



CURE SICK HEAD

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents per box for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

HIS REPENTANCE.

"Well! I am very well," he replied earnestly, rising from his chair and stretching himself. "Is Benn not back yet?"

"No, he is not back," she returned, her tone becoming rather an explosive one, looking so good for the moment Mr. Benn. "He doesn't seem to hurry himself, he doesn't though he knows if he didn't get back I should have to come up here and get it myself on my cleaning days to appear before a gentleman."

"Is it necessary to clean in a bonnet?" asked Oswald quietly.

"It is necessary to clean in something, sir, to protect one's hair from the dust and stuff that collects. One would wonder where it comes from, all in a week. I used to tie an apron over my cap, but it was always coming off, or else blowing its corners into the way of one's eyes."

Oswald laughed. He remembered the aprons, and the way Mrs. Benn looked. For twelve years she had been the servant of that house. Formerly Mr. Bracknell, an old bachelor, had lived in it, and now it was his wife who lived in it, as they now did on Mr. Oswald's estate.

"Would you like tea this evening, sir?" she inquired. For sometimes Oswald took tea and sometimes did not.

"Yes; if you bring it up directly. I am going out."

She went away with her tray of things. Down the first flight of stairs, past the office, and down again into the kitchen. The ground floor of this house in Parliament street was occupied by the offices of the firm, as also were some portions of the floor above. Oswald Cray had two or three rooms for his own use; his sitting-room, not a very large one, being on the first floor.

His train of thought had been broken by the woman, and he did not recall it. He stepped into an adjoining apartment, lighted a shaded lamp, sat down, and began examining a drawing of some projected improvements in an engine boiler. Pencil in hand, he was deep in tubes, cylinders, wheels, and various other mysteries pertaining to engineering, when he heard Mrs. Benn coming in with the tea-tray. He finished marking off certain lines and strokes on a blank sheet of paper—which he did after a queer fashion; his eyes fixed on the drawing, and his fingers only appearing to guide the pencil—before he went in.

Oswald's china tea-service had been handed some one—or rather Mr. Bracknell's, for it was to that gentleman the things in the house belonged; but Mrs. Benn had what she herself called a "heavy hand at breakage," and two or three cups and saucers were all that remained. As it stood, it was by no means a handsome equipage. The tea-pot was black, with a chipped spout; and the china tea-cup was cracked. Oswald had desired Mrs. Benn to try him a decent tea-pot, but Mrs. Benn considered it would be so much money wasted while he might use her black one. He had silently resolved to go into one of the Bracknell metal shops and buy one for himself, but somehow he never thought of it at the right time; and the black tea-pot came up still, every evening that he chose to take tea.

He poured himself out a cup, stirred it, and then went for the sheet of paper on which he had been making the scribbles and strokes. Mrs. Benn knew her master well. He had said he was going out, but he was just as likely to remain over these strokes all the evening; perhaps, even, in forgetfulness, or until she went up until 10 o'clock, or until she went up to his profession, and was one whose heart was in his profession, and the work was more pleasant to him than idleness.

He was busy still over this paper, neglecting his tea, when Mrs. Benn came in again. He had thought she had come very soon for her tea-tray to-night. But she had not come for that.

"Here's company now, sir! A young lady wants to see you."

"A young lady?" repeated Oswald. To see me?

"Well, I suppose she's a young lady—from what one can see of her through the black veil; but she came to my kitchen bell only the other day, returned Mrs. Benn. "She asked for you, sir. I said, was it any message I could take up, but she says she wants to speak to you herself."

"You can show her up."

Mrs. Benn accomplished this process in a summary manner. Going down stairs she briefly said to her, "You can go up. First door you come to that's open"—and then left the lady to find her way. Had her husband, Benn, been at home, he would have asked her what she meant by introducing a visitor in that fashion to Mr. Oswald Cray; and would probably have been answered a short order to mind his own business. In point of fact, Mrs. Benn, on clean-

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"Mr. Oswald Cray?"

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"Thank you; I'll take it," she said in answer to the chair he offered. "And I will take off my fur," she added unwinding a boa from her neck and untying her bonnet strings. "Your room feels very warm to a person coming in from the keen air outside."

There was something in her frank manner that struck most pleasingly on the mind of Oswald Cray. She sat there so confidently in his room as though he had been her brother; a good, modest, single-minded woman, whom even a bad man could not but respect.

