sthly the shameful scheme whose failure had produced the catastrophe. Do you think she was not planning excuses and uttering mental pleas all the time she was receiving the congratulations of her friends? Andthen the shock of seeing Molesworth at the door, Molesworth whom she had in a measure betrayed, and who she must have felt was capable of anything at that moment, even of denouncing her to her bridegroom and the hundreds of guests there assembled. Was it not a moment to try the soul of the strongest man, much less that of a weakened and already troubled woman? And when by her hurried action she had forestalled his possible speech, and by her woman's wit succeeded in hiding herself with him in that room of

speech, and by her woman's wit succeeded in hiding herself with him in that room of death above, can you not imagine the shame and horror which must have overcome her as she found herself forced to show him the ghastly results of her trick and plead with him for aid where she hoped to triumph over him in her disdam. If this and all of this was not enough to whiten her hair in a night, I can imagine no train of circumstances that would. My own hair almost turns at the thought of it, and I am a hard

and world-worn man. " I should like to ask you one question which may strike you as impertinent and unfeeling, but which I assure you is prompted by no other sentiment than the desire to do you a service."

sequainted with the letters you have just shown Mr. tiryce, and it is in regard to the sentiment with which you now suppose your wife to regard you. It is love you

" Not gratitude simply, nor regard; but

Love, ' Yet it was but a short time since she was pouring out the most extravagant ex-pressions of affection for another. Excuse me: I cannot stop to soften these hard

"I know; but a passion so wild and unneeded just such an experience perhaps, to

show her what true love is," " And you have missed nothing !- nothing in her regard for you I mean?"
If I had no trouble but that, I should

the a very happy man."
The inspector, grave beyond his wont, eyed the doctor doubtfully. You are not deceiving yourself?" he asked significantly.

" Pretty women can often make a man believe anythings The doctor rose, Anger flashed from his

eye. "You insult a most miserable mansee that this is only another wrench of the rack," he exclaimed. You have a purpose other than that of destroying me," " I want to find out if Genevieve Gretofee was of so light a nature she could turn from one love to another in the twinkling of nn eye."
Dr. Cameron surveyed the speaker and

"I cannot believe," the inspector inexe rably pursued, "that a woman who could feel and express herself as Generieve Oretoper was done in these letters we have read, give her whole self to you with that fresh ness and arder your language seems to

And still the doctor was stlent. If time had clapsed, I could have under stood her conduct. But to leap from one ardent passion to another without cause of transition scoms so unnatural that I should not blame you if you felt some doubt as to

The doctor felt himself in a net and he did not know which way to turn.
The inspector proceeded with seeming

heartlessness.

'Would not that have been your opinion
if it were another man's case than your own that you were considering?"

nest of sleeping serpents in my breast and ask me to stand off and analyze their writhings, is it necessary to make me suffer

this necessary. You will forgive me when you receive the clew to my me

"Hut am I not to know them now?

or De Cameron, I will not keep you in suspense. You will find when you return home, a woman in your parlors whom I rearest you to place at your wife's side in the capacity of nurse, though her business is directly that of a detective. She is a kindly, capable and discreet woman that will neither offend you nor betray us. May I rely upon you to receive her and put nothing in the way of her fulfilling her duties

"Ab, sir," came from Dr. Cameron in a burst of shame and agony, "how can I do otherwise! Are you not the master of my

The inspector, who found this as hard a piece of work as he over had had to do in his life, shook his head. "I go no further than my duty compels me," said he, "You have been made the victim of a woman wholly unworthy of you."

"And is there no escape? Must we submit to this indignity, though you do not even know there was any murder com-

for and Mrs. Cameron is the only one who can account for it. To be sure if we knew all that Dr. Molesworth could tell a

"You might not want to hear it," the inspector suggested.
Hut the doctor finshed out quickly and

enrostly:
"I do. If you think he knows the facts which surround Mildred Parley's death, he will not long retain his secret when he sees "De Molesworth is a very strong man-

He does not know that my wife has con-

fessed to the death of this girl in her room."
"And do you propose to tell him?"
"If you will countenance me in doing

" And you think that will be sufficient to

"Yes, sir,"
"I do not agree with you. Men of his stamp have peculiar ideas of honor. He will need something more than this indirect acknowledgment from her to make him change the story predetermined between

"Not with the arguments I shall add to
it. If he is a strong man, I am a desperate
one, and I will wring the truth from him if
he he made of two."

