alize the alarming features of the affair as it then existed, and sitting

down, I wrote her a letter, honestly and earnestly telling her how Mr. Clavering felt and what was the risk she ran in keeping so ardent a lover his rights. The eply she sent

from his rights. The reply she sent

"I have put Mr. Robbins out of my

calculations for the present, and advise you to do the same, disappointing

as it may be to you. As for the gentleman himself I have told him that when I could receive him I would be careful to notify him. That day has

"But do not let him be discouraged,"

having despatched it to his address

They were not slow in transpiring.

of the sudden death of Mr. Stebbins.

the minister who had married them;

agitation produced by this shock, was

further startled by seeing in a New

York paper the name of Mr. Claver-

ing among the list of arrivals at the

Hoffman House: showing that my

letter to him had failed in its intend-

ed effect, and that the patience Mary

had calculated upon so blindly, was

verging to its end. I was consequent-

ly far from being surprised when in

a couple of weeks or so afterwards, a

letter came from him to my address,

which, owing to the careless omission

of the private mark upon the envelope,

I opened, and read enough to learn,

that driven to desperation by the con-

stant failures which he had experienc-

ed in all his endeavors to gain access

to her in public or private, a failure

which he was not backward in as-

cribing to her indisposition to see him.

he had made up his mind to risk

everything, even her displeasure; and

by making an appeal to her uncle, end

laboring, definitely and at once. "I

want you, Amy," he wrote; "dowered

or dowerless, it makes little difference

to me. If you will not come of your-

self, then I must follow the example

of the brave knights, my ancestors;

storm the castle that holds you, and

Neither can I say that I was much

surprised, knowing Mary as I did,

when in a few days from this, she for-

warded to me for copying, this reply:

"If Mr. Robbins ever expects to be

happy with Amy Belden, let him re-

an action, succeed in destroying the

but run the greater risk of effectually

annulling the affection which makes

What its real effect was upon him

and her fate I can only conjecture.

after, Mr. Leavenworth was found

murdered in his room, and Hannah

Chester coming direct to my door

from the scene of violence, begged

me to take her in and secret her from

public inquiry, as I loved and desired

XXXIII.

UNEXPECTED TESTMONY.

Mrs. Belden paused, lost in the som-

bre shadow which these words were

calculated to evoke, and a short sil-

ence fell upon the room. It was

broken by my asking for some ac-

count of the occurrence she had just

mentioned, it being considered a mys-

tery how Hannah could have found

entrance into her house without the

"Well," said she, "it was a chilly

night and I had gone to bed early-I

was sleeping in the room off this-

when at about a quarter to one-the

last train goes through R- at 12.50-

there came a low knock on the win-

w-pane at the head of my bed.

were sick, I hurriedly rose on my

elbow and asked who was there. The

answer came in low muffled tones,

'Hannah Miss Leavenworth's girl

Please let me in at the kitchen door.

Startled at hearing the well-known

voice, and fearing I knew not what,

I caught up a lamp and hurried

round to the door. Is any one with

you?' I asked. 'No,' she replied,

Then come in.' But no sooner had

she done so than all my strength fail-

ed me and I had to sit down, for I

saw she looked pale and strange, was

without baggage and altogether had

the apearance of some wandering

spirit. 'Hannah!' I gasped, 'what is

it? what has happened? what brings

you here in this condition and at this

time of night?" 'Miss Leavenworth

has sent me,' replied she in the low

monotonous tine of one repeating a

lesson by note. 'She told me to come

here; said you would keep me. I am

not to go out of the house and no

one is to know I am here.' 'But why?'

I asked, trembling with a thousand

undefined fears; 'what has occurred?'

