CHAPTER III.

Both Mr. Yorke and Gerard were in the breakfast-room when we went down stairs. Gerard looked even handsomer than the night before, and he presently proposed that we should all go over my poor uncle's house in daylight, and see if we could find anyone hidden in the cupboards

We did this. Aunt Sarah, Mrs. Yorke, and Gerard Yorke and myself went that morning from room to room, and from landing to landing. It was a large house, and, as Gerard said, there were closets enough Miss Denby." in it to contain a dozen skeletons. But we found nothing mysterious, and nothing that

we could find fault with. It was, indeed, scrupulously clean, and well kept. Mabel Neal was a good housekeeper at all events, and I began to think it was foolish to part with her. But while my aunt and Mrs. Yorke were discussing this point, Gerard touched my arm.

"Come into the garden, Maud," he said, "or rather come and have a peep at the needs something more than green lanes and Dere, Miss Denby? At the back of these | winding rivers, and gray old walls to amuse houses there is an old archway which opens his fancy. These are all very enjoyable and dark woods. into the woods by the side of the river, and | beautiful when one has a charming girl for this morning it will, I am sure, look charm- | a companion, but they grow dull enough to

It was a beautiful morning in the early | times, may I not, Miss Denby?" spring-time, and after we had passed under the ancient stone arch way, which Gerard | fell low. Yorke spoke of, we suddenly came upon the loveliest scene in the world.

The broad and winding Dere gleaming in the morning sun between its wooded banks, | beauties in Dereham now-but good night. the great trees drooping over its waters, and I will not disturb your aunt, so you must knees now a days, or use high-sounding lie fair and pleasant before us. We loved and has brought such flowers and splendipping their boughs into its glittering say good bye for me to her. Good night the bright blue sky—the grey cathedral hand. towers, and the grey, time-worn, ivy-coveraway the green woods on the hill-sides, and | before. My heart was beating fast, and my | night. the ancient town lying beyond. It was like | cheeks were burning. I went up and leaned a picture -so still, so calm, so beautiful, against the shelves of the bookcase, which and yet so full of life and variety. Here extended completely across one side of the the cloister-there the town-the quiet con- room. templative life on one side, and the busy noisy one on the other, and between them I sighed and smiled, and passed one hand mortal in these golden moments, for the the rippling river gliding on in its unruffled over my face, and then et my arm fall human soul is capable of an intense feeling

I did not speak at first. It seemed so beautiful to me that I could not speak, for conventional words are too cold and tame to express any strong feeling, and somehow this picture by the river filled me with deep emotion. Then, when I glanced at Gerard Yorke, I saw he was watching my

"What! not one word of admiration," he said, "for our show view? I expected you to go into ecstacies, Miss Denby-all young ladies do."

lady," I answered smiling. "I am only a country girl, you know, and do not know how to express myself properly."

then," said Gerard, still with his eyes fixed upon my face. "Do you know many more of the same type as yourself, Miss Denby?"

I laughed and blushed; a foollsh girl,

"Which of our authors is it, who says that the smell of the hedge rose is sweet?" continued Gerard. "I agree with our

cenventional one." these words, and the air seem lighter, and grave," answered Mabel turning away her the sky more blue? A strange, new joyous- head. ness at least seemed to thrill through my being, and to fill my whole heart with glad-

river was over, and we had returned togeth-

er to Mr. Yorke's house to lunch. Yet the happy feeling in my heart remained. I caught myself singing aloud that afternoon as I went from room to room | thought. in my poor uncle's house; arranging and rearranging the old, handsome furniture to my tast. Garard Yorke had premised Mabel." to come in about eight in the evening to see forgotten about the mysterious letter of

warning now. "Why Alice, how bright you look!" said Aunt Sarah, regarding me in her usual affectionate way. "Surely the air of Dereham must agree with you dear, and yet I've always heard it was very depressing, from lying so near the river."

I laughed. "It's so lovely," I said, "I could never

feel dull in Dereham, I think."

Then I went out and gathered some of the old-fashioned spring flowers which grew in the garden at the back of the house. Wallflowers and great beds of lily-in-the-valley abounded here. When I was pulling the frighten Aunt Sarah." lilies, my late uncle's housekeeper came down one of the narrow garden walks and addressed me in tones, I thought, of suppressed anger and grief.