The inspector looked at the doctor admir-

The inspector looked at the dector admiringly. "I only wish you might have the apportunity for making the trial. There is a not which I must communicate to you. Dr. Cameron. Julius Molesworth is not to be found. He has disappeared."

"Planppeared?"

"Yes. He is not in his home nor has he been seen at the hospital for days. Whether he is dead, or simply fled, we do not say. We only know that with all our efforts we have not been able to gain any trace of his whereabouts."

"Gone? Julian Molesworth? then his reasons for perjuring himself must have been stronger than we thought."

"In the shape of murder do you mean?"

"Inspector," oried he, "Julius Molesworth holds the key to this tragedy. If he did not, he would not be missing at a time when every business interest that he has, links him to this spot. I am determined to have that key. Tell me, then, some of the particulars of his disappearance, for I may see a clew in them which might escape the eyes of any but a fellow practitioner."

"They are few and very simple. He went out one night in his pheeton as usual. Drove to a tenement house where he had a patient, went in, and did not come out. There was a rear exit, you see, and he must

There was a rear exit, you see, and he must have made immediate use of it, for the woman he is in the habit of visiting there declares he did not come near her, nor was he

clares he did not come near ner, nor was neseen on the stairs by any of the swarm of beings who infest the house."

"And the pheton?"

"Stood there till one of our policemen found it and drove it into a stable."

"Very good proof of his extreme anxiety

"Very."
"And the boy who usually accompanies

"Was not with him on this night. This, together with the fact that he carried a small satchel, and had taken all of his money out of the bank, makes it next to certain

out of the bank, makes it next to certain that it was premediated flight."

"Oh it is flight; there is no doubt about that. But I believe, if you will give me leave, I can find him. Though no detective, my wits have been sharpened by the fearful straits into which I have been lately betrayed and I should like the opportunity of telling them."

"Well, I see no good reason why I should refuse to grant it to you. But he has been gone days, and may be hundreds of miles from here. Do you feel as if you could leave

your wife?"
"I must. Don't you see that it would take more than a man's courage to watch at her side with these terrific doubts unsolved! I must be working for her if I am to hold my reason till she is restored again to her natural self. Resides I shall not be long. Something tells me I shall find

"(10, then, but—" The inspector did not finish. His compassion made him dread the discoveries which still lay in wait for this heavily afflicted man.

CHAPTER XXVII.

RRIDGET HALLORAN. Dr. Cameron went from this interview immediately to Mrs. Olney's house. He found her at home, and to his great astonishment perceived that she no sooner heard his name than she advanced eagerly to meet him. They were soon talking, and she told him that the doctor must have expected to stay away a long time, as he had taken with him his mother's photograph; a circumstance all the more marked that in cumstance all the more marked that in order to do this he had been obliged to take it out of its accustomed frame. But his clothing and small effects generally had been left behind; and had it not been for the carrying away of that picture, she would fear he had gone to his death, so melanchely had he been since that dreadful occurrence which had robbed him of his latter.

lieved that the woman who died had been the one whom Julius Molesworth had conrect and expected to marry, it was not for him to onlighten her.

The good woman went on. She both-liked and admired him; but she did think him a little hard. It was this hardness which had killed Mildred Farley. "Yes, Mildred was a brave girl and a bright girl, but she had a woman's longing for sym-pathy and affection which I do not think he was fully calculated to meet. Even her mother's love did not always satisfy her. I But I never dreamed how much she would have to go through, or that her disappointment and grief would drive her to fronzy and suicide. If I had-"

But here the doctor made haste to divert her attention from the girl she was discussing to the man concerning whose where-abouts he was so vitally interested. She immediately followed his lead and for half an hour talked freely about her mysterious boarder, his habits and his friends, till suddenly she diverted him from the train of thought in which he had been indulging, by

The was so attached to you, sir."
It was like a bomb-shell, "Attached to me?" he somewhat helplessly repeated,
"Why, yes, sir, you are his dearest friend, are you not."
The blood which mounted to the doctor's

brow was his only reply. "f f thought you were. Your name is Cameron is it not?"

He bowed, but did not speak. He could not. Such a flood of sudden doubt and har rowing suspicion rushed upon him with her

"Then I am sure," persisted the widow, "that he thinks a great deal of you, sir; if I had not been, I should have been more careful what I said to you. For I promised Mr. Gryce- a detective, sir, and a very smart man—that I would say nothing more than I could help about Dr. Molesworth and his unaccountable absence.

