# His Uncle's Heir.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

Frank lifted the small trembling hand that touched his arm reverently to his lips. How should he ever be grateful enough for, ever repay the loyal love that dared so much for his sake?

"Heaven bless you, my darling!" he whispered fervently, and then turned to her father, anticipating some terrible explosion of wrath, and fervently hoping that it would fall upon his head alone.

But none came. Mr. Verner stared blank. ly in the girl's face, then turned his head

aside with a smothered groan. "Oh. child, you break my heart!" he cried below his breath. "Go, Essie with your sister. I am not angry; I shall not quarrel-all that folly is forgotten; but have some business with—some bad news for -Frank!"

"For me!" the young man broke in wonderingly, while Essie crept only the closer to him, and held her ground with that strange new courage that love had given.

"If there is bad news, I must help him to bear it," she said; and her soft eyes met her father's fearlessly.

"What is it, sir?" Frank asked, having run every possible and impossible calamity over in his mind and found none that could effect him very nearly. "No bank can break and ruin me, and I'm so nearly alone in the world that, all being well here, death can hardly touch me,"

"Death!" Mr. Verner echoed the always terrible word with an emphasis that made it more ghastly than ever; his bloodshot eyes rested on the young man's face, as though they would pierce to his soul. "Death can harm every man-and you have-relatives, if not friends."

"Relatives and friends too, I hope," Frank broke in warmly; "but they are all well at De Walden Court."

"All!" the other repeated, with the same strange tone and look.

"Yes, all. At least, I left them so this morning." He paused, and grew very pale, suddenly recalling Anita de Walden's sor rowfully spokenwords-"The shadow comes nearer and nearer, and it means harm to those I love, or to me."

Had that wild, dreamy terror been prophetic? Had harm come in any strange and terrible shape to the graceful girl wife or her gray haired lord? His heart throbbed with an unselfish dread as he said hurriedly-

"Oh, what is it? You speak of them, I know. Is my uncle—is Lady de Walden

There followed a brief pause—then Mr.

Verner asked sternly-"Is there no one else at de Walden

Court?" "The lad-little Georgie? Yes; but surely

it is not he who-

"Is dead? It is." Frank stared at the speaker almost incredulously. It was so impossible to associate the grim and terrible idea of sudden death with the bright faced noble little lad who had tretted beside him through the De Walden meadows twenty-four short hours ago. He could still feel about his own the warm close clasp of the fat baby fingers, could hear the merry prattle of the baby voice, and meet the frank glance of the baby eyes that were as clearly blue as the summer heavens. Something rose in his throat with the recalled remembrance, and almost choked him, while tears of which he was all unconscious rose thickly in his eyes.

"Little Georgie! Oh, it is borrible-it seems impossible!" he cried at last, while Essie cried softly at his side, partly in pity for the little lad who was but a name to her, partly in sympathy with her lover's

"Horrible indeed!" Mr. Verner said with a strong shudder. "More horrible than death in its natural shape can ever be, for the

child was murdered!" E sie echoed the word with a shrill scream and May herself, trembling violently and very pale, drew instinctively nearer to her

sister's side. But Essie did not see her, or feel the touch of her cold hand; she had eyes and thoughts only for Frank, who seemed literally stunned by what he had heard, and stood staring stupidly before him. Lord Crexford was the only person sufficiently master of himself to take in the full terror of the situation, and venture a question

'Sir George de Walden's son is killed, you say?" he asked, turning his gold rimmed glasses keenly on Mr. Verner's face, and speaking in the slow sensible tones that seemed to introduce a reasonable element into the phantasmal horrors of some hideous dream. "Well, that's very terrible, of corree! But, pardon me. why use so shocking a word as 'murder' here?'

May flashed one passionately grateful glance at the lover who was so little wont to shine with an independent lustre, and wordered what cratorical outburst could equal in effect that plain and pregnant

speech. But Mr. Verner, wiping the great drops of a mortal terror from his wrinkled forehead, shook his gray head despairingly as he answered the young man-

"Unfortunately, that is the only word to use. The poor child was found by his unfortunate mother this morning, strangled, and quite dead, with the little sash the nurse had tied on rot an hour before tightly krotted round his throat."

A dead silence followed; even Lord Croxford drew back, turning faint and giddy, and May felt the room whirl round so wildly that she caught at the nearest table for support; but Essie clung to her lover still, though the face that grew paler and proud. er every instant grew also more indistinct to her strained vision, and when he spoke his | den." voice sounded faint and far away.

