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JONATHAN WOODBURY.

Pitcher's Castoria.

SHIRLEY CARSTONE,

By ELIZA ARCHARD.

[CONTINUED.]

The concentrated gall and wormwood of all humanity was in his voice as he answered:

"She is my wife!"

Then a fearful silence followed. He broke it.

"Well, Shirley, you don't congratulate me on my wedded bliss?"

She gave him a terrible look.

"You have deceived me," she said.

"I have. It is true I saved your life a moment ago, but that is nothing. I have let you believe a falsehood. And my name is not George Morrison. It is Philip Dumoray. Perhaps you will be interested to know it."

The dare devil of his reckless youth was uppermost in him again now. He strode across and stopped beside her with his white, blood streaked face and wounded hand. He stood so close to her that the blood from his hand dropped and stained the sleeve of her white dress. She shrank from him with horror. He went on.

"I have deceived you all along. I am a married man—husband of the angelic creature who so nearly murdered you awhile ago."

The master was the master no longer, not even of himself. A savage oath broke from his lips. Shirley could not speak. She beckoned him feebly to go. He did not heed it, but talked on:

"She almost killed me once, in the same way. They have had her in the mad house, on the hill, for nine years. I come here once a year to see that she is well treated and wants for nothing. That is what I came here for now. Last night she got away. Nobody knew it till you saw her at the window. I gave the alarm and searched for her with two attendants all night after I left you. I was afraid she would do some deviltry. I never thought of harm to you, though, good God!"

Then he broke into wild anger again.

"Go, only go!" said Shirley, faintly.

"Well, I will. But I will come back again."

The rose she had worn in her hair lay upon the floor, crushed and trampled. He stooped and picked it up and carried it away with him.

Was not that a morning for them both, after such an evening!

* * * * * *

Shirley had only one thought—to get away, and that quickly and forever. A mad desire to fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, where she would see nobody she ever knew; above all, where Philip Dumoray would never find her again. That was the only wish she was conscious of.

The work which she had come to do was done. The stir and bustle of the morning was on now. All about her she heard it. A train left early which would take her homeward. She was weak and trembling, so that she could scarcely rise, yet she hurried her preparations. She was in feverish haste to be gone. She had been so happy in that cottage, happier than ever in her life before. But now it was hateful to her. Only let her go away, away.

It wanted yet an hour till train time when Shirley was ready for her departure, yet she made haste to be gone. In the cheerless, foggy dawn she had herself taken to the station. How utterly cheerless, how dreary it was! It was a morning to take the stiffening out of a human being.

"SHE'S MY WIFE."

Shirley waited for the train. She could not restrain her impatience. She walked up and down the platform in the fog. She shivered with cold, she, the warm blooded, merry Shirley. Her knees trembled beneath her with weakness, but her will kept her up. There is nothing so good as a strong will.

Well, at last, in fifteen minutes it would be train time. She looked at her watch. It was very chilly. She disliked to go back into the little waiting room. It was full of giggling girls, smirking youths and stupid women. In the unhappy, unreasonable mind in which she was, how she hated them!

Nevertheless, she was chilled to the bone. She turned to go inside, and came face to face with Philip Dumoray!

He had been to the cottage and had followed on after her. His injured hand was bound up and carried in a sling. His torn, disordered clothing had been replaced by a well made toilet. He would have been neatly attired if he had dressed himself for the scaffold. There was dandy enough about Philip Dumoray for that. His face was still very pale, but firm and composed. He looked reproachfully at Shirley.

"Why did you go away when you knew I wished to see you again?"

"Why did you come here after me when you knew I did not wish to see you?"

"I did not know it," he replied, simply.

"Then you ought to have known it. You saved my life. I ought to thank you for that, I suppose. But I don't. Life will not be so sweet or pleasant to me hereafter that I should cherish a desperate desire to hang to it through thick and thin."

"Shirley," said he, "there is something I have to tell you. It is a wretched story. I ask you to bear with me and listen to it."

"I don't wish to hear it," she answered, coldly.

"But I must tell you," he said.

"My train is coming," said Shirley. "There it is at the curve. Good morning, Mr. Dumoray."

He laid his unwounded hand upon her arm, not very gently, if the truth must be told. The gentle master was not in a gentle mood that morning.