"I was not aware that Dr. Molesworth cheristed for me any particular regard.

cheristed for me any particular regard. But if he did-" "Oh, I know he did. You have lived

"Oh, I know he did. You have fived long enough to know that a woman has some weaknesses and amongst them curiosity. I do not pretend to be better than others of my sex, though it is not often I stoop to read other persons' letters. Her visitor had turned quite pale now, and listened quite intently while she went

on to say:

"I had occasion to go into his room, and in passing by his desk I saw an unfinished letter lying there under a paper weight. As his letters were of no interest to me I never thought of reading it, and was going hurriedly out when my eye fell on a word, that word was love—"

Dr. Cameron arrang in haute to his feet.

the direction of that letter for an instant. He knew who it was intended for, and he knew what manner of love it was which prompted it. The passion which had died down into comparative nothingness at the sight of its object in the role of an humble dressmaker, had revived again and burned with triple force, now that she had recovered her pristine glory, and shone before all men's eyes in the light of her beauty, wealth and fashion. Such changes of feeling were not uncommon, and Dr. Cameron did not wonder that they had occurred to the cold, ambitions spirit of Julius Molesworth. The words, the insinuations of the inspector came back to him as he mused, and he felt himself a fool that he had for a moment supposed that such breaks as had occurred between her and Molesworth, were necessarily lasting, even though a third party had stepped in between them with his inalienable rights as husband and guardian. In his present tumult of feeling he was ready to believe that she had received this letter.

At this moment, nowever, or renewed confidence, the doctor could do this. But for Molesworth his breath held nothing but hard-ness and an implacable resolution to follow him to his hidden retreat and wrench from him by force, if not persuasion, both the secret desired by the police and the fact of Genevieve's innocence as regarded his base and uncalled for renewal of their old comhim by force, if not persuasion, both the secret desired by the police and the fact of

for a look at ye? It's many a day since you've come to see me, and I'm that thankful to ye for coming now if only to see how well I'm doin'. Shure it's great luck I've had between the two of ye since I came to this blessed spot. I was wonderin' how many yards of good stuff it would take for me shroud. It was that near to the cemetery I was. But you're lookin' pale, sir.

sick again."

Or. Cameron bowed his head in assent, odd un. but he felt strangely guilty in doing so.

"They don't look after me so well now, that he's away and can't come in and catch these areas and can't come in and catch them.

"They don't look after me so well now, that he's away and can't come in and catch them.

"They don't look after me so well now, that he's away and can't come in and catch them."

"They don't look after me so well now, that he's away and can't come in and catch the sound the group in the sound that he's away and can't come in and catch the sound that he's away and can't come in and catch the sound that he's away and can't come in and catch the sound that he's away and can't come in and catch the sound that he's away and can't come in and catch the sound that he's away and can't come in and catch the sound that he's away and can't come in and catch the sound that he's away and can't come in and catch the sound that he's away and can't come in and catch the sound that he's away and can't come in and catch the sound that he's away and can't come in and catch the sound that he's away and can't come in and catch the sound that he's away and can't come in and catch the sound that he's away and can't come in and catch the sound that he's away and can't come in and catch the sound that he's away and can't come in and catch the sound that he's away and can't come in a sound that he's away and can't come in a sound that he's away and can't come in a sound that he's away and can't come in a sound that he's away and can't come in a sound that he's away and can't come in a sound that he's away and can't come in a sound that he's away and can't come in a sound that he's away and can't come in a sound that he's away and can't come in a sound that he's away and can't come in a sound that he's away and can't come in a sound that he's away and can't come in a sound that he's away and can't come in a sound that he's away and can't come in a sound that he's away and can't come in a sound that he's away and can't come in a sound that he's away and can't come in a took him away, and that I wasn't to go agin his orders, and when I was well and got out I was to sind word to him. Let him be also for so I will if I can make out what he wrote for me; bless him, I have to study his to real the here to study him. he wrote for me; bless him, I have to study a bit to reak the best o' writin,' and the Lord forgive me, his is that crooked I can't "Who are you?" cried another.

"Who are you?" cried one voice. "Who are you?" cried another.

"I am a fellow as peddles small ware, and I say that the man what boards at Jem and I say that the make out a 'd' from a 't.' Would you mind tellin' me now if it is Yonkers or Orange he's gone to, for it looks like both or aither. Do you mind, doother dear?"

"I am a fellow as peddles small and I say that the man what boards Lewis' farm house is a curious cuss."

