18 Nature's effort to expel foreign substances from the bronchial passages. Frequently, this causes inflammation and the need of an anodyne. No other expectorant or anodyne is equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It assists Nature in ejecting the mucus, allays irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures. "Of the many preparations before the

public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there is none, within the range of my experience, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For years I was subject to colds, followed by terrible coughs. About four years ago, when so afflicted, I was adrised to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and to lay all other remedies aside. I did o, and within a week was well of my old and cough. Since then I have slways kept this preparation in the Mrs. L. L. Brown, Denmark, Miss.

"A few years ago I took a severe cold which affected my lungs. I had a teright without sleep. The doctors gave ge up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, ich relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded the rest necessary for the scovery of my strength. By the conmual use of the Pectoral, a permanent ere was effected."-Horace Fairbrother,

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PISO'S CURE FOR N THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. CONSUMPTION

Canadian Post. INDSAY, FRIDAY, SEPT. 18, 1891.

Continued from second page. min flickered across her lips. "I try not to rengeful," she said. "I pray not to be. Often I think the praying helps me. That " Then, after a slight pause, she add-But it is hard."

"What is hard?" he enquired suddenly. "That this creature should be living in ecurity, perhaps in exultation, somewhere tiar away. But there's a worse thought en even that."

"Well, what is it?" That among the few people I meet now-Pays he or she may be one of those with them I innocently converse, whose hand I the on whom I smile and who smiles back mme. Oh, no, no," she cried in agitated el-interruption," I won't think of it, Tallrige, its too distressing. I've promised medi to tear all these ideas and imaginings hom my mind and heart. It's so much eter simply to tell oneself that what's done sdone and that thirsting for vengeance is

ist as futile as unwise." Tailmadge made no direct answer; he had at the courage to make one, and it occurred him, after Helena flitted away, that he ind permitted the whole prized interview to nd in weightless trivialities. That night he slept horribly, and on the

blowing day felt so ill that he sent for his There is some mental trouble worrying

eyou," said his practitioner, who was also "No. none," replied Tallmadge, feeling the re of his lie while he spoke it. That night gwas obliged to take to his bed, and the old her whose seeds were in his system, gave

tong symptoms of return. The next afternoon Helena came to him. he was visibly worried by his new overhow. The fever made Tallmadge bold. "I ball never get thoroughly well," he said to g, "until you consent to be my wife." She arted painfully and drew backward several

tos from his bedside. "I see," he persisted. "You think me out fmy head, Helena." "No, no," she murmured.

Your father wanted us to marry one anther," he pursued. "You remember that." "Yes, yes, Tallmadge; I remember." "Helena," he exclaimed, lifting himself a the pillow. "I loved you before Justin proester ever saw you. Is there no hope Ir me? My whole life, if I recovered and married me, would be one devout and ttense expiation!"

"Expiation!" she said, wonderingly, and in the thought came to her that he was cally out of his head, which may have been prially true, since his malady was now

Moved by a sudden impulse, she bent twn and kissed him on the forehead. "I'm try fond of you," she said, and meant it, Secould never love any man again as she ad loved her dead husband, but the magniade of her pity for this man blent with pregard which she had already felt for m, made her abruptly yet firmly confient that one future day might unite them

a sense of absolute ecstasy beset Talladge. He closed his eves under the stress it, and let his head sink backward. When Exse and looked about him again the room

He sank back once more. He was very ppy. And yet he realized that his veins d begun to burn with an increase of the and distemper which had never yet been tiven from them-half malarial, as the Officers declared, and half cerebral. His lips w moved, and he heard his own voice hough it were the voice of some one else, ressing him in disjointed fragments: he has really forgotten. She thinks she ≋not—no brain fever. You should never we gone to Florida, of all places. Those wilish doctors kept you there because they light only of their fees. You'll get well you'll marry her. She'll never know, ever dream. In time she'll love you; in in time." And then his murmurs

