THE CONWAY

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

"You have something to say to me, Mr. Grant?" I remarked.

"Yes. I am only considering how to say it. I am something of a physiognomist, and have been studying your face for my guidance."

I smiled scornfully, but said no more. He was welcome to look at me all night if he chose to do so. Suddenly, in a sharp, abrupt way, he spoke.

"Why are you passing under a false name?" he asked.

CHAPTER IV.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive!"

HIS ATTACK WAS so unexpected that I crimsoned, and for a moment I was speechless. I knew that my true motive for the concealment was, in respect to Viola, if unworthily conceived, at least free from evil. This thought strengthened me, and I was able to face my interrogator. But, all the same, it was a great mortification to feel that in order to explain matters to this man I must, as it were, lay bare my most sensitive feelings.

"You know my true name?" I asked.

"No. But I have seen you somewhere—Vienna, Paris—I forget where. Then you were not called Van?"

"My name is Julian Loraine."

"Julian Loraine," he repeated, musingly. "I have heard that name in the world, and with little good attached to it. But it could not have referred to yourself.—You are too young. But your reason for deception? Speak!" he said, fiercely.

I turned my rising anger, and, as well as I could, told him why I had wooed Viola, under a false name. I think he believed me, but I saw scorn on the face as he listened.

"The sight of a fool," he said. "Mr. Loraine, such romantic affairs should be left to poets and novelists. Viola Keith would need no riches nor poverty with the man she loved. I tell you, if I were to go to-morrow and make known to her your doubt of her single-heartedness, I could shatter the whole fabric of your happiness. Why should I not do so?"

"It would be the act of a fiend," I said.

He laughed, not pleasantly: "Yes, I would. I will not do it. I will even keep your secret, and let you carry out your ridiculous plan. But I will also do this: I will follow you on your wedding morning, and see with my own eyes that you have married Miss Keith in your right name. No!" he said, seeing I was ready to spring from my seat in indignation. "No! I will have no pledge. You have brought this upon yourself. You have given me the right to mistrust you."

"I will you be good enough to show me the right by which you interfere at all?" I said.

"Until her twenty-first birthday I am Miss Keith's guardian."

"A very young one," I sneered.

"Yes; but older than you think. Her mother died six years ago. I was then thirty; she thought me old enough to be her child's guardian, and I will see the trust to the end."

The meaning thrown into the last sentence did not escape me. It implied that he still viewed me with distrust. My anger was thoroughly aroused.

"Perhaps, Mr. Grant," I said, "there is a nearer and dearer right you wish to exercise over your ward—one which she herself alone can bestow."

He drew himself up to his full height. "That, sir," he said, calmly, "is ungenerous. I had hoped that my love for Miss Keith was a matter unknown to all save myself. I love her as it may be beyond your power to love a woman. I would lay down my life for her far more easily than to-day I lay down my love. Yet I do this, and to you, my rival, can say, 'Take her, and make her happy—make her happy.'"

The repetition of the last three words was not a wish; it was a command, a threat.

Grant was still standing above me, and as I looked at him I saw that his face was pale, and on his forehead were drops of moisture. His appearance almost startled me. What I said nothing. I rose, and wished him good-night. Somehow, in spite of the dislike with which the man had inspired me, there was about him a strength and dignity which impressed me more than I cared to own. He accompanied me to the door. When it closed I paused for a moment in the light one of my own cigars. Then I crossed the road. As I did so I glanced back. The gas was burning in the room which I had just left; the blind was drawn up. I saw Grant enter, throw himself into the chair which I had left vacant, stretch his arms out on the table, and lay his head upon them, like one in agonies of grief. He was bewailing the loss of the happiness that I had won.

I pitied him, but I hated him. It seemed to me that if this man set his heart upon a woman's love, sooner or later she must give it to him, and I would it be if now he used all his power to rob me of Viola? I knew that till her ring on her finger I should have no peace of mind.