"Then you show you don't know you don't know you show you don't know you show you don't know the provision of the

have ended his answer there. But her inquiring look demanded more, as did his own gnorance, so trampling down his natural nations, which were all in the way of open

and honorable dealing, he said:
"But I am in the same dilemma as you,
Br-dget. If you will let me read the address he gave you, I will see if I can make it out. He ought to have written it plain

enough for you to read."
"He told me not a one was to see it at all," she remarked, as her hand stole somewhat hesitatingly under her pillow; "and said, looking me right in the eye, that if it was found I wasn't to tell who wrote it. But sharty."

shure he didn't mean you, doother, for you're his friend and knows the medicines as well as he does himself."

"Mrs. Hunter was always a queer un herself," broke in a new voice.
"Isn't Mrs. Hunter's house the next one

"No, he could not have meant you."
And with small consciousness now of the

and started upon his adventurous under-taking without passing the threshold which had once been as the door of paradise to him-CHAPTER XXXVII.

PURSUIT. The address given to Bridget by Dr. J. M. H.— County, N. Y.

This place, as so many people know, is on the West Shore road, and though some distance from New York, Dr. Cameron found himself there before nightfall. To the postmaster he at once went.

him."
"You will have to go to his house, then. I don't know any such person."
Dr. Cameron was conscious of having made a mistake, and lingured in the postofiles in the hope that Dr. Molesworth would stray in. But the attention which his tall and elegant figure soon attracted, reminded him that if he hoped to see Julius Molesworth enter the postofiles he must himself leave it. He accordingly stepped into the street. As he went he wondered in which, if any, of the houses he

he was in search, till suddenly a second realization came, that, for aught he knew, the fugitive might be peering upon him from behind any of the closed blinds which

from behind any of the closed blinds which met his eye on every side; and that by this useless parade of himself, he was possibly cutting short all hope of the encounter he was so earnestly seeking.

Entering a tavern which he had now reached, he encounced himself, in a quiet nock, that he might consider, without prospect of interruption, what course he had better pursue to gain the end he had in view. The lounger came into the room too, but that did not disturb his meditations, which were now thoroughly engrossed by

words, the insinuations of the inspector came back to him as he mused, and he felt himself a fool that he had for a moment supposed that such breaks as had occurred between her and Molesworth, were necessarily lasting, even though a third party had stepped in between them with his inalienchle rights as husband and guardian. In his present tumult of feeling he was ready to believe that she had received this letter.

But before he had walked a block, his reason—or was it his irresistible love for her—returned to him. He remembered the pure face shining upward from amid its pillows, in a silent but ever stirring appeal. As he recalled it line by line, he felt that truth lay hidden beneath it; that whatever her past errors or deceits, she was robed new in honesty and faithful love for her husband. But what man can be sure of himself when once that insidious reptile called doubt has crawled into the sacred nest of his affections.

At this moment, however, of renewed confidence, the doctor could do this. But for Molesworth his breath held nothing but hard-molesulations, and hat affair in which he was along the subject in hand. Where should he go to learn if a man, sorresponding to Julius Molesworth in appearance, had lately come into town? Did he but know but one person in town, or had he but know but one person in town, or had he but thought to have asked the police for some assistance in this part of his undertaking? But he was alone, and he must work out his problem unaided. How then could he discover Molesworth without disclosing his personal interest in finding him? Contemplation brought but one suggestion, and that held so little hope, he was ready to discard it without trial. But he did not. As drowning men clutch at straws, so he grasped at anything which held a possibility of success. The suggestion was this:

Dr. Molesworth, if a fugitive, in hiding, must have one intense interest linking him to New York and its local news, and that was the desire to know what progress the police were making in the affair i was the desire to know what progress the police were making in the affair in which he was so vitally interested. He would therefore feel the necessity of seeing the New York dailies. Now, where were the New York dailies to be found? That question he

munications. The barb which had unconsciously been held by Dr. Cameron's strong hand ever since he knew the humiliating facts of Genevieve's former passion, had received its venom in the discovery he had just made, and woe now to the breast in which it was ultimately destined to lodge.

The real source from which he expected the information which would direct him. the information which would direct him, who lived some two miles out on the west

the information which would direct him, was the poor woman of whose remarkable case and Dr. Molesworth's peculiar treatment of it, we have already spoken. She, if any one, would be in possession of the fugitive's confidence. Dr. Molesworth's ambition, the interest surrounding a case that promised him fortune and fame must be one he could not entirely drop.

To the hospital, then, Dr. Cameron proceeded, and to the poor patient, who looked exceedingly grateful to see him.

