COPYRIGHT 1891

You can't believe some dealers always. They want to sell the medicine that pays them the largest profit. What you want to buy's in the one that does you the most good.

Which one is it?

Sometimes, it may be a matter of doubt. But, in the case of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, there's no room for doubt. It's a matter that can be proved.

With the facts before you, it's an insult to your intelligence to have something else offered as "just as good."

And here's the proof: Among all the medicines that claim to cure woman's peculiar weaknesses, irregularities, and diseases, the "Favorite Prescription" is the only one that's *guaranteed*.

If it doesn't do all that's claimed for it, if it doesn't give satisfaction in every case, you'll have your money back.

There's strength and vigor for every tired and feeble woman, health and a new life for every delicate and ailing woman—and if there's no help, there's no pay.

"German Syrup"

Here is an incident from the South —Mississippi, written in April, 1890, just after the Grippe had visited that country. "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and work late. At the beginning of last Winter I was on a trip to the City of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well drenched in a shower of rain. I went home and was soon after seized with a dry, hacking cough. This grew worse every day, until I had to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon who has since died, and he told me to get a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. Meantime my cough grew worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then compelled me to do something. I got two bottles of German Syrup. I began using them, and before taking much of the second bottle, I was entirely clear of the Cough that had hung to me so long, the Grippe, and all its bad effects. I felt tip-top and have felt that way ever since." PETER J. BREALS, Jr., Cavuga, Hines Co., Miss.

SALVATION OIL

TRADE MARK.

KILLS ALL PAIN—A SURE CURE.

W. N. U., D.—9—47.

When writing to Advertisers please say you saw this advertisement in this Paper.

IN A DAY.

LAWRENCE, KANS., Aug. 9, 1888.

George Patterson fell from a second-story window, striking a fence. I found him using

ST. JACOBS OIL.

He used it freely all over his bruises. I saw him next morning at work. All the blue spots rapidly disappeared. Leaving no other scar nor swelling. C. K. NEUMANN, M.D.

"ALL RIGHT'S ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

WANTED! MEN TO TRAVEL. We pay $60 to $100 a month and expenses. STONE & MELLING CO., Stone Building, Racine, Wis.

AGENTS send for How I Made a Home and Let in Our Co-operative Plan. Mailed free. Banking a Home, or business change. $2 pay for more boards. Taxpayer Pub. Co., 27 4th Ave., New York.

TELEGRAPHY We guarantee a good paying position. Address, American School of Telegraphy, Madison, Wis.

GRIND Bone, Meat, Vegetables, Grain, Etc. Cob. Feed Mill. Grinds Ear Corn Fine. Sent on trial. Catalogue free. Agents wanted. Mention this paper. Box 229, Quincy, Ill.

$6 HAND MILL Patent. Is honest. Feeds fast. Grinds fine. Also POWER MILLS and Corn Planters. Send for circulars. Mention this paper. WILSON BROS., EASTON, PA.

Ely's Cream Balm QUICKLY CURES COLD IN HEAD

Price 50 Cents.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N.Y.

DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

THE ONLY ONE IRON TONIC

Will purify BLOOD, regulate LIVER, cure DYSPEPSIA, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Impart vigor and appetite, restore health and strength to Nervous, Debilitated, Overworked, Sleepless, Run-down people. Induce sound sleep. Unequaled as a Remedy for Diseases peculiar to females, it promptly relieves and cures. Favorite Prescription. Sold by druggists. Price $1.00 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.00. Pamphlet free. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or sore throat, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injurious medicine. It is not bitter. It is the best cough syrup. Sold by druggists. 25 cts.

CONSUMPTION.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100 Pure.

THE BEST FOR EVERY PURPOSE.

I have used Salvation Oil for chilblains in my family, and a few applications procured me chly entire relief. Price, 25 cents. Cure. Townshend, 102 Pratt St., Baltimore, Md.

A floating jewelry store is one of the commercial novelties on the Maine coast.

A novelty in the way of legislation is announced from South Australia that any dog over eighteen years of age dare not smoke!" and everybody knows when they catch a dog to take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, as the legislators regard it the only safe remedy for coughs and colds.

A vinegar vat has been constructed in Jonesboro, Pa., which will hold 1,600 barrels.

