

Horrors of Dyspepsia

Sour Stomach, Heart Palpitation, Nervous, Sleepless

Now Able to Do All the Housework—What Cured Her.

The excellent qualities of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a stomach tonic and appetizer enable it to relieve and cure dyspepsia even when cure seems hopeless. Read Mrs. Willett's letters:

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: Gentlemen:—I have been sick for about six years with dyspepsia with all its horrible nightmares, such as sour stomach, flatulency, palpitation of the heart, insomnia, etc., and all that time I have tried almost every known remedy and the best doctors in the state, but nothing did me any good. I was very

Weak and Nervous.
About five months ago I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using five bottles I am able to do all my housework and feel better than I have in several years. Also, my husband had pneumonia last winter and his blood got very bad; he had rheumatism and could scarcely walk. He commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a short time he was better in every way, his rheumatism has left him and he is in better health than for a long time." Mrs. W. J. WILLETT, Mt. Holly, N. C.

Still Praising Hood's.
"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: Dear Sirs:—I am still praising Hood's Sarsaparilla for the great benefit both myself and husband derived from its use and I do not hesitate to say it is the best medicine we have ever used in our family." Mrs. W. J. WILLETT, Mt. Holly, N. C.

Letter No. 2
we have ever used in our family."
Mrs. W. J. WILLETT, Mt. Holly, N. C.

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LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance.

BY M. M. D. BOBIN, Q. C.

CHAPTER XXI.

FLAT BURGLARY AS EVER WAS COMMITTED.

"These nice sharp quills of the law."

"A plume upon it when thieves cannot be true to one another."—Henry IV. Part I.

"And in a word outface you from your prize; yes, and can show it you here in the house."—Henry IV. Part I.

But love was not permitted to monopolize Maurice. Duty claimed her share of his attention, and was not to be denied. Love is the traditional enemy of love. The execution of the law for the recovery of Clonlara had, after his father's murder, been revived in his name, as heir-at-law, and was being pushed vigorously forward.

In his innermost heart Maurice suspected that his cousin's was the cowardly hand that fired the murderous pistol-shot at Essex Bridge. Even to himself he hated to confess that horrid suspicion. Still, unconsciously, it had, no doubt, its influence in stimulating him to press forward the new action.

As for Mark, he made no secret of his delight at the "accident" that had befallen his uncle, as he now confessed him to be—"in a drunken brawl." He professed himself quite confident of the result of the new action.

"The old war-whooper," he said, "might have given me some trouble, but as for this fellow who claims to be his son, there are, no doubt, scores of half-bloods running wild through the backwoods of America with as good a claim as his. We could find a drawing-room full of Lady Blakes among the Indian wigwags, if it were worth while looking them up."

The rumor was industriously put abroad that the first wife of Sir Valentine was alive and well, and would be produced as a witness for the defendant at the trial.

The audacity of the trick took Dr. Denver's breath away when he first heard it. He had seen the woman lying dead; he had followed her coffin to the grave. It would resurrect her seemed impossible. But a little thought showed him the rumored fraud was ingenious as it was audacious. There had been one real rival of Lady Blake. Why not a second sham? It would be easy to show that she had not died when it was said she did. It would be hard to show that she had died afterwards. There were, no doubt, innumerable abandoned women who could be hired to play the part.

"We must be all the more careful with our proofs," said Curran. "We must leave no point of attack or defence uncovered or unassailed."

"They had met at consultation at the house of the great orator and lawyer. They were seated in his study, whose walls on three sides were lined from floor to ceiling with law reports, text-books bound in formal half calf. Two handsome glass-fronted cases beside the fireplace contained the culled treasures of English literature, and space was found for a handsome old Shakespearean proof engraving over the chimney-piece. Curran sat close to his writing table, in the centre of the room, lost in the depths of a great Russian-leather arm-chair. He leaned in his hands a huge brief, whose leaves he fluttered over with something very like impatience.

was endorsed a fee heavy in proportion to the heaviness of the brief. "In my professional experience, I know of no case more admirably put before counsel. It would seem to me nothing is wanting. We have fortified our whole line of defence, and are prepared to deliver an irresistible attack on the enemy's ranks in abruptly on Mr. M'Nally's smooth phrases smoothly delivered, there is a reference in my brief to a confession which Dr. Denver took down from the lips of Lady Blake, and a certificate of her death, but I can find no copy of any of these documents."

"I did not consider the documents relevant on a question of title," returned Mr. Lawless pompously. "You are aware, of course, sir, that it is not part of our case that our client was the son of this particular Lady Blake. Our case is that he is Sir Valentine's son by a second marriage. It was by an oversight, for which I have to apologise, that such irrelevant documents were mentioned at all in your brief. My senior clerk is responsible."

"A lucky oversight," said Curran tartly, "which probably has saved the case. Did it never occur to you, Mr. Lawless, that the death of the first Lady Blake was necessary for the marriage of the second? Without a marriage there can not be an heir-at-law. Our opponents are shrewder, if the rumor runs right, that they are about to resurrect the lady for the purpose of this case."