'I dare not say,' she whispered; 'I am

forbid; I am just to stay here and

keep quiet.' 'But-' I began, helping

her to take off her shawl, the dingy

'you must tell me. She surely did not-

forbid you to tell me? 'Yes she did;

everyone,' the girl replied, growing

white in her persistence, 'and I never

break my word; fire couldn't draw it

out of me.' She looked so determined.

so utterly unlike herself as I remem-

ered her in the meek, unobtrusive days

of our old acquaintance, that I could

will keep me,' she said; 'you will not

turn me away?' 'No,' I said, 'I will

not turn you away,' 'And tell no one?'

she went on. 'And tell no one,' I re-

"This story, then, this account which

you have just given me of Mary Lea-

enworth's secret marriage and the

great strait it put her into-a strait

Hannah's that she had left home and

taken refuge here on the insistence of

Mary Leavenworth, is the ground work you have for the suspicions you

"Yes, sir; that and the proof of her

do nothing but stare at her.

blanket advertised for in the papers-

Thinking that some of the neighbors

kowledge of the neighbors.

to serve Mary Leavenworth.

the tie between them endurable."

happiness of her he professes to love.

carry you off by force of arms."

rather startled me.

not yet come.

a satisfying one."

other word, but I caught her by the "O, miss-," I began, but she gave me

such a look I dropped her arm as if it had been hot steel. "I have nothing to say to you," she cried in a low, thrilling voice. "Do not detain me." And with a glance to see if Hannah were following her,

she went out. For an hour I sat crouched on the stair, just where she had left me. Then went to bed, but I did not sleep a wink that night. You can imagine then, my wonder, when with first glow of the early morning light, Mary, looking more beautnful than ever, came running up the steps and into the room where I was, with the letter for Mr. Clavering trembling in her hand.

"Oh!" I cried in my joy and relief, "didn't she understand me, then?" The gay look on Mary's face turned to one of reckless scorn. "If you mean Eleanore, yes. She is duly initiated. Mamma Hubbard, Knows that I love Mr. Clavering and write to him. I couldn't keep it secret after the mistake you made last evening, so I did the next best thing, told her the truth."

"Not that you were about to be mar-"Certainly not. I don't believe in un-

necessary communications." "And will she not tell your uncle?" I gasped.

The naive expression on Mary's face quickly changed. "No," said she. I felt a heavy hand hot with fever, lifted from my heart. "And we can still go on ?"

She held out the letter for reply. The plan agreed upon between us for the carrying out of our intentions was this: At the time appointed, Mary was to excuse herself to her cousin upon the plea that she had promised to take me to see a friend in the next town. She was then to enter a buggy previously ordered, and We were then to proced immediately to the minister's house in F-, where we had reason to believe we should find everything prepared for us. But in this plan, simple as it was, one thing was forgotten, and that was the character of Eleanore's love for her cousin. That she would suspect something was wrong, we did not doubt, but that she would actually follow her up and demand an explanation of her conduct, was what neither she who knew her so well, nor I who knew her so little, ever imagined possible, And yet that was just what occurred. But let me explain. Mary, who had followed out the program to the point of leaving a little note of excuse on Eleanore's dressing-table, had come to my house and was just taking off her long cloak to show me her dress, when there came a commanding knock at the front door. Hastily pulling her cloak about her I ran to open it, intending, you may be sure, to dismiss my visitor with short ceremony when I heard a voice behind me say, "Good heavens, it is Eleanore !" and glancing back, saw Mary looking through the window-blind upon the porch without. "What shall I do?" cried I shrinking

"Do? why open the door and let her in; I am not afraid of Eleanore." I immediately did so, and Eleanore Leavenworth, very pale but with a resolute countenace, walked into the house and into this room, confronting Mary in very nearly the same spot where you are now sitting. "I have come," said she lifting a face whose expression of mingled sweetness and power I could not but admire even in that moment of apprehension, "to ask you without any excuse for my request, if you will allow me to accompany you upon your drive this

Mary, who had drawn herself up to meet some words of accusation or appeal, turned carelessly away to the glass. "I am sorry," she said, "but the buggy holds only two, and I shall be obliged to refuse."

"I will order a carriage." "But I do not wish your company, Eleanore. We are off on a pleasure trip and desire to go as we have plan-

ned by ourselves." "And you will not allow me to accompany you ?"

"I cannot prevent your going in another carriage." Eleanore's face grew yet more

earnest in its expression, "Mary," said she, "we have been brought up together. I am your sister in affection if not in blood, and I cannot see you start upon this adventure with no other companion than this woman. Neither conscience, love, nor the gratitude I feel for our absent uncle will allow me. If you go where you propose, I must accompany you. Then tell me, shall it be at your side as a sister, or on the road behind you as the enforced guardian of your honor against your will ?"

