"August Flower"

"I inherit some tendency to Dyspepsia from my mother. I suffered two years in this way; consulted a number of doctors. They did me no good. I then used August Flower and it was just two days when I felt great relief. I soon got so that I could sleep and eat, and I felt that I was well. That was three years ago, and I am still first-class. I am never without a bottle, and if I feel constipated the least particle a dose or two of August Flower does the work. The beauty of the medicine is, that you can stop the use of it without any bad effects on the system.

Relieved in Two Days.

Constipation Vanishes. "I was sick I felt everything it seemed to me a man could feel. I was of all men most miserable. I can say, in conclusion, that I believe August Flower will cure anyone of indigestion, if taken

Life of Misery with judgment. A. M. Weed, 229 Belle-fontaine St., Indianapolis, Ind."

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

25 Doses Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in its first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Large Bottles 50 cts. and $1.00. In cupro-Indimas.

DONALD KENNEDY

Of Roxbury, Mass., says

Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep Seated Ulcers of **40** years standing, Inward Tumors, and every disease of the skin, except Thunder Humor, and Cancer that has taken root. Price $1.50. Sold by every Druggist in the U. S. and Canada.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

The success of this Great Cough Cure is without a parallel in the history of medicine. All druggists are authorized to sell it on a positive guarantee, a test that no other cure can successfully stand. That it is rapidly become known to the Proprietors, at an enormous expense, are placing a Sample Bottle Free into every home in the United States and Canada. If you have a Cough, Sore Throat, or Bronchitis, use it, for it will cure you. If your child has the Croup or Whooping Cough, use it promptly, and relief is sure. If you dread that insidious disease Consumption, use it. Ask your Druggist for SHILOH'S CURE, Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and $1.00. If Your Lungs are sore or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster, Price 25 cts.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"

To Young Mothers

Makes Child Birth Easy. Shortens Labor, Lessens Pain,

Endorsed by the leading Physicians.

Book to "Mothers" mailed FREE.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.

ATLANTA, GA.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PISO'S CURE FOR

CONSUMPTION.

Consumptives and people who have lungs or are threatened with them, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It will cure you if you take it in the best enough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25 cts.

$150 to $200 A MONTH. WE WANT a wide-awake, Business man or woman in each county to take charge of our business in a quiet, easy way at home. Address, Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP THE PEOPLE'S REMEDY PRICE 25C

Common Soap

Rots Clothes and Chaps Hands.

IVORY SOAP

DOES NOT.

A DANGEROUS PLOT.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

I tri d to shut out his voice and his presence by resorting to my old refuge, the piano. I plunged into my favorite pieces, I sang any song that came uppermost. From one air I passed quickly to another, until he seemed have no time to interrupt in his detestable talk and bestow on me his baleful praises. I sang "Bonnie Prince Charlie" and "The Flower of Dumblane," "Wooed, Shone," "The Lost Chord" and "Ruby;" and gradually I drifted away from the long dim room, and ceased to hear the insinuating voice at the little table in the distant bay, where the light of the sunset came hazily through the Japanese screen, growing paler and fainter.

By-and-by I began to sing a song I heard Gilbert sing night or two before at Norbury. I had gone to a quiet, garden-party with Annis, and, after tennis on the lawn, there had been some music in the drawing-room. Gilbert had a clear pleasant voice, and he chose this ballad, a and little story of two lovers who met by a garden wall, and then one was false, or perhaps died, and the other was left to wander there alone, hearing

"A whisper mocking o'er and o'er,
'Where'er may be, where'er thou art,
Fear love true as I have done!'"

and haunted with the refrain, as it haunted me—

"Only a whisper, a whisper,
Tender and soft, loving and sweet,
Only a whisper, a whisper,
From hearts that may nevermore meet."

As I ceased, I was startled by a sigh from my reverie. The twilight had deepened, and Mr. Carden had left Mr. Gascoigne and stood by my side.

"I shall remember that song, that sweet whisper," he said. "If the end were happy, as it should have been, I would ask you to think of it when you sing it."

"No," I said, starting up. Then I added quietly, "You are the last person I should think of, Mr. Carden. There is nothing sweet in your whispers."

