

Her Heart's Secret

Or Under a Spell.

By JEAN WARNER.

CHAPTER XXXV. Herbert's Revenge.

Like one not yet awakened from a beautiful dream, Herbert watched the little boat floating back to the island villa, and then, slowly retracing his steps to the village inn, he strove to realize what had passed.

Sybil! Aye, it was no delusive vision, but Sybil's self who had spoken to him of love! And Sybil was Made-moiselle Laponte.

Ab, he had found the missing clue at last. The sick girl on board the Ocean Queen, the midnight songstress and the midnight vision, the dark-veiled nurse of Le Providence, and the water-nymph of the Parisian ball room, were all the same living, loving Sybil—no alluring phantom, but a sorrowing woman, whose web of fate, as she herself had said was too darkly and strangely woven for his eyes to pierce.

And she loved him, suffered with him, mourned for him, even as he had mourned for her.

Ab, there was hope and happiness in the thought! This world could be utterly darkened, when Love beams upon it in his perfect light!

Her father—this dark-browed man, who had assaulted him on his own estate—it was his father who stood between them. It must be her father's shadow, then, that lay so mysteriously on her life. Some outlawed desperado, perhaps, whom she carried to her home, some adventurer who had made a fortune by lawless deeds and was compelled to fly his native land to enjoy his ill-gotten gold. Perhaps, even—and, though Herbert shrunk from the thought, it seemed to explain much of the mystery that enshrouded Sybil's life—perhaps some criminal, hiding from offended justice!

Was it strange that Sybil should deny his suit, was it strange that one so delicate and gentle shrank from unvoluntary, even to a lover's eye, the mystery of a father's crimes?

Ah, yes, as Herbert thought of the wild threats of the ruffian who had met him in Clive Woods, and the fierce anger of the masked monk in Madam la Marquise's ball room, he became more and more satisfied that Sybil Wraye was the daughter of one who had disgraced his children and dishonored his name—of one to whom she clung in pity and tenderness, but also in shame and sorrow; and never, until the shadow was removed from her path, could he hope to win her—never while that father lived, would she consent to link her fate with that of the proud and honored Clives.

And with the picture of his pure and beautiful Sybil floating before his eyes—with the echo of her tender though hopeless words still sounding in his ears—it was no wonder that Herbert felt a fierce indignation swelling in his breast against the man whose shadow lay across the sunshine of his love—against the father who had blighted the happiness of his child.

Absorbed in thoughts like these, Herbert walked on slowly, and it was long past midnight when he arrived at the little inn. Not late, as was the hour, the place seemed astir with some unusual excitement.

Lights twinkled in all the windows; voices could be heard raised in loud discussion in the little bar room; and Dame Marguerite, whom he had left nodding sleepily over her knitting, was a very wide-awake and angry little woman, judging from the vituperative remarks that reached the ears of her guest.

"Coward, idiot, knave and fool that thou art to come back to St. Gothard with a story like this on your tongue—you, that I, on your recommendation, to monsieur as faithful and trustworthy! What will the mademoiselle say to me in her anguish, in her despair? What will the world say of you, the guide, the traitor, who could leave his master and friend to perish?—knave, coward, villain that thou art!"

"Scold, then, if thou wilt, good dame," was the gruff rejoinder. "A guide's life is as dear to him as a gentleman's. Not that Jean Baptiste Fevre would turn his back on duty—none can say that of him. Dame Marguerite, and he has been guide at Mount Gothard for well-nigh a score of years."

"I say nothing of the past," exclaimed the dame, shrilly. "It has been good enough—too good for it made me trust your courage, your honor, your truth. I never thought Jean Baptiste Fevre would turn his cowardly back upon the master who had put his life in his hands, and leave him to perish in the mountain snows."

"Sacred blime! Have I not told you that he sent me for help?" answered the man, whose sly, shifty nature seemed to be at last stirred to impatience. "Have I not told you that his foot was crushed, and he could not walk? Have I not told you that, although I might lift weights against him in the canton, not even Jean Baptiste Fevre could carry like an infant a form such as Col. Laponte? I came for help—have I not told you—I came for help."

