YOLANDE.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of "Shandon Bells," "Macleod of Dare," "White Wings," "Sunrise," etc.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A BEGINNING.

Despite all her hurrying, however, Yolande did not manage to get away from London on the day following; it was not until early the next morning that she and her mother and the maid found themselves finally in the train, and the great city left behind for good. The weather was brilliant and shining around them; and the autumn-tinted woods were glorious in color. To these, or any other passing object, Yolande, in her capacity of guardian, drew cheerful attention, treating the journey, indeed as a very ordinary every-day affair; but the sad-eyed mother seemed hardly capable of regarding anything but her daughter, and that sometimes with a little bit of stealthy crying.

"Ah," she said, in those strangely hollow tones, it is kind of you to come and let me see you for a little while."

"A little while? What little while, then?" said Yolande, with a stare.

"Until I go back."

"Until you go back where, mother?"

"Anywhere—away from you," said the mother, regarding the girl with an affectionate and yet wistful look. "It was in a dream that I came away from the house with you. You seemed calling me in a dream. But now I am beginning to wake. At the station there were two ladies; I saw them looking at us; and I knew what they were thinking. They were wondering to see a beautiful young life like yours linked to a life like mine; and they were right. I could see it in their eyes."

"They would have been better employed in minding their own business," said Yolande angrily.

"No; they were right," said her mother calmly; and then she added with a curious sort of smile: "But I am going to be with you for a little while. I am not going away yet. I want to learn all about you, and understand you; then I shall know what to think when I hear of you afterward. You will have a happy life: I shall hear of you, perhaps, and be proud and glad; I shall think of you always as young and happy and beautiful; and when you go back to your friends—"

"Dear mother," said Yolande, "I wish you would not talk nonsense. When I go back to my friends! I am not going back to any friends until you go back with me: do you understand that?"

"I?" said she; and for a second there was a look of fright on her face. Then she shook her head sadly. "No, no. My life is wrecked and done for; yours is all before you—without a cloud, without a shadow. As for me, I am content. I will stay with you a little while, and get to know you; then I will go away. How could I live if I knew that I was the shadow on your life?"

"Well, yes, mother, you have got a good deal to learn about me," said Yolande, serenely. "It is very clear that you don't know what a temper I have, or you would not be so anxious to provoke me to anger. But please remember that it isn't what you want, or what you intend to do—it is what I may be disposed to allow you to do. I have been spoiled all my life; that is one thing you will have to learn about me. I always have my own way. You will find that out very soon; and then you will give over making foolish plans; or thinking that it for you to decide. Do you think I have stolen you away, and carried you into slavery, to let you do as you please? Not at all; it is far from that. As soon as we get to Worthing I am going to get you a prettier bonnet than that—I know the shop perfectly; I saw it the other day. But do you think I will permit you to choose the color? No, not at all—not at all. And as for your going away, or going back, or going anywhere—oh, we will see about that, I assure you."

For the time being, at all events, the mother did not protest. She seemed more and more fascinated by the society of her daughter; and appeared quite absorbed in regarding the bright young fresh face, and in listening with a strange curiosity for the slight traces of a foreign accent that remained in Yolande's talking. As for the girl herself, she bore herself in the most matter-of-fact way. She would have no sentiment interfere. And always it was assumed that her mother was merely an invalid whom the sea air would restore to health; not a word was said as to the cause of her present condition.

Worthing looked bright and cheerful on this breezy forenoon. The wind-swept yellow-gray sea was struck a gleaming silver here and there with floods of sunlight; the morning promenaders had not yet gone in to lunch; a band was playing at the end of the pier. When they got to the rooms, they found that every preparation had been made to receive them; and in the bay-window they discovered a large telescope which the little old lady said she had borrowed from a neighbor whose rooms were unlet. Yolande managed everything—Jane being a helpless kind of creature—and the mother submitted, occasionally with a touch of amusement appearing in her manner. But usually she was rather sad, and her eyes had an absent look in them.

"Now let me see," said Yolande, briskly, as they sat at lunch (Jane waiting on them). "There is really so much to be done that I don't know where we should begin. Oh yes, I do. First we will walk along to the shops and buy your bonnet. Then to a chemist's for some scent for your dressing bag. Then we must get glass dishes for flowers for the table—one round one for the middle, and two semicircles. Then when we come back the pony-carriage must be waiting for us; and we will give you a few minutes to put on the bonnet dear mother; and then we will go away for a drive into the country. Perhaps we shall get some wild flowers; if not, then we will buy some when we come back—"

"Why should you give yourself so much trouble, Yolande?" her mother said.

