CHAPTER XXVII.—CONTINUED.

I heard the boy say "Thank ye," and then the footsteps of the man coming nearer to My only hope was that I might perhaps escape him in the blinding fog by crouching under the hedge till he had passed; but, to my horror, he was coming as slowly and as cautiously as I. I had found my way to the hedge and knelt down close under it, my face almost among the briars and thorns. He rassed me; I could see the vague form as it went by. But in my joy at the sight I drew a sharp breath; he turned back groped for me, found, and raised me to my feet, all without a word. I closed my eyes and shuddered. For the first moment I felt too exhausted by the excitement of those awful minutes to struggle much. could only feebly try to push him off, crying brokenly—

"Don't-don't hurt me!" "Hurt you, my own darling! Look up at me. Heaven help me, I have nearly fright-

ened you to death!"

I looked up with a cry, and flung my arms round his neck. It was Laurence, his face so haggard and so dirty as to be scarcely recognisable; but he told me, as he kissed me again and again, that I must not mind that, for he had travelled night and day without a moment's rest since he got my letter on the morning of the previous day.

"And, thank Heaven, I am in time, in time!" he cried, as he pressed me again in his arms. "In time for what Laurence? I should

have been near you in two days," said I wonderingly. "We were to start to-morrow morning.

"To morrow morning! Just a few hours more, and I should have lost you!" cried the poor fellow, in such agony of horror and relief at the same time that only to see him in that state brought the tears to my eyes. "Lost me, Laurence? Oh, do tell me what

you mean!" I cried piteously. "Oh, Violet, you are still so innocent as to think that that man would have brought you to me?"

"Why not?" asked I in a whisper. "Because he loves you himself," said he hetween his teeth-"it the feeling even you inspire in such a man can be called love. Your innocence would not have protected you much longer. On, I was a fool, a blind fool, ever to leave you, for father-motheranybody in the world! But I did not know

cpened my stupid eyes." "Oh, Laurence, Laurence, what dreadful things are you saying?" I cried, shaking with

fear even in his arms. "Never mind, my own darling; you are safe now," said he very gently. "I didn't mean to frighten you. I ought to have warned you long ago; but I could not bear

But, Laurence, my mother is going with us. Didn't I tell you that? I had a letter from her-"

"Which she never wrote. On my way back to London, I telegraphed to your mother to meet me at Charing Cross Station, and there she told me she had never seen Mr. Rayner and never heard a word of the journey to Monaco."

in his arms. When I recovered, I found sprang to my feet, startled. Mr. Rayner, that he had carried me some distance; and, | bright and smiling, drew my hand through as soon as I began to sigh, he put me down | his arm and led me to the looking glass. and gave me some brandy and water out of | Flashing and sparkling round my throat his flask.

"I'm always wanting that now I think " said I, trying weakly to smile as I remembered that two or three times lately Mr. Rayner had given it to me when I seemed | please you?" to be on the point of fainting. "You are the first person who has made me go off quite, though," I said.

And poor Laurence took it as a reproach, and insisted on our stopping again in the fog | trembling fingers, and then stood, panting for me to forgive him. We were making our way slowly, in the increasing daraness, down the lane to the high road.

"But what am I to do, Laurence?" I asked trembling. 'Shall I tell Mr. Rayneroh, I can't think he is so wicked!-shall I tell nim you have come back, and don't

want me to leave England?" Not for the world, my darling," said he gently "Nobody in Goldham-not even at the Hall-knows I have come back. That is why I had to send for you on a pretext, and frighten you ont of your life. The here in a fly from the station only a few minutes before I met him, and sent him off | now, my dear." with the promise of a shilling if he brought you back with him.

lose sight of me for a moment! But what | ers nor Mrs. Rayner's were called into play; is all this mystery about, Liurence? Why | for Mr. Maynard was already rather drowsy | ing than any thief. His face was ghastly don't you go to the Hall and see your | and, after sleepily muttering "Bravo-very father?"

waiting till to-morrow to know that, will you, darling?"