"My honor ?" "You are going to meet Mr. Claver-

ing."
"Well ?" "Twenty miles from home."

"Now is it discreet or honorable for you to do this? If it is, discretion and honor are not the virtues which I have been brought up to think

Mary's haughty lip took an ominous curve. "The same hand that raised you, has raised me," she cried bitterly. "This is no time to speak of that,"

returned Eleanore. Mary's countenance flushed. 'All the antagonism of her nature was aroused. She looked absolutely Juno-like in her wrath and reckless menace. Eleanore," cried she, "I am going to F-to marry Mr. Clavering. Now do you wish to accompany me?"

Mary's whole manner changed. Leaping forward she grasped her cousin's arm and shook it. "Why?" cried she. What do you intend to do ?" "To witness the marriage if it be a true one, to step between you and

shame if any element of falsehood should come in to affect its legality." Mary's hand fell from her cousin's "I do not understand you," said she: "I thought you never gave countenance to what you considered

"Nor do I. Any one who knows me will understand that I do no give my approval to this marriage just because I attend its ceremonial in the capacity of an unwilling witness."

Then why go ?" "Because I value your honor above my own peace. Because I love our common benefactor and know that he would never pardon me if I let his darling be married, however contrary her union might be to his wishes, without lending the support of my presence to make the transaction at least a respectable one." "But in so doing you will be in-

volved in a world of deception-which you hate." "Any more so than now?" "Mr. Clavering does not return with

me, Eleanore." "No, I suppose not." "I leave him immediately after the ceremony.

Eleanore bowed her head. "He goes to Europe." A pause.

"And I return home." "There to wait for what, Mary ?" Mary's face crimsoned and she turned slowly away. "What every other girl does under

such circumstances I suppose. The development of more reasonable feelings in an obdurate parent's heart." Eleanore sighed and a short silence

ensued, broken by Eleanore's suddenly falling upon her knees and clasping her cousin's hand. "Oh, Mary," she sobbed, her haughtiness all disappearing in a gush of wild entreaty, sider what you are doing! think before it is to late, of the consequences which

must follow such an act as this. Marriage founded upon deception, can never lead to happiness. Love-but it is not that. Love would have led you either to have dismissed Mr. Clavering at once or to have openly accepted the fate which a union with him would bring. Only passion stoops to subterfuge like this. And you," continued she, rising and turning toward me in a sort of foriorn hope very touching to see, "you who have borne and brought up children, will you see this young mother less girl, driven by caprice and acknowledging no moral restraint, enter upon the dark and crooked path she is planning for herself, without one word of warning and appeal? Tell me, mother of children, dead and buried, what excuse you will have for your own part in this day's work, when she, with her face marred by the sorrows which must follow this deception, comes to

you-' "The same excuse probably," Mary's voice broke in chill and strained, viso, that I was neither to destroy nor drive here where I was to join her. "which you will have when uncle inquires how you came to allow such a very wicked piece of business to be accomplished in his absence; that she could not help herself, that Mary would gang her ain gait, and every one around, must accommodate themselves to it."

It was like a draught of icy air suddenly let loose in a room heated up to fever point. Eleanore stiffened immediately and drawing back pale and composed, turned upon her cousin with

the remark, "Then nothing can move you?" The curling of Mary's lip was her

only reply. Mr. Raymond, I do not wish to weary you with my feelings, but the first great distrust I ever felt of my wisdom in pushing this matter so far, came with that curl of Mary's lip. Plainer than Eleanore's words it showed me the temper with which she was entering upon the undertaking, and struck me with momentary dismay, advanced to speak when Mary stopped