"Trouble? It is no trouble. It is an amusement—an occupation. Without an occupation how can one live?"

"Ah, you are so full of life—so full of life," the mother said, regarding her wistfully.

"Oh, I assure you," said Yolande, blithely, "that not many know what can be made of wild flowers in a room—if you have plenty of them. Not all mixed; but here one mass of color; and there another. Imagine, now, that we were thirty-three miles from Inverness; how could one get flowers without going up the hillside and collecting them? That was an occupation that had a little trouble, to be sure!—it was harder work than going to buy a bonnet! But sometimes we were not quite dependent on the wild flowers; there was a dear good woman living a few miles away—ah, she was a good friend to me!—she used to send me from her garden far more than was right. And every time that I passed, another handful of flowers; more than that, perhaps some fresh vegetables all nicely packed up; perhaps a little basket of new-laid eggs; perhaps a pair of ducklings—oh, such kindness as was quite ridiculous from a stranger. And then when I come away, she goes to the lodge, and takes one of the girls with her, to see that all is right; and no question of trouble or inconvenience; you would think it was you who were making the obligation and giving kindness, not taking it. I must write to her when I have time. But I hope soon to hear how they are all going on up there in the Highlands."

"Dear Yolande," said the mother, "why should you occupy yourself about me? Do your writing; I am content to sit in the same room. Indeed I would rather listen to you talking about the Highlands than go out to get the bonnet, or anything else."

"Why do I occupy myself about you?" said Yolande. "Because I have brought you here to make you well; that is why. And you must be as much as possible out-of-doors, especially on such a day as this, when the air is from the sea. Ah, we shall soon make you forget the London dinginess and the smoke. And you would rather not go for a drive, perhaps, when it is I who am going to drive you?"

Indeed, she took the mastership into her own hand; and perhaps that was a fortunate necessity; for it prevented her thinking over certain things that had happened to herself. Wise, grave-eyed, thoughtful, and prudent, there was now little left in her manner or speech of the petulant and light-hearted Yolande of other days; and yet she was pleased to see that her mother was taking more and more interest in her; and perhaps sometimes—though she strove to forget the past altogether and only to keep herself busily occupied with the present—there was some vague and subtle sense of self-approval. Or was it self-approval? Was it not rather some dim kind of belief that if he who had appealed to her, if he who had said that he had faith in her, could now see her, he would say that she was doing well? But she tried to put these remembrances away.

An odd thing happened when they were out. They had gone to the shop where Yolande had seen the bonnets; and she was so satisfied with the one that she chose that she made her mother put it on then and there, and asked the milliner to send the other home. Then they went outside again; and not far off was a chemist's shop.

"Now," said Yolande, "we will go and choose two scents for the bottles in the dressing-bag. One shall be white rose; and the other? What other?"

"Whichever you like best, Yolande," said her mother, submissively, her daughter had become so completely her guide and guardian.

"But it is for your dressing-bag, mother, not mine," said Yolande. "You must come into the shop and choose."

"Very well, then."

They walked to the shop; and Yolande glanced for a minute at the window, and then went inside. But the moment they had got within the door—perhaps it was the odor of the place that had recalled her to herself—the mother shrank back with a strange look of fear on her face.

"Yolande," she said, in a low, hurried voice, "I will wait for you outside."

Then Yolande seemed to comprehend what that dazed look of fear meant; and she was so startled that, even after her mother had left, she could scarce summon back enough self-possession to tell the shop-man what she wanted. Thereafter she never asked her mother to go near a chemist's shop.

That same afternoon they went for a drive along some of the inland country lanes; and as they soon found that the stolid, fat, and placid pony could safely be left under the charge of Jane, they got out whenever they had a mind, to look at an old church, or to explore banks and hedgerows in search of wild flowers. Now this idle strolling, with occasional scrambling across ditches, was light enough work for one who was accustomed to climb the hills of Alltnam-ba; but no doubt it was fatiguing enough to this poor woman, who, nevertheless, did her very best to prove herself a cheerful companion. But it was on this fatigue that Yolande reckoned. That was why she wanted her mother to be out all day in the sea air and the country air. What she was aiming at was a certainty of sleep for this invalid of whom she was in charge. And so she cheered her on to further exertion; and pretended an eagerness in this search for wild flowers which was not very real (for ever, in the midst of it, some stray plant here or there would remind her of an herbarium far away, and of other days and other scenes), until at last she thought they had both done their duty, and so they got into the little carriage again and drove back to Worthing.

