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Long-Standing

Blood Diseases are cured by the persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

This medicine is an Alterative, and causes a radical change in the system. The process, in some cases, may not be quite so rapid as in others; but, with persistence, the result is certain. Read these testimonials:—

"For two years I suffered from a severe pain in my right side, and had other troubles caused by a torpid liver and dyspepsia. After giving several medicines a fair trial without a cure, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was greatly benefited by the first bottle, and after taking five bottles I was completely cured."—John W. Benson, 70 Lawrence st., Lowell, Mass.

Last May a large carbuncle broke out on my arm. The usual remedies had no effect and I was confined to my bed for eight weeks. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Less than three bottles healed the sore. In all my experience with medicine, I never saw more

Wonderful Results.

Another marked effect of the use of this medicine was the strengthening of my sight.—Mrs. Carrie Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

"I had a dry scaly humor for years, and suffered terribly—and, as my brother and sister were similarly afflicted, I presume the malady is hereditary. Last winter, Dr. Tyson, (of Ferdinand, Fla.) recommended me to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and continue it for a year. For five months I took it daily. I have not had a blemish upon my body for the last three months."—T. E. Wiley, 143 Chambers st., New York City.

"Last fall and winter I was troubled with a dull, heavy pain in my side. I did not notice it much at first, but it gradually grew worse until it became almost unbearable. During the latter part of this time, disorders of the stomach and liver increased my troubles. I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after faithfully continuing the use of this medicine for some months, the pain disappeared and I was completely cured."—Mrs. Augusta A. Furbush Haverhill, Mass.

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PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
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Writes regarding the... 95 and 96 London Wall, E.C. London, Nov. 25th, 1888. Gentlemen,—We consider the Postholder well deserving of all who wish to preserve and beautify their teeth, and it may be described as the ne plus ultra of tooth brushes.

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As Night Follows Day.

By HON. MRS. FETHERSTONHAUGH.

PART I.

An early ride before breakfast was a favorite pastime of Janet's, and perhaps nothing had been of greater service in arousing her to activity of mind and body during the keen suffering and alternate listless apathy of the last eight months of her life, than this daily gallop over the Langwold Downs in weather fair or foul. For Miss Harding was no "fair weather lass," and many a wander-



Miss Harding was no "fair weather lass." Her rustic was nearly startled out of the few wits with which Nature had endowed him by the sudden apparition of a little gray mare and neat habit through a break in the mist, the sound of galloping hoofs disappearing into the far distance along a road, leaving him that the vision was of the earth earthly, and no supernatural phenomenon such as his "granma" had loved to tell of.

Of late, too, a fresh element of interest had been added to these early morning rides, for among the several strings of race horses which did their allotted work at this hour on the downs every day was one belonging to the astute old trainer who in past years had had charge of the late Mr. Harding's horses, that worthy manufacturer never having outlived his true Yorkshire love of a good horse, even amidst all the trouble and turmoil of money making.

So old Barnes' bluff honest face beams with welcome whenever his late master's daughter rides up and joins him on the downs of a morning; and many a stirring gallop is witnessed by the clear gray eyes of "Miss Janet" unknown to the world at large.

The thick wreaths of mist were hurled on one side by the sharp northeaster which was blowing on this self same wild March morning with considerable force across the high ridge of ground, and Miss Harding quickly discerned the burly form of Mr. Barnes on his stout bay cob, anxiously directing the work of a string of horses in clothing, which were walking leisurely up and down in his vicinity.

"I'm pleased you've come this morning, Miss Janet," he observed smilingly, as Miss Harding's gray hack rangd up alongside of the sober cob, and that young lady bid him a bright good morning. "I've something to show you that'll please you, I think, and the worthy man's face grew even redder than before with secret elation as he pointed with his whip towards the line of horses walking to and fro near them.

Janet's quick eyes traveled scrutinizingly over the group, and then she exclaimed: "I see! That bay horse walking behind old Dancing Master is a new arrival. What horse is it, Barnes?"

"It's the first favorite for the 'Two Thousand,' Miss Janet, that's what it is!" said the old man proudly, in a tone which suggested "beat that if you can."

Janet Harding colored rosy red, and eagerly exclaimed: "Do you really mean it is Culloden, Lord Francis Erldon's horse?"

"I do," said Mr. Barnes sentimentally. "But I don't understand! You are not his trainer, Barnes?" inquired Miss Harding, with a puzzled air. "Not before this week, Miss Janet. But you see his lordship had a bit of a tiff with his own trainer, somehow, though I can't tell you the rights of it all, because I don't know them myself, exactly; but the long and short of it is, that his lordship wrote me a letter, and an uncommon flattering letter too, Miss Janet, asking me to take charge of his colt and train him for his engagement in the 'Two Thousand,' and though five weeks is little enough time to have given me for to wind him up as I would like, I'll do my living best by the colt, and that's all I can say. Aye, but he's a clever shaped one, Miss Janet! Though his temper's not to my liking, perhaps. But you shall see him gallop."

The unconquerable stab of pain which any thought connected with Francis Erldon so invariably brought to Janet's heart, died away in the breathless interest with which she watched the horse on which rumor said Francis Erldon's last hope depended—and for once rumor did not err.