"Miss," she said, "I meent to cut these Aunt Sarah sitting comfortably. lilies, to lay on your uncle's grave-but everyone seems to have forgotten him now." "I looked up hurt at the woman's words. " I --- did not know you wanted

them for that purpose, Mabel," I said, "or, of course, I would not have touched them. I do not wish to do anything disrespectful to his memory."

She made no answer to this. She stood morrow evening. Did you know that?' there looking at me, with her dark eyes fixed on my face, and her mouth tightly

"Did he often walk here?" I asked, gently, for after all it was only natural that Mabel should grieve for her old master.

"Sometimes," she answered, " and to my mind he walks here still."

"What do you mean?" I said.

me feeling certainly very uncomfortable. But when Gerard Yorke came, every-

as he said he knew it was in the library, the rooks began to caw in the old trees be- had a dinner party in the evening, to which some restoration. This seemed to soothe my we went together to seek it.

brightly as we went in.

"How comfortable this room is !" exclaimed Gerard: and after we had found the book he wanted, we stood by the fire and chatted, I knew not how long.

But howeverlongit was it seemed too short! The bright fire burnt low before we had ended our pleasant talk, for suddenly Gerard bent down and drew out his watch to see the time by the dying embers.

"Good heavens!" he said, "do you know what time it is? Half-past ten o'clock; we must have been here more than an hour,

"Indeed !" I answered with a little laugh. "Yes, indeed," echoed Gerard. "And what is more," he added, "I have never spent such a pleasant hour before. Youhave given a new charm to Dereham, Miss Denby, for I confess I was about weary of itbefore you came."

"And yet it is so beautiful," I said,

"Yes, it is pretty; but a young man "Yes," I half-whispered, and my head

Then he took my hand in his and pressed

"Thank you," he said, "I shall see new wavelets. Then above-standing out against again." And once more he pressed my

I followed him to the door of the room and ed walls which surrounded it; and further then turned back. I had never felt so happy dark woods of Dereham on that momentous

carelessly down by my side.

single word.

from the book-case, and dragging my hand ever surrounded. away, with a shriek I ran trembling and panting from the room.

to rush into the breakfast-room where Aunt had declared his love. We were engaged, Sarah was sitting. I ran instead into the and when this was announced no one made housekeeper's room which was on the same any objection. "Then I can't be a regulation young floor, and there I found Mabel Neal apparently reading.

"Mabel !" I said breathlessly, "some one me. is in the library! I have had a terrible "Country girls must be very charming fright-something grasped my hand."

"And you are afraid?" said Mabel slowly, me earnestly as he spoke. and she came towards me.

"Of course I am dreadfully afraid," I answered. "Who can it be? Someone must pleased with a compliment from a hand- get into the house! We must send for a policeman-and Mr. Yorke." "Neither a policeman nor Mr. Yorke can

frighten the dead, Miss Denby," said Mabel in a deep solemn tone. author; I prefer a country-bred girl to a "And you think-?" I said growing two children now."

Did the sun shine brighter after I heard | "That the old man cannot rest in his

still her words had a weird and painful efness. Yet what had he said? Nothing, I fect upon my mind. My uncle had died in told myself after that happy walk by the the library-had been called away in a mothe familiar scene? I asked myself, and

"Shall I go for a policeman, or Mr.

I hesitated-I felt ashamed again to send household. how we were getting on, and I had almost for Mr. Yorke, and if I send for a policeman what would Aunt Sarah say? I felt convinced indeed that she would leave the house-would probably leave Dereham al-

together if she had another fright so soon. And to leave Dereham now! I thought of Gerald Yorke at that moment, and this

recollection gave me courage. "Come with me," I said to Mabel, "and

let us search the library." But Mabel refused.

"I dare not go, Miss," she said. "It's an awful thing walking about and meeting those we cannot see! No, I dare not go." "Come with me to the breakfast-room door at least, then," I said, but do not

"I will do that," answered Mabel, and she went with me across the hall, and in the breakfast room, which was all alight, with a glowing fire and the gas lit, we found

"My dear child," she said, addressing me as I entered the room, "whatever have you been doing ?I heard Mr. Yorkego away some ime ago. Have you been talking to Mabel. Mabel," she continued, speaking to Mabel Neal, "the three new servants that Mrs. Yorke has engaged for us are coming to-

"There's nothing but changes," answered me. Mabel, almost under her breath.