Yet it was clear and even stern; and he stood like a rock before the man who he | voice rose in a shrill scream that echoed knew accused him in his heart.

any one of this foul crime?"

with a tighter grip, and looked away from | darling! No; it was-" the proud agony of those keen eyes.

"They say that-that the child was last seen in your charge, that he stood in your | forward upon her face. When they raised way, and-and-

man dropped heavily into a chair drawn up | draining away. against the table and bowed his livid face on his outstretched arms. "Thank you, Mr,

act!"

"On, F ank, poor Frank!" May cried between her passionate sobs. 'What mainers

is this! What will you do?" "Go back to De Walden Court and meet my accusers face to face!" Frank cried, his gray eyes flashing with a dangerous fire, his clear cut features seeming to harden with every word. "I harm that innocent baby !

He paused abruptly and tried to loose the little fingers that had clasped with such piteous passion on his own. Essie had not fainted; she had simply lost the power of speech or movement. She could only cling to the man whom fate seemed wresting from her, and try to speak to him with the dnmb agony of her eyes,

"Essie, my darling," he cried brokenlyfor her pain was the hardest of all to bear-"let me go, Essie! Be brave for my sake,

and help me now." The wdite lips stirred, but no sound came from them; the eyes questioned, implored, protested an undying love and trust; and

Frank could still take comfort from them. "Take her, May," he said, with an appealing look; and May drew her sister away -"take her and keep her for me. I must go

at once to De Walden Court." "And I will go with you," said Lord Croxford quietly. It was his way of show. ing his unshaken faith in his friend, and he did it in his usual prosaic feshion; but to Frank and May Verner that way seemed the essence of chivalry, the one thing that could give them a gleam of comfort now.

"Yes, go, dear," the girl cried, with such eager grateful passion in hersweet voice and shining eyes as set the young man's pulses throbbing. 'Go and bring Frank back to us, for Essie's sake, and mine."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

It was a terrible story that the next day's paper set forth, a terrible story that May Verner read by her unconscious sister's side; and, reading it, the brave and loving gir almost felt that her heart might break.

Mr. Verner's report had been substantially correct. Lady de Walden, following her husband's instructions, had instituted an instant search through the extensive grounds of De Walden Court. The servants, exploring in all directions, had found no trace of the missing child; but presently there had been heard scream upon scream issuing from the direction of the shrubbery, and all crowding there had found the unhappy mother clasping the murdered baby in her arms and frantically calling to Heaven to give her back her child.

They were stolid, unimpressionable folk who looked upon that scene of utter agony; but not one among them will forget it till his dying day. The baby figure had been so full of life and health an hour back, all rigid and dreadful now, the golden hair floating back from the blackened swollen face and wildly staring eyes, the girl mother in the tragic majesty of an agony that drove her really mad. They tried to take the little victim from her, for the burden was far beyond her strength; but she struck their hands flercely away, and staggered back through the brilliant morning sunshine that gleamed on her bare golden head and blazing eyes and on the pitifully altered face that lay upon her breast.

"My lady, my lady, cry for Heaven's sake!" her maid had implored, kneeling at her feet, while the tears ran like rain down her own honest ruddy face; but Anita did not even seem to hear her or feel the scalding drops that fell upon her white hands.

She had placed poor little Georgie on her own bed, and sat beside him, never moving her het eyes from the poor little face that the women could not look upon without a fresh burst of choking tears, She would not suffer any one to touch the child until Sir George came home. There was something appalling in the utter calm with which she kept her waiting watch; and by-and-by the women crept one by one away and left her alone with her dead.

whip cord, his breath coming in great gasp ing sobs. He brushed past the pale and frightened servants who clustered together on the stairs and about the bed room door, and, going straight to the bed, gathered the pale little figure to his breast in a very agony of rage and pain.

"My boy, my Georgie!" he cried, his voice hourse with agony, his strong frame shaken with the sobs that seemed to rend his massive chest. "My little murdered

child!" Even this did not move Anita. She heeded him apparently no more than she had heeded the servants as they came and went, the only difference being that she suffered him to touch the child. Her eyes still blazed with the same flerce lustre, her hands were still locked in a rigid clasp.