Jeanwhile Helena had not left him. The nician whom she had met just before tring Tallmadge's room had requested not to remain there long. She now tied in the adjoining room and instructed cousin's valet, who also waited there, to breathe a word of her having thus re-

was then nearly 6 o'clock in the even-The valet, at her request, brought her sort of repast in lieu of dining, and stated herself afterwards with a book from one of the shelves. Her mind Pld not fix itself, however, upon the print-Mge. It was always wandering to him nom she had left within the adjacent cham-She recalled ner dead father's wish hat she should become his wife. Her heart to beat excitedly as she thought: should I not consent, once and for If it would bring him back to health? sarely would forgive me if his spirit

the watching us now!" The valet suddenly startled her by gliding her side and whispering: "He's got out his bed, Mrs. Worcester, and he's writdo as he pleases. But you must wrap some thing warm about him, John. It's even cold-er than it was."

"No need of that, ma'am; he's put on his woollen wrapper and his slippera."

"Ah! And how does he seem, John! Like "He, ma'am. He's queen as possible." "Yes, ma'am. His eyes are flamin' like, and he don't appear as if he were in his own

A portiere hung between the two rooms Helena stole to it and parted its folds little. She had a clear view of the sick man as he sat before his desk, though only his profile was visible to her. That served to decide her, however. She went back to John and spoke thus:

"Go at once for Dr. Meredith. I think Mr. Van Dyke is out of his mind. I think so because his face is twitching strangely and he holds the pen in such an odd way. Besides, he is muttering to himself all the while. Go at once. I will wait here."

John promptly obeyed. Perhaps five minutes later Helena went again to the portiere. Still clad in the woollen wrapper, Tallmadge had flung himself on the bed. His eyes were closed, and his breathing was so heavy that she could hear it from where she stood. And yet she somehow doubted if he was

After a brief delay of irresolution she passed into his chamber. Her step was very light; it did not rouse him. She paused before the desk. A sheet of paper lay there, with writing upon it. As her eye swept the page she felt a dreadful pang of recognition. The characters were those of the fatal anonymous letter which had killed Justin. They had bitten themselves into her memory long agot

With trembling hand she lifted the page. It was all the precise counterpart of what she knew so terribly well. Not a word was different. This letter was addressed to her dead husband, just as that other letter had yet it was unfolded! it was convincingly a

The truth flashed through her mind. For an instant she turned sick and giddy. Then she stood quite still, with her face deathly white and her eyes fixed on the form of the prostrate man. Everything was plain to her, He had done that dastardly thing months ago, and now in his delirium, or semi-delirium, he had automatically re-

peated the act. A great rage possessed her. She advanced toward Tallmadge and shook him roughly

He awoke (if at all be had been asleep) and stared at her, half raising himself. In one hand she held the accusing paper. With the other she now clutched his arm. "It was you who wrote to Justin!" she

cried. "Here is the proof!" While she thus addressed him he was mentally dazed and unmanned by the fierce recent encroachments of his disease. But a gleam of despairing intelligence lighted his flushed face as he heard her and looked at

"Yes, yes, Helena! I wrote the letter!" he gasped. "I wrote it-God forgive me!" "God may," she answered, while her grasp on his arm relaxed. "God may, Tallmadge Van Dyke, but I cannot."

Then she passed from the room, and soon afterwards from the house. In a few days more they brought her news of his death.

This is the history of Helena Worcester's strangely unhappy life. There were times, amid the retirement which followed for her there in that old Waverley place house where she spent so many secluded years, when she bitterly reproached herself for having caused her cousin's death by not going to him and

giving him her pardon. But there are certain spirits in this world that are made all the more miserable by their own gentleness and nobility. On these an added sorrow is always coldly entailed, and the very existence of their power to forgive injuries would seem to increase by a new factor of mystery the whole sad problem of human suffering.

PRYOR'S ELACK

By Elmer Dane.