"Then, of course, sir, that is not part of our case that our client was the son of this particular Lady Blake. Our case is that he is Sir Valentine's son by a second marriage. It was by an oversight, for which I have to apologise, that such irrelevant documents were mentioned at all in your brief. My senior clerk is responsible."

"Certainly," said the doctor, "quite safe, and at your immediate service. I keep them in a despatch-box in a bureau in my dressing-room. I asked Sir Valentine to take them when he returned, but he begged me to retain them in my custody."

While the doctor was speaking the junior counsel, Mr. M'Nally, idly scribbled the precise locality of the important despatch-box in the fold of his brief, in a way junior counsel have.

"In a way junior counsel have," said Curran, "I am not a doctor, but I am a lawyer, and I will look the matter over for you, sir. We can do no more without these documents, Mr. Lawless. You will kindly get them from Dr. Denver and have copies made and briefed to us. Stay, there is no time to be lost; bring the originals, and I will look them over for you tomorrow with other consultation here to-morrow with those papers before us. What say you, gentlemen, will 12 o'clock suit you all?"

"There was a murmur of assent, and they trooped together out of the great lawyer's study. Maurice, the party chiefly concerned, was glad even for the brief interval to exchange law for love. The rest departed to their several occupations, for every man hath business and desire such as it is." What was the special business of Mr. Leonard M'Nally, junior counsel for the plaintiff, during that brief interval, may perhaps appear a little plain in the sequel.

holding a wax taper in her hand. She was dressed in black tulle, sprinkled with rose buds, which threw out in startling relief the dazzling whiteness of her arms. A great ruby pendant burned blue; and a great fire on her white bosom; rubies and diamonds blazed in her hair.

She was going out alone to the theatre, as was her habit, and had idly opened the room empty on her way, believing that for a moment or so she glanced at its two occupants, with a look too cold and distant even to be called contempt. For, after all, contempt is a feeling with languid, handsome face there, was none. She glanced at them listlessly, as at repulsive animals in a cage; then closed the door without word or gesture, and in a moment they heard the rattle of her carriage wheels down the street.

"Curse her!" said Curran, "she scolded at its two occupants, with a look too cold and distant even to be called contempt. For, after all, contempt is a feeling with languid, handsome face there, was none. She glanced at them listlessly, as at repulsive animals in a cage; then closed the door without word or gesture, and in a moment they heard the rattle of her carriage wheels down the street."

Lord Dulwich fiercely, changing the gender of his execration, but bating nothing of its vigor. "She makes no secret of her scorn and loathing for me, even while she lavishes my wealth with both hands. I believe she has a hankering after that mongrel cousin of mine, as we call it about his wound, and roundly rated me as a murderer, swearing that with her own hands she would give me up to justice if she could. Curse her!"

"Come," he went on abruptly, "I am away by the passion in him, I mean Mark, I am your man for to-night's job. If he is a bad man, I will be a worse one. I will give him a lesson in the law, and he shall be a lesson again, a second time."

"Half an hour later the two sallied out together into the dark street, wrapped in loose cloaks, and armed to the teeth with sword and pistol.

They slipped like shadows, as swiftly and as silently, through the murky night, when only an occasional oil lamp at long intervals served to make darkness visible. At the corner of Jervis street they paused, and Mark whistled a thin, shrill whistle through his clenched teeth that seemed to pierce the air like an arrow. Out from a dark archway close to the figure of a man, looking gigantic through the thick gloom, so swift and stealthily that both Mark and his companion started guiltily when they found him standing close beside.

"The new comer chuckled hoarsely at their surprise.

"Be ashy, neighbor," he said to Lord Dulwich, whose hand was on his sword-hilt. "Be ashy with you, and give your carving-knife a holiday. Let us get through our work first. If you want a fight in peace and quietness, when the work is done, I am not the man to balk you."

Lord Dulwich could just discern through the gloom that the stranger was a man of huge stature. He had a flaming red head, on which a slouched hat was cocked, and his eyes glared like live coals out of the darkness. He was armed to the teeth. By no means a pleasant midnight companion or opponent.

His lordship shook off the huge hand laid familiarly on his shoulder, and was about to make a contemptuous reply, when Mark Blake whispered a few words in his ear that silenced him. The three then walked together down Jervis street.

Right opposite Dr. Denver's house, Mark thought he noticed a line of darkness, stretching straight up through the dusk from the centre of the street to the eaves of the houses.

He halted to it cautiously, touched it with his hand, and found it firm.

"It is a ladder," said Freeny, shortly—needless to say, the newcomer was Freeny. It is mighty inconvenient to mention the name of the house on the stairway, but in this case it is a case when you are there without an invitation. So I thought I would like a staircase of my own, and I stole the ladder while I was waiting for you, to keep my hand in."

"You are a clever fellow, Freeny, and make robbery support robbery," said Mark, laughing and waving his hand, "now, and get this job through. He too, five hundred pounds in gold waiting you at the foot of the ladder when you come down."

"It's waiting for me at the foot of the ladder before I take the first step up," said Freeny, gruffly. "Payment in advance was the bargain. Honoramongst-gentlemen."

might as well bolt the door with a boiled carrot."