And for once Sir George had no thought, no word, no look, for her. She suffered, of course she did! Was not his very heart riven, his very soul on fire with a wild craving for revenge on the coward whose ruthless hands had taken that sweet child life?

Presently his voice rang out, a shrill harsh note that it had never known before mingling with its deeper tones and giving a strange

possionate intensity to his words, "And this is his work, his vengeance—the

coward, the-" "Whose work?"—the frozen calm was broken through at last. Anita sprang to [ her feet, and something, a realizing horror, a comprehension that had not been in them yet, see ned to leap suddenly into her shining eyes; her rigid lips unclosed, her breath

came thick and fast. "Whose work-oh, G.orge, whose

Sir George's gray face and tear reddened eyes were slowly raised.

"Who but the one man had cause to hate our darling-my nephew Frank de Wal-

"No, no!" Anita's hands were raised and passionately clasped above her head; her through all the house of mourning like the "And do they suspect-do they accuse | cry of a lost spirit, and brought the servants pouring in pell mell. "Not he-not Frank! Mr. Verner held the chair before him | Oh, Heaven, no! He would not harm my

She broke down there, with a strange, gurgling cry, flung out both arms, and fell her, face, dress, and hands were deluged "That I murdered him!" Frank finished | with blood. She had broken a large vessel almost calmly, as, exhausted by the terrible on the lungs, and even the least experiencscene through which he had passed, the old | ed person there knew that her life was | in which his friend stood.

And in truth she never recovered con-

alike broken down under the unnatural

She lay for some hours, looking like some lovely monumental figure in her perfect pallor and perfect calm, slowly breathing her life away; and, before the evening sha dows fell, Sr George was doubly bereaved. The mother and child so cruelly parted here had met again on the immortal shere.

The two young men had gone straight from Mr. Verner's house to the railway station; but only one of them had been suffered to reach De Walden Court, for Frank was arres ed as he entered the train, and the man who had him in charge was naturally anx. ious to place a prisoner so important in immediate safe-keeping.

Lord Croxford grew very pale, and manifested an unexpectedly pugnacious disposition when he saw the significant gleam mind. He sighed involuntarily as he decidof steel in the detective's hand; but Frank restrained him with an imploring glance, and could only gnaw his blonde moustache, and

feel savagely miserable and helpless. "It must have come sooner or later," Frank said, as they parted. He was wonderfully calm and self possessed, though his eyes gleamed with a feverish brightness, and his handsome face was very pale, "But I guilt-" wish-I wish I had seen Sir George. You will go to him, Croxford, and say how l grieve for my little cousin, for him, for-He paused suddenly, with a blank face; then added slowly-"But how if he thinks

me guilty?" "Then he is a fool for his pains," Lord Croxford broke in, with all the roughness of genuine feeling. "You guilty, Frank!

would as soon believe in my own guilt, Frank answered only by a grateful look; and the other went on hastily-

'O' course, I will act as your deputy, and bring my report to-morrow. Keep up your spirits, old fellow. These mad mistakes can never last long, you know; and-and Heaven bless you, and good-bye!'

hearted young Viscount hurried away, hor- a cruel laughribly ashamed of the tears that dimmed his glasses and were an honor to his manhood, friend-can tell him his cruel vengeance if he had had but the sense to see it.

It was late when he arrived at De Walden Court: but only the faintest glimmer of light broke through the massive ivy-grown frontage of the great house. The vast entrance hall was all in shadow, and the kindly messenger, already sufficiently depressed felt his heart sink lower and lower as he stood in that gloomy ante-chamber, awaiting Sir George's permission to come in.

It was hard to get and long in coming, and only obtained at last by a desperate use of Frank de Walden's name. Lord Croxford winced to see how even the man who took his message and ushered him finally into Sir Geerge's presence stared and colored angrily at the sound.

fierce swollen eyes that turned anguly to his fiercely and impotently against the cruel folly till his attention was drawn in that direc- of a world that could mistake Frank de Waltion by the sound of a harsh querulous voice. den for a murderer.

"Well, sir, you have thrust yourself upon

was not thinking of himself or his own dig demn.' nity; his heart ached for this broken, desolate old man almost as much as for his injured friend.

but I come to tell you that Frank --

ed and blessed before."