The next day, when I paid my visit to Viola, I was full of the fear that I should find Eustace Grant at her side, perhaps exercising all his arts. I spoke of his assumption of frankness, I believed him to be crafty, to my disadvantage. It was a fear which had no foundation. Neither on that nor the succeeding days did Grant in any way interfere with my monopoly of Viola. Once or twice I met him, apparently coming from the house. On these occasions he bowed gravely, but did not stop to speak. His visits were evidently paid at such times as did not clash with mine. I raged inwardly to think that he had the right to visit Viola at any time; but I was too proud to remonstrate. It was some comfort to hear Miss Rossiter occasionally remark that they saw little or nothing of Eustace now.

Viola seldom mentioned his name. No doubt, with a woman's quickness, she understood that it was distasteful to me. Nevertheless, I knew that she held her guardian in the greatest esteem, and looked forward to the time when we should be friends. This I swore should never come. Viola once my wife, the acquaintance between her and this strong-willed, attractive man should cease.

As I said, I am indeed a pitiful hero!

But if I saw nothing of Grant, I heard from him. He wrote me, telling me he had been informed by Miss Keith that our marriage was to take place very shortly. It would be glad to know my intentions respecting the settlement of her own small fortune. There was a peremptoriness about the wording of the letter which nettled me extremely. I wrote back that it was quite true that we were to be married in a few weeks' time, but that it was not my intention to settle my wife's money upon her. The sum was too paltry to trouble about, as it would be quite lost sight of in the large post-nuptial settlement which I proposed making. If Mr. Grant felt any doubt as to my means, he could make inquiries of my solicitor, who had my instructions to answer all his questions fully.

To this letter he did not reply, but I heard that he made the inquiries he I suggested. No doubt, in Viola's interest, he was right in so doing; but I liked him none the more for the action.

Yes; Viola, overcome by my impassioned prayers, had consented to an almost immediate marriage. There was indeed, no reason why we should wait a day. She loved me, and was willing to trust her future in my hands. I loved her, and longed for the moment which would make her mine forever. Moreover, I longed for the time to come when I might tell her all; confess the innocent but foolish deception I had practiced, and beg her forgiveness—not for mistrusting her, but her sex in general. I was sorely tempted to reveal the true state of affairs without further delay; but Grant's warning rose to my mind, and I determined that until the irrevocable words were spoken, I would keep my secret.

We were married in the quietest way possible. Viola, it seemed to me, had no bosom friends—no relatives who would be mortified unless they were asked to the wedding. She had spoke of her, who loved very prim, and ready to apply her favorite word, "indecorous," to the whole proceedings: a brother, as prim as herself; and one trusted friend of my own, formed the wedding guests. Eustace Grant had been asked to accompany us, but Viola told me that for some reason or other he had excused himself. At this she seemed deeply vexed.

I was also troubled by his refusal. It showed too plainly his feelings towards me and toward Viola.

But he was in the church; he was there even before I was. As I walked up the aisle, I caught a glimpse of his strongly marked profile. He was in a far-off pew, and was almost the only spectator of the ceremony. Doubtless, when Viola and I left the church, man and wife, Eustace Grant walked into the vestry, and as he had expressed his intention of doing, saw with his own eyes that I had married Viola in my true name.

We drove straight from the church to a the railway station. When alone in the carriage, almost the first words my wife said, were: "Julian, Eustace was in church; did you see him?"

"Yes, I saw him."

"Why did he not come and wish me good-bye? It was not like him. I must have offended him. I will write and ask him how."

I hated the idea of Eustace being in such a moment as this, uppermost in my wife's thoughts. "Never mind, dearest," I said; "what is Eustace Grant to us?"

"Oh, much; very much, to me, Julian. He was my mother's friend; he has been my only friend ever since I can remember."

"I do not like him," I said.

"But you will like him. You must like him. He is so good, so clever. Promise me, Julian, you will like him, for my sake."

Although I would not credit him with the two first qualifications—goodness and nobility—I was willing to believe that Eustace Grant was clever—perhaps too clever. The disadvantage at which he had held me upon that night, when I was, for the time, an impostor, in his eyes rankled in my mind. But today I could afford to be generous. I drew Viola close to me.

"Well," I said, "I will try and get rid of my prejudice. I will try and forget that this man loved you, and would have made you his wife. I will try to cease from wondering why, when he is so good, noble and clever, you should have chosen me."

