

Scott's Emulsion
WHY YOU SHOULD USE
Scott's Emulsion
and Liver Oil
HYPOPHOSPHITES.

It is as good as Milk.
 It is as good as cod fish, who have
 been found to be efficacious as plain
 cod liver oil.
 It is superior to all other so-called
 cod liver oils.
 It is the only Emulsion, does not separate
 and change.
 It is as good as a fish producer.
 It is the best remedy for Consumption,
 Rheumatism, Bronchitis, Wasting Disease,
 Chronic Coughs and Colds.

Publisher's Notice.
AGENTS FOR THE POST.

place everything, his progress was not as rapid as he would wish.

On the third day Dora was alarmed by seeing Mr. Harton walk rapidly up the path with a flushed and angry face. She was glad her mother had gone to ride with the doctor, and confronted Mr. Harton with all the bravery she could summon. He rudely demanded the key of the tower, and told Dora that she had no right to enter it, that it was his property and he had let her mother so privilege whatever. She took the key from the nail and handed it to him, much relieved when she saw him turn away.

As if reconsidering, he wheeled suddenly round and marched straight to the tower door. Dora sprang forward, her heart beating in great bounds, and said, with sudden vehemence:

"Let me go, too, please do."

"Get away!" And he pushed her roughly aside.

She sank down on the floor in strange, breathless pain, and listened with intense eagerness for some sound. At last she heard it—too surely. Mr. Chorley had been discovered. Half an hour elapsed before Mr. Harton came down, and then he strode through the hall and garden like a madman.

Dora ran out doors eagerly and gave a glance to the window by which Mr. Chorley had entered. Moment after moment she watched, hoping to see him escape, but all was silent as the grave. Wringing her hands, she said, over and over again:

"What can I do for him? How shall I save him?"

Jane was equally perturbed, and even Mrs. Bertrand, though she tried to be very impartial, could not repress her sympathy, and even began to plan some mode of assisting him. But she had hardly laid aside her bonnet, when Mr. Harton and his myrmidons reappeared.

Allingham Chorley had just time to slip a tiny note in Dora's hand, unperceived by Mr. Harton, as he passed through the hall, closely guarded. It contained these words:

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS—Do not be disturbed on my account. I have been rather unlucky, but it will come right in the end, I am convinced. I was in the observatory when Mr. Harton entered, so had no chance of escape. Please do not answer any questions if you can avoid them. I shall send for a legal friend of mine immediately, and when he comes I have a favor to ask of you.

Your grateful friend,
 A. C.

Before night Chorley left the village where he was in a high state of excitement, and the wildest stories were circulated. Jane resolutely refused to admit any of her gossiping cronies, and bustled herself about Mrs. Bertrand.

In a few days it was settled that the case was quite strong against Mr. Chorley. In order to relieve the Bertrands from suspicion, he had frankly stated to Mr. Harton how he gained admission. One of the men who had been in the boat and rescued Mr. Harton from a watery grave on the occasion of Mr. Chorley's first visit, suddenly remembered with great distinctness that he had seen the two men quarrelling, and that Mr. Chorley had pushed his antagonist off the cliff. He was ready to swear to this on the trial, which would soon be brought on. Mr. Harton smiled grimly, and he obligingly offered to release her, if she wished to leave the house before her term expired. She would have done this at once but for Dora's persuasion. The young girl could not analyze the strange tie that bound her to the place, but she pleaded earnestly to remain until October, as their original plan had been.

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