

Ayer's Medicines REASONS Why Ayer's Sarsaparilla is preferable to any other for the cure of Blood Diseases. Because no poisonous or deleterious ingredients enter into the composition of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The Canadian Post LINDSAY, FRIDAY, FEB. 24, 1900.

Thos. Tyler's Tombstone BY MARY S. WALKER.

girl! But no, you never were that. It's only that this smooth faced coxcomb has bewitched you. Oh, Susie! can't you tell him there's an honest heart that's loved you true these three years, and so on.

crossed and tumbled and rolled by a long journey. "Here's a gentleman will take you to Barclay's man," said the man. "Barclay up—he can't wait."

"I can't work days, nor sleep nights, for the trouble that's on my mind. If it's altogether for my own loss, I'll have a good man shed it for me. I'd rather pick to bear it. Father Barclay, I must speak out, though you'll say it's bad blood makes me talk ill of the man that's gained where I've lost. I have mistrusted him from the first. He's as bold as brass, and his tongue runs like a mill wheel, but it's little he finds to say of his own affairs. And when you come down to it, who is he and where did he come from and what has he been about all his life?"

"Susie," called the farmer the next Sunday afternoon, "have you been meddlin' with this book?" He stood turning the leaves of the family Bible, that always stood on a round stand in the corner of the kitchen.

"I've been reading it," said Susie, "but I don't know what you mean. It's a book of prayers, and I've been reading it every day." "No, father."

"Well, somebody has. Here's a milk bill in the wrong place; and there's a letter I wrote last Sunday to Squire Cooper, and hadn't decided to send, and so slipped it in here somewhere, and it's gone."

"Susie assisted her father to search for the missing letter, but it could not be found. Thomas Tyler was busy again that night with his writing after every one else in the house was in bed, and the next day he took the farmer's old white horse and drove over to Lester's Corners. Susie followed him to the porch, and as he drew her under the shadow of the grapevine to snatch a passing kiss she saw the corner of a letter peeping from his pocket and took it slyly out. Before she read the address he discovered his loss and caught her hand so roughly that she cried out with pain.

"Give me that letter," he said, sternly; and there was a look in his black eyes she had never seen there before; but a moment later he apologized for his rudeness, kissed the little hand and made his peace as well as he could.

ABRUM'S MATCH-MAKING. "Here, you Abram, go and get the gal-lo-mee smokin' for drink," called out the rosy black smelter of a dilapidated South-western plantation mansion as two young surveyors rode up to the door and asked for some water.

"Abrum," or rather Abraham Lincoln Jeff Davis Dalgren, started to obey his mother while the visitors inspected the premises which they had often seen from a distance. It had once been a handsome property, but was sadly gone to the bad. The mistress, a broken-down woman almost insane, having lost her all in the war, had sunk to the level of those who had served her, and lived with her two daughters in painful poverty upon the ruin of her old splendor. Annie and the young ladies picked berries, worked in the fields—did everything possible to feed her and themselves.

The girls did not appear at this time to be present, though the horsemen strained their eyes looking for them. It was with Abram that the surveyors became first acquainted. Like the imp of darkness that he was, he smoked, chewed, sang, danced, swore and was happy. He followed the Northerners about like a pet dog, and was always willing to do them a favor.

As he handed them a gourd of spring water this morning he leered at them and wisely suggested: "Do you sirs nowhere around." "Who sirs?" asked Frank Dreyton. "De gals, ob course, dat's who you want to see."

Frank threw the water at him and he and Homer rode away. The next morning when Frank entered the carpenter shop where the surveyors kept their instruments he was startled to see Abram's eyes glaring out from a pile of shavings.

"Get up, you little scamp!" "Kase what for, Mas'r Yank?" replied the youth. "You're too dirty to be here." "Yah ain't goin' ter see dese shavin's, be ye?" and Abram opened wide his eyes in assumed surprise.

"No, but I don't like such a dirty boy around." "Huh!" exclaimed Abram; "of you knowed what I know you'd let me stay here an' gin me a chaw besides." "No, I wouldn't. But what's the secret?" "Gimme a quarter?" "Yes."

"Our young ladies is powerful han'some, an' dey's sweet too, an' you fellers is sweet on 'em. Dat's it." "But they always run when we are around." "Dat's 'cause ob old missus. She's proud and cross as de evil one; but de gals don't care—dey'd jest as soon have Yanks as anybody. Missus hates Yanks."

"Is that all the secret for a quarter?" "Is you 'ligious?" "I hope so." "No, dey dey, when dey can sneak off, dey goes up to de Bend, an' teaches in de nig Sunday-school. If you goes nex' Sunday you'll see 'nd hear 'em sing. Dey's powerful sweet singers."

"But what's the secret?" "Dat's part of it, de res' is dat dey done tired out wid bein' 'rix an' starved an' 'nolowed to teach 'er sew ner nothin' dat's nice an' dey'll marry your fellers if you see 'em." "Oh, you're lying."

more into the bright glory of the sunset the faces of the quartette shone with such a lustre that it seemed as though the lightning had left some of its splendor in their features.

But the hardest part was yet to come. When the surveyors arrived at the home of their charges and had had a settlement with Abram and his dusky confederate, they sought "missus," whom they had only seen—never met.

"My children have the blood of the Dal-greens in their veins and shall not associate with low-bred Northern workmen who make railroads and such dirty things," was her answer to their stammered explanation of their acquaintance with her daughters.

"De blood ob de fiddlers," put in Annie, indignantly. "You might be glad dat dese 'spectable Christian gentlemen would look at us, poor and ragged as we is." "You hain't any more spirit than a poor white, amite," sobbed the mistress of the house, hysterically.

Upon being acquainted with the real subject of the young Northerners' visit she grew more violently angry, and declaring that she would have the officials of the county to arrest them, took indignantly to her room and ordered her foot sent up to her. But Annie put her on short allowance and she was soon brought to terms and condescended to come to the table again.

After a few days, seeing that she might as well give in at last, she consented to her daughters' choice on the condition that their lovers should quit work and turn gentlemen. "And," she added, "I will go North and live with you."

Frank and Homer did not accept the whole of the proposition, but began immediate arrangements for the double wedding. When Abram heard the plans he laughed, chuckled, crowed, cracked his heels together, danced and cried out: "I see you! Norf, too, kase I made yere matches."

"You? What have you to do with it?" asked Homer. "Ebery thing. Didn't I tell yer whar dey went Sunday, an' didn't I run off wid de rig's so yeh could walk wid de young ladies home?"

"Yes, and wouldn't we have found out whar they went ourselves, and didn't you get a licking for leas'ing us to come home through the rain?" "But it was me put it in yer heads to try for 'em, an' 'tote ye dey'd marry yeh, mas'r, an' you ought ter take me Norf ter lug yer machines around fer yer."

"Well, you stay in the South until you learn to be sensible and well see what can be done." Poor "missus" never saw the North which she so much hated. A few weeks thereafter and just before the wedding she grew tired of breathing and gave up the effort.

Not a Pimple on Baby. Baby one year old. Had with Eczema. Hair all gone. Scalp covered with Eruptions. Cured by CUTICURA. Hair splendid and not a pimple on him.

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