"Oh, yes, I shall! I want to know now, said I coaxingly. "Won't you trust me with your secret?"

curious, and hurt at his refusal; and, when | door being shut, I had gone closer and closer he saw the tears come into my eyes, he gave | to it, as if drawn, by an irresistable fascina-

He had been so much struck with the postscript to my letter, telling him of a suspicious looking man whom I connected with with the Denham Court robbery hanging about the Hall, and promising to visit it again | kept me from returning to the drawing on Wednesday, that he had obtained, be telegraphing to the chief of the metropolitan police, a force of constables to lie in wait upon the Hall that night. He had appointed a trustworthy person to meet them at Beaconsburgh station and conduct them to a rendezvous he had obtained in the park, where they were probably waiting now. He sense of diappointment as an air from Rigo. was going to station them himself, undor cover of the fog, in places round the Hall, among the shrubs, where they would be well concealed, and yet be near the approaches of the house, especially on that side where the strong room was. The fog might work for them or against them; it might throw the thieves-if indeed they came, which was a matter of chance—into the constables'hands be left to fortune.

that Sarah was always raving about a bad struck by the grains change of style in her man named James Woodfall, who seemed to husband's playing. It was as brilliant as have a great influence upon her and to be ever; the execution of one of the difficult mixed up in everything evil she talked passages in the arrangement of Martha was about. Well, I have brought down among | clever, more perfect than usual; but the the constables a man who knew James soulwas not there, and no brilliancy of shake Woodfall, and swears he could identify him. for cadenza would repay one for the loss. This Woodfall used to be a clever forger, It did not sound like the playing of the quite a lad; but he has been lost sight of for | gradually died away; and, after watching years. There is only an off-chance of his Mrs. Rayner curiously for some minutes

having anything at all to do with this; but I mentioned his name to the chief constable, and he thought it worth trying. So now, my darling, you know everything, and you must keep my secrets, every one, like grim death. As for your journey, don't be alarmed. I shall be in the same train with you; and your mother will really meet you

her to do so." Laurence insisted on seeing me home. We had crent along the high road until we were close to the cottage nearest to the Alders, when we heard the sounds of hoofs and wheels, and men's voices helloing through the fog. Laurence opened the gate of the cottage garden and led me inside till they

should have passed. It was the dog-cart, with Mr. Rayner on foot leading the horse, and Maynard still

"Lucky you are going to stay the night!" Mr. Rayner was saying. "I wouldn't undertake to find my way to my own gate tonight."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

We followed the dog cart at a safe distance, which was not very far off in the fog, until it stopped at the stable gate. we slipped past quite unseen on the other side of the road, while Mr. Rayner was busy opening the gate; and at the front way down the drive as fast as I could, and | cf evil. got in some minutes before Mr. Rayner and his companion. And, as I could rely upon the silence of Mr. Rayner and the cook, said nothing to anybody else about my ex-

We were about an hour over dinner, and, when Mr. Rayner had been to the tellarnot the dreadful store room cellar-himself to get out a bottle of port, he asked Mr. Maynard if he was fond of music.

"Well, I'm not much of a dab at it myself, though I used to tootle a little upon the cornet when I was a boy," replied the detective, whose language had grown a little easier and was less carefully chosen as he knew us better. "But I don't mind a tune now and then."

"Ah, you are not an enthusiast, I see!" said Mr. Rayner. "Now I can never be happy long without music. Did you ever try the violin?

"Well, no; that is rather a scratchy sort of instrument, to my mind. Give me the concertina" replied Mr. Maynard genially. "Then I won't ask you to listen to my

quite all until your own sweet naive letter | music," said Mr. Rayner. "I'm only a fiddler. However, I think I must console myself for this disgusting weather by a-a tune to night; but I'll be merciful and shut the doors. My wife and Miss Christie will entertain you, and-let me see, it is half past seven—at nine o'clock I'll come and in-Hict myself upon you again, and we can have a game at backgammon. Do you care for backgammon?"

Mr. Maynard having declared that he did, Mr. Rayner asked me if I could go into the drawing room and hunt out La Traviata and Moore's "Irish Melodies." I went obediently, and was on my knees turning over the great piles of music that stood there, when he came in and softly shut the door. Before I knew he was near I felt something passed round my neck and heard the snap This blow was too much for me; I fainted of a clasp behind. I put up my hand and was a necklace of red jewels that dazzled me by their beauty.