"Hark!" said the dame, in a thrilling whisper, as a dull, booming sound echoed in the distance. "You came for help, you said. Jean Baptiste, what man will take his life in his hands and brave the Pass, with that noise in his ears? No, no, it is too late—too late! Alas for poor monsieur—it is too late!"

"What is too late?" asked Herbert, entering. "What has happened, madam?"

"Ah, woe, misery, desolation, Monsieur Clive!" cried the good dame, wringing her hands. "This knave, this fool, this idiot here, who has been guide in St. Gothard for twenty years, has turned coward, traitor, Judas, at last! He has betrayed the master who trusted him; he has turned his back on brave Monsieur Colonel Laponte, and left him to perish in the snow!"

"If the gentleman will listen to me," continued Jean Baptiste, his swarthy cheek flushing. "I will prove to him

that I am no coward. I will tell him how monsieur slipped and sprained his leg, so that he could no longer walk; I will tell him how the dark night was coming on, and there was no one near to aid, for there have been avalanches of late that have frightened the herdsmen from the mountains, and I came quickly back to St. Gothard for help."

"Help! help!" repeated the dame, who, with the unreasoning anger of a warm-hearted woman, could not be soothed. "What help will avail poor Monsieur Laponte now? What help will avail poor mademoiselle, who loved her father as the apple of her eye? Ah, they were everywhere to gether—at the church, and in the groves and on the lake—poor mademoiselle, who is even now, doubtless waiting and watching for the father who will never come!"

Her father—Sybil's father—in deadly peril? The father whose life was the one dark shadow on his pathway, alone and helpless in that vast wilderness of ice and snow?

A thousand conflicting emotions seemed surging like the waves of a tempestuous sea in Herbert's breast, as he turned to the guide and asked him:

"You came for help, you say; then why do you not procure it? Every moment must be precious."

"I can't find a man willing to cross the Pass to-night," was the gruff answer. "All the best men of St. Gothard have gone down to the Christmas-games. Only the old men and the cowards are left behind. They do not like the music of the snows."

As he spoke, the dull thunder of the avalanche seemed to give awful meaning to his words.

"Sybil's father—the father whom she loved!" the words kept echoing and re-echoing in Herbert's ears—"Sybil's father in danger of a frightful death!"

Ah, it needed not even this echo to arouse the generous soul of Herbert. A fellow-creature was in peril, and he must aid him—a helpless being needing the assistance that he could and must bestow.

"I will go with you," he said, turning to the guide, "I am young and strong, and do not fear the terrors of the mountain pass. Let us start at once, for every moment seems an hour to the wounded, helpless man."

In vain the dame wept and protested against the departure of her guest—in vain she warned him of the fearful avalanches that only a few weeks before had spread ruin and devastation over an entire hamlet. Herbert was not to be turned from his purpose now, and in less than an hour from his separation from Sybil, he was setting out, armed with a stout Alpenstock, and in company with the sturdy though much-abused Jean Baptiste, to save her father and his enemy from impending death.

"And there is no message the brave monsieur would leave?" said the fearful dame, following him to the door.

"None," replied Herbert, cheerfully. "Only—only," he hesitated, "if I should not return, let Mademoiselle Laponte know that I went as—her knight, to my death."

As they left the village, Jean Baptiste cast a practical eye around him. The night was still clear, but a faint haze was gathering around the moon. The guide's brow darkened at the sight.

"Monsieur should know what risk he runs," he said, gravely. "There is a storm coming with the coming day—a storm that will take brave hearts and strong limbs to meet."

"We have both," was the terse answer, "therefore, we should not fear. Let us make haste while we can."

They hurried on. Soon the little hamlet was far behind them—an oasis scarcely visible in the waste of ice and snow. All was white, bare, frowning and desolate.

Herbert seemed to have left the beautiful dreamland of hope and love forever, and to be climbing the rugged heights of the frowning future alone.

The tempest burst upon them—the white, driving snow, that blinded, dazzled and bewildered them—the tempest that grew fiercer and wilder, until the dull, leaden sky above them was totally obscured, and Herbert could only grasp the stick the guide held out to him, and grope through clouds of falling snow and cutting sleet, knowing not where he trod.