Viola laid her soft cheek against mine. "Julian, my husband," she whispered, "are you not all that Eustace Grant is—and more? I love you."

With her words all my doubt, all my fear of Eustace Grant, fled—never to return. With Viola's arms around me, her kisses on my lips, I could afford to pity my unsuccessful rival. When we were installed in the compartment of the train which was, by a venal arrangement of the guards, reserved to ourselves, I fell to considering how I should best make known to Viola the name by which she had hitherto known me was assumed. I was beginning, or fancied I was beginning, to know something of my companion's character, and I told myself that the task before me would be easy as I had once imagined it would be. My confession was hurried on by a question she herself asked me:

"Julian, what name was it you signed in the book at church?"

I hoped that in the agitation natural to a bride who signs her maiden name for the last time, she had not noticed my autograph. But she must have done so, although she had said nothing about it until now.

So I made the plunge and told her all; told her my true name; told her of the beautiful house in the west which would be ours; told her of the life, free from care and anxiety as to the future, which stretched before us. Then I besought her forgiveness for keeping her in ignorance of these things. I had, he I said, given her to understand that I was a man with an income just enough to live upon in comfort.

Grant was right. He knew Viola when he told me that, by revealing my deception, he might destroy the fabric of my happiness. She said little, but her look, told me she was hurt and wounded. I verily believe her first thoughts were that she would rather I had been what I represented myself to be than to have the power of sharing with a pauper and so much wealth with her. How little men understand women! Perhaps no two women are alike.

Viola forgave me. A woman always forgives the man she loves, but I knew that she was and at the thought that I could have dreamed that riches might have influenced her, I were ten times less than I was before I could get her to join me unrestrainedly in the schemes which I wove for our future life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE DIVORCE QUESTION.

Cold Comfort from the Church, Which Is Pitiless.

In some of the British colonies, the divorce law has been extended so as to embrace the several causes of disunion which I have mentioned, Christian dogma and tradition notwithstanding, says the Westminster Review. Some of us may yet live to see the law similarly extended in the mother country, and I ventured to predict that, when the time comes, not a few of the clergy will be found willing to waive the mystical tenets of their order and to throw on their yoke, at any rate, with common sense. "I have known wives become hopelessly insane, obliged to be put under professional restraint, and leaving their husbands in the prime of life and with children to bring up. Nature and common sense prompt the husband to seek another companion, but the state (taught by the church) says he shall not. Accordingly he knows he may not pay his addresses to any "respectable" lady. He even ceases to be welcome where there are marriageable daughters. What wonder if he eventually accepts illicit companionship? And drunkenness. To say nothing of drunken husbands, I know drunken terms. The truth is, however, that Mr. wives, treatures until to consort with almost immediate marriage. There are, indeed, no reason why we should wait a day. She loved me, and was willing to trust her future in my hands. I loved her, and longed for the moment which would make her mine forever. Moreover, I longed for the time to come when I might tell her all; confess the innocent but foolish deception I had practiced, and beg her forgiveness—not for mistrusting her, but her sex in general. I was sorely tempted to reveal the true state of affairs without further delay; but Grant's warning rose to my mind, and I determined that until the irrevocable words were spoken, I would keep my secret.

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GRINDING OUT OUR LAWS.

SENATE—137th Day—The senate defeated the proposition to increase the beer tax 75 cents per barrel. The debate on the land bill progressed. Mr. Hansbrough and Mr. Daniel speaking for, and Mr. Elkins against the bill. HOUSE—Almost the entire day was spent discussing the Senate amendment to the general deficiency bill appropriating $1,024,000 for the payment of about 700 French spoliation claims, and $548,000 for 325 war claims, $174,000 for the payment of a claim for the construction of an ironclad steam battery in 1864 and about $10,000 for Indian supplies furnished in 1873 and 1874. The vote was close, but the friends of the claims carried the day 111 to 107. The conference report on the sundry civil bill, which left but $1,386,000 still in dispute, was presented and was still pending when the house adjourned.

