NELLO. THE STORY OF MY LOVE.

CHAPTER XII.

An hour passed, and still the convertation was key is any with unflagging interest. A 1 Lady Jesmond's power of fascinators were brought into play. Once or twice his lordship turned to me with some common-place remark, and at one bright smile from her he instantly forgot ma. We were still out on the balcow, Lord Saxon seated by her side, whilst I stord gezing at the roses with a faint sad heart. What had happened that the light had seemed to have left the sun and the tragrance to have fled from the flowers? flowers?

Lord Saxon was "a lover of beauty and a Lord Saxon was "a lover of beauty and a dressmer of dreams"-I knew it-and, now that he had met with a worman of sun passing loveliness, he would worship at her shrine. Why need I mind? With a smile on my face I stood there whilst my heart was slowly breaking ; for I new, just as well as if they had disclosed their stoognes, that a passionate mutual love was burning in their hearts. He could never have loved me ; it had been but a passing fancy. That woman had str med his heart with her beauty, and he had aurrendered. he had surrendered, When the feeling of pain had somewhat moderated, I heard what they were say-

"Not ride!" origid Lord Saxon. "I thought all ladies rode in Indus !" "I was an exception," she said. "It is the one accomplishment above all others that I wise."

"I was one accomplishment above an unit maise." ' L't me teach you," he begged eagerly. "Von would not like the trouble," she

"Trouble " he repeated. "Why, it would give me the greatest pleasure and de-

hight," "We will spiak of it-later," she said. Then came an interruption, in the shepe of a message from the nursery, saying that Mrs. Rivers would be glud if Lvdy Jesmend would go there at once, as Sr Guy did not seem will.

In the second se

his love was dead. The loss of Jeanond Dene was so trilling to me in comparison with this other and great loss that I could have laughed at the questin; but I answered it soberly enough.

enough. "I felt it mot deeply; but I do not re-sentit. I loved my cousin Paul, and I am glad that his scn will have the es-

tat." "You are very noble and very good," he said, "I have stought a great deal about it, and I cann't express to you how glad I am to see you carry such a brave heart, Felicia. Have you desided yot what you will do?"

mave you desided yet what you will do?" I could have cried out in my anguish that I had h pad, had thought that he was c:m ing to sottle my future for me; but I shrouded myself in a muntle of pride. If his love for me was so weak that it had died at sight of a fairer face., what rad it been worth?

been worth? I told him I had decided on nothing— that for the present I should remain with Lady Jesmond, as she had asked me is so that my sunt was too ill to be removed. "I should like to see your cousin Paul's little son," he said. "C. Tkaily his widow is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

"And you worship beauty," I ren arked,

Har you worship beauty, I fen arked, bitterly. How deat he was to the angulah that rang in my voice I He laughed frankly, sp parently unawate of the pain he had caused

e. "So my mother said, Felicia ; and I am raid it is trae. But I want to talk to you

analy the state plus I want to take by you of vourself." When Ludy Je-mond returned to the room, lauging at the nurse's anxiety and unnecessary alaum, he immediately left me, and the next moment I heard him besecohing Lady Jesmond to drive over to Dunroon.

Descenting The second s

you." "I will think about it," answered Lady Jesmond. "I never make huried pro-

m sse," "Felicia," oried Lord Saxon. "you will bring Lady Jesmond over to Dunroon ?" "When she likes to go," I answered, And then Lord Saxon rose to depart. He

Filicia, do you not see ?? "Yellong, you have a set of update and the set of the set love or marry." "You forget Paul," I said, shocked at her

wr I liked,' she stid loughingly. "Why,

"I do not forget him. But, Feliofa why did you never speak to me of Lord Sax-

did you never spraa or nev or and on?". "How could I tell the topic would interest you ?" I asked. "You might have been sure, knowing what a superior man he is, Now I shall cultivate his mother's friendelip, and, Fe-licia, you will take me to Dancon?"

CHAPTER XIII.