Still Jean Baptiste kept on, silently, steadily led, it seemed, more by dumb instinct than human intelligence; picking his way along precipices, over chasms, sure-footed, patient and uncomplaining, as some strong, well-trained beast, who follows the same track without a word or sign to guide.

Through the thunder of the avalanche, rolling from the neighboring peaks, had resounded with awful majesty through the silent wastes they trod. Three Jean Baptiste had paused, bent his head and crossed himself in devout thanksgiving as the danger passed.

At last the guide stopped and turned to Herbert.

"It was there I left him," he said, pointing to a huge black rock, that lifted itself from the snows around like some grim monster watching over the secret—just there on the sheltered side. Ah, monsieur, our labor, perhaps our lives, have been given in vain—he is buried beneath the snows."

"Where?" said Herbert, eagerly. "Do not give up hope so soon, man. After what you have done to-day we must make one more struggle for a human life. There may be hope yet—let us search."

"Help, help!" Was it a sigh of the wind or a human cry, that echoed through the snow? "Help, help! in God's name!"

"Hurrah, hurrah!" The glad cheer of that sound was never forgotten by the well-nigh despairing one it reached. The strong young voice seemed to shout the clear note of hope. "Hurrah, he lives! One more cry, my friend, and we'll find you. Help, and

sturdy help, is at hand. Once more!"

"Here, here!" cried the faint voice at the right of the rock. "I am well-nigh perished. Who is it that has come to aid me? Who are the brave men who have dared a storm like this to save a friendless man?"

"'Tis I, monsieur," said the guide, as he and Herbert lifted the giant form of Col. Laponte from his recumbent position. "I, Jean Baptiste Fevre, your faithful servant, and this brave young monsieur, who so kindly gave me his."

"Herbert Clive!" As the helpless man was lifted in those strong young arms his dark eyes fell full upon his savior's face. "Herbert Clive!" he repeated, hoarsely. "You—you! What avenging fate has sent you here?"

"I came to save your life," was the quiet reply—"a life which is dear to one who is dearer than life to me."

"And you have periled your life for me?" repeated the helpless man, in a husky whisper. "For me, the sworn and eternal enemy of you and yours?"

"Of my own will I have made no man my enemy," answered Herbert, gravely. "What I have done for you I would have done for any fellow-creature in peril. This faithful fellow beside me has the only claim on your gratitude. He knew the dangers of the search; I did not."

"I told monsieur," said the honest Jean, who felt this an imputation on his fair dealing—"I told monsieur the risk, and he took it all. We cannot go back this evening, but there is a hut a mile away from here, to which we can carry Monsieur Laponte till the worst of the storm is passed."

"Oh, see, he has fainted! Thank the good God, we came not a moment too soon!"

Not a moment, for the powerful man lay in their strong, brave arms, passive and helpless as a child. Thus they carried him, painfully and perilously, through the driving snows, until the deserted hut was reached; and through the long, dreary hours of the stormy night that followed, while the winds roared wildly through the mountain pass, and the dull thunder of the avalanche resounded ominously around them, they watched beside the couch of straw where the dark-browed man lay motionless and silent—buried, so it seemed, in a heavy stupor from which he could not awake.

What he saw, what he heard, what he thought and felt, in that seeming trance, no mortal ever knew. Once only he started up wildly, and as Herbert fancied, whispered hoarsely his father's name—the name of "Robert Clive!"

By the morning the storm was over; the sun rose in unclouded majesty over the snow-clad heights, and a party of stout young men from the neighboring valleys came up to find the brave rescuers, whose story had reached fitting ears at last.

The still unconscious patient was borne home on a litter, and with the bright sunlight gilding the dazzling peaks around, and the blue of an Alpine sky above—with the Christmas carols of the gay young mountaineers echoing from the icy crags, and the sweet peace that follows a noble deed filling his breast, Herbert found no terrors in his second journey through the mountain pass.

There seemed a strange stillness in the little village as he reached it—a sort of Sabbath hush in the air. Good Dame Marguerite forgot her matronly propriety, and fairly hugged the returning wanderer as he crossed the threshold.