That evening at dinner she amused her mother with a long and minute account of the voyage to Egypt, and of the friends who had gone with them, and of the life on board the dahabeeyah. The mother seemed peculiarly interested about Mr. Leslie, and asked many questions about him; and Yolande told her frankly how pleasant and agreeable a young fellow he was, and how well he and his sister seemed to understand each other, and so forth. She betrayed no embarrassment in expressing her liking for him; although, in truth, she spoke in pretty much the same terms of Colonel Graham.

"Mr. Leslie was not married, then?"

"Oh no."

"It was rather a dangerous situation for two young people," the mother said, with a gentle smile. "It is a wonder you are not wearing a ring now."

"What ring?" Yolande said, with a quick flush of color.

"An engagement ring."

In fact, the girl was not wearing her engagement ring. On coming to London she had taken it off and put it away; other duties claimed her now—that was what she said to herself. And now she was content that her mother should remain in ignorance of that portion of her past story.

"I have other things to attend to," she said, briefly; and the subject was not continued.

That day passed very successfully. The mother had shown not the slightest symtom of any craving for either stimulant or narcotic; nor any growing depression in consequence of being deprived of these—though Jack Melville had warned Yolande that both were probable. No; the languor from which she suffered appeared to be merely the languor of ill health; and, so far from becoming more depressed, she had become rather more cheerful, especially when they were wandering along the lanes in search of wild flowers. Moreover, when she went to bed (she and Yolande occupied a large double-bedded room) she very speedily fell into a sound, quiet sleep. Yolande lay awake watching her, but everything seemed right; and so by-and-by the girl's mind began to wander away to distant scenes and to pictures that she had been trying to banish from her eyes.

And if sometimes in this hushed room she cried silently to herself, and hid her face in the pillow so that no sob should awaken the sleeping mother well, perhaps that was only a natural reaction. The strain of all that forced cheerfulness had been terrible. Once or twice during the evening she had had to speak of the Highlands; and the effort on such occasions to shut out certain recollections and vain regrets and self-abasements was of itself a hard thing. And now that the strain was over, her imagination ran riot; all the old life up there, with its wonder and delight and its unknown pitfalls, came back to her; and all through it she seemed to hear a sad refrain—a couple of lines from one of Mrs. Bell's ballads—that she could not get out of her head.

"Quoth he, 'My bonnie leddy, were ye sweet Jeanie Graham?'
"Indeed, guid sir, but ye've guessed my very name.'"

They could not apply to her; but somehow there was sorrow in them; and a meeting after many years; and the tragedy of two changed lives. How could they apply to her? If there was any one of whom she was thinking it ought to have been he to whom she had plighted her troth. She had put aside her engagement ring for a season; but she was not thereby absolved from her promise. And yet it was not of him she was thinking; it was of some one she saw only vaguely, but gray-haired and after many years, coming back to a wrecked existence; and her heart, that had a great yearning and pity and love in it, knew that it could not help, and what was there but a woman's tears and a life-long regret? That was a sad night. It was not the mother, it was the daughter, who passed the long sleepless hours in suffering. But with the morning Yolande had pulled herself together again. She was only a little pale—that was all. She was as cheerful, as brave, as high-spirited as ever. When did the band play?—they would walk out on the pier. But even Jane could see that this was not the Yolande who had lived at Alltnam-ba with a kind of sunlight always on her face: and she wondered.

Not that day but the next came the anxiously expected news from the Highlands.

"My darling Yolande,—Your letter has given me inexpressible relief. I was so loath to see you go. Above all, it seemed so cruel that you should go alone, and I remain here. But probably Mr. Melville was right; perhaps it may all turn out for the best; but it will be a long time before any one can say so; and as I think of you in the meantime, it is with no great sense of satisfaction that I am conscious that I can do nothing to help you. But I rejoice that so far you have had no serious trouble; perhaps the worst is over; if that *were* so, then there might be a recompense to you for what you must be undergoing. It would be strange indeed if this should succeed after so many failures. It would make a great difference to all our lives; sometimes I begin to think it possible, and then recollections of the past prove too strong. Let me know your opinion. Tell me everything. Even after all these years, sometimes I begin to hope and to think of our having a home and a household after all.