HEN Robert Pryor, fair young bride, established himself in the town of Wichville to practice law, he did so with the idea firmly rooted in his mind that to attain power and success he must thoroughly acquaint himself with the lives and characters of his fel-

low-citizens, as well as become thoroughly versed in the lore of his profession. In addition, then, to the Index Rerum, which was to contain notes of decisions, citations to authorities, and different legal points as he should chance upon them and deem them valuable, he determined to procure a book which should be unique after its kind, and serve the other purpose of con-

taining notes upon men. Accordingly he had the book-binder make, after his instructions, a large, thick volume, the pages of which were divided into separate blank spaces, each to be devoted to the record of one individual. Inasmuch as the accumulations of facts, contained would be likely to make the book valuable, the cover was made of sheet iron, encased in black leather, and the edges were protected by iron plates; this to preserve it in case of fire. It was secured by a combination lock, and having a desk built for it in one corner of his private office, the lawyer had chained it to the wall; thus none but he could read it, and it would have been difficult for anyone

Business progressed fairly with him from the start. He tried to keep up with his profession, read and studied persistently the first few years, and his legal notebook, the Index Rerum, showed signs of his researches. But gradually the other book engrossed his time and thoughts. He found the occupation of sifting the lives of men and discovering their secrets so fascinating that he finally became devoted to it. He would open the Black Book when alone and gloat over the pages that contained so many

How many men were there whose lives and reputations he held in his grasp! How many women, now presiding over proud and happy homes, whom he could confound and blast forever by flashing the light from his book

upon some sin of their past! There was hardly a family in the community whose skeleton in the closet he had not unearthed. There was scarcely one business; man, scarcely one professional man-not even among ministers of the gospel-in whose lives had not taken place some transactions, which he knew, and which could not bear the light of day.

The lawyer did his work thoroughly. He did not content himself with rumors, reports, hearsay evidence; he was satisfied only with absolute proof. And no gossip had a keener scent for scandal, no detective had greater skill to ferret out a clue, no artificer had more patience in building up his structure, no priest more success in inducing the peni- first time in all their marital experience that

tent to lay bare his soul in the confessions than did Lawyer Pryor. When he noted down a fact, he gave the particulars in de tail, and made a memorandum as to ho and by whom each circumstance could be proved. He allowed no chance for mistake His records were terrible but true.

What object had he in view? He did not know himself; the occupation had simply become a mania with him. Yet it did give him power, the power born of fear. There was not a man in the com munity more dreaded than he. When he spoke no one was listened to with greater respect or less enthusiasm. The people collectively did not know the cause of his power, the reason for their fears; but each individual inwardly felt that this man's

favor it would be well to court. If there ever arose anything that he wished them to do, he would privately drop them a hint which made them tremblingly obey. He sometimes used his power to feed his appetite; he would use the secret of o man's life to wrest from him the knowledge he had of another's. He could have held any office in the gift of

that public, had he so desired. He preferred to be the deus ex cathedra, the power behind the throne. Once only did he accept office. For one term he was prosecuting attorney. His cross-questioning was so feared that the terrified criminals prefered to plead guilty and throw themselves on the mercy of the court than to be excoriated by him. He declined re-election because he disliked publicity. But if any candidate wished to be sure of success, all he had to do was to secure the support of Lawyer Pryor, which,

however, the latter was rather chary of giv-

If a close observer would have kept watch of the suits in which Pryor was engaged, he would have noted that very few of them came to trial; they were settled or compromised out of court. He never exacted money for his silence; he never blackmailed anyone. No people could be exactly sure as to what he did know concerning them, but he would make them understand that he knew enough, and the uncertainty, the ver mystery of it would make them fear to cross

He used his power far from maliciously A great many acts of reparation and restitution were brought about by his quiet but meaning suggestions.

He eventually ceased to read law altogether. The dust of years settled on the tomes of his library, and the spiders spun their webs from shelf to shelf. His one clerk did all the draughting of legal papers. More and more the lawyer became absorb-

ed in his dissection of lives. Page after page of his Black Book was filled with black lines chronicling black facts-black, black! His form became bent so as to suggest an animated interrogation point. When he encountered men in the course of business his mental attitude was always that of inquiry: "What secret have you?" He would, as it were, tap his finger on every breast and, looking into the eyes as if to pierce the very soul, mentally ask: "What have you here! What have you hid away in your heart that you think no eye shall see?"

Strange as it may seem, he led another life in connection with this. His domestic life ran along in a smooth and tranquil stream side by side with the murky waters of his professional existence. He had separated one entirely from the other.

