bell ringing in the night. It rang and

filsshing and trampling in front of the house and a sharp "Whoa!" In the dim light of first dawn she made out

a man on a foam flecked horse. He drew up at the gate.

"What is it, Wiley?"
"Judge, what time did Mr. Harkless

leave here last night, and which way

did he go?'

There was a silence. The judge turn

ed away from the window. Minnie was standing just outside his door

"It must have been about half past & wasn't it, father?' she called in

choked voice. "And—you know-Helen thought he went west."

"Wiley!" The old man leaned ton

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VOL. 32.

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The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON Copyright, 1902, by McClure, Philips & Go. \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VIL ## Money to loan at five per cent on Real Was a lace of mist along the state security. O. T. DANIELS

Turned to him with a little frown. "Why have you never let Tom Mere-dith know you were living so near him

less than a hundred miles when he has always liked and admired you above all the rest of mankind? I know that he has tried time and again to hear of you, but the other men wrote Head of Queen St., Bridgetown that they knew nothing, that it was thought you had gene abroad. I had heard of you, and se has he seen your name in the Rouen papers—about the White Caps and in politics—but he would never dream of connecting the Plattville Mr. Harkless with his Mr. Harkless; though I did, just a little, in a vague way. I knew you, of course, when you came into Mr. Halloway's lecture the other evening. But why

"Rouen seems rather far away to me," he answered quietly, "I've been there only once, half a day on business. Except that, I've never been much farther than Amo-and then for a convention or to make a speech-since I came "Wicked." she exclaimed "to shut

yourself up like this! I said it was fine to drop out of the world, but why have you cut off your old friends from you? Why haven't you had a relapse now and then and come over to hear Ysaye play and Melba sing, or to see Mans-field or Henry Irving, when we have had them? And do you think you've been quite fair to Tom? What right had you to assume that he had forgot-"Oh, I didn't exactly mean forgot-

"Oh, I didn't exactly mean torgotten," he said, pulling a blade of grass
to and tro between his fingers and
staring at it absently. "It's only that
I have dropped out of the world, yed
know. They rather expected me to do
a lot of things, and I haven't done
them. Possibly it is because I am sensitive that I never let Tom know. They
expected me to enquit to something. expected me to amount to something, but I don't believe his welcome would be less hearty to a failure—he is a

cood heart."

"Failure!" she cried and clapped her

"In the sudden sense of dearth he had no astonishment that she should be consumed with self pity," he returned, smiling. "It is only that I have dropped out of the world while Tom is still in it."
"'Dropped out of the world!'" she echoed impatiently. "Can't you see you've dropped into it? That you"— "Last night I was honored by your praise of my graceful mode of quitting

"And so you wish me to be consistent," she reterted scornfully. "What becomes of your gallantry when we abide by reason? "True enough; equality is a denial of

privilege." "And privilege is a denial of equality? I don't like that at all." She turned a serious, suddenly illuminated face upon him and spoke earnestly! "It's my hobby, I should tell you, and I'm tired of that nonsense about women always sounding the personal note. It should be sounded as we would sound it. And I think we could bear

"No, you couldn't. It's the ribbon of superiority in your buttonbole. I know several women who manage to live and I think I could bear to let's man pass before me now and then or wear his hat in an office where I happened to be, and I could get my own ice at a dance, I think, possibly with even less fuss and scrapible than I've sometimes done it for me. But you know you would never let us do things for our selves, to matter what legal equality, might be declared, even when we get representation for our taxation. You will never be able to deary yourselves giving us our 'privilege!' I hate being waited oul I'd rather do things for myself."