"You shall not go until you hear me," he exclaimed. "Shirley, if you don't stop I'll"—

"You'll what?" she retorted.

"Shirley, your father was my friend. By the memory of your father, grant me this one favor. It is the last request I may ever make of you."

The train stopped, gathered up its passengers, and went on, and Shirley was not among them. She led the way into the railway waiting room.

"Well, what is it you wish to say to me?" she asked. Her manner was as indifferent as if the last night had never been.

"I cannot tell you here," he said.

"Here or not at all," she answered. "Don't ask me to go back to that wretched house."

"So be it then," he replied. He had hoped—the Lord knows what he had hoped. It was true all was over now, all the possibilities he had dreamed of in that brief, mad hour of the night before. Was that a century ago, in some other state of existence?

There was nothing for them now. But if Shirley only knew his history, only could understand how he had struggled against fate, she might be not so hard. There might be a little less suffering for them both. If he could have her alone, and tell her, she would be gentler. Nay, he might even hope to be forgiven at last. But she had willed it that he should speak to her here, and speak he would.

So there, in the wretched waiting room, he narrated his miserable story, not abating one jot. He told her of the fire, of his twin boys, how strangely he had lost them, how he had searched the world over for them. He told her, too, of the devilish suspicion that had been set afloat by his wife's mother, and how at last all men turned against him.

"Wherever my name was heard," he said, "that vile slander followed me, till it drove me to desperation. I went away where no one knew me. I changed my name, in hope to find some peace. I was wrong. I should have stayed there, in that very spot, and faced my enemies, and lived it down, though I died of starvation."

"Yes, that is what you should have done," said Shirley.

"But I did not. There was no one to turn to. I had no friend. I did not know. I came to Linwood. In your happy home I met your father—and you. It was like paradise to me, after the life I had known. I was drawn to you first by your intellectual gifts, greater than I had believed could be in a woman. You liked me, too, you know that. You lingered about me with your light hearted, sunny nature, your sweet, frank ways, month after month. And then before I knew it, heaven forgive me! I loved you. How I loved you, even then!"

"Yes, you deceived me," said Shirley, mournfully. "I would have died for you and you deceived me."

"I could not tell you that horrible story—how could I? If you had known it, you, too, might have turned against me. That was exactly what I could not bear. I read you like an open book, Shirley—you, the soul of purity and truth. You could not have disguised your feelings if you had tried. I read that you were beginning to care for me. I knew it, and the knowledge was very sweet to me. Forgive me, Shirley, that I tell you of it now."

"I can forgive anything in a friend, I think, but want of frankness," she replied in a dull tone.

He winced a little and was silent. Presently he went on:

"I thought when I came to Linwood that I had overcome the weakness, the passionateness of my boyhood. So I had—so it would have been if I had never seen you. All was under my feet, I thought. But I met you. Then for the second time in my life I ran away. Only there I was weak; only there I feared to trust myself. In all else I tried to be what you thought me. I suppose a man may be forgiven for being human, Shirley?"

He paused. She did not speak. She was hurt to the soul. He continued, speaking in low, hurried tone:

"Ever since I left you, there is not a day or a night that I have not thought of you. I have dreamed what life might have been to me had I been free. As it was, you have been like a star to me. I have been true to to you in every word and thought. I have striven to keep myself pure and high in thought, to make my life helpful to others. Then, if ever the time was when I should be free, though it were fifty years, I could look honestly into your dear eyes and tell you—I have come to lay my heart at your feet. And so I would have come."

Then there was silence. Nothing broke it save the ticking of the clock in the little station. At last the master said:

"I am going now, Shirley. Good-by."

She held out her hand; it was death cold.

"I think you have broken my heart," she said, "but I forgive you."

That was their parting.

CHAPTER XIV.

LINWOOD TRANSFORMED.

Shirley had sighed for change. Well, she had had it.

"You wanted change, did you?" she said to herself. "How do you like it, now you've got it?"

She laughed at Shirley Carstone, in her heart, two hours morning, she, in her as she thought it was given mortal to be.

And now! She said to her other self if there was a human being on earth who thought himself more wretched than she was, she would be willing to change places with him.