And presently Sir George came in, his | Lord Croxford was silent. Not all his faith. by a mighty effort, he did keep back all angry | the truth and justice must prevail at last." words; and his silence wrought the other to | Whereat Mr. Verner would eye his favor-

> den in safe custody?" he broke out violently | longer controverted the innocence, though striking his hand with cruel force upon the his reason told him that the evidence brought massive table; and his blood shot eyes shone forward in the case was overwhelmingly with a cruel fire.

> ford answered, with a sort of bitter calm. derer—the cruel destroyer of an innocent "Frank has been arrested for a crime which helpless child. it is simply monstrous to associate with his name. He is absolutely incapable of cruelty | believed also that he must die. There seemed to any one, and he loved your child."

roar of a wild beast in fiercest pain.

between him and his promised wife! No; memory, and might be again. we were mad to trust the innocent creature his resignation meant.

Frank is innocent."

Even Sir George seemed momentarily impressed by the passionate conviction of the young man's speech. He stared stupidly into the shadows, then broke in with a harsh

discordant laugh. dead!"

or heal in the presence of this tragic woe. | the usual length of a day's march. His faith in Frank was utterly unshaken; but the plain fierce words had shown him

to those few hours, and mind and hody had | would not say one word to irritate or anger | darkness,

you; but, for truth's sake, I must answer you still. I do not know, I cannot guess, how the terrible chain that links Frank's name with this most hideous crime got itself forged; but I know that it is a chain of

falsehood, that it can and shall be broken ' "Break it then!" the old man answered savagely. "You are a good friend and a strong advocate, sir; but I think you and your client will both find that chain is strong

erough to hang him!" Implacable hate gleamed in the swollen eyes, and sounded in the roughened voice. Lord Croxford felt that it was useless, for the present at least, to contend with one who was deaf alike to reason and appeal, though he felt, with added pang, how ter rible this man's full conviction of his nephew's guilt would influence the public ed this; and the sound attracted Sir George's attention. He eyed the young man keenly, and, for the first time, made some faint attempt to speak with reasonable courtesy.

"I do not blame you, sir. Thinking as you do, you are right to stand by your friend in such a time as this. But when you know, as I know now, his shameful

"Say rather when you know how great a wrong you have done him, you will be glad that he had a friend," Lord Croxford said hurriedly. "That day will come, Sir George; but we shall never see the one of which you speak. Till then, good-bye." He moved towards the door, then came back again, and spoke with a resolute effort. 'One question more. I must tell all that has passed between us to Frank, and, Heaven knows, it will be a bitter task I I would gladly find one gleam of hope to give him. Does the poor mother, does Lady de Walden share

your conviction of his guilt ?" Sir George stared, as though he hardly understood him at first; then the blood rushed hotly over the gray face, and the And, with a warm hand clasp, the good eyes emitted one vivid flash as he cried, with

> "Yes, you can take some comfort to your is complete—Lady de Walden is dead!"

#### CHAPTER IX.

"Frank !'-"My darling !" It was a very worn and haggard fac: that bowed itself over Essie Verner's dark head. Confinement and watching and anxlety had stolen the healthy bronze from the clear skin and traced some sharp lines on the smooth brow-nay, even drawn some gleaming silver threads through the close crispness of the brown gold coris: but the eyes were still clear and steadfast, and the lips kept their

brave sweet smile. That smile, though she met it morning after morning when she and her sister paid their daily visits to the p isoner, fully com-The great library, in which the stricken mitted for trial as Frank was now, was alman sat, was as dark as all the rest of the ways a little more than May's nerves could house. Croxford could not see the bent stand; it always sent her to the grim unshaking figure that rused itself from the curtained window that looked out upon the great arm chair at his entrance, nor the square paved prison-yard-there to rage

"And yet they will convict him!" the my misery. What excuse have you to girl would cry from time to time, as the black and bitter waters of an utter despair Lord Croxford was certainly not accus- surged over her struggling soul. "There are tomed to such an unceremonious style of only those who know and love to trust him address; but he did not resent it now. He still, and it rests with the others to con-