Capital Authorized, - \$3,000,000
Capital Nubscribed, - 1.336,150
Capital Paid Up, - 1,336,150
Capital Paid Up, - 1,336,150
Capital Paid Up, - 1,336,150 931,405 she looked so pre-eminently the pretty marquise, the little exquisite, so essentially to be waited on and helped, to thing to be wated on and helped, to have clogist strown over the dampness for her to tread upon, to be run about for—he could see half a dozen youthe rushing; about for her less, for her carriage, for her chaperon, for her wrap, at dances—that to save his life he tould not repress a chuckle. He man-

tould not repress a chuckle. He man-aged to make it inaudible, however, and it was as well that he did. "I understand your love of newspa-C. N. S. Strickland, Asst. Gen. Mgr. by but not less earnestly. "I have al-W. C. Harvey, - - Inspector. Ways wanted to do it myself, wanted to immensely. I can't think of a more to immensely. I can't think of a more fatchating way of earning one's living And I know I could do it. Why don't you make the Herald a daily?"

To hear her speak of "earning one's living" was too much for him. She gave the impression of riches, not enly by the fine texture and fashioning of her garments, but one felt that luxuries had wranged her from her birth. uries had wrapped her from her birth. He had not had much time to wonder what she did in Plattville. It had occurred to him that it was a little odd that she could plan to spend any extent of time there, even if she had like. Minnie Briscoe at school. He felt that

the must have been sheltered and pet-ted and waited on all her life. One He answered inarticulately, "Oh, some day," in reply to her question and then fell into outright languter. "I might have known you wouldn't take me seriously," she said, with no

flercely, and in his surprise he almost fell off the bench. "If there is one thing I cannot bear, it is to be told that I am 'small? I am not. Every one who isn't a giantess isn't 'small.' I detest personalities. I am a great deal over five feet, a great deal more than that

"Please, please," he said, "I didn't"-"Don't say you are sorry," she inter-rupted, and in spite of his contrition he found her angry voice delicious, it was still so sweet, hot with indigna-tion, but ringing, not harsh. "Don't say you didn't mean it, because you did! You can't unsay it, you cannot alter ft, and this is the way I must remember you! Ah!" She drew in her breath with a sharp sigh and, cover-ing her face with her hands, sank back upon the bench. "I will not cry," she said, not so firmly as she thought she

"My blessed child!" he cried in great distress and perturbation. "What have I done? I-I"-"Call me 'small' all you like," she answered. "I don't care. It isn't that. You mustn't think me such an imbecile." She dropped her hands from

her face and shook the tears from her

eyes with a mournful little laugh. He saw that her fingers were clinched tightly and her lip trembled. "I will not cry," she said again. "Somebody ought to murder ma. I eught to have thought—personalities are hideous'-

"Don't! It wasn't that" "I ought to be shot"-"Ah, please don't say that," she said, shuddering. "Please don't, not even as a joke, after last night!" "But I ought to be for hurting you.

She laughed sadly again, "It wasn't that. I don't care what you call me. I am small. You'll try to forgive me for being such a baby? I didn't mean anything I said. I haven't acted so badly since I was a child." "It's my fault, all of it. I've tired you out, and I let you get crushed at the circus, and""That?" she said. "I don't think I

would have missed the circus."

He had a thrilling hope that she meant the tent pole. She looked as if she meant that, but he dared not let himself believe it.
"No," he continued, "I have been so madly happy in being with you that I've fairly worn out your patience. I've haunted you all day, and I have"—

"All that has nothing to do with it," she said, with a gentle motion of her hand to bid him listen. "Just after you left this afternoon I found that I could not stay here. My people are going abroad at once, and I must go with them. That's what is almost making me cry. I leave here tomorrow morning."
He felt something strike at his heart.

tray such agitation over her departure "I'm really not very tragic about it, from a place she had known so little part of her life. He rose to his feet, and, resting his arm against a syca-more, stood staring away from her at nothing. She did not move. There was a long silence. He had wakened suddenly. The skies had been sapphire, the sward emerald, Plattville a Camelot of romance, a city of enchantment, and now, like a meteor burned out in a breath, the necromancy fell away and he gazed into desolate years. The thought of the square, his dusty office, the bleak length of Main street, as they would appear tomorrow gave him a faint physical sickness. Today it had all been touched to beauty. He had felt fit to live and work here a thousand years—a foor's dream, and the waking was to arid emptiness. He should die now of hunger and thirst in