An old metaphysical question floated into her mind as she fled homeward still in that dull train. Whether is it better to know great happiness and at the same time take with it the fatal gift of susceptibility to intense suffering, or to jog along moderately comfortable, without ever experiencing the highest height of joy or the deepest depth of misery? In her stunned, broken mental state, Shirley debated the pros and cons of that old question half a day. Finally she said:

"It is better to know neither great joy nor great suffering. There is more pain than pleasure in the world, anyhow. The unimpressionable are the only happy. Thick skinned people don't have half so much bother."

In her blind misery little things the most absurd came into Shirley's mind. Col. Carstone had disliked crying women excessively. Once in her father's lifetime she had seen her mother weeping. Her father had said smilingly:

"My dear, dry your tears. Crying women are an abnormal growth. They are the result of excessive emotional development in the sex since the days when man was monkey. Think how many handkerchiefs have been worn out, how many bright eyes have been spoiled. Yes, think how many classic noses have been reddened through excessive emotional development. My dear, don't do it!"

Her mamma dried her tears instantly. She was always slightly in awe of her strong, merry husband. But the matter seemed to strike Col. Carstone somehow. He thought of it further. Her mother left the room presently, and then he said rather seriously:

"Shirley, don't you ever be one of the snivling kind. Be a rational, sensible human being. Rely on your brains for happiness, instead of on your emotions. Since the world began, there have always been Byrons to tell the race that man's love is of man's life a part, 'tis woman's whole existence. Women have been told this so often that they begin to think it is a credit to them to break their hearts, so as to display their superior emotional nature. It's rubbish, Shirley. Women make two-thirds of their unhappiness themselves, through sentimental nonsense. It is not their fault, either, so much. The nonsense has been educated into them, and must be educated out. They must learn self control. The coming woman will repress her abnormal emotional development, and put it back into its right place. Then women will no longer be more unhappy than men. Shirley, it would trouble me to the latest day of my life if I thought my daughter would be one of these uncontrolled, emotional women."

Shirley laughed. "Do I look like that, papa?" she said.

"No; thank God!" her father replied, fervently.

"But what a solemn sermon you have preached me," she continued.

"Very well, daughter, lay it away for a rainy Sunday, and then read it," he answered.

Had the rainy Sunday come? Was this what her father meant? Now, after all, had she, Shirley, inherited through ages of mothers that same fatal emotional development her father had warned her against? Was she going to let it wreck her life? How she scorned herself! And yet——

It was a strange psychological experience Shirley passed through at this time. It was such a rude upsetting of all the ways of thought to which she had been accustomed. The faiths and the ideals to which she had clung all her life, had been torn out by the roots. Nights of sleeplessness followed days of fierce mental conflict, till at last she found herself in an odd state of physical exhaustion and mental exaltation.

In the depths of her grief, the most laughable incidents she had known, the most comical stories she had heard, came up before her with perverse persistency, and mocked her like fiends. Weird faces followed her and watched her in the darkness, and finally in the daylight. They were genuine physical images; she saw them plainly with her waking eyes, in her right senses. She could have described the dress they wore, the color of their hair. The same images haunted her day after day. This one had the identical peculiarities of dress, that one grinned at her with his ugly mouth in the same way each time. And these unpleasant images had no connection in the remotest manner with anything in Shirley's life so far as she could trace.

She recognized these figures as the hallucination of disordered nerves, she reasoned about them to herself in cold blood, and yet they tormented her constantly. And all the while she kept wholly shut up within herself. No living creature knew of this storm of feeling that shook her because of "abnormal development of the emotional temperament," as she called it to herself, smiling grimly. No living creature knew she had met Mr. Morrison again. And nobody found it out.

If her father had been living there would have been help for her. He was the one friend of her life who would have understood and sympathized with her, and helped her out of this chaos. But her father was lying in the Carstone graveyard up there on the hill, with the grass of six years above him!

There was no help for her. She must fight it out alone!

DEACON DURHAM.

If she could have got away from Linwood it would not have been so hard. The bald rusticity and poverty of the lives of those around her never was so hateful to her. Only for her mother and the children she could have turned her back upon this scene. The busy whirl, the excitement of city work have a fascination for the young. Shirley could have plunged into these and found rest. At least she could have found congenial intellectual companionship. Here she was as utterly alone as Robinson Crusoe on his island. But had not her father said—"Take care of your mother, Shirley, take care of them all?"

