CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

London, Thursday, Sept. 4.

DIANA WENTWORTH,

Or, The Professor's Daughter.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ON THE OLD ROAD.

Scarcely pausing to think, only feeling that the air in this house was poisonous, Diana put on her hat, wrapped herself in a warm shawl, and left the house by a side-door without meeting anyone, and walked some distance before she was sufficiently calm to notice what road she had taken. She was on a rough road which wound over the moor and fell to a neighboring market town, once the only road, but now superseded by a more level and circuitous one down in the valley, and hence almost deserted. She had passed the last wayside farm, and the road lay straight before her—low walls covered with ivy and brambles separated it from the spreading moorland on either side. She walked on until she got to the top of a rise where a little plantation of fir-trees grew among the heather. She had often seen these very trees from the other side of the valley and and had wished to reach them. Now she was here, and she felt no pleasure in them at all. She sat down on the wall, shut her eyes, and listened to the sound of the wind in the trees. The gray daylight faded into dusk—the dusk had almost disappeared in darkness, before she opened her eyes again and looked around her.

Her ear had caught a sound; someone was coming along this lonely road. She realized it with indifference; she was too taken out of herself to feel afraid. Then she recognized the step, and clasped her hands tightly in the darkness, and held her breath as he came nearer. He could not see her, she thought; she was leaning back against a tree and her slight figure and dark dress might well keep her concealed in this darkness. A great longing came upon her to stretch out her hand to him and call him by name, but she kept her hands clasped and her tongue silent. Yet when he was close to her he lingered, stopped, and said:

"Diana!"

"Yes, it is I, Mr. Garthwaite," she answered.

"I beg your pardon; I ought to have said 'Miss Wentworth;' you were in my thoughts as Diana."

"It is my name; why should you not say it?"

"What are you doing here?" he asked. "You have a perfect passion for lonely roads and darkness."

"I have some owlish qualities, I know. Sometimes I want to hide. I did now."

"What for? What have those people been doing to you?"

She did not answer at once and he went on—

"Walk with me and tell me as we go. It is late for you to be out alone, and they will be anxious about you at home."

"They do not know I am out; I came to avoid them," she answered, rising to do as he suggested.

"Why was that?" he asked, as they walked on, side by side. "What is wrong."

"They want me to marry my cousin Rupert."

An hour ago she had thought that under no circumstances could she speak Rupert's name, much less mention this matter to John, and now she was speaking of it calmly in answer to a general question. She felt almost frightened as she realized the strength of his influence over her; but this feeling was succeeded by one of peace and calm, born of knowledge that he would never misuse this influence.

"You must not do that," he said quickly, almost sharply, as soon as she had spoken. "You must not think of it."

"I am not thinking of it; I could not do it. I would rather die than be his wife."

"I am glad you say so—you are quite right," and in spite of his endeavor to keep his voice indifferent, an accent of triumph would penetrate it. "If you were married to him, you would probably wish you were dead every day of your life. Perhaps," he went on, as she said nothing, "you do not think I am justified in trying to influence you against your cousin; but I cannot get out of the way of considering myself in some sort your guardian and answerable for your safety, and I happen to know your cousin's character very well. Besides, you know, you need not take my advice unless you like; we are in a free country, I believe."

She thought of Mary Metcalfe, and was silent, and John went on—

"Why do you hate the idea of marrying him?"

"He is a bad man."

"What makes you think so? Few people would agree with you. I believe he is very popular."

"I have talked to him," she said slowly. "Long before he asked me, I knew he was going to do so, and I wanted to know what kind of a man he really was. I had heard much about him. I talked to him, and I let him talk to me. I think that there are few things about him that I do not know, and I found he was bad, bad all through. Was that wrong?"—she stopped to ask.

"No, it was right. You are not a child, you are a woman, and you had a right to know the man who was going to ask you to marry him, whether you intended to accept him or not."

"I did not for an instant intend to accept him."

"You could find out in no other way, I suppose?"

"In no other way."

"And you found out your cousin was full of faults?"

"No," she answered, "I found no faults, only vices. He is both vicious and weak. He has neither the wish nor the will to throw them off."

"I am glad," he said, "that you had the strength and courage to do this, but it was a terrible task for you to undertake; was there no one to do it for you?"

"No one."

"Not even your mother?"

"Mamma is almost more anxious than the others that I should marry him."

"I see. Why have they chosen you as the sacrificial lamb?"