> let it be soon, but he knew they would not; knew that this was hysteria, that in his endurance he should plod on, plod, plod dustily on, through dingy, lonely years.
>
> There was a rumble of thunder far out on the western prairie. A cold breath stole through the hot stillness, and an arm of vapor reached but between the moon and the quiet earth.
>
> Darkness feil. The man and girl kept silence between them. They might have been two sad guardians of the black little stream that plashed unseen at their feet. Now and then a reflection of faraway lightning faintly limned them with a green light. Thunder rolled nearer, ominously. The gods were driving their chariots over the bridge. The chill breath passed, leaving the air again to its hot inertia.
> "I did not want to go," she said at

last, with tears just below the surface of her voice. "I wanted to stay here, but he—they wouldn't—I can't"— "Wanted to stay here?" he said huskfly, not turning. "Here? In Indiana?"

"Yes." "In Rouen, you mean?" "In Plattville."

"In Plattville!" He turned now, as-"Yes. Wouldn't you have taken me on the Herald?" She rose and came to-ward him. "I could have supported myself here if you would, and I've studied how newspapers are made. I know I could have earned a wage, I could have helped you make it a daily."
He searched in vain for a trace of raillery in her voice. There was none. She seemed to intend her words to be

taken literally.
"I don't understand," he said. "I don't know what you mean." "I mean that I want to stay here; that I ought to stay here; that my

Impure blood always shows

somewhere. If the skin, then boils, pimples, rashes. If the nerves, then neuralgia, nerv-ousness, depression. If the

Sarsaparilla stomach, then dyspepsia. biliousness, loss of appetite. Your doctor knows the remedy, used for 60 years. "Returning from the Cuban war, I was a perfect wreck. My blood was bad, and my health was ance. But a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla completely cured me." H. C. DOEHLER, Scranton, Pa.

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onscience tells me I should: but I

That was why I acted so badly."

"Your conscience!" he cried.
"Oh, I know what a jumble and puszle it must seem to you!" that I shall never see you again." wan glimmer gave him a fleeting, misty view of her. She stood half turned her gayety, but now that a mysterious distress assailed her, of the reason for which he had no guess, she was so adorably pathetic and seemed such a rich and lovely and sad and happy thing to have come into his life only to

rich and lovely and sad and happy
thing to have come into his life only to
go out of it, and he was so full of the
prophetic sense of loss of her, it seemed
to prophetic behave one of the sense of the so much like losing everything, that he found too much to say to be able to say anything. He tried to speak and choked a little. A big drop of rain fell on his bare head. Neither of them noticed the weather or cared for it. They stood with the renewed blackness hanging like a drapery between them. "Can—can you—tell me why you think you ought not to go?" he whis-

pered finally with a great effort.
"No; not now. But I know you would think I am right in wanting to stay. I know you would if you knew about it: but I can't, I can't, I must go in the morning."
"I should always think you right," he answered in an unsteady tone, "al-ways." He went over to the bench, fumbled about for his hat and picked

minute or longer; then, without a word, she moved toward the house. He went to her, with hands extended to find her, and his fingers touched her sleeve. A man was leaning over the top rail Together and silently they found the garden path and followed its dim his common sense awoke, and be looklength. In the orchard he touched her sleeve again and led the way.

As they came out behind the house coes', far down the road. He knew the

not late. Why do you wish to leave me, when I shall not see you again?"

"The Lord be good to me!" he broke was followed by several moments of inout, all his long pent passion of dreams rushing to his lips as the barrier fell. cessant lightning that played along the road and the fields. From that in-"Don't you see it is because I can't | tolerable brightness he turned his head bear to let you go? I hoped to get and saw, standing against the fence, away without saying it. I want to be alone. I want to be with myself and try to realize things. I didn't want to make a babbling idiot of myself, but I am. It is because I don't want another second of your sweetness to leave an added the without and the added pain when you've gone. It is because I don't want to hear your voice of the orchard trees, for in that second again, to have it haunt me in the lone-liness you will leave. But it's useless, useless. I shall hear it always, just as against the kitchen door with cruel I shall always see your face, just as I have heard your voice and seen your face these seven years, ever since I close it in vain. The house seemed to first saw you, a child, at Winter Har-bor. I forgot for awhile. I thought it from the inner doorway and was blown was a girl I had made up out of my own heart, but it was you all the time, The impression I thought nothing of anxiously. "Is that you? We were then; just the merest touch on my beart, light as it was, grew and grew wet?"