When he entered the door of his home, he became a different man. In the bosom of his family, by the side of his family, by the side of his wife still young and still beautiful. whom he loved with the undiminished fervor of his youth, whom he called an angel and still believed to be so; surrounded by his children, healthy, happy, and bright, he reverted to his natural kindlier self. His wife was a thoroughly domestic woman. She knew nothing, she cared nothing about his business. She enjoyed all the comforts and luxury that moderate wealth could procure, and, crowned with the love of husband and children, her heart was content. Home and its joys supplied the needs of friendship to Pryor. He had no friends. His position in the professional and business world did not invite friendship; fear

does not inspire it. So there was no one to warn him of danger. The good in men faded out of his knowledge; the evil in mankind assumed undue proportions in his mind. The one fault in the best men's lives became to him the symbol of their character. This morbid view of humanity never tempted him to do any of the sins he saw committed by others. He was always objective, he never focused the lenses through which he gazed upon himself. was always the cynical, sneering specta

tor. He was the surgeon who with unerring hand drove the probe to the canker-spot. His clerk had a curiosity about the Black Book. Once Pryor forgot to lock it, as he stepped out of his office. He was gone but a moment, but it gave the clerk time to take a peep and see enough to enable him to rightly conjecture its use. The clerk had a friend, and his friend had other friends; and it was not long until the entire town had heard of it. And when men would tease each other about their misdeeds, they would jokingly cite quotations

from Lawyer Pryor's Black Book. It was at this time that the conclusion to this tale was brought about. It was near the close of day. Lawyer Prvor locked the door of his private office and started for home. As he walked along, bending over in his inquisitorial way he encountered several strangers, new residents. The old query reverted to him, and started a train of musings which so absorbed him that he was before his own door ere he knew it. At the threshold stood his wife smiling a loving welcome. Before he could realize it that question with

its full power of damnation had sprung to his lips, and he was laying his finger on her heart and asking, "What secret have you?" Had she a secret from him, this woman, who for 20 years had reigned in his home and ruled his heart? Could it be that there was something in her life that she concealed from him? This rush of intolerable thoughts staggered him, he reeled forward and almost fell into her arms. His kiss was cold, though his breath almost scorched her cheek.

"What is the matter, Robert? Are you ill?" she inquired with fond anxiety. "Nothing. No, I'm not ill," he muttered and pushed past her. She followed him wondering. He entered the sitting room where his children were. His eldest daughter sat by the window sewing, she sprang up to greet him and then returned to her work. He looked at her fiercely, so young and so tender, becoming more like her mother every day-should he allow her to become exposed to the world, perhape to be stained by its sin, or should he rather slay her on the spot, like that Roman Father of old? His boys! they had seemed so steady and honest hitherto, would they deceive him as they grew older, and mock his care with wrongdoing and crime? This little one, his baby, who clasped her arms around his neck, and wanted her "Dada to play wis her"-would her arms always be innocently circled around some one worthy of her?, "Faugh!" he put the child down,

despite her cries. The harpies had got

his door. The fumes of Hell possessed his

"Oh! Robert" she cried, and hurt beyond

measure, retired within herself. It was the

was sick.

soul. He would eat no supper, and paced around the room like a caged animal. His children were frightened; his wife put her arms up to him and again asked him if he "Leave me alone, can't you," was his gruff

he had harshly used her, and she knew not what to make of it. Her silence now aggravated his suspicions, and made his unreason worse than ever. He left the house and wandered about the streets until late at sleep because of the torment. He went to his office in the morning without exchanging the customary farewells with his wife. All that day there kept ringing through his head "What secret has she! What secret has she?" Darkness was slowly setting over his soul. His cler afterwards testified that he behaved like a madman. In the afternoon he could stand it no longer. "I will not be balked in this Others have yielded up their secrets to me, and I will see if I cannot wrest hers from

Full of this purpose, he rushed home. Wild-eyed and frenzied, he asked the frightened children where their mother was, "In her room," they said. She was lying on her bed, her eyes swollen with weeping. "You must tell me!" he screamed. "What is that you have concealed from me, what secret have you been carrying in your heart?" He seized her hand and violently

made her stand. "Oh, Robert!" she exclaimed, trembling and terrified, "what do you mean?" "Answer me, answer me. Don't prevaricate. You can't hide it from me. Tell me what is the secret you have concealed from