W. G. Chaffee, Quincy, Ill., has best and largest Horse Blanket Stock on hand.

The world uses 3,000,000 steel pens every day.

Dr. Foote's new pamphlet on **Varicocele** tells all about it, and what all men ought to know. Sent sealed for 10 cents. Box 288, New York.

Chinese maidens pluck out their eyebrows.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Cats continue growing until they are a year old.

J. C. SIMPSON, Marquess, W. Y., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 75c.

There are 1,256 miles of water pipe in London.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by **DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER.** No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial "bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Twenty-two Kansas newspapers are edited by women.

Mellin's Food is not more to be seen. Anale Rooney now takes the cake. She also takes a keen view of Headache. Whenever she has Headache.

There are more Germans than Irish in the United States.

A Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. Say's *Brown Chief Tro hes*" give instant relief.

The human brain weighs one-thirty-fifth of the whole body.

"YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN"

Is a book worth its weight in gold. It is written by one of the best known and most successful hygienic physicians of New York who for twenty-five years been a student of the laws of health and disease. This book is included with every box of Cuticura Soap, and tells how to secure soft skin, soft hands, rest-ful sleep, and skin and scalp purified and beautified by the use of Cuticura Soap, the great skin purifier and beautifier, and Cuticura, the great skin cure.

The revenue of Bamburgh Egypt was £19,270,000 last year.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3-inch display advertisement in this paper this week which has no two letters alike except one word. The word is true of each now one appearing each week from the Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "crescent" on everything they make and publish. Write for it, and send them the name of the word, and they will return you BOOK, BEAUTIFUL LITHOGRAPHS OR SAMPLES FREE.

Twelve hundred and eighteen species of mushrooms grow in Great Britain.

A 9500,000 sale of whisky recently took place at Lexington, Ky., the largest on record.

There are 300 newspapers published in Fleet street, London, eleven of which are dailies.

A million telegrams a week pass through the London postoffice.

A DANGEROUS PLOT.

CHAPTER VII.

I did not go down-stairs that day to luncheon or tea. I did not even allege a headache, or any other excuse whatever, but merely asked to have my meals in my own room. At dinner I knew I should not meet Lady Maxim or the Misses Penguin, for they were going to a ball at Norbury, and to dine with friends previously.

"Well, that Thorne," said Mr. Gascoigne, as was his wont, when I joined him at half-past six, "I suppose you saw my nieces today?"

"Yes, sir."

"They have gone to a ball, I hear, to-night; so I am not to be favored with their company."

"I was not with them in the morning."

"Ah, your mutual liking has not increased yet?"

"Annis is always pleasant."

"But her sisters are not! Never heed it, never heed it! We'll check them in good time. I've never had a lady here before, and it has amused me. I'll tell you what, I'm very well I had to send away my young gentlemen because they got to flirting; and they don't like it. That's why they are angry."

"They think," I said, "that I am here as a spy upon their actions. Gascoigne, you have let that position I will remain in no one's eyes."

"Ah, and what business have they to do anything they are afraid of a spy watching?"

"That I cannot answer. But it is impossible for me to stay in such an atmosphere."

"My dear Miss Thorne," he said, "I cannot afford to lose you; I cannot really. You are worth all the young men I ever had, put together. You laugh at the girls' nonsense for a little while for the sake of a helpless old man? I'll tell them that you are not any attention to you. Doing I shall not get a lady to do it. Don't-be hasty! Now please sing 'Bonnie Prince Charlie' to me."

I said no more, and the evening passed on in the usual monotonous succession of music, dinner, chess.

If the night we were playing our opening game that, for the first time since I had been at St. Gabriel's Grange, a visitor to Mr. Gascoigne was announced.

"Mr. Carden" the old man-servant quietly told his master; and I recognised the name with those recalling the moment where I had heard it. Afterwards I remembered Hilda Farquhar had asked her cousin how he and Mr. Gascoigne got on.

He came in softly, with the step of a man accustomed to tread cautiously, and when, in advance of him, Mr. Gascoigne, he caught sight of me, he started.

"Don't be alarmed," said the old gentleman sardonically, "it is only my new secretary. Mr. Crawford Carden—Miss Thorne."

