had shaped her previous life. Sybil lived, and life was hope.

She was not in Le Providence—that he knew. Indeed, as he recalled the conversation he had overheard, he remembered that she had spoken of immediate departure. His cautious inquiries elicited no response. Sister Winifred was grave, almost to severity, when he strove to question her. She knew no one by the name of Sybil Wraye. About fifty passengers had been saved from the wreck of the Ocean Queen, but no such person was among them, so far as she had heard. A cousin of her own, Madam Gillette, had spent a few days at the hospital before starting for Switzerland, and she had talked much of the shipwreck; but Sister Winifred was always too busy to hear worldly talk.

With many thanks to the good sisters for their kindness, Herbert was constrained to take his leave of Le Providence without learning more.

It would not be so difficult, he fancied, to get a clue outside the hospital walls.

He went to the hotel—a quaint, substantial old place, where in the summer time invalids of modest income resorted to enjoy the benefit of the fresh sea breeze.

The usual lady bookkeeper was in the cheerful little office, and, judging by her bright eyes and charming tones, would not prove so difficult a personage as Sister Winifred.

Monsieur was "American." Ah—Mademoiselle Belleville's eyes brightened with interest—saved from the wreck of the Ocean Queen? Ah—eyes softening into sympathy—she had heard! They had many guests at Le Brisemer who had also been on that unfortunate vessel.

Ladies? Yes, yes! many ladies. Two boats had come in safe. But, eh, mon Dieu! what were two boatsful when so many were lost? There were several madames, and the engaging housekeeper showed her register. Ah, but they were overcome! They would never be quite themselves again, as monsieur would, no doubt, understand. The shock and terror were so grand, so terrible!

"Mees Wraye?" Ah, no! there was no such name on the books; and mademoiselle scanned them again, obligingly. No such name—Herbert's eyes following her eagerly—no such name. Ah, she hoped that monsieur had lost no friend on board the Ocean Queen. She had understood from some of the passengers, that the young gentleman who had been taken to the hospital was a stranger, save by sight, to them all.

Herbert thanked the gracious young lady, and with a heart that had lost something of its determined hopefulness, went down to the beach.

The long boats of the fishermen were drawn up in the sunshine; the tide was out, and on the damp stretch of sand the men were busy mending their nets and lines.

They were stolid, heavy-looking peasants, and scarcely the type of men that could be easily roused to deeds of daring; and yet they had proved themselves heroes in many a tempestuous night.

Herbert approached one of them, and, making himself known as one of the survivors of the Ocean Queen, found he was an object of interest at once.

"Ah, yes, yes," said the old fisherman, "it was the worst wreck the coast has had for years and years, since Pierre Bardin was a boy; and Pierre Bardin is no infant now. He is sixty-four, if he is a day, though monsieur would not think so, if he could see him, with a rope around his waist, battling with the waves. He saved a dozen lives. Ah, 'twould be strange, indeed, if monsieur had not heard of Pierre Bardin. It was he who saved the pale lady with the golden hair, whose father was nearly mad with grief."

"A pale lady with golden hair, lashed to a spar—"

"Yes, yes, monsieur! But the spar would never have saved her but for Pierre Bardin. It was he who caught her, in the black darkness, from the cruel waves, that would have cast her on the rocks alone. Eh, mon Dieu! but those were cruel rocks! It was there monsieur was found, with his head so cut and bleeding that, but for the good Sisters of Le Providence, he would never have lived to tell of the terrors of that awful night."

Ah, yes! Sister Winifred had told Herbert of the merciful manner in which a kind Providence had saved his life. She had told him of those frightful black rocks, that reared themselves, like cruel monsters, on the upper shore, waiting until the billows cast them their prey. It was there he had been found, caught in a cleft between the rocks, his helpless hand closing to his heart an imaginary form.

But Herbert was not thinking of his own wonderful delivery now.

"The pale lady with the golden hair, lashed to a spar—" the lady whom Pierre Bardin had saved—where was she?"

The sturdy old fisherman came shuffling up the beach, and Herbert resolved to question him.

"Out, out!" the weather-beaten hero of fifty tempests scratched his grizzled head in response to the young monsieur's inquiries, and looked as stupid as though an idea had never before entered his brain—"out, out! there was a lady he saved from the wreck; but he did not know whether she had gone. He had not stopped to ask her name; there were so many names, and he could not remember. She had lain in his cabin on the beach for a while, until—until her father found her, and he had given Pierre a purse of gold that would make him sleep warm during the coming winter nights. And they had gone away."