"Robert, oh, Robert! Nothing have I kept from you. What does it all mean? Robert, my husband!" she implored, sinking to her

"Once again, will you tell me?" he demanded, and stood threateningly above her. "As God is my judge, I have nothing to tell!" she reiterated, and began to weep bit-

"You lie, woman," he bissed through his teeth. "You shall never see me again!" "Robert!" she fairly shricked, "you shall

She had sprang upon him and wound her arms about his neck. He struggled to shake her off, and bruised her tender flesh in more than one spot, but she clung to him with all the desperation of a loving woman, constantly crying and begging him to listen. "Robert, Robert, you must tell me. What horror is this? My husband, what fiend has accused me? What can it mean? Oh, Heaven help me! Robert, Robert, in the name of our children, hear me!"

She finally was successful. His strength suddenly forsook him, and he fell sobbing at her feet. She knelt by him, and supporting his head on her breast, caressed and comforted him as if he were a child. When he had quieted down sufficiently,

she said: "Now, my darling, you must tell me what it is all about." And, overcome by shame and remorse, he told her all.

"Oh, Robert," she cried, when he had concluded, "and all these years that serpent has been circling closer and closer, drawing its folds about our love and home, until now it has almost crushed us!" "Yes, my angel," he said, "still my guard-

ian angel! and if you had not clung to me like a true wife as you did, it would have "And now Rob," she said, "do you know what you must do? You must destroy that Black Book, and efface all knowledge of its

contents from your mind." "What, the labor of my life! Yes, yes you are right, always right. I will destroy the Black Book, remove my office, destroy all old associations, and try to restore that faith in humanity without which I now realize, every happiness is some time or other, bound to fail."

He carried out his resolutions thoroughly and cheerfully. Husband and wife that evening went to the office together, arm in arm. He kindled a roaring fire in the grate. As he tore out the leaves from the Black Book one by one, she fed them to the flames. She breathed a prayer over each somber page, asking that as the record of sin vanished in smoke so might the guilt be purged from the heart of the sinner. And as the weight of the book grew less, the heart of her husband grew lighter.

When all was done, she stood up and look ed at him inquiringly. "Not one regret, my love. Not one regret," he answered. "I stand before you arescued

"Oh! how glad I am," she said, and they went home together as happy and gay as the youngest of young lovers.

"Whew!" the clerk gave a long whistle. On the floor lay the empty shell of the Black Book, in the grate was a heap of ashes. His astonishment was increased when his employer came in, walking erect and looking as cheery as a beam of sun-

"Dust off the books, open the windows, and brighten things up as much as you can for to-day. In the meantime I will hunt up

a new location for our office." The townspeople shared the clerk's amazement, and never ceased to wonder at the change that had come over Lawyer Pryor. He set about making friends. The destruction of his Black Book was published through the same channels that its existence became known. The whole town seemed to heave a sigh of relief after hearing this, and men were eager to become friends of him whom they had once secretly feared. Pryor seemed to have become suddenly rejuvenated. Nothing ever disturbed his home again. To his wife he gave the credit of its preservation. The kindly faith in humanity which he acquired and practiced caused him to lose nothing. In the community in which he lived, he found that he still retained his power and influence, but the scepter of fear in his hand had been succeeded by the scept-

Virus taken from hares is being experimented with in France, and thus far it has been found to work equally well for the purpose of vaccination as virus taken from

The effect which living at high altitudes has on the blood of animals has been recently investigated, and the results show that the proportion of oxygen in the blood of men and animals acclimatized there was the same as that of dwellers at lower levels.

The highest atmospheric pressure on record seems to be 31.72 inches, which occurred at Sempalatinski, on Dec. 16, 1877; and the lowest at any land station is quoted at 27.12 inches, which was recorded on the coast of Orissa, on Sept. 22, 1885. The difference of 4.6 in these readings is probably the maximum range of the barometer ever observed on the earth's surface.

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or better-a oure! Pickling Videna extra strong, and Mixed Picking Spice, at E GREGORY'S. -69 4.

The Clover Root Borer.