"You are very fortunate, Mr. Gascoigne, to secure such a charming assistant," Mr. Carden replied, regaining his equanimity speedily.

Mr. Gascoigne turned from the chess-table to talk to the new-comer, who drew up a chair to his side, evidently familiar with his surroundings.

I rose to leave them.

"Don't go, Miss Thorne," said Mr. Gascoigne. "In a little while I shall want to finish our game, and Mr. Carden may amuse himself by watching us."

So I took up my work and stitched in silence, looking once in a way, for lack of other interest, at Mr. Carden.

I did not like him, my more—for that is negative only—I disliked him from his first entrance; but my mind was too full of other things to allow this feeling to be active then. He was a handsome man, with restless quick black eyes, a thin-lipped mouth, small dark side-whiskers, and dark hair carefully parted down the centre.

At first I did not heed at all what they said, and, warned by quickly the words drifted to my ears, they had little meaning for me. The two men appeared to be discussing a chess problem.

"And so the black king's castle is likely to interfere with the moves of the white king's castle—eh?" said the old man.

"You will never do it with that queen," replied Mr. Carden.

"Why?" inquired Mr. Gascoigne.

"There is not the least chance of mating in that direction. The queen was not in the play, and the king has his castle to defend by."

"Hasn't the white king a castle, too?" inquired the old man.

"Not in any available position," was the reply.

"Oh, well, be has a knight anyhow! You're a good hand at it, Carden. Now, Miss Thorne, let us finish this game, if you please. Mr. Carden will play with me when it is done."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Carden, rising. "I have a business engagement to-night. I only came to let you know how things were going on."

"And you did not expect to make acquaintance with my new secretary?"

"I looked to have the pleasure of renewing that acquaintance another time. I think, Mr. Gascoigne, there will soon be further news for you to hear, and for me to write to you of; I did not understand the last move. Good night!"

"Good night, Crawford—always glad to see you. Will you oblige by pointing out to Miss Thorne your private entrance, that she may know it in case of fire?"

I followed Mr. Carden into a part of the house which, being occupied by Mr. Gascoigne's secretary, I had avoided before. A dark staircase led into a long corridor-like room, and a door at its foot opened upon a winding path through the tall rhododendrons of the shrubbery.

"Mr. Gascoigne is peculiar," Mr. Carden thought it necessary to explain. "He does not like his nieces to be with me more than he can help. We cannot tell why, but we must respect his fancies, since they concern him alone. You and I have a good many secrets to share, Miss Thorne; his sharing makes them lighter, does it not?"

I answered only by bidding him good evening, and vowing mentally that, were I Mr. Gascoigne, I would entrust no secret to this handsome soft-spoken man, and, such as Viola Thorne, I would never share one with him.

I stood a few moments at the open door, for the cold damp air was refreshing after the warm atmosphere up-stairs, and, as I looked out among the dark bushes, I saw a woman's figure among them. She was in some distance from the house, but she appeared to join Mr. Carden in the shrubbery path. I shut the door—I had no wish to learn aught of the proceedings of any one in the Grange—and, in so doing, put out the extinguished my lamp. In the hope of finding my way to the library, I went down the corridor, and, having taken the wrong turn, came to a stand-still by the servants' hall and the back-staircase.

At the moment the woman on outer door at the end of the passage was softly opened, and a woman came in hurriedly. It was Mathilde, Lady Martin Pomeroy's French maid. She, then, acted in some way for Mr. Carden or Crawford Carden. I had always mistrusted her.

"Does mademoiselle require anything?" she asked, with perfect spleen.

"Yes; I want to find my way to the library. Please to re-light my lamp."

"It is strange mademoiselle has come so far out of her way," said the woman pertly. "The library is not in this direction—not at all."

When I re-entered Mr. Gascoigne's room, he made no remark on the length of my absence.

"What do you think of Carden?" he asked, as if in early yet to form an opinion," I said.

"Not at all. Women always form an opinion at once, Miss Thorne. Be candid, if you please, Miss Thorne."

"I do not like him."

"Why?" he asked.

"Women are not bound to account for their opinions, Mr. Gascoigne. I do not like him, and that is my reason for saying so."