A year passed, and to me it was of slow

CHAPTER XIII. A year rassed, and to me it was of slow torturing gymy. My strength deserted me, the colour faded from wy ohreaks, the light from my eyes; but I kept my secret. No one, except perhaps Lady Saxon, had the hardsome Lord of Durocon. It was impossible for me not to watch Nello and Lady Jeemond as they sauntered amid the trees and flowers, her bright love-ly face and golden hair con rusting with i derk, proud, many beanty. Nover wa lover more devoted than L rd Saxon. He came every day, sourimes twice; and I ould hear his vice@al log 'Gabriele, Ga-brielle ("as he sought her in the grownds. He was proud ther love, and he gloried in her Frilliant beauty. If by any chance he same when alse was chagged or absent, she would pour out all his passionate loving thoughts to more. Lashings from a fiery whip could not i ave stung me more; but I literend with a smile on my lips, though every word lacerated my heart. As for Lady Jemond, she gave herself up com-pletely to her love-dieam. " Talked ambition once," she said to me; ''I haked ambition once," and said to me; Yong Saxon if he were a peasant in-stead of a prince, as he is." "Do you love him so much," I asked. "Love him," she exclaimed, with a warro-level with, " she collime," the aver. I work any could have had any. I would mary Lovd Saxon if he were a peasant in-stead to runce, the is." "Do you love him so much," I asked. "Love him," she exclaimed, with a warro-level at li, it woult be in terrible earnest. I wish I had more moderation and greater solve, and the come moderation and greater solve, and the tert the instit fasion; but no time had been settied for the marra age. My and Anoret was settied for the marra age.

self-control." They were acknowledged lovers when she spoke in that enthu istic fashion; but no time had been settled for the marriage. My aunt Annette was s'ill lyin; ill, and Ludy S.xon was miserable. "I do not like Ludy Jesmond," she said to me one day when we were alone; "I never like dher, and I never shall. I do not trust her. Thrre is something strange' and mystelious in her manner which repels even more than her glittering loveliness. I am anxious that my son should be hapy; but I wish he had chosen differently;" she concluded, with a sigh. I could not help noting that there were times when Ludy Jesmond seemed unhappy, when she was resiless and unesay, and started at the least sound, grew pale when she heard au unusual noise. I found her at intervals, with her face clouded in thought and her bright blue eyes shadowed. It struck me that she spent much more time with Mrs. Rivers than she had hitherto done. They were in constant and close commanionalin always taking cacerive ar. struck me that she spent much more time with Mrs. Rivers than she had hitherto done. They were in constant and close companionship, always talking cagery, e.r. nesty, action largers. Two other things struck me as extremely singular—how little thought Lavy Jesmond Descowed upon her dead husband and how little love she show-ed for her ohild. All her interest centered in Lord Saxan. The mosth of June came round again, and still I was an inmate of Jesmond Dens. I could not leave, first, bc cause I had solemn-ly romised to remain for a time, and se-condy because ny aunt Aunette, who was ying ill with a spinl tomplaint, could hard y endure my being out of her presence. All nature smilleuin the summer sun, and the nightingales once a sain awoke the cobes of the night with their melodious song. At the close of a sulby dsy, when the moon was shining over the trees. I went quictly to hear the nightingales, as I had once gone with Nello. Bitter were my thoughts, hot and bitter were my tears. She had taken him fr. m me, this beantiful wore intervance.

man whose little son had robbed me of n y inheritance. It was a luxu y to be alone, to pour forth unrestrainedly the agony of my heart, to crouch down on the long toft grass and sob out my griet. They were singing so exquis-itly, the nightingales, and yet the sweet musc seemed to ltear my very heart. He would have loved and married me but for her! Hasven forpive me-in that moment I have her! Ah, if she had but remained in ludia-if my cousim Paul had but lived! and the plaint of Bianca among the nightin-gales came home to ma.

ates came nome to ms. She had not reached him at my heart, With her fine torgue, as snakes indeed Kill flies ; nor had i, for my part, Yoarned after, in my desperate need, And followed him, as he did her, To coasts loft bitter by the tide, We coasts loft bitter by the tide, To coasts loft bitter by the tide, For still they sing, the nightingales