It was strange to see the transformation wrought in the character of the sisters by this time of cruel trial. It was bright brave "Forgive me, Sir George"-he spoke, atter May, hitherto the guide and leader in all a little hesitating pause, with infinite gen | things, who broke down utterly now, who tleness and unfeigned sympathy. "Heaven lost faith in the justice of man and the mercy knows I would not intrude upon your grief; of Heaven, who was hysterical and miserably weak in the presence of her morbid "That they have taken him, that he is fears-gentle, timid, Essie who took up the caught?" Sir George broke in, his voice burden laid upon her, and bore it bravely trembling, his eyes ablaze with savage ex- and patiently, who cheered her lover, father, ultation. "Tell me that and I will thank and sister in the moments of darkest desponand bless you, sir, as you were never thank- dency, and tried to chase then growing terrors with the light of her own serene

face gray with pain, the veins on his fore- pity for the misery maddened man before 'Frank is innocent !" she would say, her head swelling and standing out like knotted | him could keep the angry blood from his | blue eyes lighting with the fire that gave face, the angry sparkle from his eyes as he her worn young face a strangely spiritual listened to that cruelly unjust speech, but, look. "We know that; and we know that

> ite child with sorrowful amazement, and "Is that your news? Is Frank de Wal- groan aloud in bitterness of heart. He no strong; some instinct stronger than reason "Yes, that last injustice has been done waged war with it and bore it down. the man you wrong so foully!" Lord Crox. He could not think Frank de Walden a mur-

But though he believed him guiltless, he no feeble link in that terrible circumstantial Sir George gave a cry that was like the chain that wound itself about him, dragging him nearer and ever nearer to the scaffold. "Loved!" he echoed savagely, "the child His death might be a judicial murder, but

The doubts and terrors, the ague fits of in his power! We might have known what horror and remorse that broke down the stern strong man, making him permaturely "You might have known your nephew," old and feeble, seized from time to time on Lord Croxford said, with a restrained pas- Croxford and May, paralysing the efforts of sion that was full of dignity. "I have the true friend and loving sister, and making known him as man and boy; and I know as | them almost shun the man they were powersurely as I know that the sun shines in the less to save; but they never touched Essie; keaven, and you and I both live and breathe, her clear eyes seemed to pierce the dark that, whatever the evidence against him, clouds about them and rest with tranquil assurance on the light beyond.

## (TO BE CONTINUED)

Physical superiority of the ante-Alexandrian Greeks to the hardiest and most robust "Whatever the evidence!" he cried with a nations of modern times, is parhaps best ilterribly mockery. "Your faith may be I istrated by the military statistics of Xenostrong indeed if it survive that test! Do you | phon. According to the author of the "Anaknow, sir, that your friend took the child basis," the complete accourrements of the out for a walk, a walk from which neither | Spartan soldier, in what we would call of them returned, for he went straight to heavy marching order, weighed seventy-five London, and the boy-oh, Heaven, my little | pounds, exclusive of the camp, mining, and helpless Georgie!-was only brought home bridge-building tools, and the rations of bread and dried fruit which were issued in His head sank forward upon his folded weekly instalments and increased the burden arms; even the anger died out of his voice, of the infantry soldier to ninety, ninety-five, which became a mere wail of agony. For or even a full hundred pounds. This load the second time that day Lord Croxford felt | was often carried at the rate of four miles an the tears rush blindingly to his eyes. He hour for twelve hours per diem, day after drew a little nearer to the stricken man, day; and only in the burning deserts of his kind heart aching with the burden of a southern Syria the commander of the Grepainful pity. He felt so powerless to help cian auxiliaries thought it prudent to shorten

There are three wicks to the lamp of man's life-brain, blood, and breath. Press more clearly than ever the deadly peril in the brain a little, its light goes out, followed by both the others. Stop the heart a "Forgive me, Sir George," he said almost minute, and out go all three of the wicks. tenderly-and his voice, gentle as it was, Choke the air out of the lungs and presently sciousness, never spoke agoin. The agony was broken, and thrilled with the nervous the fluids cease to supply the other centres Verner; I know the worst now, and I can of a long lifetime had been condensed in agitation that possessed him-"for worlds I of flame, and all is soon stagnation, cold and

### Comfort for Can't. Get-Aways.

You can walk so comfortably in the parks, and have your choice of seats, as there will be no disagreeable crowd, and no dust from corriages.

You can study geography, and improve yourself so much, by engaging all your travelling friends to write to you to tell you what they are seeing, and you can follow them on the map.

You will feel so much more comfortable watching over your own premises, instead of leaving them to servants, who will have in tollowers, and perhaps set the house on fire. You will avoid those long, cold, dull

evenings in the country, and especially by the seaside, when you are tired out, can't get a book, and are ashamed to have a fire, and you can spend them in the comfort of your own house. You can fetch up such a deal of reading

which you have never had time to manage during the season, and besides, can resolutely set yourself to Spencer, Tyndall and other really instructive writers.

