

POSTMASTER
Compound
Ago.
DAY SINCE

Illness says:
are ago. I have
in fact, saved
I am still feeling
ill a single day since I
Compound. I truly
and strength to
I saved me from
I shall never
before I met you.
Now I can sleep
I thank God and
I have
and fifty letters
the sufferer after
letter was published.
come from all parts
of United States.

local reformer, and
chance to receive any
is not near. He says
eminent that even
Emporia back-drive
stern visitor from
the house.
White stand in

light, I guess. But he's
town too internally
D DRIVE a teaspoon-
mixed with a glass of
will be found a better
sky. Avoid substitutes,
a Killer, Perry Davis.

mes Lost his Water.
times has a brother,
in ensign in the United
ship was stationed at
day the flagship entered
the Fleet Command on
was very dignified and
o. loss his self-control.
ander was in swimming,
made a friendly wager
that he would destroy
similarity—in naval par-
The vessel was
ing toward his superior
he paused, and stop-
overhead strokes, began
he saluted prome-
on a quarter-deck.
his intense surprise the
and the salute with equal
he lost his water.

IT.—They supplied
hol contained in that
Menthol Plaster, which
backache, headache,
am and sciatica. Man-
is & Lawrence Co.,

Active Statesmen.
he Mexican Vice-Pres-
of Foreign Affairs, and
ative of the Republic at
festival, has had a car-
proverbial backwood's

umble circumstances at
the early years display-
and energy. Dur-
he has been almost
and boy to Vice-Pres-
said to him:

very position excepting
out."
took his head gravely

great, but it has not
to suit a man of my

EMULSION benefits
Long troubles with
hages. A few bottles
a wonderful improve-
is & Lawrence Co.,
Discovers Something.
the London Zoophilist
Tolbert of Chicago
the brain works and
muscles, and he has hit
spring holes through a
ing ivory plugs in the
to be attached elec-
ing on the surface.
As the Professor then
he can watch the ef-
a part of the poor
muscles."
playful Tolbert got
one with it? Or is the
only cheaper, probably
as the agony of the
at the piano is only
the vivisector who does
away—at other—and
the inner brotherhood.

(Continued from Page 14.)

And Roger? I interrupted, quickly.
"Yes, dear! A little later, as pretty
as charming as yourself. And I al-
ways thought of her—dear little Amy! And
then, one fair spring morn, there came to
our small village a wandering artist—a
man of about forty, with fine figure, large
dark eyes, and grave but fascinating man-
ner. A week passed by, and rumors
reached our small household of the beau-
tiful old etchings dashed off in fine and
genius style by the artist.

"And Amy, my dear little sister, laugh-
ingly said, 'I must see these wonderful
paintings.' And was fond of her brush and
hand some table, though then uncultivated.
Day by day she wished more and more for
a sight of the stranger's canvas; and, at
length, she had her wish gratified. Ah!
how well I remember that bright May
evening, when, as I sat alone with my
mother in our pretty sitting room, the door
suddenly flew open, and Amy entered,
with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks,
and then her tale was told; and harmless
enough it seemed to us that fair May even-
ing, and merrily enough we joined in
Amy's cheer, happy laughter, as she told,
in her pretty way, all the incidents con-
nected with her casual meeting with the
stranger-artist and her view of his wonder-
ful sketches.

"Ah, we could neither of us foretell the
future nor divine for an instant that the
day would come when the remembrance of
that evening would be as gall to us!

"The weeks flew by, and the artist was
no longer a stranger to us, but a frequent
guest at our table. And Amy—our dear,
amorous Amy—well, it was clearly seen
from the beginning what a charm his pre-
sence had for her. All the love of her pure
maiden heart was showered upon Hugh
Gordon. 'Yes, my dear little sister loved
Hugh Gordon with all her heart, and
devotedly he returned her maiden confi-
dence.'

"Roger pauses, while an angry and indig-
nant look overspreads his countenance.
"Villain! he mutters, beneath his breath
while his right hand is raised and clenched,
as though against some hidden foe.

"Roger, don't look so! I murmur, lean-
ing my head against his shoulder, while
the tears trickle down my cheeks.

"At my words, at my action, he starts.
Then, glancing down tenderly at my tear-
stained face, he murmurs, gently—

"My own little Elsie, did I frighten you,
dear? I will not finish say—

"Oh, please go on, Roger!" I plead.

"Your little sister—what happened next?"

"Poor little Amy! She gave her wealth
of love, and received in return a broken
heart. They were married, and this Hugh
Gordon took her away to some quiet se-
aside lodgings—only for a time, he assured
my mother. But he feared to declare his
marriage to his friends just then, as he did
not wish to offend an old uncle who was
very rich, and whose estates he hoped,
and had every reason to expect, he would
inherit, should he continue to please him
till the time of his death.

"And so, in sadness and sorrow, we let
our Amy go away with her artist husband,
and for a time all seemed well with her.
Her weekly budget of news was bright
and cheerful in its tone. Then came a
change.

"The months passed by, and then, just
as she was looking forward to holding in
her arms her first-born, the end came.
My mother was hastily summoned, and but
three weeks later all was over, and our
bright Amy lay beneath the sod.

"Her husband had soon tired of her
pretty face and artless ways.

"Poor, loving, true little Amy! Oh,
Elsie! You can never know how we have
mourned her; but we keep her weeping her
marriage, and her death, a secret now; for
it all seems so sacred to us, that we natu-
rally shrink from letting strangers into our
confidence. But you—you will soon be
one of us, darling; therefore I have told
you this. My mother wished you to know
all; and then again, another reason is,
Elsie, I believe that you have met this
man, and I dread his fascinating ways. I
have been warned in a dream!

"A fearful idea flashes through my brain.
Can Sir Hugh Stanton and the husband
of Roger's sister be the same man?

"What can possibly have suggested the
idea to me?

"I cannot say; but I feel sure that I am
correct in my surmise.

"Listen, Elsie!" Roger adds. "I dream-
ed that you and I were together in some

fair flower, meadow, through which flow-
ed a wide and silvery stream. We stood
hand in hand, and watched it as it flowed
gently on.

"Suddenly another figure came into view
and took up its position exactly facing us,
but on the other bank of the stream. It
stood there, silent and motionless; then
suddenly raised its left hand, and be-
hoed to you. You smiled in return, and
dipped your hand quickly from my grasp,
then took a step or two forward as though
you would leave me for that other. But
even as your feet were at the brink of the
stream a chasm opened and you disap-
peared.

"At the same instant a loud laugh of
mockery and derision issued from the lips
of the figure on the opposite bank, while I
fell senseless to the earth! That was my
dream, Elsie. Not very dreadful in the
telling, you will say; but yet I feel thank-
ful that it was only a dream!

"But the figure, Roger, that beckoned
to me—did you recognize it?"

"I did, Elsie, and therein lies all my ter-
ror!"

"Who was it, Roger?"

"It was the man who ruined my dear
sister's life! It was he whose likeness we
destroyed together, Elsie!"

"But, Roger, that was the photograph of
Sir Hugh Stanton!" I exclaim.

"Sir Hugh Stanton now, Elsie. His
hopes have been realized, and he has suc-
ceeded to the estates and title he coveted
so much. But, Sir Hugh Stanton, or the
plain Hugh Gordon, the man is the same
for all that. And you have met him, Elsie,
have been thrown in his way in crowded
ball rooms, have stood with him on the
moonlit balcony, and yet have come back
to me—unconscious!"

"But, Roger! The photograph—where
did you find it?"

"Where I found one of the same man
long ago, when he came as Amy's lover,
Elsie."

"Where was that?" I stammer forth.

"Enclosed within the leaves of a song
that my sister was accustomed to sing to
me."

"Ah! I remember now. But he did not
put it there, I feel certain, for I sorted all
my music only—

"Never mind, dear, who put it there; it
answers Roger. 'I am quite satisfied that it
did not find its way there through the
agency of these little fingers,' and bending
low his head, he lays his lips on my hand."

"I am at Ellerton Park.

"The colonel is abroad, but he has kin-
dly given me permission to use his fine old
library, and so I am about to avail myself
of his permission to obtain a book of poems
of which I have heard so much.

"I cross the room, and make my way
through the gloom—for the shutters are
still barred—to the window, which faces
the shelves, where I know I shall find the
poet I seek.

"I unfasten the shutters and look out.

"A woman's face is pressed close against
the pane, and her eyes are peering into
the room.

"With a slight exclamation, I turn and
cross to the book-shelves.

"Who is the woman? I naturally wonder
as I begin my search.

"The volume is found at length, and I
open it and glance down at the lines.

"How beautiful I murmur softly, as I
turn another page and read on.

"So absorbed do I become in the poet's
thrilling language, that I am deaf and
blind to all around me for the time being,
and start aside with a slight scream as a
voice sounds quite close to me.

"We have met again then, Elsie. I pro-
phesied to you in the words that day that
we should, and I am a true prophet."

"Sir Hugh Stanton!" I gasp.

"Yes, Elsie; and you are glad to see
me!"

"As he speaks, he bends forward, and
takes my hand in his.

"I really am too astonished—too fright-
ened—to offer any resistance, for he seems
so changed.

"The same fine figure, the same handsome
face the same dark eyes; but the expres-
sion in the latter

"Ah! I shudder as I glance up and note
it all.

"Like a flash, too, comes the recollection
of his dead wife.

"Elsie, I have sought long how I might
bring about this meeting, and now Fate
has played into my hands. Elsie, now I
can tell you what I have suffered since last
we parted, and now I can hear from your
lips that you will no longer look coldly on
me and set aside my love!"

"As he utters the last word a low and
a low and hissing sound makes itself dis-
tinctly heard from the direction of the
window, against which I had seen pressed
a woman's face.

"Sir Hugh, you forget that—that I am
already the promised wife of—"

"Ah, yes! Of the respected doctor of
this small village, Elsie. No; I do not
forget anything. Only, that is swallowed
up in the other thought which has taken
complete possession of me. I mean the
thought of the great love which I have for
you Elsie. Think, before you reject my
love, of the advantages it can bring you.
Think of all this. Weigh it well in your
mind with that other love offered you, and
then choose mine! Your happiness will
cover by my first and last thought, Elsie,
Elsie! I love you! I do not reject me!"

"Again the hissing sound, but this time
far more distinct.

"It reaches my companion's ear, too, for
he starts, and glances round with knitted
brow and stern eyes.

"What is it?" I almost shriek, for the
whole scene is fast overpowering me.

"Nothing, Elsie, that need thus alarm
you. I will just go out, and prove to you
that there is no one outside. Wait here for
me."

"Sir Hugh releases my hand, and turns
away.

"I sink into a chair near by, and burying
my face in my hands, sob aloud."

"Oh, Roger! where are you?" I cry, in
my sorrow.

"And then, even as I utter his name, I
hear his dear voice in the hall.

"I rise and rush to the door, and look
out, only just in time to see his figure dis-
appear round a corner, in company
with—

"And here a fit of trembling seizes me,
and I am compelled to seek shelter in the
library."

"For the terrible dread has entered into
my very soul, and I wait, with heavy heart
in my heart, for my lover's return.

"For Roger is in company with that other
—and harm may befall him."

"And then I recollect the expression in
Sir Hugh's eyes, as he bent them on me a
few minutes previously; such a look of
passionate and intense feeling, as though
the man could be, and would capable of
anything or everything.

"Still the moments creep by, and still I
am alone in the darkness, with aught for
company but the shadow of the dread
thought that flashed through my brain as I
saw Roger's form disappear."

"And then all my past rises before me;
I see how very wrongly I have acted
throughout."

"I recognize the fact that I am to blame for
Sir Hugh's presence here this evening, for I
ought to have confessed my engagement to
Roger long before I met him."

"But it is too late to recall the past; I
must bear the consequences of my foolish
pride and wrong-doing."

"Another ten minutes passes thus, and
then Roger enters the room."

"I spring towards him with a little glad
cry of relief and joy, and he draws me very
close to his heart, and murmurs—

"She is still my little Elsie! I thought
the serpent had been near her again. Still
she is true from his trail, thank Heaven!"

"Oh, Roger! where is Sir Hugh?" I ask.

"My lover puts me from him quickly, and
in the twilight, searches my face eagerly
with deep and questioning gaze."

"The trail is not there, he murmurs to
himself, as he again draws me closer."

"I dare not repeat my question."

"Now, dear," says Roger, "I will go and
get my hat. I think I left it in the house-
keeper's sitting-room. You will not mind
waiting here a moment alone, dear?"

"I will wait, Roger. Only, please do
not be long. I do not like this dark room."

"Silly child!" laughs my lover, as he
turns away in search of his hat.

"Five minutes, or more, elapses. Then
he returns, but hatless."

"Elsie, I believe I must go home without
it, for I really cannot remember where I
left it, and I do not like to disturb Mrs.
North in her evening nap. It is very
mild, and I shall not take cold."

"He offers me his arm at the same time
and then we make our way out of the li-
brary."

"You will not mind coming out the back
way, Elsie?" Roger says, presently.

"It will shorten our walk, and it is already
late. Your father will be expecting you,
dear."

"I am too worn out to make any demur
at this arrangement, but feel I can submit
to anything Roger likes to propose."

"So in silence we set out from Ellerton
Park."

"Arrived there, I bid Roger a farewell,
then take a candle from the hall-table, and
repair at once to my chamber, where I
sink into my favourite chair and go over
the events of the past hour."

"As I reflect on the late scene my eyes
wander up and down my dress and jacket."

"My dress is a tawny-coloured cloth, of
which I have taken great care hitherto, as
it is such a good fit, and our village is not
noted for a good dressmaker; but now, as
my gaze wanders up and down, I fancy I
do not some dark spots, where no such
spots should be."

"Not being able to satisfy myself upon
this point, I rise and draw nearer to the
light."

"Yes; there, too surely, are several large
spots of a dark colour."

"And—oh, horror! They are of blood!

"Then, like a flash of lightning, it all
dawns upon me, only I can't yet escape my
dreadful thoughts into words."

"No! I must not—at once!"

"Hurriedly blowing out my candle, I
open my door and descend, carefully and
noiselessly, and let myself out at the hall-
door."

"Then, with winged feet, I fly along the
road in the direction of Ellerton Park, in
at the gates, up the winding drive till I
gain the library window, then on till the
white stone steps of the front entrance
come into view in the half-light."

The Crow of Croup.

It strikes terror to a mother's heart to
have her child wake up at night with a
croupy cough.

Child can scarcely speak, can hardly
breathe—seems to be choking.

There is no time for delay—apply hot
poultices to the throat and upper part of
the chest, and give Dr. Wood's Norway
Fine Syrup—nothing like it for giving
prompt relief—will save a child when
nothing else will.

Mrs. Wm. Young, Frome, Ont., says:
"One year ago our little boy had a severe
attack of inflammation of the lungs and
croup, which left a bad wheeze in his chest."

"We were advised to use Dr. Wood's
Norway Fine Syrup, which we did, and it
cured him completely."

"Now we always
keep this remedy in the house, as it cures
all others for the
several kinds of coughs
or colds."

Dr. Wood's Norway Fine Syrup is the most per-
fect remedy known for the cure of Con-
sumption, Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Sick
Headache. Do not gripe or sicken.



Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

Its Purity is its Strength

Flavor and Fragrance its natural attributes.

Imitations are
numerous.
Avoid them.

CHASE & SANBORN,

MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

I slacken my speed now, for am I not
nearing—

What?
Gracious Heavens!

There it is!