"There is but little news to send you. At the moment I am quite alone. Mr. Shortlands has changed all his plans, and has gone south for a few days, finding that he can come back and remain with me until the 15th of October. Then you must tell me what you would have me do. Perhaps you will know better by that time. If you think the experiment hopeless, I trust you will have the honesty to say so; then I will take you for a run abroad somewhere, after your long waiting and nursing.

"The Master is in Inverness, I hear; probably it is business that detains him: otherwise I should have been glad of his company on the hill, now that Shortlands is away. But the shooting has lost all interest for me. When I come back in the evening there is no one standing at the door, and no one to sit at the head of the dinner table. I shall be glad when the 15th of October comes; and then, if there is no prospect of your present undertaking proving successful, you and I will preen our feathers for the South. If they are going to bury you alive in these wilds subsequently, you and I must have at least one last swallow flight. Not the Riviera this time; the Riviera is getting to be a combination of Bond Street and Piccadilly. Athens—what do you say? I remember the Grahams talking vaguely about their perhaps trying to spend a winter in Algiers, and pleasanter travelling companions you could not find anywhere; but even if we have to go alone we shall not grumble much?

"This reminds me that one part of your letter made me very angry—I mean about the expense of the dressing-bag, and your proposed economy at Worthing. I suppose it was those people at the Chateau that put those ideas into your head; but I wish you to understand that there is nothing so stupid as unnecessary economy for economy's sake, and that when I wish you to begin cheese-paring I will tell you so. Extravagance is silly—and ill-bred too; but there is some such thing as knowing what one can fairly spend in proportion to one's income; and when I wish you to be more moderate in your expenditure I will tell you. And, indeed, it is not at such a time that you should think of expense at all. If this experiment is likely to end as we wish, then we shall not be considering a few pounds or so.

"I think you will be pleased to hear that Mrs. Bell does not manage one whit better than you—how could she, when everything was perfect? But the situation is awkward. I imagined she was only coming here for a day or two—to set things going, as it were, under a new *regime*; but the good woman shows no signs of departure; and indeed she manages everything with such tact and good sense, and with such an honest, frank recognition of the facts of the case, that I am really afraid to hurt her and offend her by suggesting that she should not waste so much of her time up here. It was all very well with Mr. Melville—he was her hero, the master of the house, the representative of the family that she looked up to; but it is different with me; and yet there is a kind of self-respect in the way in which she strictly keeps to her 'station,' that one does not like to interfere. I have thought of pointing out to her that my last housekeeper was a person called Yolande Winterbourne, and that she was in no wise so respectful in her manner; but then I thought it better to let the good woman have her own way; and with all their respectfulness there is, as you know, a frank and honest friendliness which tells you that she quite understands her own value in the world. She has, however, been so communicative as to unfold to me her great project of the buying back of Monaglen; and I must say it seems very ill-advised of Mr. Melville, just when this project is about to be accomplished, to disappear and leave not even his address behind. All that Mrs. Bell knows is that, on the morning you left, he announced his intention of crossing over the hills to Kingussie to catch the night train going south; and Duncan says he saw him going up by the Corrie-an-eich. You know what an undertaking that is, and the stories they tell about people having been lost in these solitudes; but, as Duncan says, there was not any one in the country who could cross the hills with less chance of coming to harm than Mr. Melville. Still, he might have left the good woman his address; and she, it seems, did not consider it her 'place' to ask."

At this point Yolande stopped—her brain bewildered, her heart beating wildly. If he had crossed over the hills to catch the night train to the south, why, that was the train in which she also was travelling from Inverness to London! Had he been in that same train, then—separated from her by a few carriages only—during the long darkness in which she seemed to be leaving behind her youth and hope and almost the common desire of life? And why? He had spoken to no one of his going away. Mrs. Bell had guessed that he might be going, from his preparations of the previous evening; but to leave on that very morning—to catch the very train in which she was seated—perhaps to come all the way to London with her; here was food for speculation and wonder. Of course it never occurred to her that he might have come to any harm in crossing the hills; she did not even think of that. He was as familiar with these corries and slopes as with the door-step of the house at Gress. No; he had waited for the train to come along; perhaps she did not even look out from the window when they reached the station; he would get into one of the carriages; and all through the long afternoon and evening, and on through the blackness of the night, and in the gray of the morning he was there. And perhaps at Euston Square too? He might easily escape her notice in the crowd if he wished to do so. Would he disappear into the wilderness of London? But he knew the name of the hotel she was going to, that had all been arranged between them; might he not by accident have passed along Albemarle street on one or other of those days? Ah, if she had chanced to see him! would she not have consoled herself with the fancy that somewhere or other there was one watching over her and guarding her? A dream—a dream. If he were indeed there, he had avoided meeting her. He had gone away. He had disappeared—into the unknown; and perhaps the next she should hear of him might be after many years, as of a gray-haired man going back to the place that once knew him, with perhaps some vague question on his lips—

"My bonnie leddy, were ye sweet Jeanie Graham?"