Was it just? I cried to the ci'ent shining "He loves you because you are one of the Was it just? I cried to the if ent shining heavens. She had everything. She had had the trashing love of my bright young cousin; she was the mother of his heir; she was mistress of the house that, had been mine; she had moor y, lande; and now she had taken him! Was it fair, because she had the brightness of the stars in her eyes and the sheen of the sun in her brair; that she should take him from me ? Was it fair that she should stard in the side of the most beautinti." She looked and and disappointed. "D you think it is only for my beauty that he loves me !" she asked. "Would not that content you ?" I inquir-

me should take him from me? Was it fair that she should stand in the circle of his arm, and I lie forsaken there? Was it fair that she should take his careses and his kisses while I strictched out my arms to the empty air? CHAPTER XIV.

CHAPTER XIV. There was a surprise in store for me when I returned from my cismal ramiles. I found that Lord Saxon had remained rather later than usual, and that Lady Jeemond had dis-carded her widow's weeds. Never shall I forget the vision of loveliness that met my dazed eyes. She wore a dress of pale vio-lat velvet, which contrasted well with her golden tresses and exquilite complexion. I had seen, not many days before, Lord Sax-on take the little orape cap from her head, and all her shining hair fall in a golden mass of ripples and waves about her shappy shoulcers.

shoulders. "It is more than a sin to cover such hair," he said.

said. She looked up at him with sudden grav-

"ity. "I hope," she answered calmly, "that I

"I hope," she answered calmly, "that I shall never commit a greater." "I do not think you could commit a sin if you tried," he said, his eyes looking into hera with deep yearning love; and, to my surprise, instead of smiling, her gravity depened. The remembrance of her dazzling beauty of that evening will never leave me. I remember, too, how she sang to him, and how he leaned admir-ingly over her chair and drank in the music of her sweet vo ce; and then they went out on to the balcony, where he bade her good night, bending down and kissing her ilps, and breathing pa sionate words into her ears which seemed to stir her into new life. Then he was gene; and she stood gazing after him with a smile sweet and tender. such as I had seldom seem on her face be-fore.

Alter him with a simile sweet and tender. Such as I had soldom seen on her face be-fore. We stood together once more; her face was full of emotion, her eyes were full of tears of joy. "I will be a good woman rry whole life lcng," she said suddenly, "I will be as good as woman can be; for, oh, Félicia, I am so happy-1 am so unuterably happy ! Doyon know what has happened?" "No," I answered faithly; but my heart told me what was coming. Two warm soft arms were placed round my neck, a golden head nestled on my bosom, a fair bewitening face was turned to mine, tears shone in the blue eyes. "Listen tom, Felicia," she said. "I am the happiest woman in the whole wide world. Oh, I will be good-I will indeed be good !"

be good 1" "But you are good now, Gabrielle," I said, anxious only to ayert the coming an

said, anxious only to ayert the coming an-noungement. "I will be better!" she oried. "Oh, Felicia, I do not deserve to be so happy !" The white arms tightened their clarp and the beautiful head nestled more closely to me. "I shall remember to day above all other days," she said; "it is the happiest of my life. Felicia, I am shy at telling you my good news. Long Saxon has asked ms to be his wile, and wishes me i to marry him this summer."

good news. Long Saxon has saked me to be his wife, and wishes me | to marry him this unmer." There was a dead silence as her voice did away; the smille on her face was full of nunterable confent. The blow which I had so long expected had at last fallen. 1 must go away, far away, where I could never hear of r see either of them again 1 "This summer," she repeated; "and, now that my happines is to bear, I-I am afraid of it-afraid " she rengeated, raising her face and hissing me. "Can you say any-thing that will give me courage?" "You have nothing to fear," I said, with dificulty. ' Is it colder than usual to night?" she asked. "The air is sweet with roses, but it seems to me chill?" and I folt a shudder pass over the graceful figure. "I wish," ashe added, with sudden melancholy, "that I had my life to begin over again. All people make grave mistakes at one time or sonter

she added, with sudden melancholy, "that I had my life to begin over again. All people in the grave mistakes at one time or another in their lives, do they not?" "Very many do," I replied—who had made a greater one than I? "But surely you are not among the jnumber, Gabriele— you can have made no mistake in your life?"