"Ah, he's a clever man, a clever man! If I wanted any spying done, he'd be useful. He thinks I'm a spy upon him, I suppose, because he is a lawyer, and brings me news of a certain couple of ne'er-do-wells, once my heirs, Miss Thorne. Hyacinth pays for the pair of Hilda to know that I have any communications from that quarter."

And I said nothing of Mathilde. I was glad to be set free that evening and to get to my own room. Since I was going to leave St. Gabriel's Grange, why should I be interested myself in these doings?

CHAPTER VIII.

I sat down by the fire in my own room to write home and tell them that I could not stay at the Grange. I was angry, proud, indignant; but yet at my heart something of grief was there. It was impossible to put up with such insults as Lady Martin Pomeroy had given me; in the privacy of the Grange I had disregarded them, because of the kindness of Annis, the fascinations of Hilda's society, the knowledge that my father and mother would grieve over this hasty, yielding up of such a position as I was handily filling; but I must withdraw. But such insolence as Gwendoline's before a stranger and a gentleman was simply intolerable. My cheeks burned as I pondered her words.

The letter took me long to write. In a dozen ways I tried to explain my position. I had been a stranger to me, this last week in St. Gabriel's Grange. Never had I been so quickly impressed with like and dislike of my fellow-creatures; never had preconceptions been so swiftly and sharply defined in my mind. Already it was as though I had known them for years. Even Gilbert Gascoigne and Crawford Carden I seemed to know well. And of no one of them was I likely I know ever more again—whether Annis dared all for her cousin-lover and was happy, whether Gilbert was restored to the favor of his uncle, or was ousted by the treachery I felt certain would be employed by Carden. I felt that there was a story behind each one; but the letter would not be interwoven in my own life. My thoughts were full of restless bitterness and indignation, as I took up a fresh sheet, and to interest myself in that, heeding not the hour struck by the big clock in the library below. A gentle tap at the door aroused me.

"Come in!" I called.

Hilda Farquhar's face sitting up for her mistress, and had come to offer help to me. But, instead of Lucy, Annis Farquhar came in. I put down my pen, and with her golden hair in a cloud about her face.

"You are back early!" I cried, starting up, "Oh, it is you who wonder at me, for the light in your room, and thought I might venture to tap. Sit down, please. I want to talk to you. You are not busy, are you?"

"No, I am not busy."

She knelt down on the hearthrug by my side.

"Tell me, have you been writing home?" she said, raising her blue eyes anxiously to mine. "Are you recalling at the moment where I had heard it. Afterwards I remembered Hilda Farquhar had asked her cousin how he and Mr. Gascoigne got on.

"Don't be alarmed," said the old gentleman sardonically, "it is only my new secretary. Mr. Crawford Carden—Miss Thorne."

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"Not at all. Women always form an opinion at once, Miss Thorne. Be candid, if you please, Miss Thorne."

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"Why?" he asked.

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THE HAMILTON MIRACLE

The Case Investigated by a Globe Reporter.

THE FACTS FULLY VERIFIED.

One of the Most Remarkable Cases on Record.

A Man Pronounced by Eminent Physicians Permanently Disabled Fully Restored—Paralysis Cures Others—$1,000 Paid by Royal Templars of Temperance for Total Disability—Murder of Victors.

TORONTO DAILY GLOBE, July 28.—This is an age of doubt; especially in regard to anything put forward under the guise of medicine. Such doubt is natural enough, for how many of the specifics so highly recommended by the proprietors can be relied on? How many have been found certain cures for this or that disease? Who can tell? Only those who have tried them, and they are few. Even Gilbert Gascoigne and Crawford Carden I seemed to know well. And of no one of them was I likely I know ever more again—whether Annis dared all for her cousin-lover and was happy, whether Gilbert was restored to the favor of his uncle, or was ousted by the treachery I felt certain would be employed by Carden. I felt that there was a story behind each one; but the letter would not be interwoven in my own life. My thoughts were full of restless bitterness and indignation, as I took up a fresh sheet, and to interest myself in that, heeding not the hour struck by the big clock in the library below. A gentle tap at the door aroused me.

"Come in!" I called.

Hilda Farquhar's face sitting up for her mistress, and had come to offer help to me. But, instead of Lucy, Annis Farquhar came in. I put down my pen, and with her golden hair in a cloud about her face.

