CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

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

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and 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

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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 gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

London, Wednesday, April 16

WITH THE VIOLETS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Her hands are cold; her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light;
Fold the light vesture, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes;
A slender cross of wood alone
Shall say that there a maiden lies
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees in highest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round
To make the scorching sunlight dim
That drinks the greenness from the ground
And drop their dead leaves on the mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And through their leaves the robins call,
And, ripening in the autumn sun,
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
Doubt not that she will need them all.

For her the morning shall sing
Its matins from the inches high,
And every minstrel of spring
That thrills beneath April sky
Shall greet her with earliest cry.

When, turning round the dial track,
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,
Her little mourners, in black,
The crickets, sliding through the grass,
Shall pipe for her a evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prisoner she lies,
And bear the buried they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies—
So may the soul the arms it rise.

If any, born of kindlier blood,
Should ask, "What golden lies below?"
Say only this: "A true bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow."

COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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"I don't think," ered Mr. Quest, ignoring the latter part of his question, "that with your prospects I would not find it difficult to get £30 or twice £30,000. I know several who would consider it an honor to lend the money to a Cossey, if only for the sake of introduction—that is, of course, provided the security was of a legal nature."

"Let me see the letter," said Edward.

Mr. Quest handed him the document conveying the commands of Cossey & Son, and he read it through twice.

"The old man means business," he said, as he returned it; "that letter was written by him, and when he has once made up his mind it is useless to try and stir him. Did you say you were going to see the Squire today?"

"No, I did not say so, but as a matter of fact I am. His man, George, who, by the way is a shrewd fellow for one of these bumpkins, come with a letter asking me to go up to the castle, so I shall get around there to lunch. It is about this fresh loan that the old gentleman wishes to negotiate. Of course I shall be obliged to tell him that instead of giving a fresh loan we must serve a notice on him."

"Don't do that just yet," said Edward, with decision. "Write to the house and say that their instructions shall be attended to. There is no hurry about the notice, though I don't see how I am to help in the matter. Indeed there is no call upon me."

"Very well, Mr Cossey. And now, by the way, are you going to the castle this afternoon?"

"Yes, I believe so. Why?"

"Well, I want to get up there to luncheon and I am in a fix. Bell wants the trap to go there this afternoon. Can you lend me your dog cart to drive up, and then perhaps you would not mind if she gave you a lift this afternoon."

"Very well," answered Edward, "that is if it suits Mrs. Quest. Perhaps she may object to carting me about the country."

"I have not observed any such reluctance on her part," said the lawyer dryly, "but we can easily settle the question. I must go home to get some plans before I attend the vestry meeting about that pinnacle. Will you step across with me and we can ask her?"

"Oh, yes," he answered, "I have nothing particular to do."

And accordingly, as soon as Mr. Quest had made some arrangements and given particular directions to his clerks as to his whereabouts for the day, they set out together for the lawyer's private house.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. QUEST'S WIFE.

Mr. Quest lived in one of those ugly but comfortably built houses of old red brick, which abound almost in every country town, and which gives us the clearest possible idea of the want of taste and love of material comfort that characterized the gross age in which they were built. This house looked out on to the market place, and had a charming old walled garden at the back, famous for nectarines, which together with the lawn tennis court, was, as Mrs. Quest would say, almost enough to console her for living in a town. The front door, however, was only separated by a little flight of steps from the pavement, upon which the house abutted.

Entering into a large cool looking hall, Mr. Quest paused, and asked a servant who was passing where her mistress was.

"In the drawing-room, sir," said the girl; and followed by Edward Cossey, he made his way down a long paneled passage until he reached a door on the left, which he opened quickly, and passed through into a charming, modern looking room, handsomly and even luxuriantly furnished, and lighted by French windows opening on to the walled garded.

A little woman dressed in some black material was standing at one of these windows, her arms crossed behind her back, and absently gazing out of it. At the sound of the opening door she turned swiftly, her whole delicate and lovely face lighting up like a flower in a ray of sunshine, the lips slightly parted, and a deep happy light shinning in her voilet eyes. Then, all in an instant, it was instructive to observe how instantaneously her glance fell upon her husband, for the lady was Mrs. Quest, and her entire expression changed to one of cold aversion, the light fading out of her face as it does from a November sky, and leaving it cold and hard.

Mr. Quest, who was a man who saw everything, saw this also, and smiled bitterly.

"Don't be alarmed, Belle," he said, in a low voice; "I have brought Mr. Cossey with me."

