

DOCTOR BEN.

An Episode in the Life of a Fortunate Unfortunate.

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

Macrae advanced and took her by the arm, looking her intensely in the face, and saying, "Carney, is this you? Is this you who were in Arboe long ago, or at the bottom of the sea?" And he laughed grimly.

"An' it's at the bottom up the saye we wish I was now, isn't it? O Thomas Macrae! what! come out o' this, now. It's no place for you an' me to talk in. Come to the open street now."

"It's too cold. Say what you wish her," said Macrae, "and I'll see you again."

"Then listen to me, an' on your soul, Thomas Macrae, answer me truly." Lowering her voice she asked—

"Where is Mither Benjamin?"

"It was like a bolt of lightning. Macrae's blood ran hot and cold. But he was not the man to be taken in any snare of Carney Dugan's setting. Not so. He felt himself immeasurably superior to this poor woman—as who would not?"

He looked loftily at her, into her very eyes, and laughed.

"Mr. Benjamin!" he exclaimed. "I had supposed he was forgotten long ago. The dead generally are."

"The dead?" repeated Carney. "Is Mither Benjamin dead?"

"Yes, and buried; and the moaning almost worn out, your foolish woman."

"Wan question more, thin, Mr. Thomas: Where is Hickoryville?"

go to Elmwood, and tell the whole story, and try to see-water myself."

Then obstinately to his aid, the man's characteristic determination. "I won't give it up yet. I'll see the woman again."

"In for a penny, in for a pound," said a wicked old proverb, sometimes used in a good cause and by good men.

"How would it do, Thomas, for me to speak of Mrs. Hartley on the subject?" asked the old conspirator.

"If you would, sir," answered the younger man, "nothing would please me better. I have no fondness for sentimentalism."

"A pretty broad statement on the heels of the birthday matter, but wrong of Macrae by circumstance."—"And, I am not mistaken, Miss Betty will look at the matter practically."

"If an understanding could be partially reached between you and Mrs. Hartley, perhaps the rest would follow. I shall look upon you as a father, sir, if you will permit me."

Oh, Joe! Joe! Joe! There was not a ray of warm spring sunshine in such love as this. The older man could not perceive the twinges and wrings of the younger one.

"But as the town lights were in plain view he gathered up courage, and struck his breast a sounding blow, saying, 'No slip for you, my boy! The cup and the lip are close together now, and I can forecast the result of the deal at Elmwood.'"

He hurly along now, for matters are approaching a crisis. On the strength of letters from "E. P. Halliwell," Dr. Peterson decides that this shall be Ben's last week at Hickoryville.

And, thinking thus, Macrae's mind became clear again. Only one question remained—should he go to Hickoryville at all? Oh, they say! Answered you right for disobeying orders, said Macrae.

"That's neither here nor there, Mither Thomas. Are you livin' in Taranta?"

fatherly confidence made a hole in him. He felt that he had been deceived by Betty, dating its beginning at Nuremberg, depicting his grief when Ben secured the prize he longed for, justifying himself, too, by a king Mr. Hollins to bear witness against him.

"But what shall I do?" he asked. "I fear to speak; I dread a refusal. I may shirk her, and set her against me for ever."

"In for a penny, in for a pound," said a wicked old proverb, sometimes used in a good cause and by good men.

"How would it do, Thomas, for me to speak of Mrs. Hartley on the subject?" asked the old conspirator.

"If you would, sir," answered the younger man, "nothing would please me better. I have no fondness for sentimentalism."

"A pretty broad statement on the heels of the birthday matter, but wrong of Macrae by circumstance."—"And, I am not mistaken, Miss Betty will look at the matter practically."

"If an understanding could be partially reached between you and Mrs. Hartley, perhaps the rest would follow. I shall look upon you as a father, sir, if you will permit me."

Oh, Joe! Joe! Joe! There was not a ray of warm spring sunshine in such love as this. The older man could not perceive the twinges and wrings of the younger one.

"But as the town lights were in plain view he gathered up courage, and struck his breast a sounding blow, saying, 'No slip for you, my boy! The cup and the lip are close together now, and I can forecast the result of the deal at Elmwood.'"

He hurly along now, for matters are approaching a crisis. On the strength of letters from "E. P. Halliwell," Dr. Peterson decides that this shall be Ben's last week at Hickoryville.

And, thinking thus, Macrae's mind became clear again. Only one question remained—should he go to Hickoryville at all? Oh, they say! Answered you right for disobeying orders, said Macrae.

"That's neither here nor there, Mither Thomas. Are you livin' in Taranta?"

explains a visit made by Matron Barmore in the afternoon. At his love for Betty, depicting his grief when Ben secured the prize he longed for, justifying himself, too, by a king Mr. Hollins to bear witness against him.

"But what shall I do?" he asked. "I fear to speak; I dread a refusal. I may shirk her, and set her against me for ever."

"In for a penny, in for a pound," said a wicked old proverb, sometimes used in a good cause and by good men.

"How would it do, Thomas, for me to speak of Mrs. Hartley on the subject?" asked the old conspirator.

"If you would, sir," answered the younger man, "nothing would please me better. I have no fondness for sentimentalism."