"There now, Mamma Hubbard, dont' you go and acknowledge that you are frightened, for I won't here it. I have promised to marry Henry Clavering today and I am going to keep my word -if I don't love him," she added with bitter emphasis. Then smiling upon me in a way that caused me to forget everything save the fact that she was going to her bridal, she handed me her veil to fasten. As I was doing it with very trembling fingers, she said, looking straight at Eleanore, "You have shown yourself more interested in my fate than I have ever thought possible. Will you continue to display that concern all the way to F-, or may I hope that I shall be allowed to dream in peace upon the step which, according to you, is about to hurl upon me such dreadful con-

sequences ?" "If I go with you to F-," Eleanore returned, "it is as a witness, no more. My sisterly duty is done."
"Very well, then," Mary said, dimp-

ling with sudden gayety, "I suppose I shall have to accept the situation Mamma Hubbard, I am so sorry to disappoint you, but the buggy won't hold three. If you are good you shall be the first to congratulate me," she whispered, "when I come home tonight." And almost before I knew it, the two had taken their seats in the buggy that was waiting at the door, 'Good-by," cried Mary, waving her hand from the back, "wish me much joy-of my ride."

I tried to do so, but the words wouldn't come. I could only wave my response and rush sobbing into the house.

Of that day and its long hours of alternate remorse and anxiety, I cannot trust myself to speak. Let me come at once to the time when seated alone in my lamp-lighted room, I waited and watched for the token of their return, which Mary had promised me. It came in the shape of Mary herself.
"O Mary," cried I, bursting into

tears, "you are ten-" "Mrs. Henry Clavering, at your sera-vice. I'm a bride, Auntie." "Without a bridal," I murmured, taking her passionately into my em-

"And does not the thought that you have made some one the proudest of men, make you happy?" I asked.
"I don't know," she sobbed. "What satisfaction can it be for him to feel himself tied for life to a girl who sooner than lose a prospective fortune subjected him to such a parting."

"Tell me about it," said I.

But she was not in the mood at that moment. "How shall I keep it secret." The thought haunts me every moment; how can I keep it secret." "Why, is there any danger of its

pelng known ?!" I inquired. "Were you seen or followed?"
"No," she murmured. "It all went

off well, but-" "Where is the danger then?" "I cannot say; but some deeds are like ghosts. They will not be laid; they reappear; they gibber; they make themselves known whether we will or not. I have destroyed my happi-

I looked at her in uncontrollable emotion. "O Mary," said I, "have I only succeeded, then, in making you

"If I had not been taught to love money so !" she said at length. "If like Eleanore, I could look upon the splendor which has been ours from childhood, as a mere accessory of life, easy to be dropped at the call of duty or affection! If prestige, adulation and elegant belongings, were not so much to me, or love, friendship, and omestic happiness more! If only I could walk a step without dragging the chain of a thousand luxurious longings after me. Eleanore can. Lordly as she is in her beautiful womanhood, haughty as she can be when the delicate quick of her personality is touched too rudely, I have known her to sit by the hour in a low, chilly, ill-lighted and ill-smelling garret, cradling a dirty child on her knee, and feeding with her own hand an impatient old womam whom no one else would consent to touch. Oh, oh, they talk about repentance and a change of heart! If some one of some thing would only change mine! But there is no hope of that ! no hope

what I am a selfish, wilful, mercenary girl." Nor was this mood a mere transitory one. That same night she made a discovery which increased her apprehension almost to terror. This was nothing less than the fact that Eleanore had been keeping a diary of the

of my ever being anything else than

last few weeks. "O," she cried in relating this to me the next day, "what security shall I ever feel as long as this diary of hers remains to confront me every time I go into her room. And she will not consent to destroy it, though I have done my best to show her that it is a betrayal of the trust I reposed in her. She says that it is all there is to show her reasons for doing as she has, and that without it she would lack means of defence, if uncle should ever accuse her of treachery to him and his happiness. She promises to keep it locked up, but what good will that do! A thousand accidents might happen, any of them sufficient to throw it into uncle's hands. I shall never feel safe for a moment while it exists."

I endeavored to calm her by saying that if Eleanore was without malice, such fears were groundless. But she would not be comforted, and seeing her so wrought up, I suggested that she should ask Eleanore to deliver it into my keeping till such time as she should feel the necessity of using it. The idea struck Mary favorably. "O, yes," cried she, "and I will put my certificate with it and so get rid of all my care at once." And before the afternoon was over, she had seen Eleanore and made her request.

give up all or any of the papers except upon their united demand. A small which were put all the proofs of Mary's marriage then existing, viz.: the certificate, Mr. Clavering's letters and such leaves from Eleanore's diary as referred to this matter. It | All I know is that in two weeks therewas then handed over to me with the stipulation I have already mentioned, and I stowed it away in a certain closet upstairs, where it has lain un-

disturbed till last night. Here Mrs. Belden paused, and blushing painfully, raised her eyes to mine with a look in which anxiety and entreaty were curiously blended.