She flushed up to the eyes, a great wave of color, and her breast heaved; but before she could answer, Edward Cossey, who had stopped behind to wipe some mud off his shoes, entered the room, and politely offered his hand to Mrs. Quest, who took it coldly enough.

"You are an early visitor, Mr. Cossey," she said.

"Yes," said her husband, "but the fault is mine. I have brought Mr. Cossey over to ask you if you can give him a lift up to the castle this afternoon. I have to go up there to lunch, and have borrowed his dog cart."

"Oh, yes, with pleasure," she answered. But why can't the dog cart come back for Mr. Cossey?"

"Well, you see," put in Edward, "there is a little difficulty; my groom is sick. But there is really no reason why you should be bothered. I have no doubt that a man can be found to bring it back."

"Oh, no," she said, with a shrug, "it will be all right; only you had better lunch here, that's all, because I want to start early and go to an old woman's at the other end of Honham about some fuchsia cuttings."

"I shall be very happy," he said.

"Very well, then, that as settled," said Mr. Quest, "and now I must get to my place and be off to that vestry meeting. I'm late as it is. With your permission Mr. Cossey, I will order the dog cart as I pass your rooms."

"Certainly," said Edward, and in another moment the lawyer was gone.

Mrs. Quest watched the door close, and then sat down in a low arm chair, and resting her head upon the back, looked up with a steady, inquiring gaze full on Edward Cossey's face.

And he, too, looked at her, and thought what a beautiful woman she was, in her own way. She was very small, rounded in her figure almost to stoutness, and possessed the tiniest and most beautiful hands and feet. But the greatest charm lay in her face, which was almost infantile in its shape, and delicate as a moss rose. She was exquisitely fair in coloring—indeed, the darkest things about her were her voilet eyes, which in some lights looked almost black in contrast with her white forehead and waving auburn hair.

Presently she spoke.

"Has my husband gone?" said she.

"I suppose so. Why do you ask?"

"Because, from what I know of his habits, I should think it very likely that he is listening behind the door," and she laughed faintly.

"You seem to have a good opinion of him."

"I have exactly the opinion of him that he deserves," she said bitterly; "and my opinion of him is that he is one of the wickedest men in England."

"If he is behind the door he will enjoy that," said Edward Cossey. "Well, if he is all this, why did you marry him?"

"Why did I marry him?" she answered, with passion. "Because I was forced into it, bullied into it, starved into it. What would you do if you were a defenceless, motherless girl of 18, with a drunken father who beat you—yes, beat you with a stick—apologized in the most gentleman-like way next morning, and then went and got drunk again? And what would you do if that father were in the hand of a man like my husband, body and soul in his hands, and if between them the pressure was brought to bear and brought to bear until at last—There, what is the good of going on; you can guess the rest."

"Well, and what did he marry you for—your pretty face?"

"I don't know; he said so; it may have had something to do with it. I think it was my £10,000, for once I had a whole £10,000 of my own. My poor mother left it to me and it was tied up so that my father could not touch it. Well, of course, when I married my husband would not have any settlements, and so he took it, every farthing."

"And what did he do with it?"

"Spent it upon some other woman in London—most of it. I found him out; he gave her thousands of pounds at once."

"Well, I should not have thought that of him," said he, with a laugh.

She paused a moment and covered her face with her hand, and then went on: "If you only knew, Edward; if you had the faintest idea of what my life was until a year and a half ago, when I first saw you, you would pity me and understand why I am bad, and passionate, and jealous, and everything that I ought not to be. I never had any happiness as a girl; how could I in such a home as ours? And then almost before I was a woman I was handed over to that man. Oh, how I hated him, and what I endured!"

(To be Continued.)

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A Judicious Compound of Wit and Wisdom.

"Our First Baby" was the title of the novel that lay beside him on the seat of the car, but the announcement was superfluous. A man with only half an eye could see that it was his first he held in his arms while its mother cooed to it from the other seat. Talk about being able to pick out newly-wedded couples! It's nothing to the ease with which one can size up the couple who are traveling with their first child.

Carter's Little Liver Pills must not be confounded with common Cathartic or Purgative Pills, as they are entirely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority

Mrs. Simple (whose husband has been brought home from his club with such a "jag" on that the doctor had to be called)—Is my poor husband still quiet? Doctor—Well—ahem—yes, madam. He has a quiet still on that will last him on for some hours yet.

A man's wife should always be the same especially to her husband, but if she is weak and nervous and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they will make her "feel like a different person," at least so they all say, and their husbands say so, too.