"Don't I keep my promises? I said I would bring you some garnets,

But they did not at all, after what Laurence had, said; the magn ficent present filled me with terror. I put up both hands, tore them off,, and flung them down with with fright at my own daring, wondering what he would do to me.

He did nothing. After looking at me for what feemed to me a long time, while I stood trembling, at first proud and then ashamed of myself, without the least sign of dipleasure he picked up the necklace, slipped t into his pocket, and said quite vard in front of me. I heard nothing but

"That is avery pretty spirit, but is rather ungrateful, isn't it! Never mind; you shall whisper through the fogmake amends for it by-and-by. Now will you go and help Mrs. Rayner to entertain boy I sent for you did not know me. I got our lynx-eyed friend? You shall come back and fetch me at nine o'clock. Run along

He gave me a gentle little tap of dismissal and, rather crestfallen, I turned to the din-"Ah that is why he was so anxious not to | ing room. But neither my entertaining pow-"Ah, that is a secret! You won't mind | "Adieu" died away on Mr. Rayner's violin. he had to make an effort to listen to a selection from Rigoletto, and during some airs from Martha which followed I heard the regular breathing of a sleeping person from the arm-chair where he was sitting. But I He did not want to do so; but I was was paying little attention to him. The expected. tion, as Mr. Rayner seemed to play the "Adieu" as he had never played it before. Every note seemed to fibrate in my own heart, and nothing but fear of his displeasure if I disturbed him before nine o'clock again. room, where I could have heard each plaintive passionate note unmuffled by the two doors between. When the last note of the "Adieu" had died away, and Mr. Maynard's coarse voice has broken the spell by his "Bravo-very good!" I listened for the next melody eagerly, and was struck with a chill gust. letto followed.

It was not that I did not care for that opera, though it is scarcely one of my favorites, but a certain hardnesss of touch, which struck me at once as being unlike the rich full tones Mr. Rayner generally drew from his loved violin, grated upon my ear and since." puzzled me. Of course Mr. Maynard did not notice any difference, and muttered apor it might help them to escape. That must | proval from time to time indiscriminately. But my glances stole from him to Mrs. Ray-"And you know you said in your letter ner; and I could see that she also was got caught only once, when he was same man, and my interest in the music

and noting the intentness with which, sitting upright in her chair, she was listening to the violin and at the same time keeping her eyes fixed upon the slumbering May nard, I gave myself up to my own agitated thoughts.

What was going on at the Hall now? Had the constables been able in the fog to find at Liverpool Street Station, for I have told their way safely to the park, and would the thieves come after all? Would they catch Tom Parkes? Would Gordon prove to be mixed up in it! Above all, would they catch the dreaded James Woodfall, whose influence seemed so strong and the memory of his name so fresh, though he had not been seen for years? It was an awful thing to think that I, by my letter to Laurence, had set on men to hunt other men down. began to hops, even though I felt it was wrong to do so, that Tom Parkes would make his escape; he had never done me any harm, and I had rather liked him for his good-ratured face. As for the unknown James Woodfall, the case was different. From Sarah's words and the eagerness with which the police had snatched at the least chance of catching him, it was plain that he was a very desperate criminal indeed, for whom one could have no sympathy. hoped with all my heart they would catch him; and I was rather anxious to see what such a very wicked man looked like. Poor Tom Parkes was probably only a tool in the hands of this monster, who had made even gate Laurence left me, and I groped my | the terrible Sarah a submissive instrument

And then I fell to thinking very sadly of what Laurence had told me that day about the deception practised upon me concerning the journey to Monaco, and I remembered Mrs. Rayner's warning. Could it be true that Mr. Rayner, who had always been so kind, so sweet-tempered, so patient, who had always treated me almost as if I were a child, and who had borne my rudeness in the drawing room just now with such magnanimous good humor, could really be sucn a hypocrite? There must be some explanation of it all which which would satisfy even Laurence, I thought to myself-almost, at least: for that letter from my mother, which she had never written-could that be explained away? My tears fell fast as this terrible proof rose up in my mind. How could he explain that away? But one's trust in a friend as kind as Mr. Rayner had proved to me does not die out quickly; and was drying my eyes and hoping that a few words from him would make it all right, when suddenly the silence round the house was broken by a howl from Nap, Mr. Ray. ner's retriever, who was chained to his kennel out side.