SENATE—139th day—The bond bill was further discussed. A resolution providing the secretary of war to furnish to the Ute Indians of Utah a tract of land was adopted. HOUSE—All interest in the proceedings was overshadowed by the St. Louis horror. A resolution was passed directing the secretary of war to place at the disposal of the mayor of the stricken cities a sufficient number of tents to provide for the temporary necessities of the homeless and to render such aid as in his power.

SENATE—139th day—An agreement was reached and a day set to take a final vote on the bill to prohibit the issue of bonds. The bills repealing the law relating to rebates on alcohol used in the arts, and amending the law concerning the distilling of brandy from fruits were passed. The latter bill provides that the exception in the distillers now says that people do not pay as much heed as formerly, but I do what this who are so easily misled, forgetting that what I say comes right from the heart of a woman who knew that she had a new lease of happy life given to her.

"Eleven years ago I was afflicted with nervous prostration. My existence until two years ago was one of dragging misery. Any one in the village will tell you of my condition. My blood seemed exhausted from my system, and I could do no work. I grew weaker. I was able to undertake only the lightest household tasks, and even then I could do them only by slow and careful movements. Suffering all these sorry months and years I was under the care of this doctor and that, but their medicines helped me only temporarily, and when I left off to relapses more prostrating than they.

"In the night I used to be awakened by the most excruciating pains in my heart and side, and was obliged to take spoonfuls of powerful medicine that the doctor gave me for relief in such attacks. At last my condition became so grave that I went out only infrequently. We live upstairs, you know, and my husband's store, and in descending to and every I frequently was obliged to sit sort of fall and slide over the steps in order to descend, such was the strain on my system resulting from even this slight exertion. Occasionally I visited the neighbors, but I was obliged to sit and rest to recover breath while ascending any elevation. In short, it did not seem that I could live, such was my complete physical prostration.

"One day I read an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and although my faith in remedies was gone by that time, I sent for a box and tried them. That was two years ago. Now I call myself a well woman. Isn't that wonderful?

"I haven't had one of those excruciating pains in the heart for a year and a half. Why, even the first box of pills helped me. I can walk miles now, can do my work easily, have gained in weight constantly, and you would hardly suppose I ever had little while ago I was examined for endowment insurance and was accepted unhesitatingly after a careful examination by the physician.

"Do you wonder that I'm shouting 'Pink Pills' all through our village? I haven't taken any of the remedy for some months, for it has completely built me up, but at the first sign of trouble I know to what refuge to flee.

"Last year my aunt, Mrs. M. A. Blossom, of Dixfield, P. O., was here visiting me. She was suffering from a lack of vitality and heart trouble, but she was skeptical about my remedy, but I was so enthusiastically advocating. At last, however, she tried it and carried some home with her when she went. A little while ago I received a letter from her, and it said, 'I am convinced thanks to God and Pink Pills'. She also wrote that her husband had been prostrated and had been restored by the same.

"One of the persons to whom Mrs. Wanner recommended Pink Pills is Patrolman Agent C. H. Foster, of Leeds Center, and the reporter found him patrolling the platform await the arrival of the morning train. Mr. Foster, who is one of the most trustworthy, capable and energetic men in the employ of the Maine Central railroad, appeared in unusually good health and spirits when made inquiry as to the cause.

"Do you know," replied he, "I think I've made a discovery, or at least Mrs. Francis has for me. I have been in poor health for a long time with a kidney trouble variously complicated. We have been so much interested in Mrs. Francis' wonderful recovery that I at once determined to give the medicine recommended a thorough trial. For two months ago I bought the first box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Only two months, please note, yet already I am so much improved, so much better able to fulfill my duties, so vastly better off and on the road to recovery, that I feel like a new man.

"I can now walk without the fatigue I once experienced, my heart affection seems to be relieved, and I have found the Pink Pills Band in our community.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood of pale and shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c per box, or six boxes for $2.50."

Plants Can Be Made to Bloom Out of Season.