"Then he drew a bit of wire from his pocket, shaped and bent it a little, thrust it into the keyhole, and drew back the bolt with perfect ease.

"The stupid thing does not know the difference between a bit of crooked wire and the key it is accustomed to all its life," he grumbled, with a grin, as he sent the searching ray of yellow light into the recesses of the bureau, where it quickly found the despatch-box he was in quest of.

He took it under his arm, shut the bureau, and locked it, crept out of the window, and closed and fastened it after him—"for fear of robbers," he muttered, as he stood on the iron balcony outside in the darkness. His climb over the railing a little awkwardly, for he had the despatch-box in one hand, and the lantern in the other.

With dangling feet he felt about in the blackness below for the first rung of the ladder, and found it. It quivered under his weight. He was stooping cautiously to get his hands on the ladder, when he heard whispering far below, but could distinguish no words.

"Then Mark Blake's cautious voice came up to him under the dark, still night—low, but clear—

"Have you got the box?"

"In the same tone he sent the one word, 'Yes,' down to the watchers below.

"Drop it," Mark's voice came up again out of the silence. "I will catch it in my cloak. Turn down the light."

from his grasp, he was slung round and round with dizzing force, and loosed at last.

He staggered back wildly and blindly, tripped up and fell over the unconscious body of his friend in the kennel, and lay quite still, quivering with fear. Freeny disappeared with the despatch-box.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE BELLS OF LIMERICK.

Once, after many years of the most patient labor, a young Italian, rested from a task that was well done, had made a set of bells of the most exquisite tone possible, and he felt that his time had been wisely spent. For a long while he refused to part with them, for they seemed to him almost like living things. To sell them, he said, would be the same as selling one's own children. But at last, obliged by necessity, he yielded, the pious prior of a convent on the banks of the Lake of Como being the fortunate purchaser. The price was a goodly sum; and the young man, finding it impossible to separate himself from his beloved chime, built with the money a little villa near the convent, where he could hear the Angelus struck morning, noon, and night. There he hoped and prayed to spend his remaining days.

But the beautiful and restful seclusion of which he dreamed was not to be his. Italy became involved in a great feudal war, in which he found himself engaged before he was aware; and when peace was restored a sad change had come to him and his prospects. His family were scattered, his friends dead, his money gone, and the home on the Lake of Como was his no more. Most painful of all, the convent was a wreck, having been razed to the ground in the conflict which had devastated the region. And the bells—ah! where were they? The most that could be learned about them was that they had been carried off to some foreign land.

Then the artist—for he was as true an artist as if he had painted a masterpiece at which the world wondered—let the spot where he had been so happy, and became a wanderer, always searching for his bells. The thought of them never left him. During the day he could hear their sound above the roar of the city's streets; at night it haunted his dreams. He was looked upon as a vagabond, and children ran from him in fear. His hair grew white and he leaned upon a staff. In time he became known as "the questioner"; for he was ever seeking news of his treasures. He asked but one question: "Where are my bells?" Nobody knew, and so he wandered on.

One day a sailor told him that in Ireland there was the most wonderful chime ever made by mortal man.

"Then they are mine," answered the wanderer; "and I will go and find them."

One beautiful O women, mother a walking along the toward their home of the Church of Little island formed Seine and known because original was included within were apparently fortable circumstances by birth belonged society, while the cation approach class; but both, the green old age, and cheerful and bloomed their faces a stoneness and honesty.

They walked the scenes daily to of Paris, and y Madame Charlier name of the good by the display of hand furniture, such as might h thoughts of a phi ties of life. In t were to be seen ages; there old s ture, antiquated with Chinese silk, gilt bronzes belong, so called G. XIII's time, furn were enclosed in a painted articles, tumbled together, passers-by the oddity.

At the door the several pictures w a buyer. Th portraits, which to interest anyb presented and the their places in t and indifferent o get rid of them.

Charlier stopped neglected picture of surprise.

"What is she said her daughter? 'It is she!' 'Yes, it is she!' it is Miss Christiane. 'Are you sure?' 'Yes, yes!' recognize her fac of arms of her fa portrait in a se will not stay her.

She hastily en asked the price dealer took it down the artist's attentio truth it was a po representing a y twenty years old holding a book i was mild, refine eyes, under deep calm and penetr reproduced the bore her sickness was enclosed in a suffered much fr At the top was noble family o Charlier promptl for it, took the p home.

Her home con room containi articles of hosiery and fanciful; th answering both a family room. There was all r comfort, a full s many colored at the walls. In a an oblong meda wreath of white turned yellow. wreath which b of a young girl ion, or had been any rate, it was by the Charlier down the good yes, it is she," self; "here are kind, her fine h hair, her litte white; it is sh were thirty year.

"What is th said her eldest her side. 'Wh What a dab it know how much honor we ar Christiane?" "Herself, m may be for she name, for she and all that I h 'Mamma," had accompa walk, to please Miss no thing about t very good an her.

"Yes, I tell a work of love how I came to But is anybody 'Yes, mamma. 'All right, work, and g While speaking, was so industr idle."