"Mrs. Yorke thinks we shall want three to her, for I had pitied her for the loss of in this large house," proceeded Aunt Sarah. left the room.

CHAPTER IV.

I spent a very miserable night. At least, "The dead are not as far away from us I felt dreadfully nervous and afraid, and as we think," she replied; and then, with- constantly kept hold of Aunt Sarah's hand, out another word, she turned away, leaving for we slept together on this first night in our new home.

had tea in the breakfast-room, but as we the early morning, and with its light my upon my cheek he went away. sat and chatted, some book was mentioned fears seemed to fly away, and other and that Gerard Yorke wished to refer to, and, sweeter thoughts took their place. Then prettiest that night was because Mrs. Yorke again and again insisted on me swallowing hind the cathedral walls, and I fancied al- she had invited all the friends whom she pain a little; at least it seemed to dull my A fire was in the grate, for my aunt had most that I heard the ripple of the river. I thought most highly of. ordered fires to be lit in all the sitting- did hear it later in the day, for I met Ger- She was a proud woman, and she chose that something terrible had happened to rooms, and the library fire was burning and Yorke in the street, and again we went her friends chiefly for their position. She me. through the ancient archway at the back of loved the world, and the world's good name, At last the morning came, and I heard | All Druggists, 50 cents.

sunshine play on the water of the Dere.

I did not tell him of the fright which I in Dereham." had received the night before. I began to Her dinner party was a great success. think my own nervousness had deceived me; The Dean was there, and several of the that Gerard would laugh at; in fact, that it canons and their wives, and a Sir John Trewas better to say nothing about it, and to lawny, and one or two of the country famiwait and see if anything more mysterious lies around. Mrs. Yorke introduced me occurred.

And nothing did. Weeks passed away, treated me with the greatest kindness. and we felt almost settled at Dereham. We The evening was indeed a little triumph were well received by the society there, to me, and Gerard came more than once and and all my poor uncle's friends, and all the whispered a fond word or two in my ear. Yorke's friends called upon us, and Aunt Sarah began to find out the poor people of he said, "Do you know the Dean has just the place, and give away her little income been telling me that you are the sweetest- put something on that was soft and cool, in her usual generous fashion.

me an earthly Paradise. Every day seemed I felt naturally elated. The Dean was a brighter and happier than the last, for every haughty, elderly man, not much given to slightest excitement was bad for me, Dr. day I was with Gerard Yorke, and every paying compliments, and I was a happy Richards and Aunt Sarah told me, and I day his manner grew tenderer, and his at- young girl, very easily pleased. Then I was tentions more marked.

At last came a day when he asked me to praised, and another was asked for. had all gone down to the river side to see Aunt Sarab, she smiled at me and pressed some fireworks which were displayed on the my hand. opposite bank. I stood by Gerard's side I remember glancing once at my reflection again I overheard him say to Dr. Richards during the display of fireworks, and near us in the glass, and what did I see? A bright, that I was better- that I was recovering were Aunt Sarah and Mrs. Yorke and Mr. happy looking, rosy girl, with the flush of wonderfully from the shock. Sterhen Yorke.

Then when the fireworks were nearly over | shining in her eyes. Gerard took my hand and drew me away from our party with a whispered word or Stephen Yorke say to some one as I passed

"Come with me, Alice," he said, and I fectly happy. went with him, and in a moment or two we were in one of the quiet walks of the still

What did he say? Few women could answer this question, I think, when the man me, I confess, when I'm alone But-I may they love first speaks of that love. he ex- conversation to ourselves. I followed him, only too well pleased to walk with you sometimes, and see you some- citement, the new joy, the deep emotion or write.

> Half-spoken sentences, and tender hand- drew me to his breast. phrases to declare their passion. A few each other, we were rich, and now Gerard did fruit. He said the last time he was words, a look, a kiss, and the destinies of told me I was fair! I was quite happy I here that I was to give you this rose." Gerard Yorke and myself amid the still, and he also seemed full of blissful content.