"I don't know what you will say." she began, "but led away by my fears I took that box out of its hiding-place last evening, and notwithstanding your advice, carried it from the house and "In my possession," said I quietly.

I don't think I ever saw her look more astonished, not even when I told her of Hannah's death. "Impossible!" she exclaimed. "I left it last night in the old barn that was burned down. I merely meant to hide it for the present and could think of no better place in my hurry; for the barn is said to be haunted—a man hung himself there once—and no one ever goes there. I—I -you cannot have it," cried she, "un-

"Unless I found and brought it away before the barn was destroyed." I suggested. Her face flushed deeper, "Then you

followed me ?" "Yes," said I. Then as I felt my own countenance redden, hastened to add, "We have been playing strange and unaccustomed parts, you and I. Sometime when all these dreadful events shall be a mere dream of the past, we will ask each other's pardon. But never mind all this now. The box is safe, and I am anxious to hear the rest of your story."

This seemed to compose her, and after a minute she continued: "Mary seemed more like herself after this. And though owing to Mr. Leavenworth's return and their subsequent preparations for departure, I saw but little more of her, what I did see was enough to make me fear that with the locking up of the proofs of her marriage, she was indulging the idea that the marriage itself had become void. But I may have wronged her in this.

The story of those few weeks is almost finished. On the eve of the day befer she left, Mary came to my house to bid me good-by. She said something that night that I have never been able to forget. It was

"Uncle will never be won upon as you call it, while he lives. If I was convinced of it before, I am sure of it now. Nothing but his death will ever make it possible for me to send for Mr. Clavering." Then seeing me look aghast at the long period of separation which this seemed to betoken, blushed a little and whispered "The prospect looks somewhat dubious, doesn't it? But if Mr. Clavering loves me, he can wait." "But," said I, "your uncle is only little past the prime of life and ap-

pears to be in robust health; it will be years of waiting, Mary." "I don't know," murmured she. "I think not. Uncle is not as strong as he looks and-" She did not say any more, horrified perhaps at the turn the conversation was taking. But there was an expression on her counenance that set me thinking at the time and has kept me thinking ever

Sometime in the fall a letter came to me personally from Mr. Clavering,

filled with a vivid appeal to tell him something of the woman who in spite of her vows, doomed him to a susby the letter I received from her yesterday, and which you say you have of her vows, doomed him to a suspense so cruel, and when on the evening of the same day, a friend of mine who had just returned from New York, spoke of meeting Mary Leavenworth at some gathering, surrounded by manifest admirers, I began to realize the alarming features of the at now in your poss O that letter! "I know," Mrs. Belden went on in a broken voice, "that it is wrong in a

conclusions; but O, sir, how can I help it, knowing that I do?" I did not answer; I was revolving in my mind the old question: was it possible, in face of all these latter developments, still to believe Mary Leaworth's own hand guiltless of her uncle's blood?

serious case like this, to draw hasty

"It is dreadful to come ti such con-clusions," proceeded Mrs. Belden, "and nothing but her own words written in her own hand would ever have driven me to them, but—"
"Mrs. Belden," I interrupted, "par-

don me, but you said in the beginning of this interview that you did not believe Mary herself had any direct hand in her uncle's murder. Are you ready to repeat that assertion?"

she added in a postcript "When he does receive his happiness, it will be "Yes, yes, indeed. Whatever I may think of her influence in inducing it, When I thought. Ah, it is that I never imagine her having anything when which is likely to ruin all! But to do with its actual performance. intent only upon fulfilling her will, I O no; whatever was done on that dreadful night, Mary Leavenworth sat down and wrote a letter to Mr. Clavering, in which I stated what never put her hand to pistol or ball, she had said and begged him to have or even stood by while they were used; that you may be sure of. Only patience, adding that I would surely the man who loved her, longed for her let him know if any change took place in Mary or her circumstances. And

and felt the impossibility of obtaining her by any other means, could in London, awaited the development of have found nerve for an act so horrible.