coming to look for you. Did you get wet?" heart, light as it was, grow and grow deeper till it was there forever. You've known me twenty-four hours, and I understand what you think of me for speaking to you like this. If I had known you for years and had waited and had the right to speak and keep your respect, what have I to offer you'l I couldn't even take care of you if you went mad as I and listened. I've no excuse for this raying—Yes, I have."

Wet?"

Mr. Willetts threw his weight against the door and managed to close it. Then Minnle found her friend's haud and led her through the dark hall to the parlor, where the judge sat placidly reading by a student lamp.

Lige chuckled as they left the kitchem. "I guess you didn't try too hard to shut that door, Harkless," he said, and then when they came into the excuse for this raving—Yes, I have."

He saw her in another second of lighted room, "Why, where is Harkexcuse for this raving- Yes, I have." lightning, a sudden, bright one. Her back was turned to him, and she had us from the kitchen?" taken a few startled steps from him. "Ah," he cried, "you are glad enough now to see me go! I knew it. I want-put her hand over her eyes as if to ed to spare myself that. I tried not to | shade them from too sudden light. turned aside, and his head fell on his

breast. "God help me!" he said. "What will this place be to me now?"

The breeze had risen. It gathered force. It was a chill wind, and there rose a willing on the results. The property of the results of the results.

rose a wailing on the prairie. Drops of rain began to fall. will not think a question implied in this," he said, more composed-"No," she answered, "I-I do not love

"Ah, was it a question, after all? Iyou read me better than I do, perhaps. But, if I asked, I knew the answer." She made as if to speak again, but words refused her.
After a moment, "Goodby," he said very steadily. "I thank you for the charity that has given me this little time—with you. It will always be-precious to me. I shall always be your

servant." His steadiness did not carry

him to the end of his sentence. "Good-

She started toward him and stopped. He did not see her. She answered nothing, but stretched out her hand to him and then let it fall quickly,
"Goodby," he said again. "I shall go
out the orchard gate. Please tell them good night for me. Won't you speak to me? Goodby!"

He stood waiting, while the rising wind blew their garments about them. She leaned against the wall of the

house. "Won't you say goodby and tel

She did not speak.

"Nor be cried which, "Since you don't forget it! I have spoiled what might have been a pleasant memory for you, and I know it. You are already troubled, and I have added, and you won't forget it, nor shall I—nor shall I. Don't say goodby! I can say it for both of us. God bless you, and goodby, goodby, goodby?'

He crushed his hat down over his

For a moment lightning flashed repeatedly. She saw him go out the gate and disappear into sudden darkness. He ran through the field and came out on the road. Heaven and earth were revealed again for a dazzling white second. From herizon to hogizon rolled clouds contorted like an illimitable neath them enormous volumes of bluish vapor were tumbling in the west, advancing eastward with sinister swiftness. She ran to a little knoll at the corner of the house and saw him set his face to the storm. She cyled aloud to him with all her strength and would have followed, but the wind took the words out of her mouth and drove her back, cowering, to the shelter of the

Out on the road the lashing dust that! You don't think they-you don't westward on his way to nowhere. West or east, north or south, it was all fell boiling into the dust ceased to come; the rain withheld while the wind from him, her hand to her cheek in the uncertain fashion of his great mo-ment in the afternoon. Her eyes, he saw in the flying picture that he caught, were troubled, and her hand trembled. She had been irresistible in he belonged. For a day his dreams had found in a girl's eyes the precious thing that is called home. Oh, the wild fancy! He laughed aloud.



she detained him. Stopping short, she shook his hand from her arm. She oak near him at the roadside, and he spoke in a breath, as if it were all one word.