Mrs. Rayner started. Still Maynard slumbered. I looked at the clock; it was seven minutes to nine. Another and another howl from the dog, followed by loud and furious barking. We two women sat staring at each other, without a word. would have spoken; but Mrs. Rayner glanced at the sleeping detective and put her finger to her lips. Still the sounds of the violin came to us from the drawing-room

without interruption. much relieved, opened and shut the door softly, crossed the hall, and turned the handle of the drawing room door. It was locked. I tapped; but there was no answer. He was playing a brilliant concerto, and I my frock, and bandaged my arm himself. supposed he had not heard me. I knocked again and said softly-

"Mr. Rayner it is nine o'clock. You told me to come at nine."

strange, for his hearing was generally very sharp indeed. It was of no use for me to stand there knocking if he would not hear me, or did not yet wish to be disturbed; so, after one more unsuccessful attempt to attract his attention, I took a lamp from the hall table and went into the schoolroom. It was now ten minutes past nine. Nap was barking more furiously than ever. knew by the mist there was all through the house how dense the fog must be outside; but I was so much struck by the noise the dog was making that I unfastened the shutters and opened the window about an inch to listen.

The fog was blinding. I could not see a Nap's barking for a minute; then I saw the dim glow of a lantern and heard a muffled "Who's that?"

"It is I-Violet Caristie. Is that you Laurence?" "Hush! All right!" he whispered back.

"Let me in." He got in softly through the window, and, rather to my alarm, a middle aged man in other. plain clothes, also with a lantern, followed him. Laurence himself looked more alarmwhite with fatigue, and dirtier than ever good!" as the last sounds of Schubert's through long watching in the fog. He listened for a minute to the violin, then said

quickly, but still in a low tone. "Who is that playing?"

"Mr. Rayner," I answered. He turned sharply to the other man, who nodded as if to say it was just what he had

"How long has he been playing?" asked

Laurence. "Ever since half-past seven."

He turned to the other man again. "A trick," said the latter simply. "Who is with him?" asked Laurence

"Nobody," said I surprised and rather frightened by those questions. "Mrs. Rayner and Mr. Maynard are in the dining-

"Maynard?" "Yes. He is asleep." The middle aged man gave a snort of dis-

"Hasn't Mr. Rayner been in the dining room at all, dear, this evening?" asked Lau-

rence gently. the drawing room at five and twenty minutes to eight, and he told me to call

"But it is past nine." "Yes. When I went to the drawing room door just now I found it locked, and I knocked; but he did not answer."

"Will you go and knock again, and say you wish to speak to him particularly, dear?' said Laurence gravely. I hear ated, trembling from head to foot.

"Why?" I asked, in a low voice, "Because we want to speak to him particularly," said the other man gruffly. But I looked at his hard face and panted

you want with Mr. Rayner?" "Never you mind, my dear; we won't hurt | fresh and warm.

you. Just go and say you want to speak to

"No, I won't!" I cried-not loudly, for my voice seemed to grow suddenly weak. "Whatever you think he has done, or whatever he has done, I will never help to

harm Mr. Rayner!" The man shrugged his shoulders, walked sodes in the domestic history of Andrews to the window, and whistled softly. Law It is absolute truth which can result rence put me into a chair, whispering verified. rence put me into a chan, with such an The inhabitants of the pleasant with such an Cortised, N. Y., were shooked anxious, stern face. And the other man Cortland, N.Y., were shocked one non came back into the room, followed by a policeman with his staff ready in his hand. Rindge, one of their most prominent of We must break open the door," said the elder man.

I started from my seat. I wanted to rush to the drawing room door and warn Mr. Rayner; but Laurence prevented me, whispering gravely-

"My darling, you must leave it to us

Every word, every movement had been so quiet that the music still went on while they opened the schoolroom door and crossed the hail. I stood watching them breath-

The three men, Laurence, the most stalwart, foremost, placed themselves against the drawing-room door, and by one mighty push burst it open. I ran forward to the doorway just in time to see Gordon, Mr. Carruther's servant, fling down the violin and rush to the opposite window, the shutters of which were unfastened. But I heard but with a dull, heavy feeling. Then the period. Heavy n the crash of glass, and at the same instant | a sinking sensation at the pit of the store two policemen dashed through the shattered French window, seized and handcuffed him. Then he stood between them, white and immovable, without a struggle.