And I was happy-too happy! For I feel sure that great happiness; great overflooding joy in existence, is not intended to be our state here, and that it never con-I leaned there thinking of Gerard Yorke. | tinues. We forget indeed that we are of bliss. But not here—though perhaps in agreeable to-night.' As it fell something cold and vice-like the eternal life beyond—do these moments grasped my hand as in a grasp of iron! I last. Perchance they are glimpses of laughed Gerard, "isn't she?" gave a cry-I saw nothing-but I heard one | Heaven-ravs falling earth-wards, too soon to be lost amid the mists and clouds by "Beware !" was hissed into my ears as if which we changing creatures of time are

My golden moments lasted many days. No mist nor cloud seemed to come near me But I had sufficient presence of mind not | in the first bright hours after Gerard Yorke

Certainly Mr. Yorke-Stephen Yorkedid say something which rather surprised

"Well, I hope he may prove worthy of you, Alice," he said to me, and he looked at

Mrs. Yorke was delighted when she heard the news. She ran into our house, and clasped me in her arms.

"I am, indeed, glad!" she exclaimed. "All Gerard wanted was a good, sweet wife, and I am sure he has won one, Alice, when he has won you. Let me kiss you again, my new daugher-I have, indeed,

Aunt Sarah shed a few tears in her gentle way, and kissed me tenderly.

"My darling," she said, "I pray that he may make you very happy! Marriage is a "This is nonsense, folly," I said, but sad lottery as you know, but if there are any prizes to be had, I hope you've got one !" So no one made any objection, and Gerard

was all love and devotion. These were midment-his last wishes undeclared, his will summer days, sunny, shining hours, spent unmade! Could his spirit still linger about | mostly on the still waters of the Dere, where the dip of Gerard's oars, and the twitter of I shivered and turned cold at the very the birds were often the only sounds which broke the slumberous silence around.

Presently it became known all over the Yorke?" a moment or two later asked town that we were engaged, and, of course, as these things will, the news crept into our | quiet."

In the meanwhile we had as yet made no change among the servants. Mabel Neal was still the housekeeper, and she was a good manager, though her sullen and disobliging manner was not very pleasant.

But shortly after my engagement to Gerard, he spoke to me about this woman, and asked me to get rid of her.

"There have been some strange stories about her, you know," he said. "I advise you, my little Alice, forthwith to give her

His wishes were law to me in those days, and the next time I saw Mabel Neal, I told her that I wished her to leave.

Her face changed, and she knit her dark brows when she heard my words. "So," she said, almost instantly, "I'm told we are to have a new master here very

"Yes," I answered gravely, "I am engaged to Mr. Gerard Yorke, and I hope he will soon be the the master here."

She gave a hard, short laugh. "And you wish me to go before then?"

August, when I expect to be married."

She gave that strange little laugh again, and then, without a word of apology, left I felt very angry. I had tried to be kind

her old master, and the changes which his "Does she?" said Mabel, and then she sudden death had caused; and I had often talked of the provision that I intended to ing in their sockets, and my head a fiery make for her when she left us. But her manner had been so rude to me that I could was still there, and I groaned aloud in my not help noticing it, and when Gerard came in during the afternoon I told him of it. But he only laughed.

"My little girl," he said, "don't you vex thing seemed to grow bright again. We shine came streaming into the windows in lows to envy me." And with a fond kiss than once.

who considered themselves "the best people in the house.

with a pleased smile to all her friends, and

"I am so proud of you, my little Ally," And in these weeks Dereham became to I am a lucky fellow, and so I am."

asked to sing, and my simple ballad was

joy on her cheeks, and the light of love

"She looks very happy," I heard Mr. him, in his quiet way, and I felt truly, per-

end. One after another the guests left, and shock, and we must keep you perfectly Aunt Sarah and myself were the last to go. quiet, and your eyes bandaged. By and Gerard accompanied us home, and he and bye we will take the bandages off." I went into the library to have a little quire "And won't you tell me how it happen-

"Well, my darling," he said, "and so "Not to-night," said Dr. Richards. which stirs the tenderest feelings of the you've really enjoyed vourself? I never heart, is usually not called forth by many saw you look so well! I think I am going words, nor by words that it is easy to repeat | to marry a beauty as well as a young lady of means." And he laughed happily and

clasps, make up most of the love scenes in We were to be married in a month from in saying that you must not see him. the world. Men do not go down on their | that day, and all our future lives seemed to two souls are sealed. It was so at least with | thought as I looked up in his face and smiled, | And Aunt Sarah put a flower into my hand

"And you have forgotten all about the rude housekeeper now?" he asked, smiling. | then pressed it to my heart. All night I rude, was she not?"