"Ah, Monsieur Clive, Monsieur Clive! to think my sharp tongue should have sent you and poor Jean Baptiste on such a search! Ah, mademoiselle heard of it, you may be sure! Poor mademoiselle, who is nearly wild with terror and grief. Ah, ah, I forgot the letter monsieur was waiting for is here. Ah, mon Dieu, how black and sad it looks!" And Dame Marguerite turned the black-sealed envelope over in her hand. "I trust it has no sad news from monsieur's home."

Herbert broke the seal with trembling hands; then sunk, with a low moan, into the seat behind him. His father was dead—the master of Clive Towers was peremptorily summoned home!

CHAPTER XXXVI. Home Again.

On the wings of steam Herbert hurried homeward. Anguish at his loss was deepened by the sting of remorse at his long absence and seeming neglect.

It had been months since he had received tidings from home. The letter containing the sad news of his father's decease was already several weeks old.

Poor Fannie! Who had sustained her during this terrible bereavement? Who had taken a brother's place at her side?

For the moment, even Sybil's image faded from his mind before the picture his imagination drew of loving, sunny-hearted Fannie in her anguish and despair.

It was a dull evening in February when he jumped from the cars at the little station near Clive Towers, and, satchel in hand, ascended the steep acclivity that led from the river side to his home.

His home, indeed, though the reflection brought him no thrill of triumph. He was the master of Clive Towers now. The thought gave him only pain.

All nature seemed in accordance with his saddened mood. There was no life, no glow, no glitter, either on earth or sky. All was sere, brown and dead. Involuntarily, the poet's description of a similar scene recurred to him:

"The day is ending,
The night descending,
The marsh is frozen—
The river dead!
Through clouds, like ashes,
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red!"

The charm that had hung over hill and vale, and river, in the sunny summer time, had gone. All was cold, and gray, and hopeless, as if there would be no more spring. He reached the house—the stately mansion his father had reared with so much pride, and whose massive grandeur seemed so characteristic of the stern, strong man. How dark and gloomy it looked now! The windows all were closed, the porches silent and deserted, the

fountains silenced, the flowers dead! The hall door swung open noiselessly to receive him a strange servant eyed him dubiously; he crossed the threshold of his home without a word of welcome, and found himself, like a stranger in his father's house, asking for Miss Clive.

Everything was in perfect order; no wheel of the well organized household system seemed disarranged by the stoppage of the master hand; yet there was a strange hush, an unnatural repression over the whole house that oppressed Herbert like breathing a poisoned air.

He entered the drawing room, and in his mother's ebony rocking chair, by the marble hearth, a woman sat busy with her knitting—a pale, slender woman, who rose to meet him with a certain still, crafty triumph in glance, and manner and tone.

"You are late, indeed," she said, with a sigh, and lifting her black-bordered handkerchief to her eyes, "and you, my sorrowing home, Herbert, poor boy!"

"My sister—where is my sister?" asked the young man, in a husky voice, while his spirit rose at the unusual familiarity of the housekeeper's address. "Where is Miss Fannie?"

"Dear Fannie is in her room," answered Mrs. Wyllis, in her lowest tone. "Indeed, she seldom leaves it. She is much broken—sadly broken! You would scarcely know her now. Your poor father—"

"Hush her heart failed!" interrupted Herbert, who felt an indescribable objection to hearing the details of his father's death from this woman's lips. "Where is she? I—I must see her at once!"

The white eyelashes were lifted for one moment, and the steel-gray eyes were fixed upon the speaker with a glance, half of pity, half of scorn, as he thus quietly assumed the master's tone.

"There were some matters of which I wished to speak," she began.

"Which I can hear at some other time," interrupted Herbert, haughtily. "My present duty is first to my sister—my poor, broken-spirited darling. After that I am ready to discuss any household arrangements you desire to mention."