"O, did you know, docther, I was dyin for a look at ye? It's many a day since

me shroud. It was that near to the cemetery I was. But you're lookin' pale, sir. Ain't I right now? And the beautiful lady, your wife, how is she? Well, I'm thinkin'?"

"No," was the grave response, "she is not as well as you are, Bridget. I am on my way to visit Dr. Molesworth, and I just stepped in to see how you were that I might tell him."

"Oh, I'm that well, sir," she began. "You know where's he gone. It's good luck that you do, so it is. Nobody here knows a bit of him at all. They tell me he's sick again."

Dr. Cameron bowed his head in assent.

"That toook advantage of the darkness to drop into one or two places about town where was ikely to be talk of a more or less gossipy rature. For instance, he stepped into the blacksmith's shop which he chanced to find open, while the several men and boys, grouped about the fire, discoursing town tepics. What goed he expected from this move it would have been hard to tell; certainly he had no right to expect any, and was as much surprised as it was possible to be, when a drawling voice untered over his shoulder:

"That man at Jem Lewis' is an odd un."

aither. Do you mind, doether dear?"

Again the doctor felt forced to bow, and he would have been glad indeed if he could "There is nothing curious about John

> " He means that fellow at Hunter's. Not once has he stepped out on the road since he came there; and he's not sick neither."
>
> "Maybe I do," acknowledged the pedler.
> "I sometimes gets names mixed."
>
> "I haven't seen him, I've only hearn tell of how old Mrs. Hunter had took in a

boarder, and how particular she was not to let any one see him, because he was writing

d with small conscions.

In d buggy instruction of two, drawling voice was heard again shoulder saying:

"Is that man still stopping at Hunter's do you know?"

"Can't say," answered the livery stable keeper. "L havn't heart of his going away."

"Fve got a bundle for him, shirts and things what Mrs. Hunter got me to buy in Albany. Going up that way to some and buggy instructions, and with the gratifying knowledge in his breast, that an estill stopping at Hunter's do you know?"

"Can't say," answered the livery stable keeper. "L havn't heart of his going away."

"Fve got a bundle for him, shirts and things what Mrs. Hunter got me to buy in Albany. Going up that way to some suit the physician into whose charge he had things what Mrs. Hunter got me to buy in Albany. Going up that way to some suit the physician into whose charge he had things what Mrs. Hunter got me to buy in the miduting where and buggy in the medita to Jem Lewis?" interposed the pedler.
"Only a mile between them."
"Then that's how I got the places mixed," said he. Dr. Cameron left the smithy and entered the livery stable. Here

church?"

"Guess not; never see her here."

"How about Jem Lewis, is he one of the secommodating kind:"

"Rather; he gets all her mail, I believe, and carries a paper out there every day, that I knew."

that I knew."

"Then I'll see Jem Lewis. You don't happen to know what the name of this strange gentleman may be, do you, now?"

"No; I drove him out there, but he didn't tell me his family affairs."

"Wa'al, wa'al, its mightly particular some folks be. Now I'd just take pleasure in telling you all I know. Was he a dark

"That's good, I had ties to buy and I bought 'em for a dark man. Got a long beard?"

"No, nor a short one. His face is as smooth as my hand."
"Better and better, them ties will be sure to suit. Don't you think so, mister?" he asked, as he passed Dr. Cameron on his way

ingly harmless landscape before him.

The house was the ordinary white frame one which we see so thickly scattered amongst our native hills and valleys, and saving the thin line of smoke slanting away from the solitary chimney, there was no sign of human life in or about the premises.

"If I should have been recognized!" he thought, with a sudden recollection of the real relations in which he and this Molesworth stood.

Without stopping to tie his horse, he advanced hurriedly to the door and knocked. If he had not been seen from the side he was certain that he would not be from the

was certain that he would not be from the front, as the windows facing the road were protected by blinds.

No answer came to his first or his second knock. Nor did the third ring bring any response, though it was forcible enough to shake the door on its hinges. Those within had evidently made up their minds not to hear him.