"She doesn't like being kicked out of her | clasped in my hand. snug berth, I suppose," said Gerard. "She's a stupid, silly woman," I said, "to be rude to me. But why do we speak of her? I want to forget everything dis-

"And she is both ugly and disagreeable," "Yes," I said, and laughed also, and then

we began to talk of something else. Gerard stayed more than an hour after this, and at last we parted unwillingly. Parted with fond words, and lingering handclasps, and a tender kiss. I remained in the room a moment behind him, for I was too That acted like magic, and then she got well. excited to sleep, and I went up to the book-

poems, to take up to my bedroom with me. | Little Liver Pills). They cured Mrs. Peters I heard Gerard close the hall door, while I was looking for the volume I wanted. saw it high up in the book-case, and I stretched out my hand to get it down. Suddenly as I did this, a loud explosion sound- the country are so fat. ed in my ears, a great flash of light passed before my eyes, and the next moment a my whole being.

Then the room seemed to swim around me, your friends and acquaintances with your and the fiery pain grew dim, and all grew | nasal twang and offensive breath and con-

burning in my face and eyes, and when I and needless inflictions of your loathsome tried to open them I could not. Then I put | disease? up my hands and felt that they were band aged, and when I felt this, I cried aloud.

Sarah's voice in my ears "are you better fellows. now? Oh, my poor darling!" "Allow me, Miss Warburton," said a

grave and a strange voice (which I after wards learned was the doctor's). "Remember," continued this voice, and I felt some

happened.

reason they are bandaged, and this is the lief." reason that you must keep perfectly quiet." "And-and-my sight?" I asked, almost

below my breath. "You must not be uneasy about that," course, you must not be allowed to use your yourself."

does Gerard know of this? Has anyone pamphlet giving all information. told Gerard ?"

As I asked this, Gerard himself took my hand and kissed it. "Alice, my darling;" he murmured, "I

am here. Do not be afraid-try to sleep." "But Gerard, how did it happen?" I the old and tried remedy. Ask your Druggist. said, clinging to his hand, and drawing it it closer to me. "We had just parted. the prettiest features of this season's fash-"Yes," I said, "I wish you to go before What caused the explosion? Something ions. must have caused it.'

> "Yes, darling-but dont talk of it just now," answered Gerard. "Dr. Richards says you must be kept perfectly quiet-try

sleep," but how could I sleep? I was in from observation on receipt of 6c. in stamps, UNSEALED terrible pain-my eyes seemed to be burnmass. Turn which way I would the pain torture. I was conscious that several people were

yourself about trifles. Try to look your Yorke was there part of the night, and But I heard or saw nothing. The sun- prettiest to night, for I want all the old fel- I heard Mrs. Yorke's low whisper more The doctor never seemed to go away.

The reason that he wished me to look my Again and again he felt my pulse, and senses, and yet I was always conscious

the houses; again stood and watched the and she held her head high amongst those the rooks cawing, and strange feotsteps

"What is it Aunt?" I said, for Aunt

Sarah had never left my bedside.

"A new doctor, darling," she answered. "Dr. Richards wishes another doctor to see you-do not be afraid."