ife ?" She looked at me with wistful longing

She looked at me with wistful longing eyts. "I did not know," she said, "that pure love brought so much with it. I find the first thing is a caving to be worthy of it." "I hope you are worthy of it," I answer-ed gazely. Her curious words and man-ner legan to make me feel anxious. "I will 'try to be," she said. "Felicia,' she continued, drawing my face down to hers and kissing it again, "you have known Nello longer than I have; do you think, if he loved any one very much, and found out that she he loved had done a creat wrong.

that he loves me?" she sited. 'Would not that content you ?" I inquired. 'Not now," she answered slowly. 'It would once; it will not satisfy me now. Love has opened my eyes to a hundred things I did not know before." 'You really do not seem to have loved my cousin, 'I was startled into say. 'No," she replied—and her eyes filled with tears."— ''I did not love Paul—not in this fashion, at least." Then I advised her to go to rest. Her face was burning her eyes were shining with a strange light, her golden hair had fallen over her shoulders in careless profession. Never was vision of womanhood so fair!

so fait ! ""I am so loath to see the happ est d'y of my life come to an end," she said, "that I feel compelled to linger here. Felicia, have you ever had what people call a presen i ment?"

munit?"
'Xes, often," I answered.
''Have they been realized ?" she asked.
''More often than not," I rep'iad.
'' I have a presentiment to night—a feeling that tells me to morrow will not be like to day."
''You will be happier than ever to morrow.'' I said. ''Lord Saxon will come over

"You will be happicr than ever vo-mor-row," I taid. "Lord Saxon will come over to Jesmond Done quite early, and will want to drive you or ride with you to one of your favourite haun.s. Than you will nome on the staircase with little Goy; you will go off in excellent sprits; and you will have quite forgotten your presentiment when you return." "Good night, Felicia," she said; "you

"Good night, Felicia," she sail; "you have comforted me." I kissed her, and said "Good night." When I awoke the next morning, my first thought was that I must go from Jessmond Dene. I could not bear to remain in the place that had seen my hopes crashed and my love null lessly blasted. Just as I had prophesied, L'rd Saxon came over quite early, as he wanted to drive Lacy Jessmoud to St. Michael's Pricry, a fine ruin about ten miles dis-tant.

tant. "A whole day ny, darling, out in the sunshine together !" I heard him say. unchine together i"I heard him say. They went to the nursery, whence I heard ssue peals of sweet childish laughter. I rent after them with a message for La'ry lesmond, Lord Saxon was tossing the issue peals of sweet childish laughter. It went after them with a message for La⁵y Josmond. Locd Saxon was tossing the child in his arms, delighting and frighten-ing him at the same time. Lacy Josmond was speaking to the nurse at the other end of the room and again I caught the words, "Be careful, Gabriells," and once more I wondered why the nurse should presume so to address her mistres. Nello and Luöy Jesmond rode awsy to-gether, and there was no shadow on her love y laughing face a, she wished me a pless ant "Good morning," (TO BE CONTINUES.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Two Popular Singers.