"Will you tell me why you go? It is supposed under its sheltering branches and leaned against the great trunk, wiping the perspiration and dust from

"No," answered Helen faintly. "He's

"Gone!" The judge dropped his book

Timbers of oak keep the old ly, but with an unhappy laugh at him-self. "I believe you will not think me the years. It pays to use the

right stuff. "Men of oak" are men in rugged health, men whose bodies are made of the soundest materials.

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the growing powers of children, helps them build a firm foundation for a sturdy constitution.

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and sat staring across the table at the "Ten minutes-five-half an hour-I don't know. Before the storm commenced."
"Oh!" The old gentleman appeared

to be reassured. "Probably he had work to do and wanted to get in before the rain." He crushed his hat down over his eyes and ran toward the orchard gate. "Which way did he go? He didn't come around the house. We were out there till the storm broke." "He went by the orchard gate. When he got to the road he turned that way.'

> ed the judge. "What possessed the fel-"I couldn't stop him. I didn't know She looked at her three companions, slowly and with growing ternie's eyes were wide, and she had unconsciously grasped Lige's arm. The young man was staring straight before him. The judge got up and walked nervously back and forth. Helen rose to her feet and went toward the old man, her hands pressed to her be

"He must have been crazy!" exclaim-

cause stinging him like a thousand nettles. It smothered him and beat him so that he covered his face with his in. "I think I'd ought to be hanged for sleeve and fought into the storm shoul letting him out of my sight. Maybe it's "I only know one thing—that you are going away tomorrow morning and "yet almost unconscious of it, keeping right back for town—and got there." der foremost, dimly glad of its uproar, all right. Maybe be turned and started and if I can I'll catch up with him They could not see each other, but a ene to him. The few heavy drops that yet." He went to the front door and, opening it, let in a tornado of wind and flood of water that beat him back. spite of the porch beyond.

Briscoe followed him. "Don't be a foo!, Lige," he said. "You hardly ex-

pect to go out in that." Lige shook his head. It needed them both to get the door closed. The moung man leaned his back against it and passed his sleeve across his wet brow. "I hadn't ought to have left bim." "Don't scare the girls," whispered the other; then in a louder tone: "All I'm afraid of is that be'll get blown to pieces or catch his death of cold. That's all there is to worry about. They

wouldn't try it again so soon after last night. I'm not bothering about that; not at all. That needn't worry any-"But this morning"-"Pshaw! He's likely home and dry by this time. All foolishness, Don't be an old woman"

and found Helen clinging to Minnie's hand on the sofa. She looked up at them quickly. "Do you think-do you-what do

Her voice shook so that she could not The judge pinched her cheek and patted it. "I think he's home and dry, but I think he got wet first. That's what I think. Never you fear. He's a good and at taking care of himself. Sit Nor could be. It was a long, long while bef a he-could venture out. The storm raged and roared without abatement It was Carlow's worst since '51, the It was Carlow's worst since '51, the old gentleman said. They heard the creet limbs creek and break outside. -it isn't!" Minnie shuddered. "They great limbs crack and break outside, couldn't come in the sprin. They while the thunder pealed and boomed, while the thunder pealed and boomed, wouldn't do it in the pouring rain." and the wind ripped at the eaves till it seemed as if the roof must go. Mean-

while the judge, after some apology, lit his pipe and told long stories of the storms of early days and of odd freaks of the wind. He talked on calmly, the nicture of repose, and blew rings above his big slippers beat an unceasing little tattoo on the carpet. She sat with fixed eyes, in silence, holding Minnie's hand tightly, and her face was colorless, growing whiter as the slow hours

dragged by.