"He lords it grandly," murmured Mrs. Wyllis to herself, with her still smile, as Herbert left the room. "Ah, yes! very grandly, with his 'must' and 'shall.' But I will tame him, too—tame him, even as I tamed his proud, strong father. The honor of the Clives—the Clives!—ha, ha! it is my trump card, the honor of the Clives! I hold it in my grasp—aye, I hold them in my power. Their dead father's name must be kept sacred—their dead father's honor unstained! Even as that dead father sinned and suffered for them, so must they sin and suffer for him. Ah, yes! it is a double game, that works charmingly. And I—I, Rebecca Wyllis, the charity child, whom they all thought too stupid to notice, too blind to see—I sit in the mistress's velvet chair and hold the stakes!"

She tapped her breast, while a triumphant light glittered in her white eyes, and then, folding her mittened hands, she bent her head and gazed steadfastly into the fire.

Up stairs in Fannie's little boudoir, brother and sister sat, clasped heart to heart.

The first few moments of that meeting were too full of emotion for words. With one glad cry of mingled joy and sorrow, Fannie sprang into her brother's arms, and sobbed out her pent-up anguish on his breast. For one moment Herbert held her pressed to his heart, well-nigh bursting with its weight of grief.

As she was changed—sadly changed. Even in the uncertain light he could see how delicate was the face, erst round and rosy as a laughing Hebe's—how hollow the once sunny, laughing eyes—how frail the graceful form!

"Fannie, Fannie, my poor little sister! you have suffered much, and alone—all alone!"

"All alone," she repeated, sadly. Oh, Herbert, you know not how much alone! If you had not come soon, dear, I would have died—died broken-hearted! Alas, alas! the prophecy was true—the old woman's prophecy was true! The very day she spoke, sorrow came upon me—sorrow and—she bowed her head on Herbert's breast, and whispered the word—"disgrace!"

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed, starting. "Fannie—sister, what word is that to come from lips like yours?"

"Have you not heard?" she murmured, casting an averted glance around her. "Oh, brother, brother, such cruel whispers, such cruel rumors! I could bear all, all, she sobbed out, "if they would let poor papa rest in his grave but evil tongues have flown him even there!"

"What do they say?" asked Herbert, fiercely. "I am here now to defend my father's memory, and, by Heaven, I will do it! Where darest to cast a slur upon the name of Robert Clive?"

"Hush, hush!" Fannie whispered. "Do not speak so. I—I cannot tell you how or whence the rumors came, but they say papa had no right to Clive Towers; that he held it only by—by—oh, how can I speak the word of my own papa?—by fraud! And she—"

Fannie shuddered as she spoke—"she seems to know. She has hinted that she knew what, for our sakes, she would not reveal!"

"She?" repeated Herbert, angrily. "Who—that old cat dozing by the fire—old Wyllis, whom I have always despised? Has she had her claws upon you, my poor little pet? Has she dared to torture you by her lying whispers? By Heaven, I will wring her secret, if she have any, from her slaving lips!"

"Do not speak quite so loudly, if you please, Mr. Clive," said a soft voice behind them.

Fannie started with a cry of terror that showed in what dread she held the quiet sneaker.

"There are servants in the house on whom I cannot entirely depend. I intruded, perhaps, too soon; but it is well to learn in time what reward I am to expect for twenty years of faithful and untiring devotion to you and yours. It is well to know in time exactly how I stand with"—oh, the biting scorn of her words!—"the new master of Clive Towers."

"I spoke hastily and angrily," said Herbert, who was too chivalrous to wittingly use rude words to any woman. "We have never been very good friends, Mrs. Wyllis—that you know, still you have, as you say, done your duty faithfully. And to my certain knowledge, you have always received a fitting recompense. I believe," he added, with cold hauteur, "that there out

mutual obligations end."

"Herbert! Herbert!" interposed Fannie, nervously.

"Let him go on, my dear—let him go on," said Mrs. Wyllis, with malicious triumph. "As I stated before, it is well to know exactly how we stand. I did it five-and-twenty years ago, when I was a humble charity child, and I wait upon a miserly, tyrannical old man. I was too low, and too ignorant, and too stupid to see or hear, and so, I suppose, they paid no attention to my presence. I was too low and too mean to have a presumptuous thought toward the fine young gentleman, Mr. Robert, who sent me on messages and gave me sixpences, and told me I ought to go to school and learn how to rise in life. I did go to school, and I did rise in life; and, humble as I was, I did dare to dream of a woman's dream—a dream that had Robert Clive for a central figure. He was poor, then, as well as I, and he was the only one who had ever given me a kindly word. Aye, at seventeen, Mr. Clive, I did dare to think and dream—aye, and pray for your father's love."