It was all that old Pierre knew. The dull current of his thoughts had never passed beyond a certain tide-mark. He would risk his life twenty times in saving the helpless whom he saw buffeting with the billows, but he did so led by the same instinct that makes the brave Newfoundland plunge into the sea after the missing child. Once safe on shore, Pierre's interests in his neighbors ceased.

Baffled at every turn, Herbert took his way moodily back to town. Old thoughts and fancies he had lost sight of in the rosy glow of returning hope began to reassert their sway.

Was he, not, after all, only pursuing the shadow of a dream? Did it not seem as if he were, indeed, bound by some mystical spell? This girl, who had exercised so wondrous a power over his life—whom he had lost in the green heart of his native forest—what madness led him to believe he could find her here? The midnight song, the midnight vision, were born only of his own utterly mad fancy. If he would not fruitless quest—the hope, that veiling his reason, upsetting his philosophy. He must give up the wild idea that Sybil lived. And yet—and yet, that tear, that whisper, that had been but portions of a fever-dream?

"The pale lady with the golden hair, lashed to a spar!"

The fisherman's words haunted him, despite himself. Surely, he could discover who that pale lady was and whether she had gone.

Absorbed in his own contending thoughts, Herbert was slowly walking, along through the town, where the decayed gentry of other days still kept up a feeble appearance of importance, when he suddenly became conscious that he was followed.

A young girl, whose bright black eyes glittered roguishly beneath her high peasant cap, was coming down the street, shyly watching him, as if anxious to speak.

Herbert waited for her with an encouraging smile.

"It is—ah, yes! it must be Monsieur Clive," she said, looking up into his face. "Monsieur, you have given me a chase this morning. I have been waiting, and watching and following you ever since you left Le Providence."

"Watching for me?" repeated Herbert, in surprise.

"Yes," answered the girl, with a merry laugh. "Doubtless monsieur thinks I am very bold, or he is very charming; but, although Nanette is no angel, she is also no fool. I have something for monsieur, see!"—she held up a dainty envelope—"something that I wish to give him alone."

Herbert took the little missive eagerly, slipping a bright silver piece into the little messenger's hand.

"No, no," said Nanette. "I have been paid already, monsieur—better than paid in gold."

"Where did you get this?" interrupted Herbert, his eyes flashing as he turned upon the girl. "Are you mixed up in a plot to madden me? Child, child, where, from whom did you get this letter? Tell me, and I will triple that piece in your hands!"

"Monsieur asks too much," was the girl's laughing answer. "I have told him I was already paid."

"But you know—you saw the person who gave you this?" said Herbert, excitedly.

"Perhaps," she answered, with an arch smile. "But there are times when even wild Nanette is blind and dumb. Though—though—Nanette sank her voice to a cautious whisper—"I would advise monsieur to use both eyes and ears—and use them well!"

She nodded merrily as she tripped away, leaving Herbert gazing after her in speechless amazement.

Then, glancing at the paper he held in his hand, he read again the words that seemed to have come at this moment as if to lure him further on his hopeless search:

"Grieve no longer for me, true and faithful friend. I have witnessed your love and your despair, and every pang of your noble heart adds a new pain to mine. The life that now opens before me is one that I can share with none. Yet the heart that I believed had ceased to throb with earthly feelings, quivered anew at your presence. Our peace lies in being far apart. I go from you forever. It has been sweet to feel that, though invisible, I was near you; but the sweetness, like all that I have ever known, was not to last. Forget me! No, that I cannot say; but think of me as one whose bleak and barren future is brightened by one sunbeam of memory—the sunbeam that your love has cast upon her clouded path."

CHAPTER XXX.

Lulline.

With that note folded in his breast, Herbert Clive became a wanderer. All the attractions of the gay European cities could not induce the handsome and wealthy young American to linger long within their charmed precincts, or participate in their dazzling pleasures.

Like one bound by some mystic spell, he pursued his restless way, watching and waiting, day by day, for some further revelation from his beloved one—some token of her presence, some echo of her voice.

The energy with which he devoted himself to the one object of his life made him oblivious of all things else. His letters home were short and infrequent. His manner to the friends he met seemed cold and changed.

"What the deuce has come over you, anyhow, Clive?" asked a gay young college-mate, meeting him, one day, grave and abstracted, on the streets of Paris. "You haven't taken a serious turn, I hope, so early, though that ducking in the Ocean Queen was enough to sober any one for a while. I will begin to believe you were bewitched by some sea nymph in her native waters, and haven't recovered from the spell."

Herbert looked up with a start.

"Do you believe in such things, Dunn?" he asked, gravely.