Every moment Mr. Willetts became
more restless. He assured the ladies
he had no anxiety regarding Mr. Harkhe had no anxiety regardi less. It was only his own dereliction of duty that he regretted. The boys would have the laugh on him, he said. But he visibly chafed more and more under the judge's stories and constant the judges stories and constant by rose to peer out of the window into the wrack and turmoll, and once or twice he struck the hands together with muttered ejaculations. At last there was a lull in the fury without, and as soon as it was perceptible he announced his intention of making his way into town. He "had ought to have went

before," he declared apprehensively, and then, with immediate amendment, of course he would find the editor at agreed with the judge, but he beffer see about it. He would return early in the morning and bid Miss Sherwood goodby. Hoped she'd come back some day; hoped it wasn't her last visit to Plattville. They gave him an umbrella, and he plunged into the night, and as they stood for a moment at the door, the old man calling after him cheery good nights and laughing messages to

"You must if you have to go in the she said when they had gone upstairs.
"I don't need it." Miss Briscoe was morning. It just breaks my heart. I from it caused me to continue its use, and now I am happy to say my arm is completely restored. matches. In the darkness she came to her friend and laid a kind, large hand much as I will. Good night. Don't her friend and laid a kind, large hand on Helen's eyes, and the hand became wet. She drew Helen's head down on

er shoulder and sat beside her on the good night." isn't your fault, dear. They wouldn't come on a night like this."

the window, flattening her arm against the pane, her forehead pressed against her arm. She had let him go; she had let him go alone. She had forgotten the danger that always beset him. She had been so crazy; she had seen nothing, thought of nothing. She had let him go into that and into the storm alone. Who knew better than she how cruel they were. She had seen the fire leap from the white heads seen the fire leap from the whole heads along the seen the fire leap from the way but they shad seen the fire leap from the from the fire from the fi from the white blossom and heard the ball whistle, the ball they had meant for his heart—that good, great heart. She had run to him the night before | shining in the east.

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washed air to the finest detail of stricken field and heaving woodland. ratifed the casements, but over the crash of thunder Minie beard her friend's loud seven and saw her spring back from the window with both hands, palms cutward, pressed to her face. She leaned to her acceptance of the spring back from the window with both hands, palms cutward, pressed to her face. She leaned to her acceptance with the spring of the spri

both hands, palms outward, pressed to her face. She leapped to her and threy her arms about her.

"What is it?"

"Look?" Heien dragged her to the window. "At the process to the window." window. "At the next flash! The texted beyond the meadow." "What was it? What was it like?" The lightning flashed incessantly. Helen tried to point. Her half only jerked from side to side.

"Look!" she cried.

"Ah, ah!" she panted. "A long line the surrogates' mother and six white"the window and raught the other's and dollars. Ten thousand dollars is wrist in a strong clasp.

"Minnie, Minnie! Like long white childhood lover, a widow. Mrs. Stella gowns and cowls crossing the fence!"
Helen released her wrist from her companion's grasp and put both hands on Minnle's cheeks, forcing her around to face the flickering pane. "You must look! You must look!" she cried.

"Yes! Such things would mind the rain!" She burst into hysterical hugh-ter, and Minute seized her round the waist, almost as unnerved as Helen, yet trying to soothe her. "They would be worse sugged to marry when he worse length of the mind the rain," Helen whispered.

"Look!" Up from the distant fence that bor-

home and safe in bed long ago. I crust; but, in the course of time, truth know that old scarcerow on the fence will find a place to break through. like a book, and you're so unstruing you fancied the rest. He's all their though bother, dear."

The bigs motherly girl took her companion in her arms and rocked her bother her arms and rocked her bother her b back and forth soothingly and petted Harkless, they could see him fight with his umbrella when he got out into the

bother about that old white scarecrow; Glamis, Ont. that's all it was. Good night, dear; "Good night, dear," answered a plain-"Sweetheart, you mustn't fret," she soothed in motherly fashion. "Don't you worry, dear. He's all right. It By and by she turned the pillow over; you worry, dear. He's all right. It isn't your fault, dear. They wouldn't come on a night like this."

But Helen drew away and went to the window, flattening her arm against the pane, her forehead pressed against the pane, her forehead pressed against the pane, her forehead pressed against the pane, her gradene. She had let him go; she had let away till they finally censed to be your hands bus beard altogether. The clouds parted nobling work.

majestically, and then, between great curtains of mist, the day star was seen. The Proper Treatment for a Sprained Scott's Emulsion is the right tuff.