—though to whom he might address that question she scarcely dared to ask or think.

She only looked over the remainder of the letter; her hurried fancies were wandering far away.

"So you see I have no news; although in my solitude this gossip seems to unite you with me for a time. The only extraordinary thing that I have seen or met with since you left we ran across the other night on coming home from the shooting. We had been to the far tops after ptarmigan and white hares, and got belated. Long before we reached home complete darkness overtook us; a darkness so complete that, although we walked Indian file, Duncan leading, I could not see Shortlands, who was just in front of me; I had to follow him by sound, sliding down among loose stones or jumping into peat-hags in a very happy-go-lucky fashion. Crossing the Allt-crom by the little swinging bridge you know of was also a pleasant performance, for there had been rain, and the waters were much swollen, and made a terrible noise in the dark. However, it was when we were over the bridge and making for the lodge that I noticed the phenomenon I am going to tell you about. I was trying to make out John Shortlands' legs in front of me when I saw on the ground two or three small points of white fire. I thought it strange for glow worms to be so high above the level of the sea, and I called the others back to examine these things. But now I found, as they were all standing in the dark, talking, that wherever you lifted your foot from the wet black peat, immediately afterward a large number of these pale points of clear fire appeared, burning for about a minute, and then gradually disappearing. Some were larger and clearer than others—just as you remember, on a phosphorescent night at sea, there are individual big stars separate from the general rush of white as the steamer goes on. We tried to lift some of the points of light, but could not manage it; so I take it they were not glow-worms or any other living creatures, but an emanation of gas from the peaty soil, only that, unlike will-o'-the-wisp, they were quite stationary, and burned with a clear white or blue-white flame—the size of the most of them not bigger than the head of a common pin, and sometimes about fifteen or twenty of them appearing where one foot had been pressed into the soft soil. But Mr. Melville been at Gress I should have asked him about it; no doubt he has noticed this thing in his rambles; but he has been away, as I say, and nobody about here has any explanation to offer. The shepherds say that the appearance of this phosphorescence, or electricity, or illuminated gas, or whatever it is, foretells a change in the weather; but I have never yet met with anything in heaven or earth of which the shepherds did not say the same thing. But as you, my dear Yolande, have not seen this phenomenon, you know absolutely nothing about it, you will be in a position to furnish me with a perfectly consistent scientific theory about it, which I desire to have from you at your convenience.

"A hamper of game goes to you today, also a bunch of white heather from

"Your affectionate father,

"R. G. Winterbourne.'

She dwelt over the picture here presented of his solitary life in the north; and she knew that now no longer were there happy dinner parties in the evening, and pleasant friends talking together; and no longer was there any need for Duncan—outside in the twilight—to play "Melville's Welcome Home."

(To be continued.)

GIN! GIN!!

Arrived per Steamer "Milanese" from London. 20 Hhds. J. DeKuyper & Son's GIN; 50 qr cases DeKuyper & Son's Gin; 350 green cases Gin; 50 Green cases Pints, 2 dozen each.

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The Proprietor returns thanks to the Public for the encouragement given him in the past, and will endeavor, by courtesy and attention, to merit the same in the future.

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The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. READ PROOF BELOW.

Saved Him 1,800 Dollars!

ADAMS, N. Y., Jan. 30. 1882.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents: Having used a good deal of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with great success, I thought I would let you know what it has done for me. Two years ago I had as speedy a colt as was ever raised in Jefferson County. When I was breaking him, he kicked over the cross bar and got fast and tore one of his hind legs all to pieces. I employed the best farriers, but they all said he was spoiled. He had a very large thorough-pin, and I used two bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure and it took the bunch entirely of, and he sold afterwards for $1800 (dollars.) I have used it for bone spavins and wind galls, and it has always cured completely and left the leg smooth.