"You?" interrupted Herbert, in scornful amazement. "You dreamed of my father—of Robert Clive?"

"Five-and-twenty years ago, what was Robert Clive?" was the low whisper. "What is Robert Clive now? Is he any better than the pauper who rots in six feet of earth beside him? What is his strength, his pride, his grandeur now? Where? where?"

"Be silent, woman!" thundered Herbert, in her ear. "Do you forget that you speak to his children?"

"I forget nothing," she said, calming down to her usual feline manner. "He never knew my one dream, and I never told him. Only once, five-and-twenty years ago, some one laughed at him about pretty 'Becky Nobody,' and I heard the proud, scornful words with which he flung back the taunt. Aye, I heard, and I never forgot! Since then I have lived with but one purpose in my mind—either to raise myself to Robert Clive's level, or drag him down to mine. I succeeded; your proud father, Herbert Clive, died in my power, even as you now hold your own by my mercy. I have succeeded. The humble charity child is willing to treat with the master of Clive Towers, and to yield him quite as generous terms as he was willing to accord her."

(To Be Continued.)

AWAY IN DREAMLAND.

The Girl Who Got On the Uptown Car Tried to Pay Her Fare With Samples of Foulard.

The young woman's mind was probably way off in the land of cut-on-the-backs, and yokes, and flarings, and pleatings, and applique and ruffles, and things like that, whatever they may mean. Anyhow when she got on an uptown Ninth street car the other afternoon, she dreamily opened her pocketbook when the conductor came around for her fare, stuck a gloved finger and thumb into one of the compartments of the same, extracted a couple of foulard samples, and, with that far-away expression still in her eyes, handed them to the conductor. He smiled and waited for the young woman to come out of her trance. But she held the foulard samples out to him, with her eyes on vacancy, until the conductor, still grinning, had to bring her back to earth.

"Yes, they're pretty, miss," he said, "and I'd like to get my wife a dress off that piece on top, but she's—"

The young lady blushed like a red-hot stove lid, dug into another compartment of her pocket for a car ticket, and she looked real embarrassed when the brutal male passengers across the car aisle grinned.—Washington Post.

The Sub-Editor.

The sub-editor is obliged to be lynx-eyed over every word, lest he should make his paper ridiculous. Some of the blunders are stealthy, creep into type and disturb the editor, or entertain the reader next morning at breakfast. Others are easily detected, and cause simply a mild flutter of amusement to the sub-editor, as he ruthlessly strikes them out with his blue pencil. For instance, comparatively little attention was necessary to correct the cabinet minister's whimsical appeal to the great political meeting: "We are now at the parting of the ways—will you, gentlemen, take the path that is full of footfalls and precipices?" But the sub-editor who received a telegram of a bishop's speech, in which his lordship solemnly asserted that in Christian life the inexorable condition was "No cows, no cream," was reduced to a piteous state of perplexity till the conviction flashed into his brain that the words should have been telegraphed "No cross, no crown."—Good Words.

Criticism is Easy.

"We have come," they said, to the great war critic, "to offer you the command of the army."

"Why, really," he expostulated, "I have not had the experience to exactly qualify me for so great a responsibility. I—"

"For months," they urged, "you have been explaining just what the various generals ought to do and pointed out the errors they have made."

"Yes, yes, of course," he admitted, "but that's different, you know. Of course, they knew; but the astonishing feature was that he should admit it."—Chicago Post.

Happy.

Hogan—It do stroke me that yer is lookin' mighty happy fur a mon ez hez just received a dommed hard lick in."

The Varquished—O'im fahn' happy. That paste Murphy giv' me on th' mou't knocked out a tooth that hez bin kapin' me frum shlapin' fur a week.—Judge.

The Eclipse Explained.

Mr. Johnson—Now, den, yo' see how de moon slides in between de earth and de sun?