"It's no go. We know you're one of the gang," said the middle-aged man. "Game's up. We've got your leader."

"What leader?" asked Gordon calmly. "James Woodfall." "It's a lie!" snapped out the immoveable

Gordon. "Jim Woodfall wouldn't let himself be nabbed by such as you." "Why not? We've got you."

The man did not answer. "All his fault for getting soft on a girl

Wish I had her here!" Gordon muttered

presently. He caught sight of me at the doorway and shot at me a sort of steely look that made me shudder. But I did not connect myself with his words. I was too bewildered to think or to understand clearly what was going on until I saw him, handcuffed as he was, quietly draw a tiny revolver from his pocket and, without raising it, point it at Laurence. With a scream I rushed forward into the room and flung myself in front of Laurence, and I heard a report and felt something touch my arm—I did not know what at first—and Laurence sprang forward with almost a yell. But he was encumbered with he was suffering, could not be removed. In sing before our eyes that my form, and, before he could put me down, Gordon had wrenched himself away from his capters, and, snarling, "I meant to have done for her !" had dashed through the open window out into the fog and darkness.

I knew by this time that I was shot in the arm, for the blood was trickling through my sleeve; but the wound did not pain me When nine o'clock struck, I jumped up, | much yet-I was too much excited for that, and too much occupied with Laurence's pitiful distress. He did not attempt to join in the hopeless chase of the escaped Gordon, but put me on a sofa, tore off the body of

"Tell me what it all means, Laurence?" said I. "I am not badly hurt—I am not indeed—and I want to understand it all. Did you catch the thieves? Who were they? Still there was no answer, which I thought | Have they really caught James Woodfall? And I hope—oh, I hope poor Tom Parkes has escaped!" I whispered; for the middleaged man had not joined in the pursuit, but stood on the watch, half in and half out of the window.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

Why She Broke Up the Game.

On the train running down from Nashville to Memphis a couple of travellers called for the card table and began a game of euchre. Near them sat an old woman who had been industriously reading for an hour or two. At the sight of the cards she dropped her book and spectacles and pricked up her ears, and only three points had been made when she rose up and walked over to them. "I pass!" said one of the players as he looked up.

"Young man!" she replied in a very solemn voice, "do you know the infernal wickedness of them pasteboards?"

"Yes'm, and I take that king with the ace," he answered.

"Want to take a hand in?" asked the "I shall take a hand in if you don't put them keerds up. Poker killed my son Jim afore he was 25 years old. Old sledge brought my boy Sam to prison when he was only 18. Euchre was what separated me and the old man. I can't bear the sight of

kyar if I have to fight for it. "What's trumps?" queried one of the players of his companion.

keerds, and I won't have no playing in this

"Clubs!" replied the old woman, as she agony and only one means of escape, which brought him a cuff with one hand and seized is by the use of Warner's Safe Cure. The the "deck" with the other. "Boys, hand importance of taking this great remedy upu me over them devil's darning needles."

One refused to comply until she had collared him, but when she had the pack in hand she walked to the door and gave it a fling clear of the track. Then, returning to the pair, she handed one of them a well-worn

Testament and said: "Now read a chapter and pass it over to your friend, and if you haven't been brung up to know Moses from Judas Iscariot, don't be afraid to turn around and ask me! If both of you don't admit in half an hour from this that you feel a hundred per cent. better. I'll treat you to some elderberry wine and fried cakes."

Her Goetze, the tenor, had to travel from "Not since dinner. I left him playing in | Cologne to Frankfort and appear the same evening in "Lohengrin." He arrived at the wings just in time to "go on." After him at nine. He has been playing ever | vanquishing the villian who aspersed the Elsa of the occasion, he embraced her. As he did not know her, he whispered. while holding her fondly in his arms, "Allow me moist, the better chance there is for a quick, to have the honor of introducing myself to steady and vigorous growth. you. My name is Goetze of Cologne." The Weather Propnet looks for spring this month. The wise man looks for a blood purifier that will not injure his system; he can find what he wants in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the greatest of all blood purifiers. In large bottles at 50 cents.