A fourth and still heavier knock ended his efforts to gain admittance at the front door. If there was no one at home (which he did not believe) he was but wasting his time here. So leaving the front door, he walked determinedly around the house to the back entrance, and finding it unlocked, knocked once out of politeness, and with-out waiting for the response he had so little right to expect, lifted the latch and

An empty room opened before him: that is, there was no one in it, though from the somewhat savory smell that arose from the

He gave a sharp rap at the sitting-room door, and with just an instant's delay, fol-lowed it by a quick entrance that disturbed no one. For this room, like the back one, was entirely empty. No evidence here or anywhere in the room of that presence, to encounter which he had come so was now risking so much in the way of politeness and habitual self-respect. He was still standing there when he heard

sudden step, then the sound of a doo he beleive his ears? the tramp of a man's foot on the path without, followed by the noise of wheels, as if the horse and buggy he had left in front was being tampered with. Struck with consternation but no robbed entirely of his self-possession, he reached the front door and flung it open. Dr. Molesworth, with hat in hand and overcoat on his arm, was just jumping into

"For Heaven's sake Molesworth!" cried the doctor, holding out his arms, as if in that way he could stop that stern and deter-But the other took the lines and speedily

drove away. Dr. Cameron called out ore:
"If you are a man, come back and face me, but if you are a coward—"
The words were lost in the clatter of the

horse's heels. Dr. Cameron stepped into the house and sunk helplessly on the first seat he found there. So Julius Molesworth was a coward as well as a knave, and was not above the neanest of tricks to save himself from an mounter that his conscience told him co bode him no good. Dr. Cameron writhed with shame and impotent rage as he thought of it, and could have cursed his folly for the lack of precaution he had shown in leaving his horse within easy range of the pursued

The direction taken by Dr. Molesworth in his flight had been away from town. This added to the perplexity of Dr. Cameron, who saw himself left at a strange house in the face of a coming storm.

His thoughts were interrupted in a characteristic manner.
"Well!" exclaimed a voice from the door-

built, somewhat energetic middle-aged woman whose air and attitude bespoke her to be the mistress of the house.

"Ah, madam, excuse me. You find me an unwelcome intruder into your house. I ame to see the gentleman who has been boarding with you, and he has played me the trick of running away with my horse and buggy, without giving me so much as an opportunity of telling him my business." "He is a smart un," was all the answer

he received. The doctor, foreseeing no sympathy here, at once turned away towards the door. "It is a long walk to town," he remarked, but I must at once undertake it if only to procure means to follow the man I have

come here to see." "You won't catch him," said she. "It is going to storm, so that the man who has half an hour's start will never come

up with the person who chooses to follow Dr. Cameron laughed. "You speak as if it were January and we were in the wilds of some wilderness instead

of being not a hundred miles from New York." "You are a city man and you don't know country weather. Besides, this storm will

beat any storm that has been in these parts for years."

Dr. Cameron's attention was immediately

descending diverted by the sight of a team descending the hill towards the house. The widow had evidently seen it too, for she turned towards im as if anxious to distract his attention from the coming team. His caution at once

"Who is that coming?" he asked.
"O that is only Jem Lewis coming home from church. He lives in the next house down there."

"But he has a team and that team may be hired," exclaimed the doctor, hurriedly opening the front door.

The widow trial opening the front door.

The widow tried to stop him, but she soon saw it was of no avail; the approaching farmer had already slackened the pace of his horse, and in a few minutes more had actually stopped before the door. There were two men in the old-fashioned vehicle, and Dr. Cameron did not know whether to be surprised or not when he saw that one of them was the ubiquitous pedler.

"Haloo, misses," was this person's greeting. But the next minute he was silent as the doctor uttered breathlessly.

"My horse and buggy have been run away with from before my very eyes. I want to follow the thief. Will you drive me ever this road? I will pay you well for the service. That horse of yours looks as if she

pervice. That horse of yours looks as if she

could travel."

"Wa'al she can," acknowledged the farmer, not without some satisfaction in his tone, "but you see as now it is Sunday..."

"You haven't heard any terms?"

"And likely to snow right smart..."

"I will pay well, I say."

"And there are three of us..."

"Let me take the team then, I will buy it here and now."

"Let me take the team then, I will buy it here and new."

The farmer opened his eyes.

"You are in a goodlah hurry," said he.

"Will you sell it?"

"No. I am a church member and I don't bargain on Sundays. But if this yere chap will give you his place—What sort of a man was it as took your horse?"

"The boarder here; a man I know. Don't stop to talk but decide at once. Will you drive me or shall I go back to town for a man that will?"

"O Fill drive you; but its curus. That man? Why I thought he never stepped out of door."

Meanwhile the widow stood on the steps looking anxious, and the pedler, with eyes that showed snap for once, put one foot out of the waggon and drew it back.

"Yere promised to take me as far as yere went," he declared to the farmer "and I'm disposin' to keep you to your word. But I

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