Quite a revolution in horticulture has been in progress during the past decade, although, owing to the secret manner in which the experiments leading up to it have been conducted, comparatively few persons have been aware of the new departure, says Chambers' Journal. Every one knows that flowers, as well as fruits and vegetables, are forced, so that those who are rich shall have the use of them before unaided nature brings them to maturity. This forcing business is an expensive one, requiring much attention and skilled labor. Many attempts, therefore, have been made to get at the golden eggs by cheaper means and as a result of much study the opposite process to forcing has been adopted with success. The system consists in retarding the flowering of the plant by artificial generation, and is, of course, only applicable to those which are hardy in this country, by which we mean those, which will stand several degrees of frost. The lily of the valley is one of them, and it is much in request for purposes of decoration. Under the old forcing conditions only about 50 per cent of the buds treated could be induced to flower, but by the freezing process an average of 95 per cent can be secured from the end of summer up to Christmas. It will be found that the process cannot be applied to evergreens of any kind and it would certainly be death to camelias and probably hyacinths and tulips. It is said that near Berlin, three growers alone have nearly three hundred acres of lily of the valley under cultivation and that they have adopted the refrigerating method with great success. It long ago been proved that the plant can be cultivated in England with equal success and we trust that the method will soon be tried on an extensive scale in this country.

INFORMATION WANTED.

The Young Man Wanted to Know Whether She'd Come or Not.

Here is a story the dear girls are telling with many hitches, quick indrawings of the breath and giggles:

"Oh, you know, there is a young country fellow, an Irishman, and he went to a ball and dressed up fit to kill. I'spose he thought—Of course, none of the girls would dance with him, and he asked every one. So he went to the belle of the ball and asked her to dance with him, and she would not, and I guess she answered him pretty short. Anyway, he got real mad. Of course, you know, he thought he was dressed all right, and he got tired of being told 'no' all night. So he told her to—er—go somewhere, you know. Well, of course, she didn't like that, so she went to her brother and told him that So-and-So had told her to—er—go somewhere. You know she didn't know the fellow's name. He didn't know anybody there and he'd been asking girls to dance without any introduction, you know. And, you know, that was why they didn't want to dance with him. Girls would'nt, of course, you know.

"So this fellow, the girl's brother, I mean, went up to the other fellow and said to him, 'Did you tell my sister to go somewhere?' and he said 'Yes. Has she gone?'"—Exchange.

Sea Serpent Season.

Capt. George Belcher, while fishing near New Haven, Conn., the other day caught a remarkable sea monster. The animal is 4 feet 1 inch long, 3 feet 8 inches wide, and 4 inches thick. It is of a dark gray color, covered with hair and has two wings. An old salt who saw it said: "Why that fish is nothing but a small sea serpent. It's got wings, but hasn't fully developed yet."

Skill of Needle Makers.

An expert workman in one of the great needle factories, in a recent test of skill, performed one of the most delicate feats imaginable. He took a common sewing needle of medium size, one and five-eighths inches in length, and drilled a hole through its entire length, from eye to point, the opening being just large enough to permit the passage of a very fine hair.

A POSTMASTER'S WIFE

A LEEDS WOMAN WHO ASTONISHED HER FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS.

Near to Death but Restored So Completely That She Has Been Accepted By a Life Insurance Company as a Good Risk.

From the Journal, Lewiston, Me.

A bright little woman, rosy and fresh from her household duties, dropped into a chair before the writer and talked with enthusiasm shining in her snapping, black eyes.

The people in the pretty village of Leeds Centre, Me., have watched with some interest the restoration to complete health of Mrs. W. L. Francis, wife of the postmaster. So general were the comments on this interesting case that the writer who visited Mrs. Francis and learned from her that the statements regarding her troubles and her subsequent extrication therefrom are entirely true, and that her neighbors' opinion as to her recovery may fairly be accepted as the final word in the matter, I have extolled my preserver so enthusiastically and unreservedly, have sought to have friends and recommended the remedy to so many friends and acquaintances, and already my neighbors jocularly call me 'Pink Pills Francis.' But really, my recovery is something that I can consider wonderful. I know that there are so many testimonials of marvellous cures in the papers nowadays that people do not pay so much heed as formerly, but I do what this who are so easily misled, forgetting that what I say comes right from the heart of a woman who knew that she had a new lease of happy life given to her.