[To the Editor of THE POST.] SIR,-I have received a letter from a farmer in the county of Oxford who asks information regarding an insect which is preying about his clover. As this insect has not been at work very long in this country, it is well that the farmers be made acquainted with it, and with its modes of working. Although happily it is easily discovered when we know the way of doing this, it may work serious injury to the clover crop where its habits are not understood.

The writer of the letter referred to gives his observations in reference to the insect and its work in the following language:-"I noticed that cattle while pasturing on the second growth of a first crop of clover had pulled up a very large number of plants by the roots. I set to work to examine the plant and found the root in a dry, diseased condition; and in opening up the root, I was snrprised to find the cause of the trouble to be insect life. I discovered within the root numbers of little maggots in different stages of growth, and in two or three instances housed up as it were a tiny little bug, which I presume lays the eggs which produce the maggot. I even went to the trouble to cut out of the ground clover roots that as yet looked fairly green and healthy, and was amazed to see them fairly alive with this insect pest."

The insect thus described is, undoubtedly the clover-root-borer; and the way in which it injures the crop is well described in the letter. Sometimes the roots are eaten to so great an extent that much difficulty is tound in mowing the second crop of the season. The enemy is European in its origin, and was brought to this country several years ago. As early as 1878 it was giving trouble to the farmers of New York state. Since that time it has extended its ravages into the adjoining states and to a limited extent it has been operating during recent years

in this province. The clover root borer when matured is a small, hairy, brownish black beetle, a little less than a tenth of an inch long. In the spring the female deposits from four to six eggs in a cavity bored into the crown of the root. In a few days the eggs hatch and the larvae at once commence their hidden journey adown the principal roots of the plant. They feed upon the inner substance of the root, and fill the channels which they excavate with a sawdust-like excrement. The larva becomes full grown late in the summer, when they are about one eight of an inch long. The body is whitish and the head yellow. They then change to papae within the roots o the clover and emerge as adult beetles. usually in the early autumn. They generally hybernate in a cavity within the

root of the plant.

From the life history of the insect the mode of destroying it becomes apparent. As the beetle does not reach maturity untill about the month of October, it is plain that if the clover is ploughed under in late summer, the plant must decay before the beetles reach maturity. Within the decaying house which thus becomes a tomb, the larvae must die. The remedies sometimes recommended are, it seems to me, wide of the mark. For instance, it is SCRANTON COA me, wide of the mark. For instance, it is stated by some who have written upon the subject that no better remedy is known than to plough the infested fields in the spring of the third year of the clover. This advice is of no use whatever, for the reason, first, that the common red clover on which the insect is most prone to prey is in most soils a biennal, and therefore when the third year comes, there is but little or no clover to plough under, and, second, although the insect does attack the crop during the season of the first cutting, as stated in the letter quoted from above, its attacks are more destructive the next year. So that, if the ploughing is not done till the following spring, a well fed crop of matured insects will be ready to march to another field to commence again the work of destruction. Besides, it is not spring ploughing as much as early autumn ploughing that destroys the insects.

Some authorities recommend pasturing after the first cutting until the close of the season. This also will be of no avail, for the eggs are laid in the crown of the plant before the first cutting, and the larva burrowed deep enough to be out of harm's way before the time of pasturing It is clearly apparent that the first cut-

ting of the clover cannot be seriously affected, as the larva deposited by the beetles are not far enough advanced by the time of the cutting of the hay to do any serious damage. If the clover is turned under before the second crop matures the larva are destroyed. follows, therefore, that there is not the slightest necessity for abondoning the growing of clover for a term of years in any locality in order to get rid of the pest. Some have advised that this should be done. Clover may be grown every year, we get only one cutting so long as the insect gives trouble. The regular rotation may in this way be disturbed, but it is disturbance that is not attended with serious consequences. Indeed it may prove helpful in some localities, as it will tend not only to destroy weeds where these are abundant, but it will improve the land through the ploughing under of the second growth of the clover. It may also render it necessary to grow timothy by itself, but this may readily be done. It is, therefore, easily possible to keep this troublesome insect at bay.

Ont. Agricul. College, Guelph, 1st Sept, 1891. VARIETIES.

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