When Lord Francis had parted from Janet Harding on the terrace at Erldon that bright autumn day, now six months ago, he had gone out into the world a well nigh ruined man, wrecked by every sort of rock a man's life may split on. Harassing debts and difficulties surrounded him on all sides, and how to extricate himself he knew not. More than one complainant heiress threw herself at his head, less noble minded than Janet Harding, but far more willing to buy his title and his handsome face at any price, but he would none of them. Strange to say, the thought that once had seemed so easy a solvance of all his troubles, i. e., "to marry an heiress," now appeared positively loathsome to him; and since the day on which he had clasped Janet's hand in farewell, no other woman in the world could boast of having won even an admiring look from him, or a single word of ought save the merest courtesy.

But a chance of rescue came from an unexpected quarter. A cousin of his had died suddenly, one who had been his "chum" at school, his companion in many a racing venture later on, and who, having nothing else to leave as a legacy behind him, bequeathed the best of a bad lot of 2-year-olds to his well beloved friend and cousin, Lord Francis Erldon. This colt had only just succeeded in getting a "place" in the Champagne stakes at Doncaster, but improved rapidly, winning the Middle Park plate with such consummate ease from a field of good horses in the month following, that he settled down firmly as first favorite for the "Two Thousand" throughout the long dead season of the year.

PART II.

It was no secret to the world at large that Francis Erldon's last great stake in life would be played out then for weal or woe. He had sold everything he could

sell, he had raised money in every way he could raise it, and had backed his horse for every shilling he had in the world, which, put plainly, meant that he stood to win fifty thousand pounds if Culloden won the Two Thousand Guineas stakes at Newmarket in the first week of the coming month of May—if he did not win, then irretrievable ruin and a life of exile must be Lord Francis Erldon's portion.

Therefore, now did the woman who loved him watch with a keen anxiety that almost amounted to pain when the horse on whom so much depended was commanded to parade past her, and it was with more of a sob than a smile that she exclaimed breathlessly: "I see no fault in him, do you?"

Truly Culloden deserved the flattery well, for from his beautiful game little head to his well bred, silky tail, no weak point in his make or shape could be discerned, and he looked what he was, a grand specimen of an English thoroughbred horse.

The orders were given for Culloden, with another colt to keep him company and led by old Dancing Master, to gallop a mile at half speed—starting from the spot where they were now standing, and going in a semicircle. But though the other two horses jumped off at score on the signal being given, Culloden deliberately stuck his toes in the ground and stopped and kicked.

"I feared as much!" muttered old Barnes to himself, and then roared angrily to the others to come back—as if the misdoings of the great horse ought to be laid to their charge.

Once again the word to start is given, and once more the two other horses jump off promptly; but again does Culloden whip round and commence a series of bucking and plunging that would unseat any less practiced individual than the active lad who is riding him.

The trainer looks very grave, and Miss Harding quickly uneasy.

"There's no doubt he's an awkward customer," observed the former grimly, watching Culloden's eccentric vagaries, which he continued to indulge in, in spite of his lad's many efforts to get him back to the other horses, that stand staring in wondering amazement at their new companion's strange frolics.

"I suppose when once he is off, he'll go straight enough, I must" questioned Miss Harding doubtfully.

"Yes, Miss Janet—when!" returned the old trainer laconically.

As if to maintain his contradictory character, no sooner are the other two horses in line for a start once more than Culloden trots leisurely up to them and starts himself apparently, for Barnes has only time to give a quick shout of "Let them go!" when all three horses go thundering by, in very open order indeed.

In spite, however, of such straggling start, one many lengths have been traversed the horses fall into their allotted places, and disappear rapidly beyond the bend of the hill; whilst Miss Harding and her companion canter quickly across to the point where the gallop is to come to an end, and in a few more moments the three horses are seen rising the crest of the hill, and coming towards them once more.

Dancing Master maintains the accustomed steady pace at which he has led so many novices in their work, for more years than he likes to remember, and the other colt is doing his best not to drop into the rear, a place which evidently becomes him best. But Culloden comes striding along at his ease, fighting hard to get his head and to redouble the pace at which they have been ordered to proceed. And when the old trainer holds up his arm and beckons to them with his whip to "come on!" the colt leaves the other two horses without an effort, and passes the lookers on at a pace which, even to the experienced eyes of so astute a man as Mr. Barnes, seems little short of marvelous.

Miss Harding laughed aloud in her glee. "Surely there's no horse in all England like him!" she asked enthusiastically. And though old Barnes vouchsafed no reply, the smile on his bluff red face spoke volumes, and he patted his new charge on the shoulder in deep contentment as the latter was led away.

After that day, scarcely once did Janet miss seeing Culloden do his morning's work, and many an anxious moment did he cost her, in thinking of all that lay at stake at the mercy of his capricious temper. Then a day came when she was told the long expected news, that Lord Francis himself was coming to see his colt at work; and so for two mornings neither the pretty gray hack nor its rider made their appearance on the Langwold Downs. But when they reappeared on the scene of action, Janet ascertained that her scrupulous care to avoid what might have been a painful meeting to both had been altogether needless, for Lord Francis never arrived at all, having been telegraphed for to go to the south of France, where his mother lay seriously ill of typhoid fever.

To be continued.

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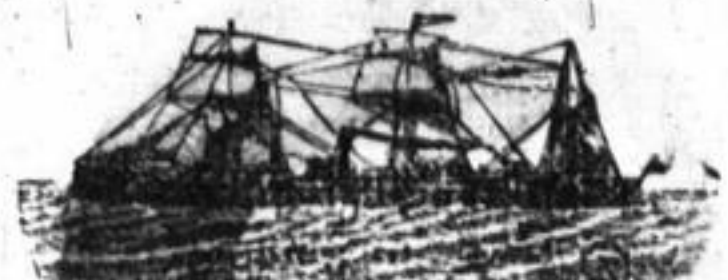
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