"You are back early!" I cried, starting up, "Oh, it is you who wonder at me, for the light in your room, and thought I might venture to tap. Sit down, please. I want to talk to you. You are not busy, are you?"

"No, I am not busy."

She knelt down on the hearthrug by my side.

"Tell me, have you been writing home?" she said, raising her blue eyes anxiously to mine. "Are you recalling at the moment where I had heard it. Afterwards I remembered Hilda Farquhar had asked her cousin how he and Mr. Gascoigne got on.

"Don't be alarmed," said the old gentleman sardonically, "it is only my new secretary. Mr. Crawford Carden—Miss Thorne."

"You are very fortunate, Mr. Gascoigne, to secure such a charming assistant," Mr. Carden replied, regaining his equanimity speedily.

Mr. Gascoigne turned from the chess-table to talk to the new-comer, who drew up a chair to his side, evidently familiar with his surroundings.

I rose to leave them.

"Don't go, Miss Thorne," said Mr. Gascoigne. "In a little while I shall want to finish our game, and Mr. Carden may amuse himself by watching us."

So I took up my work and stitched in silence, looking once in a way, for lack of other interest, at Mr. Carden.

I did not like him, my more—for that is negative only—I disliked him from his first entrance; but my mind was too full of other things to allow this feeling to be active then. He was a handsome man, with restless quick black eyes, a thin-lipped mouth, small dark side-whiskers, and dark hair carefully parted down the centre.

At first I did not heed at all what they said, and, warned by quickly the words drifted to my ears, they had little meaning for me. The two men appeared to be discussing a chess problem.

"And so the black king's castle is likely to interfere with the moves of the white king's castle—eh?" said the old man.

"You will never do it with that queen," replied Mr. Carden.

"Why?" inquired Mr. Gascoigne.

"There is not the least chance of mating in that direction. The queen was not in the play, and the king has his castle to defend by."

"Hasn't the white king a castle, too?" inquired the old man.

"Not in any available position," was the reply.

"Oh, well, he has a knight anyhow! You're a good hand at it, Carden. Now, Miss Thorne, let us finish this game, if you please. Mr. Carden will play with me when it is done."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Carden, rising. "I have a business engagement to-night. I only came to let you know how things were going on."

"And you did not expect to make acquaintance with my new secretary?"

"I looked to have the pleasure of renewing that acquaintance another time. I think, Mr. Gascoigne, there will soon be further news for you to hear, and for me to write to you of; I did not understand the last move. Good night!"

"Good night, Crawford—always glad to see you. Will you oblige by pointing out to Miss Thorne your private entrance, that she may know it in case of fire?"

I followed Mr. Carden into a part of the house which, being occupied by Mr. Gascoigne's secretary, I had avoided before. A dark staircase led into a long corridor-like room, and a door at its foot opened upon a winding path through the tall rhododendrons of the shrubbery.

"Mr. Gascoigne is peculiar," Mr. Carden thought it necessary to explain. "He does not like his nieces to be with me more than he can help. We cannot tell why, but we must respect his fancies, since they concern him alone. You and I have a good many secrets to share, Miss Thorne; his sharing makes them lighter, does it not?"

I answered only by bidding him good evening, and vowing mentally that, were I Mr. Gascoigne, I would entrust no secret to this handsome soft-spoken man, and, such as Viola Thorne, I would never share one with him.

I stood a few moments at the open door, for the cold damp air was refreshing after the warm atmosphere up-stairs, and, as I looked out among the dark bushes, I saw a woman's figure among them. She was in some distance from the house, but she appeared to join Mr. Carden in the shrubbery path. I shut the door—I had no wish to learn aught of the proceedings of any one in the Grange—and, in so doing, put out the extinguished my lamp. In the hope of finding my way to the library, I went down the corridor, and, having taken the wrong turn, came to a stand-still by the servants' hall and the back-staircase.

At the moment the woman on outer door at the end of the passage was softly opened, and a woman came in hurriedly. It was Mathilde, Lady Martin Pomeroy's French maid. She, then, acted in some way for Mr. Carden or Crawford Carden. I had always mistrusted her.

"Does mademoiselle require anything?" she asked, with perfect spleen.

"Yes; I want to find my way to the library. Please to re-light my lamp."

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