Iwo ropular Singers. Mrs. Agnes Corlett-Thomson, who will be remembered by many of our read-ers as Miss Corlett, is rapidly coming to the front as a singer of much more than average merit. Her voice is a pure, sweet "stoccato" soprano, particularly strong, and marked with a fullness of tone and purity of production but soldom scrong, and purity of production but seldom met with. She is also a good type of an ideal Canadian, sich in good health, with that bright and c'ear complexion charac-teristic of her countrywomen. Last May she married Mr. J. F. Thomson, a barteristic of her country women. Last May she married Mr. J. F. Thomson, a bar-tone of whom Canada may well be proud. As yet a young man, he has has already filled engagements with a number of high class opera and concert Companies. It was with the Strakosch and Litta Companies that his greatest successes were made. While with them he appeard with such great artists as Marie Roze, Torfini, Annandale, Litta, Brignoli, Taglispietra, Kellogg, Carey, Perugini, Conly, etc. The Boston Herald in speak-ing of his debut there said: "Another debutant, Mr. J. F. Thomson, socred the success of the evening by his artistic singing. He possesses a magnificent baritone voice of over two others in success of the succes illustrated navmphle* tree **S1.500** SPLENDID CHANCE FOR RIGHT mac-callery and facey business shore and lot, for and e schoulve u abrella repairing trade of discident Apply to Crawners, on two, ont. Printing Press For tale. Hoo Drum Cylinder, in first-class working order for sale cheap, size of bod 27½ x 331. Also a Sanbourne Bock-trimmer as good as new. WESTM AN & BALK DE 110 Res Street Tournet A. R. WILLIAMS, MACHINERY, ENGINES. IRON TOOLS, SAW-MILLS, BOILERS, WOOD TOOLS, SHINGLE-MILLS, BELTING, BAND SAWS, LATH MILLS the evening by his artistic singing. He possesses a magnificent baritone voice of over two octaves in compass, particularly strong and pure, even in all its registers and highly cultivated, which he uses with great taste and expression. His numbers were "The Torreador Song" (*Carmen*) and "Si tu Savais" (*Baife.*) He was enthusi-ast ally encored after each, and his num ber given in response, "Good Company" *Adams*), and "Awake" by the same com-poser, but increased the good impression his first selections excited." SOHU MACHINE WORKS, TOBONTO. Compound Oxygen Cures Bronchills, Neuralgis, Consumption, Rheumat-ism, Ashmas, Cakarh, Dyroppia, Borrius, Gronoko Home and Gifes trashmet Joron, Parsiysis, etc., etc. Homes and Gifes trashmet and promanent ours. The di eases find speedy rolief as d permanent ours. Two who are softening from any of use above ammed diseases should give Compound Oxygen a Trisi, 73 King Si Weat, Torve to. RUPFURE-EGAN SIMPERIAL the be ever invested. Tox tee the tee ever invested. Tox tee terms to perfect, uses every child, Heroid, duicghardeness, herory ence. "Routing free, Address, the Right Murphic St. Ess, Toxino, Ont. s first selections excited." Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, remain in

Toroató until the spring, when they expect to go to New York, and finish their musical studies. CHRISTMAS CARDS BY MAIL ----BOYS and GIRLS

One of Froude's Stories of Carlyle. Une of Fronde's Stories of Carlyle. It is no exageration to say that if one of the stories in Fronde's "Thomas Carlyle" had been published during the historian's life no woman, unless possibly one of his kinfolk as hard as himself, would ever have spoken to him again. His wife, suffering from the combined effects of ohronic neu-ralgia and a terrible fall, with the nerva-and nucleic of one side entirely. displad

Wrecked Manhood Victims of youthful indiscretions suffer-ing from nervous debility, lack of solf-confidence, impaired memory, and 'kin-dred symptoms, should send three letter stamps for large illustrated treatise, giv-log means of certain the summorum ing means of certain cure, with numerous testimonials. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Rich men are "borne to the skies on flowery beds of V's."

Abon men are "borne to the skies of flowery bed of Via." Another Life Saved. About two years ago, a prominent oitizen of Chicago was vold by his physi-cians chat he must die. They said his system was so debilitated that there was nothing left to build on. He made up his mind to try a "new depatture." He got some of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medi-cal Discovery" and took it according to directions. He began to improve at one. He kept up the treatment for some months, and is to-day a well man. He says the "Discovery" saved his life. A grate singer-The tra kettle. "Frailty, thy Name is Woman." —Hamlet.

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reduced to one dollar. A string of momation -Limburger choese, With Satisfaction. Polson's NEAVILINE, the new and cer-tain pain cure, is used with satisfaction in every instance. There is abundant rea-son for this, for it performs all that is claimed for it. Nerviline is a never-fail-ing cure for commens pains in the side. or son for this, for it performs all that is claimed for it. Nerviline is a never-fail-ing oure for cramps, pains in the side or back, lumbago, sore throat, chilblains, tootbacke. Nerviline is in fact a sure remedy for all pains, both inversal and external. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. Large bottles only 25 cents, by all drug-gists and country dealers.