Then the other doctor came into the room, and presently they unbandaged my

tor. "Ah no-do not try-I think we can manage to ease the pain a little, Dr. Rich-"Yes," answered Dr. Richards, and they

"Do you not see us?" said the new doc-

looking girl he has seen for years? He says and then bandaged my head again, and all through the day it was the same thing. I was not allowed to see Gerard. The

was scarcely allowed to speak. So all through the first day of darkness I lay almost in silence. I tried to think give him the love that was already his. It "Everybody is admiring you," whispered sometimes, but my mind was not clear, and was on a starry night, I remember, and we Mrs. Yorke; and when I went near dear often vague and fantastic thoughts passed through my brain. I slept a little too, and

"And when will you let me see again?"

in the evening when the new doctor called

I asked. There was a moment's silence in the room -just a moment's, and then Dr. Richards' voice answered in a cheerful tone,

"You mustn't talk about seeing for a few At last that bright evening came to an days yet. You are recovering from the

ed !" I said.

"Come you are doing well-try to sleep." "And Gerard, Aunt Sarah?" I whispered "Has he called?"

"Every hour, darling," she answered. "But Dr. Richards and Dr. Bell both agree

He sent his tenderest love to you, as she spoke.

I laid it against my bandaged face, and "Yes," I answered, "but she was very kept it there, and in the morning when I awoke, Gerard Yorke's faded rose was still

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Experience of Mrs. Peters.

Mrs. Peters had ills, Mrs. Peters had chills Mrs. Peters was sure she was going to die: They dosed her with pills, With powders and squills, With remedies wet, and with remedies dry. Many medicines lured her, But none of them cured her, Their names and their number nobody could tall;

And she soon might have died, But some "Pellets" were tried, The magic "Pellets" were Dr. Pierce's shelves to reach down one of Tennyson's Plaasant Purgative Pellets (the original

> and now she wouldn't be without them. Over two hundred million cans of vegetables are used by families in America and the cans thrown away. No wonder the goats of

Don't Hawk, Spit, Cough,

burning terrible sensation of pain seemed to suffer dizziness, indigestion, inflammation seize my head and face, and then to envelope of the eyes, headache, lassitude, inability to perform mental work and indisposition I gave a terrible cry, and fell backward. for bodily labor, and annoy and disgust stant efforts to clean your nose and throat, when Dr. Sage's "Catarrh Remedy" will When I recovered my consciousness all promptly relieve you of discomfort and sufwas dark still. The fiery pain was still fering, and your friends of the disgusting

In ploughing and planting a quarter section of land near Bethany, Ill., two farmers "My darling, my darling!" said Aunt killed 160 rattlesnakes, some of them big

A Square Statement by a Carpen-

"For years I have had a chest trouble amounting to nothing short of consumption. one feeling my pulse, "that Miss Denby I saw how others in like condition had been must not be excited-must be kept perfectly | cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and resolved to test its "But where am I?" I said. "What has merits in my own case. The results are so happened? Aunt Sarah, tell me what has | plane as hardly to require a bitstock or any auger-ment in favor of this grate remedy. "An accident has happened," answered It does awl it claims! It builds up the systhe doctor's grave voice, while I heard a tem, supports and strengthens where others supppressed sob from Aunt Sarah. "A fail." He adz: "My recovery, which is now slight explosion from some cause or other on a sure foundation, hinges entirely on the has occurred, Miss Denby, and you are in- compass of this wonderful Restorative, havjured about the face and eyes. This is the ing tried other remedies without a bit of re-

> Detachable collars and cuffs of velvet and volveteen are worn with wash frocks.

PAINLESS DYEING. - There is no reason why said the doctor. "For the present, of everybody should not look well, when for a very small expense you can have all your eyes. You must try to sleep and compose faded wearing apparel cleaned or dyed at the well-known dye works of R. Parker & Co., "And Gerard?" I said. "Aunt Sarah, 759 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. Send for

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be worn with any number of wash frocks. People who are subject to bad breath, foul coated tongue, or any disorder of the Stomach, can at once be relieved by using Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters,

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WOUNG MEN suffering from the effects of ear v evil habits, the result of ignorance and folly, who fir d in the room as well as Gerard and Aunt | themselves weak, nervous and exhausted; also MID-Sarah. I am almost sure Mr. Stephen DLB-AGED and OLD MEN who are broken down from the effects of abuse or over-work, and in advanced life feel the consequences of youthful excess, send for and READ M. V. Lubon's Treatise on Diseases of Men. The book will be sent sealed to any address on receipt of two 3c. stamps. Address M. V. LUBON, 47 Welling. ton St. E. Toronto Ont

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