"A pretty broad statement on the heels of the birthday matter, but wrong of Macrae by circumstance."—"And, I am not mistaken, Miss Betty will look at the matter practically."

"If an understanding could be partially reached between you and Mrs. Hartley, perhaps the rest would follow. I shall look upon you as a father, sir, if you will permit me."

Oh, Joe! Joe! Joe! There was not a ray of warm spring sunshine in such love as this. The older man could not perceive the twinges and wrings of the younger one.

"But as the town lights were in plain view he gathered up courage, and struck his breast a sounding blow, saying, 'No slip for you, my boy! The cup and the lip are close together now, and I can forecast the result of the deal at Elmwood.'"

He hurly along now, for matters are approaching a crisis. On the strength of letters from "E. P. Halliwell," Dr. Peterson decides that this shall be Ben's last week at Hickoryville.

And, thinking thus, Macrae's mind became clear again. Only one question remained—should he go to Hickoryville at all? Oh, they say! Answered you right for disobeying orders, said Macrae.

"That's neither here nor there, Mither Thomas. Are you livin' in Taranta?"

The World's Dispensary and Invalid's Hotel, at Buffalo, N. Y., destroyed by fire a year ago, is rebuilt and full of patients. For "Invalid's Guide Book," giving particulars and terms of treatment, address, with two stamps, World's Dispensary Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The poor office-despatch editor of the Atlanta Constitution says: "There is nothing so despised by the stupid journalist as facility—by the hard-boned journalist as propriety—or by a lazy journalist as energy."

Young, middle-aged, or old men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address us, with two stamps, for large treatise, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Petersburg, Va., produced an icicle so large that it killed a horse. Even down South there is no scarcity and nothing to lament over.

Vegetine.—The great success of the Vegetine as a cleanser and purifier of the blood is shown beyond a doubt by the great numbers who have taken it, and received immediate relief, with such remarkable cures.

Important.—When you visit or leave New York City, save the money you would spend on a ticket, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, 401 Grand Central Dep. of 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse and carriage supplied. Railroads to all depots. Families can live here for less money than elsewhere. Healthier than any other first-class hotel in the city.

The best thing about a rainbow is that it does not say out after dark. It has not the absurd habits of the comet.

The secret of beauty lies in pure blood and good health, without the one the other is impossible. Burdock Blood Bitters is the grand key that unlocks all the secretions, opens the way to health by purifying and regulating all the organs to a proper action. It cures Scrofulous Diseases, acts on the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Skin and Bowels, and brings the bloom of health to the pallid cheek.

My writer has finished a sketch called "Lifted Out of Hell." I would be difficult for Bernhard to be treated in that way and have anything left.

Davy & Claik, Druggists, Renfrew, date of June 23rd, write, "Burdock Blood Bitters through comparative a new preparation, has taken the lead of this locality as a blood purifier, our sales of it being equal to that of all other medicines used for the purpose during the last year." 18.

The Boston Transcript's musical critic characterizes Mr. Mass' piano playing as "eminently musicianly." It is sorrowful to see the English language maltreated.

An Admonition.—To neglect a cough or cold, is but to invite consumption, that destroyer of the human race. Hager's Pectoral Balsam will cure the cough and allay all irritation of the bronchial tubes and lungs, and effectually remedy all pulmonary complaints, such as Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, &c.

Use "TRAVELER" and you will find your Teeth become as pearls; 'Twill fragrant make the breath of all Boys, women, men and girls.

SAFE CURE FOR THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is no remedy by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—wherever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged action of the liver. To restore therefrom is the only way by which health can be secured.

WATERBURY'S SAFE CURE FOR THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

WATERBURY'S SAFE CURE FOR THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

WATERBURY'S SAFE CURE FOR THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

WATERBURY'S SAFE CURE FOR THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

WATERBURY'S SAFE CURE FOR THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

WATERBURY'S SAFE CURE FOR THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

WATERBURY'S SAFE CURE FOR THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

WATERBURY'S SAFE CURE FOR THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

WATERBURY'S SAFE CURE FOR THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

Use "TRAVELER" and you will find your Teeth become as pearls; 'Twill fragrant make the breath of all Boys, women, men and girls.

SAFE CURE FOR THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is no remedy by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—wherever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged action of the liver.

WATERBURY'S SAFE CURE FOR THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

WATERBURY'S SAFE CURE FOR THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

WATERBURY'S SAFE CURE FOR THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

WATERBURY'S SAFE CURE FOR THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

WATERBURY'S SAFE CURE FOR THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

WATERBURY'S SAFE CURE FOR THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

WATERBURY'S SAFE CURE FOR THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

WATERBURY'S SAFE CURE FOR THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

WATERBURY'S SAFE CURE FOR THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

CHAPTER XXII.

Macrae remained a minute or two before "The Alderney," filled with perplexity. "That's a queer woman," he thought.

"Why isn't she feeding the cattle-fish? She and Folliss will be an injury yet."

Macrae was overcome. Such complete

CHAPTER XXII.

Macrae was overcome. Such complete

CHAPTER XXII.