Human skin and that of young rabbits have been successfully applied in small pieces to large healing surfaces in wounds. purified gums and balsams in harmonions Dr. Wilson, however, in the Medical News, chims to have obtained very much better "You are a policeman, I know! What do results from the use of the internal membrane of hen's eggs. The egg should be

A TRAGIC EVENT.

A Father's Despair and Sek. Int. Death. His Son's Final Rose Too Late to Save Bis Parent

The graphic occurrence that is decoi below is one of the most remarkable

by the announcement that Mr. Cin had committed suicide. The news spe rapidly and roused the entire neighborh where Mr. Rindge was so well and in form known. At first it seemed impossible the any one so quiet and domestic could do rash a deed, and the inquiry was hearing every side as to the cause. The facts as in veloped on investigation proved as in Mr. Rindge was domestic in his tastean

of his children and pride in their devel ment. And indeed he had good reason be proud, for they gave promise of long li of success and usefulness. But an evil came. His youngest son, William, bea to show signs of an early decay. He is unusually tired each day, and would times sleep the entire afternoon if pentiled to do so. His head pained him, not with ach. He lost all relish for food and me of his interest for things about him. E tried manfully to overcome these feeling but they seemed stronger than his will. R began to lose flesh rapidly. The father & came alarmed and consulted physicians to the cause of his son's illness, but the were unable to explain. Finally seven sores broke out on his arms and he taken to Buffalo where a painful operation was performed resulting in the loss of must lks, and requires very rich blood but affording little relief. The year and for its best developer man returned home and a council of physic ians was called. After an exhaustive a amination they declared there was no hop of final recovery and that he must die with a very days. To describe the agor which this announcement caused the father would be impossible. His min failed to grasp its full meaning at first; the finally seemed to comprehend it, but the load was too great. In an agony of freun he seized a knife and took his own life, pr ferring death rather than to survive in idolized son. At that time William Rinia was too weak to know what was transport ing. His face had turne I black, his brest ceased entirely at times, and his friends waited for his death believing that the head Bright's disease of the kidne, s, from white A great many little things this supreme moment William's sister cars notice. Every one who ea forward and declared she would make a f nal attempt to save her brother. The dos tars interposed, assuring her it was useless and that she would only hasten the end by ses or "nulls," lie with th the means she proposed to emp oy. But she was firm, and puttingall back. approach ed her brother's side and administered; remedy which she fortunately had on hand thout bringing out half Within an hour he seemed more easy, an before the day was over he showed signs a cong the number who did decided improvement. Toese tavorable ow, while of those wh signs continued, and to-day William I www, more usually voted wi Rindge is well, having been virtually raised persons, probably, from the dead through the marvelous por but milk as they do about

vertified by any citizen of Cortland. Any one who reflects upon the facts about more of opinion concerni described must have a teeling of sidnes ing as milk. Yet we are The father, dead by his own hand, suppy to find, upon a recent of ing his son's recovery to be impossible; the imber of farmers were disc son restored to health to mourn the loss of estion, that scarcely one his father and the agonized relatives with thainty which of the two memory of sadness to forever darken their ter, was the heaviest, lives. Had Clinton Rindge known that his thought they knew, th son could recover he would to-day be alive re in the wrong. Becau and happy, but the fac's which tursed his brain and caused him to commit suicide alk, many think that the