"Then you think-" In two weeks from that time I heard "Mr. Clavering is the man? I do, and, O, sir, when you consider that he is her husband, is it not dreadful and while yet laboring under the

enough ?" "It is indeed," said I, rising to conceal how much I was affected by this conclusion of hers. By some indefinable impulse I went immediately unstairs, and took my

stand at the western window of the large room directly over Mrs. Belden. Was it utterly impossible to find evidence yet, that Henry Clavering was, after all, the assassin of Mr. Leavenworth?

Filled with the thought, I looked across the room to the closet where lay the body of the girl who, according, to all probability, had known the truth of this matter, and a great longing seized me. O why could not the dead be made to speak? Carried away by the fervor of the

moment, I made my way to her side. Ah, God, how still! With what a mockery the closed lips and lids confronted my demanding gaze. A stone could not have been more unresponthe suspense under which he was | sive. With a feeling that was almost like anger, I stood there, when-O, what

was it I say protruding from beneath her shoulders where they crushed against the bed? an envelope? a letter ? yes. Dizzy with the sudden surprise, overcome with the wild hopes this discovery awakened, I stooped in great agitation and drew the letter out It was sealed but not directed. Break-

ing it hastily open, I took a glance at its contents. Good heavens! it was the work of the girl herself !-- its consider the determination of which he very appearance was enough to make speaks. Not only would he by such | that evident! This is what i

led pencil on the inside of a sheet of common writing paper I am a wicked girl. I have knone things all the time which I had ought to have told, but I didn't dare to, he said he would kill me if I did I mene the tall splendid looking gentleman with the black mustach who I met coming out of Mister Leavenworth's room with a key in his hand the night Mr. Leavenworth was murdered. He was so scared he gave me money and made me go away and come here and keep everything secret, but I can't do so no longer. I seem to see Miss Elenor all the time crying and asking me if I want her sent to prisun. God knows I'd rathus die. And this is the truth and my last words and I pray everybody's forgiveness and hope nobody will blame me and that they bother Miss Elenor any more, but go and look after the handsome

> BOOK IV. THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

gentulman with the black mushtash.

MR, GRYCE RESUMES CONTROL. A half-hour had passed. The train upon which I had every reason to expect Mr. Gryce had arrived, and I saw the form of Mr. Gryce hobbling, not on two sticks, but very painfully on one, coming slowly down the street. His face, as he approached, was a

"Well, well," exclaimed he, as we met at the gate; "this is a pretty how-dye-do, I must say. Hannah dead, eh? and everything turned topsy-turvy! Humph, and what do you think of Mary Leavenworth now?" It would therefore seem natural, in the conversation which followed his introduction into the house and instalment in Mrs. Belden's parlor, I should begin my narration by showing him Hannah's confession; but it was not Whether it was I felt anxious to have him go through the same alternations of hope and fear it had been my lot to experience since I came to R-; or whether in its depravity of human nature there lingered within me sufficient resentment for the persistent disregard he had always paid to my suspicions of Henry Clavering, to make it a matter of moment to me, to spring this knowledge upon him, just at the instant his own convictions seemed to have reached the point of absolute certainty, I cansay. Enough that it was not till I had given him a full account of every other matter connected with my in this house; not till I saw his beaming, and his lip quivering with the excitement incident upon the perusal of the letter from Mary, found Mrs. Belden's pocket; not indeed until I became assured from such exsions as 'Tremendous! The deepest game of the season! Nothing like it since the Lafarge affair!" that in another moment he would be uttering some theory or belief that once heard would forever stand like a barrier between us, did I allow myself to hand im the letter I had taken from under the dead body of Hannah. I shall never forget his expression as

he received it, "Good heavens!" oried ie, "what's this?",
"A dying confession," replied I, "of from which nothing but her uncle's death could seem to relieve her—together with this acknowledgment of

the girl Hannah. I found it lying in her bed, when I went up a halfhour ago to take a second look at Opening it, he glanced over it with an incredulous air, that speedily, how-ever, turned to one of the utmost as900 DROPS

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