"What, in woman's witchery? Of course I do!" was the laughing response. "Though I don't think one of your finny nymphs could ever captivate me hopelessly. Seriously, though, my boy, you'll get 'hypped' completely if you don't shake off this green and yellow melancholy. You're only thirty and twenty, and haven't brushed the sparkle from your life-cup yet, much less reached the dregs. Stir yourself up. Come with me to Madame la Marquise's ball; it will be the most dazzling affair of the season—in masque, too, which always adds to the charm. You needn't show your face unless you want to, though it's altogether too good-looking in my opinion, to keep hid. Come, I'm just on the way to choose my costume. I want a chum. Let's go as Rival 'rines, or Brother Knights, or—stay, no, something more solemn befits your present mood. Go as Ravenswood; the gloomy knight will suit you to a charm."

And, according to Edgar Dunn's gay fancy, without taking any interest in the matter, Herbert went that night to Madame la Marquise's ball.

It was a brilliant affair—a such a combination of artistic conception and

elaborate execution as only the gay capital can produce.

Madame la Marquise was one of the leading elegantes of Paris. She seldom undertook an extensive entertainment, but when she did, it was emphatically a success.

Even Herbert forgot for a moment his morbid fancies and hopeless wanderings, as the sober realities of the world seemed to melt away, and he passed into the enchanted dreamland into which Madame la Marquise had transformed her palace.

It was not all glare, and glitter, and crash of orchestra, as is the usual style of such entertainments. La Madame's ideas were far too perfect for such crude developments. She was in advance of her age.

The entrance hall was shadowed to a pleasant light, through which the coming guests moved noiselessly. Rows of crimson lamps, gleaming through tropic foliage, marked the polished staircase, where the grand ball room, with its swaying suns of crystal, its wreaths of living blossoms, and cages of swinging birds, was but one feature of this bewildering scene. Marble corridors led to quiet nooks, where the odorous breath of flowers seemed to hush the air—where unlit lights trembled through crystal domes, and fountains trickled musically into fern-wreathed basins.

The grand old oaken gallery that was the Madam's pride, was also thrown open, and her guests could wander at will amid the artistically illuminated pictures, the rare mosaics, the chefs d'oeuvre of art, she had gathered from every clime.

And, as through hall, salon and corridor fitted the motley crowd of maskers, dressed in the quaint, gorgeous and picturesque costumes of every clime and age, Herbert felt as if he were a portion of some strange Oriental pageant, moving through the enchanted scenes of "Arabian Nights."

The dark velvet costume and sable plumes of Ravenswood well became his tall, graceful figure, and many a bright eye sparkled more brightly beneath a dainty mask at the dark knight's approach.

But by midnight the glamour of the scene was gone. Herbert grew weary of talking pretty nothings to unknown charmers, and wandered away from the gay ball room to find a more secluded place to rest and dream.

He was glancing over a portfolio of sketches in the oaken gallery, when a sound reached his ear that made him start and tremble as with a sudden shock.

(To be Continued.)

WHAT IS PERPETUAL YOUTH?

Ponce de Leon Sailed the Globe to Find It and Missed It—Are You Missing It?

To be perpetually young, a woman must fill up her life with constant interests, those that strengthen and develop the body and those that strengthen and develop the mind. She will take great care of her intellect and equally great care of her body. A sound mind in a sound body must be her motto. By giving from ten to twenty minutes of her time daily to intelligent exercise she can retain the suppleness of youth to the last hours of a long life. She must learn that education includes the body, and make her muscles respond to her will, and understand that a good digestion is of more importance than a knowledge of the science of mathematics, for without it life is hardly worth the living. She will apply a cheerful philosophy to her way of living. She will apply a cheerful philosophy to her way of living. So that the light of the sun behind her cypress trees shall always illumine her face, giving it the rosy glow of a youth that is immortal. Nor shall she disdain the box of ointment for the benefit of the weary flesh. Science and sanitation will both be her handmaidens and she will live out her years in a house beautiful which has not fallen into disrepair.

Girls, don't put any signs on the house beautiful which the Great Architect did not intend to have there. Don't label one room "Ill-Temper," another "Nervousness" and another "Caprice." Above all, take pride in keeping placards of ill-health off its walls by cultivating the habit of good health, and carrying the news in rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes. There you have the foundation of true beauty as well as happiness—Philadelphia Press.

When a Bachelor Pays Calls.