I did not hear his answer. I could stay in the room no longer; and, without even asking Mr. Gascoigne's permission, I left it.

It was a fine warm night, and the stars were coming out in the cloudless sky. I put a light wrap over my head, and stole away from the Grange down to the lake. It was the first time I had gone to meet Gilbert secretly; but I had promised, if possible, to see him, and tell him the result of the confession I had intended to make to his uncle. I recollect every sound I heard, the seents with which the warm still air was heavy, the sharp shrill cry of the crickets, and the bats to and fro amid the dark trees, and the hum of the flying beetles that drouned past me. A cricket chirped from the grass, and in the distance sounded the ghostly hoot of the waking owl. The lake lay still and shadowy, the stars of heaven twinkling on its breast, and all was very lonely and quiet and eerie among the great gloomy trees and by the dark water.

But, when I got to the lichen and ivy-grown wall, Gilbert was waiting there. Possibly he was disappointed I had nothing to tell him, and I was half afraid of his eager secret meeting; but we were together, and that cons unless was too sweet to let another thought intrude.

"I must not stay a moment," I said. "I only came to let you know this, and Mr. Gascoigne must not know I was out."

I had stumbled and hesitated a little over the explanation, for I could not tell him I had run away from his uncle, Mr. Gwendoline Ford Carden. I was bound to respect Mr. Gascoigne's secrets, even though I hated them with all my heart, and I lived beneath his roof and in his service.

We stood by the wall for a few minutes, and he told me again the old story I knew not weary of hearing, nor he of telling. And, as we parted, he claimed and took his first kiss, under the blue sky and the glittering stars. But the same moment I started back from him.

"What was that?" I said fearfully.

"There was no sound, my pet, except that melancholy old owl and the grasshoppers. Are you so timid, Viola? Why need we care, when to-morrow everybody may know?"

"I thought I heard a step—a whisper!"

"The whisper of the trees, dear, telling you how I love you—pattering of the footsteps of the fairies, who have come to listen."

And, as I went quickly back to the Grange, it seemed to me I heard the fairies in the wood singing his words to me, and the refrain of a song. It rang in my ears; the air seemed full of it.

"Whate'er may be, where'er thou art,
Dear love, I love thee evermore!"

The next morning a message was brought to me from Mr. Gascoigne—

"Mr. Gascoigne wishes to see you at once, Miss Thorne."

It was a very rare thing for him to want me in the morning, and I wondered, as I mounted the wide stairs, whether I had vexed him by leaving the room on the previous night, and whether it would be well to tell him all now.

To my surprise, I found Mr. Gascoigne not alone. Beside his chair stood Hilda Farquhar, erect and tall. Behind her the morning sunlight slanted in through the long shadows and lighted up her pale face, yellow hair, the curve of her perfect face, and the light blue dress that nestled the clear cold lines of her eyes—Hilda, as of a spring sky swept by the pitiless east wind.

She raised those eyes—and there came into them a sudden gleam of fear—and glanced at me as I entered the room.- Then she looked straight before her at the old piano and the dark pictures on the panaled wall. Her mouth was set in a firm hard line, her expression was proud and unyielding, and her hands, over which fell deep rings of the lace that' here and there enriched her gown, were pressed a little tightly in their careless clasp.

And near her sat Lady Martin Pomeroy, her elbow resting on the table and her hand shading her eyes. She neither looked nor moved when I entered.

"Kindly shut the door, Miss Thorne; I wish to speak to you. Will you sit down in that chair?"

Mr. Gascoigne indicated a seat opposite to him; but I stood by it, nearly opposite Hilda, and waited for his next words. His voice was keen and sharp, and I trembled a little inwardly, although I was able to raise my eyes boldly and inquiringly to meet the penetrating look fixed on me from beneath his bent and wrinkled brows.

"I have heard some disagreeable concerning you," he went on slowly, "and I desire you to answer them in the presence of my informants. I am bound to ask you, knowing perfectly well the position of my nephew with respect to this house and to myself, knowing also your own position here as my amanuensis.

"Your paid amanuensis," put in Hilda calmly, with a scornful accent.

"My paid amanuensis"—the old gentleman accepted the alteration in unchanged tone—"