Pompey Washington—Uhpah.

"Well, den, de sun is naturally put out."

Governed by Circumstances.

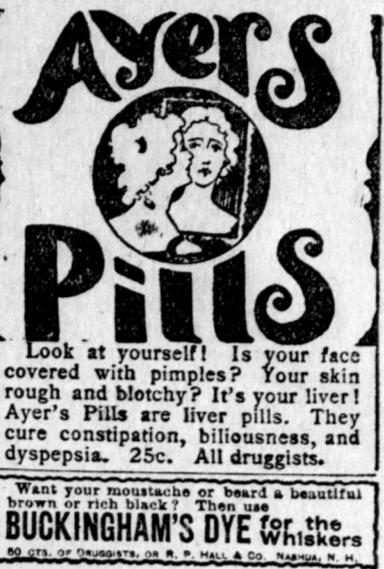
Mabel—Would you marry a man who had been refused?

Dolly—If he were rich, and the refusing had been by the insurance companies.—Life.

Fractions Reduced.
Old Gentleman—And have you any brothers or sisters, my little man?
Bobby—Yes, sir. I got one sister and one-an-a-half brothers.
Old Gentleman—What?
Bobby—Yes, sir. Two half-sisters and three half-brothers.—Philadelphia Press.

What Will Become of China?
None can foresee the outcome of the quarrel between foreign powers over the division of China. It is interesting to watch the going to pieces of this race. Many people are also going to pieces because of dyspepsia, constipation and stomach diseases. Good health can be retained if we use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

Mixed.
"You're a horse thief, sir!"
"Excuse me, but are you not mistaking my brother for me?"
"Your brother? Your brother is a scholar and a gentleman."
"Now you are mistaking me for my brother."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Ayers' Pills
Look at yourself! Is your face covered with pimples? Your skin rough and blotchy? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, biliousness, and dyspepsia. 25c. All druggists.

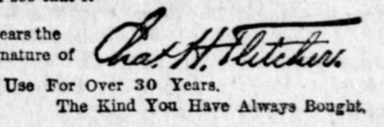
Want your mustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for Whiskers**.
50 CENTS PER PACKAGE, OF R. P. HALL & CO., NASSAU, N. Y.

PATENTS.

List of Patents Issued Last Week to Northwestern Inventors.
Charles J. Babcock, Minneapolis, Minn., machine for casting printers' leads; Charles W. Brown, Mitchell, S. D., broom holder; Charles W. Christman, Waterville, Minn., photographic vignetter; John E. Erickson, St. Paul, Minn., dovetailing machine; John Gilbert, Fisher, Minn., land roller; Eugene Jacobson, Minneapolis, Minn., car axle brass; William T. Rolph, Minneapolis, Minn., sofa-bed (retruss); John W. Stevens, St. Paul, Minn., railway rail joint.
Merwin, Lathrop & Johnson, Patent Attorneys, 911 & 912 Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul.

Just Like Milk.
"Mamma," exclaimed the little fish, "that worm I just sneaked off the hook seemed to be to be quite sour."
"Well, my dear," replied the mamma fish, "the weather's quite warm, and 'the worm will turn,' you know."—Philadelphia Press.

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of **CASTORIA** a safe and sure remedy for infants and children and see that it




Bears the Signature of **Charles H. Fletcher**
In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

One Beside Her.
"Is this hammock strong?" asked the summer girl.
"Oh, yes," said the clerk; "that is, medium strong. Is anybody else to use it beside you?"
"Yes, indeed. There will be several in it beside me. That is," she added, "one at a time." For she looked forward to a busy and not monotonous summer, as usual.—Philadelphia Press.

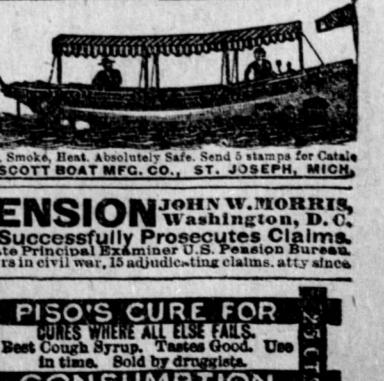
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