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"I know that you are"—Oswald hesitated for a moment, and then went bravely on. Before that clear eye of plain good sense there was no need to mince the matter, and pretend ignorance.

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"I have been companion and maid to her all in one," said Miss Allister. "When I and Frank had to go out into the world, and do the best we could for ourselves, I was most obliged to her. Our Uncle offered to help Frank, and he paid the premium for him into this house, and assisted him otherwise, and I was very glad it should be so."

"On mean Mr. Brown," interrupted Oswald.

"Yes, he lived in London. My mother was English born and reared. He was a good friend to us as long as he lived. It was necessary that I should go out; and a situation became vacant in a lady's family, Mrs. Graham. She wanted some one who would be her companion, sit with her, read to her, some one well reared, of whom she might make an equal, but who would at the same time act as maid; and I took it. But perhaps you have heard all this from Frank?"

"No, not these details. Though he has talked of you very much. He has told me—Oswald broke into a frank smile as he said it—"that his sister Jane was worth her weight in gold."

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Oswald Cray had bent over his paper again, attaching little importance to the advent of the visitor; he supposed it might be some messenger from one of the other clerks. The footfall on the stairs was soft and light; Oswald's back was to the door, and his lines and marks were absorbing his attention.

"Mr. Oswald Cray?"

It was a sweet and pleasant and sensible voice, with the slightest possible Scotch accent perceptible to English ears. It was the voice of a lady, and Oswald Cray started up hastily, pencil in hand.

A short, slight, very young-looking woman, with a fair face and blue eyes, stood before him. Strictly speaking, there was no beauty whatever in the face, but it was so fair, so frank, so honest, with its steady good sense and its calm blue eyes, that Oswald Cray warmed to it at once. She was dressed plainly in black, and she threw back her crepe veil to speak—as most sensible women like to do. To Oswald's eyes, seeing her in that light she looked about one or two and twenty; her light complexion, her small features, and her slight figure, were all of that type which look young a long while. In his surprise he did not for the moment speak, and she repeated the words, not as a question this time.

"You are Mr. Oswald Cray?"

"That is my name," he answered, recovering his equanimity. "May I—"

"I come from my brother, Frank Allister," she interrupted. "I am Jane Allister."

"She pronounced the word 'Jean,' as she had in fact been christened, but it generally gets corrupted into Jane by English ears and English tongues. Oswald interpreted it. His whole face lighted up with a smile of welcome; it may be said of recognition. He had heard so much of this good sister from his friend Frank Allister.

"I am so glad you have come to him!" he warmly exclaimed, taking her hand. "Frank has almost pined for you; but he did not expect you yet. I seem to know you quite well; he has told so much of you."

"Thank you; I'll take it," she said in answer to the chair he offered. "And I will take off my fur," she added unwinding a boa from her neck and untying her bonnet strings. "Your room feels very warm to a person coming in from the keen air outside."

There was something in her frank manner that struck most pleasingly on the mind of Oswald Cray. She sat there so confidently in his room as though he had been her brother; a good, modest, single-minded woman, whom even a bad man could not but respect.

"Yes, I came before Frank expected me," she said. "I did not think I could have come so soon; but my friends kindly released me. You know my position—why I could not come to him before."

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(To be Continued.)

TO SIT IN THE DEATH CHAIR.

The Murderer of Giovanni Parrello To Be Executed To-Day (Tuesday).

DANFORTH, N. Y., June 5.—Solipone Martella, who has been confined in Clinton prison since Nov. 22, 1892, awaiting the execution of his death sentence for the brutal murder of a fellow-countryman, will be executed about Tuesday noon.

The murderer of Giovanni Parrello will then have been legally disposed of. Parrello's murder, which occurred in the street in Saratoga on May 5, 1892, was the result of jealousy in connection with Martella's mistress and was a horrifying act in which Parrello's throat was cut.

Up to a week ago last Friday he had been leaning insanity; but he stopped that after an examination. Not a friend has visited Martella since he came here, and he has been alone in his confinement. He is unusually illiterate, being unable even to read or write his native language. A test of the death-dealing apparatus has been made, and everything was found to work satisfactorily. This will be the third execution to take place at Clinton prison under the new law, and the fifteenth since the law went into effect. The same chair in which Wood and Loth died will be used on Tuesday.

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