You can see a great deal of your poor and unpresentable relations, and ask them to tea, and advise them as to the bringing up of their children, and otherwise discharge the duties of consanguinity.

And you cannot think how much more you will enjoy a country holiday in 1885 if you omit taking one in 1884; besides that, when your friends return to town, you will have so much more leisure to listen to all their narratives of travel, having none to bore them with in return.

A gang of Italian laborers near Saratoga were recently cut down ten cents a day. Instead of striking, they cut an inch off their shovel blades at night. The boss asked what it meant, and one of the men replied. "Not so much pay, not so much dirt lift; all right, job last the more long. Italian no fool like Irishman; he no strike."

#### Men Ignoraut of Fire.

I do not know of any but a single record where natives of a newly discovered country did not know the use of fire: that one case was on Island Fanua Loa, or Bodwitch's Is. land, discovered on the 29th of January. 1841, by W. H. Hudson, of the United States South Sea Surveying and Exploring Expedition.

Capt. Hudson relates: "The natives were at first very shy of the boats; but the Hawaiiani who were in them soon induced them to approach, and to enter into trade, and finally enticed them alongside the ships. On coming near they began a song or chant, holding up their paddles and mats, and shouting 'kafilou tamatau.' They resembled the natives of Oatafu, or Duke of York's Islaud, wore the same kind of mats, eyeshades and ornaments, and some were tatooed in the same manner. Some, however, were tatooed in a different style, being ornamented with a variety of arrows on the forehead and cheeks. They were all finely formed and manly in appearance, with pleasing countenances that expressed good

"They were eage: enough for trade, and soon disposed of all they had to exchange; few presents were made them, but all the inducements failed to entice them on board, They appeared cheerful, laughing heartily at anything that struck them as ridiculous.

'The population of the island is estimated to be about six hundred souls, most of whom dwell in the town.

"There was no signs of places for cooking, nor any appearance of fire, and it is believed that all their provisions are eaten raw. What strengthened this opinion was the alarm the natives felt when they saw the sparks emanating from the flint and steel, and the emission of smoke from the mouths of those who were smoking cigars."

The writer of this article was on board the Peacock, and can veuch for the verity of Capt. Hudson's account of our interviews with the natives, and also that they eat their entire food without cooking, but alos had the greatest dread of fire in any form. We saw no traces of charcoal or ashes in their village or town, and we fully understood them as to their food and how it was taken. It consisted entirely of cocoanuts and pandanus fruits; fish, echini, and other products of the sea; the few birds mostly seen there, were not regarded as food, and even if they were, could not have been easily obtained or relied on for supplies, the population being large in proportion to the

# A Cheap Beehive.

is and's size.

E. L. Conger of Maple Creek has a couple of swarms or bees which came into his possession under peculiar circumstances. About two years ago, late in the fall, a swarm came who robbed him of his heritage, who stood such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's to his place, taking refuge between the siding and wall of a little addition to his house, going in through a knot hole in the siding. Coming so late in the season they were unable to lay up enough honey to keep them, and they all died during the winter. Last week Monday, about noon, another large swarm came in exactly the same way, and a few hours later another and larger swarm followed suit, all going in though the same knot hole and making themselves at home in the space between the walls and the studding The last swarm would comprise about a half bushel. They are now busily at work preparing to settle down for a permanent residence. The instinct of bees is remarkable, but this is one of the strangest cases we have heard of for a long time.

#### ----Fish-Eating Plants,

Prof. Baird, of the National Museum, has received from England a specimen of an aquatic fish-eating plant, known as the great bladderwort, which has been discovered to be peculiarly destructive to young fish. The plant is large, has no roots, but floats free in the water, and its leaves bear small bladders which entrap the fish fry. Twelve or fifteen species of the plant are found within the limits of the United States, and it abounds in the Fish Commission carp ponds in Washington, where it hes been introduced at considerable labor and expense, having been heret fore regarded as excellent fish food. Prof. Baird will warn carpiculturists to destroy the plant wherever found, as he believes that millions of fry must be annuallly caught in the little bladder traps.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I will ever get through this Spring house-cleaning! Oh yes you will f you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters to purify your blood and tone up the system. In arge bottles 50 cents.