An unmarried man in calling at a daughter, or any married woman and other women relatives, leaves one card for the host and hostess, one for the daughters, and one for any guest who may be staying with them. No matter how many there may be in the family, he should leave no more than three cards. Whatever the terms on which he may stand with the brothers or other masculine members of the family, he leaves no cards for them at the time of making his general call on the house, and he leaves a card for his family. The exception is the head of the house, and he leaves a card for him after he has had a call from him, or its social equivalent, an invitation.—Woman's Home Companion.

Cleaning Fine Lace.

Summer, Winter, Fall and Spring. Occasionally a piece of fancy-work on the lace order does not show so well enough to justify sacrificing its lacy softness to the process of washing. If such work is laid away for a week in a heavy book between blue tissue-paper, having had rubbed into the soiled places calcined magnesia or pipe-clay, it will come out cleaned and brightened. This is a good way to treat Battenberg and point lace work which has become dingy or yellow.—Woman's Home Companion.

Stick to Baptismal Name.

Nothing is more deplorable than the habit some girls have of changing the spelling of their names. Whatever happens, stick to your baptismal name.

The Ethel who calls herself "Ethyl," the Blanche who becomes "Blancha," the Caroline who writes herself "Carolyn," are victims of a foolish fancy.

When such a girl arrives at the age of discretion she trims off all the furbelows which have adorned her name and returns to the simpler spelling which her parents intended.—New York World.

Land Disappeared.
Homan—Ah, what a fine stretch of land over there!
N Blackburn—Beautiful! But what a shame to put it under cultivation! It would make such an ideal golf links!—Boston Transcript.

Revolution in Water Travel.
Experiments have proven that vessels, fitted with propellers which imitate the fish's fin, develop remarkable power. It will cause a revolution in water travel. Men gradually learn that Nature's ways are best. One cause of the remarkable success of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the fact that it is a sure cure for constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia and biliousness.

Finally Impossible.
Young Mr. Spoonmore (who has just been accepted)—But what will your father say, darling? You know he doesn't like me any too well.
The Young Woman—Well, you can't expect me to use the exact language in which papa will express himself when he hears it.—Chicago Tribune.

Straight Road To Health
Is by the way of purifying the blood. Germs and impurities in the blood cause disease and sickness. Expelling these impurities does this and it does more. It makes the blood rich by increasing and vitalizing the red globules and giving it power to transmit to the organs, nerves and muscles the nutriment contained in digested food.

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

And He Was.
The latest contribution to the collection of curious epitaphs comes from Rutland, Vt., and expresses in an indirect but forceful manner the reputation of the deceased among the community in which he lived:

.....
: William Wilson, :
: Died October 4, 1896, :
: Aged 85 years, :
: The good life young, :
.....

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?
It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Wasn't Just Sure.
Sir William McCormac, the president of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, is at times quite absent-minded. He is an indefatigable worker, and often, to save time, when studying in his laboratory, has a light lunch served there. Once his assistant heard him sigh heavily, and, looking up, saw the doctor glaring at two glass receptacles on the table.

"What is the matter, doctor?" asked one of the youngsters.

"Nothing in particular," was the reply, "only I am uncertain whether I drank the beef tea or that compound I am working on."—Argonaut.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes.
One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The Farewell.
"Good-by," said the pale, determined man, as his wife flung her arms wildly about his neck and gave way to a flood of weeping.

"Do not go into unnecessary dangers," she said. "I know you will be brave and return with honors."

And he was gone. He was not off to war. No; he was a baseball umpire and he was leaving home for the opening game.—Philadelphia North American.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

Merely a Good Listener.
Miss Swelltop—Sister is so disappointed. She can't go to the opera to-night.

Miss Bluegore—Is she so ill as all that?

Miss Swelltop—Oh, no; it is just a nervous affection of the throat. She's not really ill.

Miss Bluegore—Why can't she go, then?

Miss Swelltop—Why, goodness gracious! She can't speak above a whisper.—Philadelphia Press.

Fee What He Missed.
"Didn't I tell you that I didn't want any of your infernal grind around here?" shouted the irate citizen, as a hand-organ man stopped at the gate.

"Yes, you tell," was the reply.

"Then what are you doing here?"

"I'm here to no playee. No playee, 2 cents. Muehee playee, 1 cent. Good-by!"

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, croup, and all other ailments of infants.

A woman's hair would soon look sweet if she tried to dress it with a honeycomb.

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

Mother Hubbard dresses ought to be economical; they so seldom get worth out.

The charm of beauty is beautiful hair. Secure it with PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. HINDENBERG, the best cure for corns. 15c.

A money drawer—the dentist's fore-cups.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Cure. Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, etc. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION