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Mid Surf and Tide.

By F. A. REYNOLDS.

Roy Sheldon sat on the veranda of the Ocean House, glancing over the morning papers.

His attention was attracted from his reading by observing a stranger who slowly promenaded up and down...

"Certainly this is Ralph Atwood?" he exclaimed, half interrogatively.

"Right," said the other, as a grave smile lighted his face an instant.

"Now just you tell me, my dear fellow, where you have been all these years—what you have been doing, and how come you here?"

"It has been a good while," said Ralph, "and a great deal has happened, but it can be made into a short history for the present."

"One spring day in the junior year, when a telegram, telling of your father's illness, reached you."

"Yes, well, my father lived but a few hours after I reached home. After his death we found his affairs hopelessly involved, and a few hundred dollars out of all his property were left us."

"Oh!" returned Roy, lightly. "I have had a very monotonous life compared with yours. I graduated with some credit, then undertook to read law, but hated it so far offered me a partnership in his business if I would take me abroad a good deal; I, too, have just returned home. Am having a little vacation and rest."

"That's all," he added. "Have you had breakfast, Ralph?" he asked, suddenly.

"Took a cup of coffee on the boat," said Ralph, "but I feel like having another."

enue, reaching Bellevue Avenue just in time to meet the most aristocratic turnout, and Ralph noticed Roy's hat was lifted almost constantly as, one after another, richly dressed ladies passed and bowed with evident favor.

Arrived at the Ocean House, they separated to dress for dinner.

Two days passed in which the friends were constantly together, and Ralph met a number of Roy's friends at the beach, and in the hotel parlors.

On the third day, as the two young men were looking over their mail, Roy exclaimed: "Here is an invitation to the Vernons. They have a magnificent place here, and entertain royally. This is a sort of reception for Grace Vernon's friend, Stella Grayson. I must get you a card, Ralph."

"Don't mind me, Roy, I beg," cried Ralph, quickly. "I prefer not to go. I came here for old ocean, and not for society."

"Pshaw, Ralph! I shall not go if you don't. You must go, old fellow. I haven't aspirated to Miss Grayson myself, but she would suit you. She is a beauty, an heiress, and a regular queen in society. She has been here two seasons, has had lots of admirers, and will not look at one. She is rightly named—she is a star, but the trouble is she declines to accept anybody's particular star. I predict you will win, Ralph."

"Thank you, Roy, but no ladies for me!"

"What is the matter with you, Ralph?" exclaimed Roy, suddenly. "You used to adore the ladies, now you actually grow pale over the thought of meeting one—the most charming of her sex."

"You are certainly not the same, Ralph," he asked, glancing keenly at his friend's face. "Have you had trouble?"

"No, don't answer. I was too trying," he exclaimed, as a spasm of pain crossed Ralph's features.

"Yes," said Ralph, controlling himself with an effort. "Yes, I have had a great sorrow, and I will try to tell you. I have never spoken of it to any one, and it may keep me from brooding over it to tell you."

He paused, and sat a long time silent, while Roy sorrowfully watched the anguished expression on Ralph's face, as memory brought the past before him.

"Oh, Ralph!" May exclaimed in disappointment. "Let the old books go, do just once."

I was about to yield, as I could have done with much sacrifice, but a glance from mother changed my purpose, and I said quite irritably: "Don't be a baby, May; I have to work as well as play."

May looked up in astonishment at my tone, and meeting my frown, burst into tears and left the table and ran to her own room.

As soon as I could with dignity do so, I followed her, and when I found she was crying from wounded love, instead of childish disappointment, I knelt to tell her I had changed my mind. I did not, however, but petted and soothed her, and apologized for my crassness, and left her in good spirits.

Frequently after that, less harshly in my mother's presence, I deliberately refused May many little pleasures she had been used to.

Before long May's mother visited us. Of course she would not object to my devotion to her baby, and as that thought crossed my mind, I, like a tactless fool, resolved to show her that I was master of my own house.

So again I needlessly thwarted May in many ways, causing her many wondering, unhappy hours, while Mrs. Ellis seemed petrified at first with astonishment.

Naturally, she treated me more coldly and petted May doubly.

At last matters came to a climax. I was irritated at Mrs. Ellis's manner, and when at breakfast May said, "Can't you get off this afternoon to take us for a drive?" I snapped out hastily—

"No, I can't. I am a man and must work."

"Don't be cross, Ralph!" pleaded May. "I don't know what has come over you! You used to get off whenever I asked you, but now you don't do anything to please me."

Her pitiful little speech was so true, it made me angry to hear it, and I said: "Because I have been a fool no reason I should remain one, and you've been a baby long enough!"

Abruptly I turned and left the house, too overcome with anger and emotion to dare to speak.

In a few days I was informed that a divorce suit was to be brought against me. At first I was too stunned to do anything, then the Evil One set me up with a stock of stubborn pride, and I would not meet the charges—did not even try to find out what they were, and so they gained the case, and we were free. They asked nothing but divorce and a resumption of her maiden name.

Soon after that, I threw up my "job," as we say out West, and joined a prospecting party. Fortune favored me. I settled part of my wealth on my mother, and started for Europe. Then mother married, and I am alone.

That is my story, Roy. Now you know why I have no interest in ladies. None can be more fair than my little May, and I love her yet—shall always love her."

Ralph bowed his head on the back of a chair and groaned aloud.

Roy, moved by pity, arose and laid his hand gently on his friend's head.

Falling to find any words of consolation, he said softly, "And so you wish to avoid society. Forgive me, Ralph. I think a little society is best for you. Be guided by me," he added earnestly. "Try not to brood more on your sorrow. Go out with me once in a while."

"I'll do as you say," cried Ralph, impulsively starting to his feet, and grasping Roy's hand. "I feel better for having made my confession."

Roy easily obtained an invitation for his friend, and on the appointed evening, in irreproachable dress suits, they joined the brilliant throng in the spacious apartments of the Vernon mansion.

Roy introduced Ralph to Mrs. Vernon and Grace, and asked the latter, "Is not Miss Grayson to appear? I do not see her."

She will be down directly," replied Grace. "Her agent came on important business, and detained her till long past her time to dress."

"Ah! there she is!" and excusing herself, Grace crossed the room to meet her friend.

but her form and features—she—herself, would pass for May's twin sister."

After that Roy did not need to press Ralph into society, for everywhere they went they met Miss Grayson, and she seemed to possess a strong attraction for Ralph. "Surely I am not learning to love her," he thought, with a sort of horror. "She is so like my lost May. That is the reason I like to be with her."

One day a riding party was made up to go over to the Second Beach and Hanging Rocks. As they passed the road, between the beaches, Ralph saw Stella point to a long backbone of rock, running out into the ocean, and heard her say, "I should love to go out there, clear to the very end, and have the waves dash around me."

"If you would like to do so, Miss Grayson, I will go with you, after we leave the horses," said Ralph.

"Thank you, Mr. Atwood, I should be pleased with your company," returned Stella quietly.

No one saw the triumphant flash of her dark eyes, as they rode gaily to the rendezvous.

As soon as practicable, Ralph and Stella quietly left the party, and leisurely wandered back to the wave washed rock, then Ralph led his companion carefully and steadily out over the slippery way, until they stood at the very end, and paused to listen to the dashing of the forceful waves, as they joined their deep roar and musical spray to the steady roll on the beach; to watch the distant view of the city back of the row of cliff cottages, and inhale, with deep breath, the aroma of the ocean-laden atmosphere.

At last they grew tired of standing and Ralph found a raised ledge where they sat down to rest before returning.

"Excuse my curiosity, Mr. Atwood," said Stella, "but this is a pretty little ring on your watch guard; may I see it a little closer?"

"Certainly, Miss Grayson," replied Ralph politely, lifting the chain and placing it in her outstretched hand.

"It—the ring, belonging to my wife," he replied falteringly.

"Your wife!" repeated Stella in surprise. "Are you then a married man—a widower? Your wife, when did she die?" she queried softly.

her property on condition she took his name.

She had met the Vernons three years before, and had spent two seasons in Newport with them. She had recognized Ralph at once, by face as well as well as name, and vowed to win him again.

"But you didn't marry Miss Grayson," laughed Ralph. "I was true to my May. And—"

"But see how the tide has risen, we must hurry to shore."

They hastily rose and started to return, but found all the lower portions of the rock covered with water, and dashing waves leaping over it. The spot they had left was the highest point. Clearly they must return. They did so, and seeking the tip-top spot stood there clasped in each other's arms, expecting soon to be swept away by the cruel waves. They watched the advancing waters with fascinated eyes, yet feeling death together was preferable to a divided life.

Their friends, alarmed at their long absence, had come back and observed their danger.

There was no boat anywhere around, not one of the gentlemen could swim that distance with the water dashing so furiously among the rocks.

Ralph waved his handkerchiefs to those on shore, and quietly they stood, to await their doom.

But—surely! No, they are not deceived. When within a few inches of their feet, the water slowly receded. Then, still they stood and watched the waters creep back, until, at last, with cautious steps, they could make their way towards shore where Roy met them with outstretched hands and led them to the anxious friends.

"Thank you, my friend, I will be true to my May. And—"

And only Roy fully understood.

With Remembrance.

Mrs. I. Dean of Harrisville, Ont., was for a long time troubled with neuralgia of the stomach. Failing to find benefit from physicians, she tried Burdock Blood Bitters, from which she found speedy relief, to which she testified, hoping it may prove beneficial to others. Many physicians recommend B. B. B.

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nahant, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

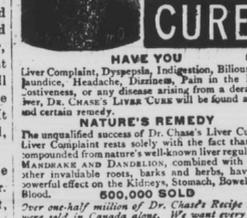
I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendall T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

By Taking

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