Policeman—How does my new club strike you? Vagrant—It's stunning.

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FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. W T. Strong, 184 Dundas street, London.

The new features at home—Baby's.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. W. T. Strong, 184 Dundas street, London.

A locomotive's side issue—Steam.

Left a Legacy.

Last winter left a legacy of impure blood to many people, causing tired feelings, lack of energy, indigestion, constipation, biliousness, etc. From 1 to 4 bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters never fails to cure any of the foregoing diseases by unlocking the secretions and removing all impurities from the system.

A subject for de bait—Worms.

Can You Do Better

When attacked by croup, sore throat, colds, rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains, bruises, burns or any kind of soreness, can you do better than use Yellow Oil? It is a medicine which never fails to give satisfaction. It is magical in its power over pain, and is the safest and best remedy where soreness and inflammation exist.

Living in a Fool's Paradise.

Many neglect slight symptoms of disease, hoping that nature will restore health. True, nature will aid, but she must also be aided by using Burdock Blood Bitters, from one to two bottles of which is sufficient to cure any ordinary case of impure blood, constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney complaint, debility, etc.

There is one nice thing about being an idiot. There is never any likelihood of an idiot blowing his brains out. This information was given us by one who knows, and is not based on personal experience.

Scrofula is transmitted from parent to child, and thus becomes a family inheritance for generations. It is, therefore, the duty of every scrofulous person to cleanse his blood by a thorough and persistent course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Walker—Good gracious, Wentman, how you have changed—only a ghost of your former self! What have you been doing? Wentman — Following out the "Health Hints" in the newspapers.

A gray beard on a man under 50 makes him looks older than he is. The best dye to color brown or black is Buckingham's Dye for the whiskers.

A medical writer says that the cholera microbe is shaped like a comma. It's the colon, we believe, that the microbe makes the objective point in the stomach.

Advice to Mothers.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.

Caught on the fly—The spider's web.

The Height of Humiliation.

"I wonder what made Brown so enraged over failing in that trifling matter?"

"It was because his wife succeeded in doing it afterward."

The Moon's Influence

upon the weather is accepted by some as real, by others it is disputed. The moon never attracts corns from the tender, aching spot. Putnam"s Painless Corn Extractor removes the most painful corns in three days. This great remedy makes no sore spots, doesn't go fooling around a man's foot, but gets to business at once and effects a cure. Don't be imposed upon by substitutes and imitations. Get "Putnam's" and no other.

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Have you catarrh, cold in head or any catarrhal complaint? Are you tired of using patent nostrums that at the best only give temporary relief? Do you want to be cured? If so write the U. S. Formula Company, 241 Fifth avenue, New York, who on receipt of 50 cents will send you a formula which is an absolute cure for the worst case of catarrh. Mention the name of your local druggist and we will forward him full instructions how to prepare it for you at a small cost. This receipt is worth hundreds of dollars in any family for the cure of cold in head, nasal and bronchial catarrh, influenza, snuffles with children, croup, etc. Remit by registered letter or postoffice order.

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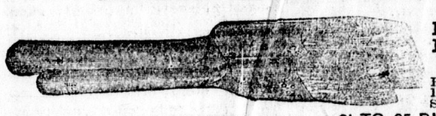

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REGULATES —THE— Bowels, Bile and Blood. CURES *Constipation, Biliousness, all Blood Humors, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Scrofula, and all Broken Down Conditions of the System.*

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DOVE IN CHURCH.

ular Scene at an Ordination in Syracuse.

ACUSE, April 16.—The Syracuse Con-
n of the Wesleyan Methodist denom-
n held its session near Chittenango
n last week, and at the close of the
ng service four young men were
ed elders. After the laying on of
, according to the usual custom,
was offered, during which a beauti-
hite dove flew in at the door which
been left open for ventilation, and
ed on the open Bible on the pulpit.
there it flew to and rested upon the
, in turn, of two of the young
who were being ordained, then
the head of the eldest member of the
erence who was present and then back
e Bible. In a few moments it arose
rested upon the head of the Rev. A.
Hall, financial agent of the denomina-
and while the president, the Rev. E.
Bruce, of Rome, was extending the
hand of fellowship to those who were
ined and expressing to them words of
ome and encouragement, it lighted
n his head and remained there until he
nearly concluded the ceremony, when
ew back to the Bible. It was not at all
ntended, and all of its movements were
untary. It is a tame dove which had
raised in the neighborhood, but had
er been in the church before, and came
hat time of his own accord.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.