However sad this case may be, the truth mers ever took the troub. remains that thousands of people are at this of either water or milk t moment in as great actual peril as William wights or difference. The Rindge and in as great danger of causing ratively slight, though v misery if not death to their triends. Liver and kidney diseases are become the most ak solids. Take a vesse common and most dangerous of any or all actly 100 pounds of pure modern complaints. They are the most de the pure milk of average ceptive in their beginnings and horrible light will be found to be a in their final stages. They are far more de other words milk is 3 ceptive than Consumption, and can rarely he n water. be detected even by skillful physicians unless Mr. O. S. Bliss, who is g a microscopic analysis be resorted to, and pry matters, gives, in a few doctors understand how to do this Rural New Yorker, th Their slightest approach, or possibility of pore milk, as found by I approach should strike terror to the one who is threatened as well as to all his or her friends. These diseases have no distinct ally understood to weigh symptoms, but come in the form of lassitude 15 pounds per quart. loss of appetite, aching muscles and joint, arts of pure milk at a ter dull head-ache, pain in the back, stomach and chest, sour scomach, recurring signs of cold, irregular pulsations of the heart, and reckon the number of q frequent dizziness. If neglected, these symptoms are certain to run into chronic kidney and liver or Bright's disease, from which there is sure to be a great amount of the slightest appearonce of any of the above symptoms cannot be too strongly impressed upon the minds of all readers who desire to escape death and pain and prolong life with nom my own long experi all its pleasures and blessings.

Dyspepsia and Dr. Carsons Stomach Bitters (an) d some expressed fears live in the same Stomach, one of them has got to plant and it is not the Stomach Bitters. The people's orn favorite family medicine in large bottles at 50 cents.

To make beef cakes, chop some beef that is rare, with a little bacon or ham; 80851 with pepper and a little onion; mix we wind storms, are certain serve with some good gravy made from soup stock thickened with browned flour.

A Three Cornered Weapon. - The triangle lar shape of the Triangle Dye Package, add to their undoubted sup riority have won the day and driven all others from the field 30 colors. 10c.

As a rule the nearer the surface the seeds are planted, where the soil is reasonably

First the plant the blossom, then the perfect fruit. These are the several stage of several of the most important ingredients composing the paintess and sure corn cure Phinam's Painless Corn Extractor, juices of plants greatly concentrated and union, all combined, give the grand results Putnam's Extractor makes no sore spot, dos not lay a man up for a week, but goes of quietly doing its work until a perfect cur results. Beware of acid substitutes.

Bhubarb, Cultur

Rhuberb, like currant bus nost anywhere and under a consequently receives 1 an any other "green thing this reason it should no at when growing under neg will do its best and produc ors and of equally good q od treatment is given. After it is once planted rh tle cultivation, but it must h ep, rich soil, the richer the

ert each way, and cultivate

In the family garden

planted two to three fe er plants. It may be raised from seed little reliance in the seedin took the greatest enjoyment in the some me variety as the parent p the roots is the method ually adopted. Any piece d or crown will grow if pla thes deep in merlow soil and it. Roots may be plan early spring. Plantations wed every four or five year eral dressing of manure is roots will produce a crop ltivation, and liberal s ential requisites for raisi ent rhubarb. The varieti

> Linnœus, grown extensively Il as home use. It is early e, and of a brisk, spicy flav fault is that it seeds so all flower stalks are cut y appear the crop deterior Victoria is later, has large Paragon. This is a new va in England, and now in e stalks are bright red, h ced in quick succession an ce. It is earlier, of more decidedly less acid the riety we are acquainted et remarkable and most v tions is that it does not lks, to which fact its great mainly attributable, all

e plant being used for the

Weight of Mill

t they contain seeds, but o eats apples can tell wh the apples as they lie in ge end towards the ster e have heard the question in large congregations of wers, the large major er of Warner's Safe Cure, as can be readily thaps one ought not to be a mixed gathering there

which is lighter than were such as any one would accept as true. lighter than water. Pr the milk is rich or poo

> The standard gallo en at a temperature of weigh just 211 pounds ares to remember, and fro after finding the num. ighing. A good many kers have come to reck

> > Barbed Wire F correspondent of

rker gives the following re fencing and still long ges, I can find no well form r. I have heard comparison with th en wire fencing. Its rebility, low cost and co mically considered, the compare with it. W ity, as a general rule, h ards at the bottom,

The principal objection bed wire fencing, is t serious injury from n has extended, this of m an apprehension of sed on actual facts. nceive of such a thing, ought of a favorite anir d at once the objection mes a potent one ; bu rsons have suffered lo have not heard of such t of the country, and miles of barbed-wire

miles of this place, erally acquaint them e of the fence, and erely alone. The di