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raily must go, he said ; he had stayed much longer than he ought. But even after that declaration he lingered, talking to her, and watching her every movement with admir-ion annue

watching her every movement with admir-ing eyes. So this was the prosaic end of my love-story! Had he cared for me? I could not tell; but I believed he had, or he would not have kissed me. He had loved me with a feeble apology for love which had died when he saw the fair face of Lady Jesmond. I had tasted happinese but to lose it; I had dreamed my love-dream but to wake and find it vanished. I had been unspeakably happy for a few days, and now, without any warning, the cup of happinese had been dashed from my lays, the blishell deluxion had been dispelled. When Lord Saxon had gone, Lady Jes.

had been dispelled. When Lord Saxon had gone; Lady Jes-mond turned to me. "Felicia," she oried, "you are a greater mystery to me than ever. Imagine knowing such a man as that and never speaking of him 1 You must be as unimpressionable as marble." "You nover liked Lady Saxon," I made excuse.

excuse. "It did not follow that I should not like her son," she said, and then added, "I have a presentiment that I shall become him

'You must wait until he asks you," I ventured to suggest. "Yes; and I can make him ask when

"I would not for her white and pink, Though such he likes, her grace of limb, Though such he has praised, nor yet I Though such he has praised, inc. -though such he has praised, inc. -think, For life itself, though spent with him, Commit such sacrifice, affront Gode nature, which is love, intrude Gode nature, which is love, intrude T and the spiders in the star work. I cannot bear those algoringales ! I cannot bear those algoringales !

"If she chose ain, some geniter guise The might have sinned in, son geniter guise She might have pricked out both my or And I still see him in my dreams, Or druged me in my sour or wine, To die here with hie hand in mine, His bres huepn me, were not hard. Cur Lady, hush those nightingales !

they ill sing through team in the tomb alght They'll sing and stun me in the tomb The nightingales, the nightingales !" The nightingales, it realize

The nightingates, the nightingates" In the madness of my despair I realized how much I had loved him. Ho would be standing now on the baloony with her; he would be workhipping the beauty of her fair would be her lovely lips. And I was lying there, lower desalate, and broken-heared i

he loved any one very much, and found out that she he loved had done a great wrong, he would forgive readily?" "It would depend altogether on the ra-ture of the wrong committed." I replied. "I should imagine that he would be ready to overlook crdinary faults and weaknesses; but there are some things that he would never pardon."

"What are they?" she asked breathless

ly. "He hates trickery and deceit," I an-swered. "He would, i.beliove, almost for-give murder sconer than anything of that She was looking at me with wide-opened

"He would sconer forgive murder than decett "she cohoed. The words had a strange sound as ahe utbrad them, and made a lasting impression ucon me.

"I am sure it is cold," she remarked, after a pause ; and once again she shudder

d. She began to pace up and down the long

rom the combined enects of chronic neu-ralgia and a terrible fall, with the nervery and muscles of one side entirely disabled by on her bed, anable to close her mouth. He came into her room, looked at her, while he leaned against the mantelpiece—an act intensely irritating to a woman not valu, in-deed, but proudly desirous not to look ill— and said: "Jane, ye had better shut your mouth. Jane, yell find yourself in a more ocmpact and pious frame of mindlify es shut your mouth." That Mrs. Carlyle endured this gibe and alterwards remained near the man who inflicted it upon her, ays much for her constancy; but no woman who reads its crude brutality constructions be oprin to conviction that there was anything good about Carlyle.

The Dunce's Cap in the East.

ed. She began to pace up and down the long "You will think that I am behaving strangely to inght," she said, "I am un-easy I cannot rest." I attempted to go, but she cried out, "Felicia, do not have me !" "It is strange," also said presently, with rare humility, "that out of all the world of women Nello should have chosen me." "I do not think so," I replied quishly.

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