His voice was deep and full with suppressed scorn and bitterness; and dark though it was, Diana, in imagination, could almost see the grim, wrathful expression which his face would wear. Her mood was changing too. Grief and disappointment were turning to scorn and anger, and she answered his question truthfully:

"He cannot honorably ask any girl to marry him. A certain confession would have to be made, which they think could be dispensed with if he married me."

"Excellent! That is the kind of a thing they call a family arrangement, is it not? But how do you know this?"

"He told me once, but they do not know; they have no idea that I know they are trying to make a tool of me. They think I am in perfect ignorance of the inner working of their scheme."

Loud and ringing was the laughter which broke from her companion's lips as soon as she had finished speaking. "Admirable!" he said—"truly admirable! Keep your counsel, and as long as you will never be at a loss for amusing reflections. A mother's love is indeed a beautiful and holy thing. Oh God! I could almost——"

He broke off suddenly; what he had been going to say she never knew. He was glad it was dark, that Diana could not see his face, and guess from it what was passing in his mind. Wrath and pity, hatred and love, stern resolve and boundless longing, bitter, passionate scorn and deepest tenderness, were all doing battle together and striving to overturn a slight, intangible thing called human will.

But human will conquered, and after a long silence John spoke again in his usual voice, in which the only trace of the recent struggle was a slight vibration as he spoke the first few words.

"Let us leave this subject, Miss Wentworth. You have a stout heart and clear head. I know I need not exhort you to persist in your decision. I feel perfectly sure that nothing on earth would induce you to marry your cousin; and, as far as that is concerned, I shall always think of you without uneasiness, however far apart fate may drive us."

He could not see how she started at his words, neither could he tell how they stabbed her heart; but he could hear that her voice was not quite as usual, as she asked:

"Are you going away again?"

"Not just yet, I think, but after another week or two I must hold myself in readiness to be sent to Brazil. Meanwhile I stay here."

She was stricken with a strange, unreasoning terror, and in her terror she spoke.

"Brazil!" she repeated; "so far away! What shall I do without you!"

"Ah," he said lightly, "do not flatter me. I am not really necessary to you, although we have enjoyed some pleasant hours together, and may enjoy some more, perhaps, if we ever meet again."

She said nothing and he went on—

"Let us rather talk about yourself. You will not care to stay here longer, will you!"

"No, I shall go as soon as I can. I came because my mother was ill; she is better now, and there is nothing to stay for."

"What are your plans?"

"I have made none yet. I suppose I shall look for work again—what servants call a 'light place.' You know I need not work hard. I have some money—enough for to live on, I suppose, if I took great care, but not enough to be comfortable on."

"Your comfort being other people's luxury, I suspect."

"Very likely. I am fond of luxury. I have always enjoyed it in the Abbey."

"I can believe that. I remember thinking, when I heard at Jacewo where you had been translated to, than you would be among congenial surroundings."

"It is different from the Camphausen's house, is it not?"

"I never was in it."

The reply was almost like a blow, it was so downright. Before she had recovered from it he went on—

"You know I belong to a different world from yours. The Camphausens' house was luxurious compared with mine."

She felt herself blushingly hot in the darkness, and she bit her lip in her annoyance. His snubs were as thorough as everything else of his, and she had brought it upon herself.

"Promise me one thing," he said, as she did not speak. "Do not try teaching again, at least not that kind of teaching. People of the Camphausen type are not so rare as you might think; and do not go out of England again; you might get to some foreign town where there was no one at all to look after you, and you need looking after. You are very self-reliant, and although it is an admirable quality, it has the same drawback as other good things—there may be too much of it."

"You limit my choice, so that it is only fair you should tell me what career is still open to me."

She tried to speak lightly, but she had gone through too much that afternoon, and, in spite of herself, her voice sounded flat and spiritless. John noticed it at once.

"You are tired," he said, "lean on me."

Only once before had he said "lean on me," in that gently peremptory tone—after he had rescued her from the forest at Jacewo; that occasion and their conversation during their walk home was in the minds of both of them now, and John, drawing her hand more forward into his arm went on—

"If you must teach, get work in some large school where discipline is maintained and you will know what your work is and when it is over for the day. Private teaching is a mistake; don't try it again.

(To be Continued.)

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When a man talks a great deal they call it criticism; when a woman talks a great deal they call it gossip.

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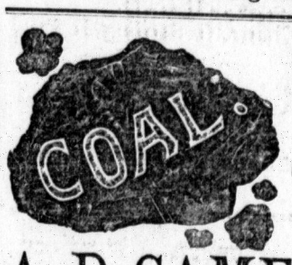

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