It is a splendid medicine for rheumatism. I have recommended it to a good many, and they all say it does the work. I was in Witherington & Kneeland's drug store, in Adams, the other day and saw a very fine picture you sent them. I tried to buy it, but could not; they said if I would write to you that you would send me one. I wish you would, and I will do you all the good I can.

Very respectfully, E. S. LYMAN.

From the Akron Commercial, Ohio, of Nov. 25th, 1882.

Readers of the *Commercial* can not well forget that a large space has for years been taken up by Kendall's advertisements—especially of a certain Spavin Cure. We have had dealings with Dr. Kendall for many years, and we know of some large business houses in cities near by who have also dealt with him for many years, and the truth is fully and faithfully proven, not only that he is a good honest man, and that his celebrated Spavin Cure is not only all that it is recommended to be, but that the English Language is not capable of recommending it too highly.

Kendall's Spavin Cure will cure spavins There are hundreds of cases in which that has been proven to our certain knowledge, but, after all, if any person confines the usefulness of this celebrated medicine to curing spavins alone, they make a big mistake. It is the best medicine known as an outward application for rheumatism in the human family It is good for pains and aches, swellings, lameness, and is just as safely applied to men, women and children as it is to horses We know that there are other good liniments, but we do believe this spavin cure to be far better than any ever invented.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

Hutchinson's Ranch, 12 miles north of Denver, Col. Mar. 5th 1883.

DR. B. J. KENDALL, & Co., Gents:—For the past three years I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure. In every case of spavin, of which I have treated five, it has killed them all, and entirely removed three. In case of splint I find it has no equal, one case I had was of three years standing and the Spavin Cure removed it entirely. I had a cow get spavined and it entirely cured her. One year ago a two hundred pound block of ice fell out of a wagon striking my foot on instep and toes, it would be impossible to mash a foot worse without breaking any bones. I was taken home and carried into the house. I do not think amputation of the leg would cause any more pain. I sent for Kendall's Spavin Cure, it was all I used, and in six days I could walk around. About three weeks ago my team ran away and threw me out of the wagon, the hind wheel struck my knee. After applying several highly recommended liniments without obtaining any relief, I went for Kendall's Spavin Cure. My leg was drawn up and my knee swollen badly. In three days I was able to walk to the barn. I could go into details more fully and make this a very long letter, but will not weary you

I am very respectfully yours,
OSCAR F. HUTCHINSON.

P. O. Lock Box, 2362, Denver City, Col.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Santa Rosa, Cal., Feb 9th, 1883.

B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—I feel it a duty to others suffering with the piles and falling of the rectum to write you. I have had the piles and prolapsus of the rectum for five years, for the past three years I have suffered the most agonizing pain. Tried everything, without relief, but after ten days use of Kendall's Spavin Cure I have not seen nor heard of the piles since. One who has not suffered as I have cannot comprehend the great joy that I feel at being cured of a disease almost worse than death. I had a valuable young horse that had a large bunch gather on his breast bone. I tried all kinds of liniments and had it cut open without any benefit Saw your advertisement and bought a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure and ordered my teamster to use as directed. In less than one week the lump had disappeared.—Thinking that a liniment that would do what Kendall's Spavin Cure has done for my horse might benefit more. I tried it as a last resort.

With gratitude and best wishes for your success, I am faithfully yours, J. H GLENN.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
ON HUMAN FLESH

Vevay, Ind., Aug. 12th, 1881.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co.,—Gents,—Sample of circulars received to-day. Please send me some with imprint, printed on one side only. The Kendall's Spavin Cure is in excellent demand with us, and not only for animals, but for human ailments also. Mr. Jos. Voris, one of the leading farmers in our county, sprained an ankle badly, and knowing the value of the remedy for horses, tried it on himself, and it did far better than he had expected. Cured the sprain in very short order.

Yours respectfully, C. O THEBAND.

Price $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt. Send for Illustrated Circular.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

BEFORE USING. AFTER USING.

'Boo, Boo, I'a dot Worms. Oh! my, I's so sick."

I had 'em too, but they all don away now.

PLEASANT WORM SYRUP.

The most eminent Physicians are agreed that about **Fifty per cent of all Children die before reaching the tenth year of life.** Many children suffer from day to day fretful, cross and peevish—and the cause of the trouble is not suspected.