My fearful idea is realized; and I fall
senseless upon the lifeless body of Sir
Hugh Stanton.

"Elsie, are you strong enough to read
this?"

"It is the first Friday in the New Year."

"I am lying on the sofa in our pretty
drawing-room, to which I have been borne
in my father's arms for the first time to-day,
since that dreadful night."

"Yes, father, quite," I reply, as I glance
up and note that it is addressed to me in
Roger Elston's handwriting.

"I will join you again presently, Elsie,"
father says, as, having placed the letter on
the table at my side, he goes out, shutting
the door behind him.

"I lie and gaze at the superscription for a
few minutes, then slowly lift one hand and
take it up. Another minute, and I am
slowly reading down the first page."

"It is not a long letter, and there is no
date or heading to it."

"It runs thus—

"Ere you receive this, Elsie, I shall be
far, far away. We shall not meet again in
this world, till I can procure proofs of the
real murderer—no need to say whose. But
Elsie, I ask one favor at your hands in the
mean-time—that is, try to think, try to
bring yourself to firmly believe me,
when I say that though my hat was
found near the body, that though guilty
stains were found on my apparel, still,
believe me that I assert nothing but
the truth, when I again say I had no
hand in the crime. Life was assuredly ex-
tinct when I placed my hand for the first
time on the body after I saw it fall there
by the stone steps. Time will prove all.
When I can bring you proofs, I repeat, I
will come back to my dear love, and ask
for a renewal of—

"Here the letter ends abruptly in a broken
sentence, as though the writer—

But I grow faint again.

"Father!"

"And then all is darkness once more."

"The proofs, Roger, where are they?"

"What, dreaming, Elsie?" questioned a
familiar voice, as I wake with a start.

"It is a bright sunny afternoon in early
April."

"I have been slowly regaining strength
during these beautiful spring days."

"But this afternoon a certain weakness
and drowsiness has overpowered me, and I
have lost consciousness in a deep sleep for
more than an hour."

"My dear, I have dreamed! Dreamed of Roger
my dear, lost love."

"And yet the dream has not been a sad
one."

"For I seemed to see him as he was before
that awful night, bright and handsome,
coming towards me, with outstretched
hands and a look of love in his eyes."

"Asleep! and dreaming? Oh! Elsie. And
to think that I have been waiting so anx-
iously all this long time for you to awake,
that I might tell you a visitor was wishing
to see you," says Cousin Maude.

"Who is it?" I ask, quietly.

"My dream is still fresh in my memory,
and seems so real."

"Whom would you like to see most on
this earth, Elsie dear? Cousin Maude
questions, in low and gentle tones."

"Oh! Cousin Maude. It cannot, cannot
be! Tell me quickly!"

"He shall speak for himself, dear."

"Then the door opens; a well known fig-
ure enters, and—

"I have brought the proofs, Elsie, my
love! and then I am clasped once again in
my own dear love's arms, and feel his warm
kisses on my lips."

"A few months later, and we—Roger and
I—stand side by side before the altar of
our small village church, and listen to my
father's faltering tones, as he reads out the
sacred words that pronounce us man and
wife."

"And so I am happy again."

"It was a woman's hand that did it dear,"
it is all I learn from Roger—my dear hus-
band—when I summon up courage, months
later, to question him respecting the dread-
ful fate of him who was so closely connect-
ed with our TWO DREAMS."

"A Compromise."

Little Clarence (with rising infection)
—Pa!"

Mr. Clippers—"Uh?"

Little Clarence—"Pa, if a man 50 years
old married a girl of 17, and his son aged
25 married the girl's mother, don't that
make the old man the son-in-law of his
own son, and the father-in-law of himself;
and—ah, pa, can I go fishin' all this

afternoon with Johnny Jumpup if I won't
ask you any more questions?"

Mr. Clippers (hastily)—"Great guns!
Yes!"

PINEAPPLE ESSENCE.

In the Shape of Dr. Von Stan's
Pineapple Tablets in Curing
Stomach Ailments of
Every Kind.