Scott's Emulsion stimulates the growing powers of children, telps them build a firm bundation for a sturdy constitution.

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Scott's Emulsion stimulates the word "Stay!" She part of speak the word "Stay!" She pered into the night through distorting tears.

Scott's Emulsion stimulates the stort tonight? But how could she have stopped him? How could she have stopped him? How could she have kept him after what he had said? He had put it out of her power to speak the word "Stay!" She peered into the night through distorting tears.

Scott's Emulsion is the right the sing of the suits of the sound on cruthers two or three weeks after sprain-druggly and she let him go into the unit out of her power to speak the word "Stay!" She peered into the night through distorting tears.

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Scott's Bowne, Chemists.

Scott's Bowne, Chemists.

Ontario.

Scott's Bowne, Chemists.

Ontario.

Socital a firm build a

rang and rang and mag. She could dow, The bell stopped. All was quiet dow. The bell stopped. All was quiet once more. The east was gray.
Suddenly eart of the stillness there came the sound of a horse galloping over a wet road. He was coming like mad. Some one for a doctor? No; the loof beats grew louder, coming out from the town, coming faster and faster, coming here. There was a figsting and transling in front of the

We have everything usually

A window to the right of hers went screeching up. She heard the fudge clear his throat before he spoke. "What is it? That's you, isn't it, Wiley? What is it?" He took a good dear of time and coughed between the sentences. His voice was more than ordinarily quiet, and it sounded husky.

Our prices are right.

the aill again. "Yes;" answered the mea on hers "Wiley, he left about half past 9-just before the storm. They think he went west" "Much obliged. Willetis is se upar en field and heaving woodland.

A staggering flame clove earth and sky, and sheets of light echoed it, and

Minie began to cry aloud. The horsa frightful uproar shook the house and man wheeled about and turned his anjmal's head toward town. "Whey!"

Relatives of Harry C. Cox, of New

York, Will Receive Wast Amount. New York, Sept. 13.-By the will of Harry C. Cox, a wealthy glove dealer "I see nothing but the lightning," here, who was stricken with apoplexy "Helen! What was it like?"

"Helen! What was it like?"

"Helen! What was it like?"

"He see nothing but the highlings," and died while returning from Europe on the steamer Kaiser Wilhelm on July 31st, which was just filed with the surrogates, court have trader his the surrogates' court here to-day, his "What like?" Minnie turned from amounting to over twenty-five thousber. He was aged 42. "As he was dying in my arms." said Mrs. Eel-baon, "he said, The fates have or-dained that you were never to be my

he wore kniekerbockers and I had "They would fear a storm. Yes, yes!
And I let him go; I let him go!"
Pressing close together, clasping each other's waist, the two girls peered out at the landscape.
"Look!"

Birckness came again, to drop to the ground.

Asthma is bad enough, but when bronchial symptoms are added the bronchial symptoms are able existence. An absolute special symptom able existence. An absolute special symptom able to su

work in the Herald office. There wasn't the slightest doubt of that, the agreed with the judge, but he before ter in the world. Don't worly; don't, the world, is to be modest and unaster to the world. childs it's all gight. My Harkless is suming. Falsehood may be a thick

Harkless, they could see him fight with his umbrella when he got out into the road.

Helen's room was over the porch, the windows facing north, looking out upon the pike and across the fields. "Please don't light the lamp, Minnie," she said when they had gone upstairs.

Had reaspaced as a good hearted girl at ways will with a friend. Then she left to be a fixed only partial use of my arm, caused by a sudden strain. I have used work remedy without effect, until I got a sample bottle of Minard's light the lamp, Minnie," "You must if you have to go in the she had only partial use of my arm, caused by a sudden strain. I have used to be a sample bottle of Minard's light the lamp, Minnie," the benefit of minard ways will with a friend. Then she left ways

-"Johnnie," queried the teacher of the new pupil, "do you know your

R. W. HARRISON.

alphabet? "Yes'm," answered Johnny. "Well, then," continued the teacher, 'All the rest of 'em." was the ter