A pallid and sickly countenance, irregularity of appetite, or great voracity, bad breath, foul tongue, great thirst, gradual emaciation, irritable temper, disposition to be picking the nose, are all symptoms indicating the presence of **WORMS**. If any of these symptoms are noticed, or the presence of worms suspected, procure a bottle of **Pleasant Worm Syrup,** which costs but 25 cts., and give it according to directions. If any worms are present they will soon be expelled and your darling restored to health again. If there are no worms present the remedy will do no harm, but will move the bowels gently and leave the system in a healthy condition.

PLEASANT WORM SYRUP requires no castor oil or other purgative medicine with it.

PRICE 25 CTS. PER BOTTLE at THE MEDICAL HALL. J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE.

$72 A week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay, by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

NATIONAL PILLS
SUGAR COATED
PURELY VEGETABLE
Highly recommended for Biliousness, Head-Ache, Constipation, Dizziness, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Loss of Memory, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Or any illness arising from the Stomach, Bowels or Kidneys. They are gentle mild and thorough in their action. From 1 to 3 pills is a dose.
PRICE 25c. PER BOX.

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AND
Wash-tub Stand.
Clothes Forks, etc.

New devices for convenience on Wash day—save labor and lighten the work left to be done.

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IN STORE:

FLOUR, CORNMEAL, OATMEAL, TEA, SUGAR, LARD, SOAP, ONIONS, TOBACCO, Lowest WHOLESALE and RETAIL Prices; also

20 TUBS GOOD BUTTER.

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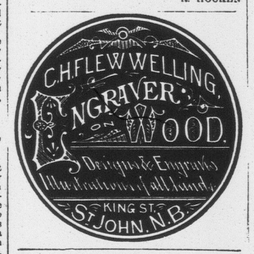

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DEALER IN
Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions, Hardware, Hats, Caps, Ready-Made Clothing.

Customers will find our Stock complete, comprising many articles, it is impossible here to enumerate and all sold at moderate prices.

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THE Subscriber is prepared to furnish his PATENT LOG CARRIAGE SHIPPING MACHINE, to any parties requiring the same, or supply drawings, etc., to enable parties to manufacture it for themselves.

The above is in use in several Mills on this River, and perfect satisfaction is guaranteed.

Full information given by application to the Subscriber.

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REFINED IRON.
Lowmoor, Swede, Londonderry and English
common BOLT IRON and PIG IRON.

CAST STEEL.
Thos. Firth and Son's Extra Axe, Tool and Drill Steel

Spring, Sleigh Shoe & Tire Steel.
—ALSO:—
ROUND MACHINE STEEL
Manufacture of SPEAR & JACKSON.

Tinplates, CHARCOAL and COKE.
Sheet Iron,
Black and Galvanized.

A special lot of Galvanized Sheet Iron —

6 ft x 39 in.	x 29 gauge.	
7 " x "	x "	"
8 " x "	x "	"

First class make (Davies') and well adapted for LOBSTER BOILERS, &c. Besides a heavy stock in store, we expect early in March, per good Ship 'Alfarin:"

11,224 Bars	}	Refined Iron.
2,566 Bdls.		
325 "		Hoop Iron

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UNDERTAKER.
CASKETS & COFFINS
of all kinds and prices kept in Stock.
Metallic and Patent Coffins,
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Badges for Pall Bearers, Clergymen and Physicians, Furnished.
Burial Robes also Supplied.
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NEW GOODS
—AT—
J. B. SNOWBALL'S.

Just received per late Steamers from the Manufacturers.

New Ulster Cloths

For Gents Ladies and Children:

Boys' Woollen Knickerbocker Hose.

Very Heavy.

A very large stock of

German and Canadian Clouds and promenade Scarfs.

Ladies' Berlin Wool Shawls,
Ladies Berlin Wool Jackets,
Ladies' and Children's Wool Scarfs.

Irish Frieze,

For Heavy Overcoats.

Irish and Scotch Tweeds,

Newest Styles.

Moscow Homespun, Costume Cloths,
Wool Serges, French Cashmeres, French Merinoes,
Black Scicillians, Black Grecian Cords,
Colored Cloth Debeges,

100 pairs Best White

ENGLISH BLANKETS,

50 pairs Best Twilled

Canadian White Blankets

A few pairs of Super Extra BATH BLANKETS, at reduced price

ALL CHEAP FOR CASH!

Chatham, Oct. 18, 1881.

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MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD,
And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (*For Internal and External Use*). CURES Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teasp'nful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.
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