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"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood in a shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c per box, or six boxes for $2.50."

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:

"I cannot begin to tell you what your remedies have done for me. I suffered for years with falling and neuralgia of the womb, kidney trouble and longsorrow in the worst form. There were times that I could not stand, was sick all over and in despair. I had not known a real well day for 15 years. I knew my troubles were all owing to the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Now, I have used it both times; my weight has increased 35 lbs. I tell every one to whom and what I owe my recovery, and there are 12 of my friends taking the Compound. Oh! if I had known it has done for me. Oh! if I had known of it sooner, and saved all these years of misery. I can recommend it to every woman."—KATE YODER, 408 W. 9th St., Cincinnati, O.

Should advice be required, write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. She has the utter confidence of all intelligent American women. She will promptly tell what to do, free of charge. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is easily obtained at any druggist's, will restore any ailing woman to her normal condition quickly and permanently.

Sealed the Bill With a Kiss.

Unless the Geneva Times has been misinformed, a certain dentist of that town has paid pretty dear for his whistle. It says that a fair young lady from Waterloo has been having considerable dental work done at Geneva. It is said that when the dentist had completed the job he pronounced the work done in a most satisfactory manner, and in order to seal the statement in proper form, according to his notion, planted a kiss on the pretty face of the young lady in question. The young lady, jealous of his Waterloo, did not screech. She assumed her most dignified air and looking the dentist squarely in the face asked him for his bill. The dentist gallantly informed her that it was $50. "Very well," said the young lady, as she turned to go, "that has been liquidated. I have your receipt in full." Thereupon she left his parlors.

Number in Plain Sight.

Dasher—(to friend)—Pleeseman—take me home, pleash.

Policeman—All right, sir. Where do you live, sir?

Dasher—Dunno. Alma shquare. Sun Johnswood, billiard room.

Policeman—Remember the number sir?

Dasher—N-no. Thash all rye. Number'sh on door, m'good fellow.—Fun.

The misery of years has been cured in a single night by the use of Doan's Ointment, a positive, sure, safe remedy for Itching Piles and all similar diseases. Your dealer keeps it or can get it for you.

Aurora, Ill., was the first city in the world to light its streets with electricity. The wires were placed in position in 1881.

Does your head feel as though someone was hammering it; as though a million sparks were flying out of the eyes? Have you horrible sickness of the stomach? Burdock Blood Bitters will cure you.

There is considerable difference between being original in a business, and making business of religion.

The benificent influences of the newly cut pine are condensed and refined in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, Nature's own remedy for coughs and colds.

Whatever would have been wrong in christ cannot be right in any member of his church.

No need to suffer with rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, cramps or colic. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil cures all such troubles and does it quickly.

You can't do much for God as long as you are not willing to do right with all people.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Don't judge a woman's voice by the song bird on her hat.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

I would rather hear a man swear than a hypocrite pray.

Bergman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.

The original and only genuine. Cures chapped hands and face, cold sores, &c. C. H. Clark & N. Davis, U.

The devil always keeps long faces and shuts his eyes.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a blessing to me.—Mrs. M. McGrath, Lake City, Florida, Sept. 17, 1895.

MORE OR LESS HUMOROUS.

"Are you an office-holder?" said one man to another. "No I work for a living."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"What is to fish?" he repeated. "Oh, you just fish and fish all day long." "And then?" "And then you go home."—Detroit Tribune.

"Pretty Poll" says Pretty Poll

She's just "poll parroting." There's no prettiness in pills, except on the theory of "pretty is that pretty does." In that case she's right.

Ayer's Pills do cure biliousness, constipation, and all liver troubles.

OPIUM and WHISKY Habits cured. Both cures guaranteed. Write for particulars. Dr. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

Binder Twine Large quantities to be sold, cheap. Write for prices. Also a few pieces of Binder Twine for sale at a bargain. WARE & CO., Commission Merchants, 1 Sherman St., Chicago.

OPIUM Habit Cured. Est. in 1875. Thousands cured. Cheapest and best cure. Free Trial. State case. Dr. Walker, Quincy, Ill.

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