There was nobody to take care of the children, to have patience with her mother, absolutely nobody but Shirley. Here she was, and here she was to be tied to her country school, correcting the bad grammar of the children, listening alternately to the vulgar neighborhood clack and the peevish complainings of her mother, putting her hands too to work, now with the needle, now in household labor and out in the grounds. That was to be her life forever, hum-drum, like the clicking of a blacksmith beetle. Oh! if she could only get away! But no!

She faced her prospect and saw that the battle must be fought out in Linwood. Fate is hard on women.

Finally Shirley observed that this eating her heart out in silence was beginning to disturb her seriously. How she longed for some break in the dull monotony of fretting!

One morning she found her brother Pet seriously ill of a fever. He became worse through the day. Shirley herself went for the doctor.

Back of the village was a hideous patch of ground of several acres. It was called the common ground from the fact that it was the nuisance rubbish of the town. In the growing season it was covered with weeds.

The summer had been the rainiest one in many years. As Shirley passed by the common she saw it was covered with a stagnant, bubbling water. Poisonous exhalations seemed to rise from it and glisten in the sun. She entered the village. Rank weeds fringed the street in front of nearly every house. The stagnant water lay in pools along the roadway, at intervals, through the whole village. She wondered how it was she had never noticed the weeds and decaying water before.

She had scarcely been in the village since her return. But now she was struck with the sickly, greenish-yellow hue on the faces of persons she met. Surely, they did not look like that always. She neared the center of interest in the village, Simpkins' grocery. She saw something unusual had taken place. A huddle of men, sparsely sprinkled with members of the weaker sex, were gathered there. A look of gloom, of fear was in their faces.

An epidemic of fever had broken out in the village. The children and old people were dying. Some of Shirley's best pupils were down with it. Being so wholly taken up with her own griefs, Shirley had not heard of it.

For, something unusual, Deacon Durham was in the throng. Moreover he was talking, and that excitedly. He was in his shirt sleeves, his skeleton arms waving to and fro, his thin, gray locks shaking with excitement as he talked. There was the gleam of fanaticism in his eye.

"The wrath of the Lord is upon Linwood," Shirley heard him say. "This sickness is a judgment upon the people for their sins. The children walk in the ways of the ungodly. They go swimming in waters on the Sabbath day. The women are disobedient to their husbands, setting themselves up on the level of men. They attire themselves in gay apparel, not conducive to the glory of God, yea, wearing bonnets with flowers in them. Whereas sin came into the world by a woman, therefore is the anger of the Lord kindled against this town. These presumptuous females have brought a profane instrument of music into the Sabbath school."

His eye fell on Shirley. The crowd parted slightly. Pointing his skinny finger at her, the deacon continued his fierce denunciation:

"Yea, following the lead of godless female teachers, they have set up the scandalous practice of praising the Lord with fiddles. The Almighty will not hold them guiltless. 'I suffer not a woman to teach.' This people have departed from the straight way. Therefore is the sword of the Lord against them. Therefore I visit them with the pestilence that walketh in darkness, saith the Lord. Woe! woe! woe! to Sodom and Gomorrah!"

"Oh, bother! Deacon Durham," said Shirley, "that's nonsense. There is not a word in the Bible against praising the Lord with fiddles. And as to washing in waters, if the children of this town did it a good deal oftener, they would be better off and healthier. The Lord never said a female should not teach, either. It was a man said that. But I quite agree with you that the Almighty has sent a pestilence on Linwood. You are right that His wrath is kindled against this people for their sins, truly enough. He is visiting His wrath upon them because they are lazy and slovenly. Look at that common out there! It is a blister on the face of a civilized community. That's where the fever comes from mostly. It has rained nearly every day this season. The wind has been from the west. It has brought disease and death upon its wings from that foul, reeking pond over there. Look at these nasty puddles in front of your very doors! Look at these masses of rank, rotten weeds. Two hours' work a week from each gentleman who spends so much leisure time in the grocery would change this dirty, pokey, little town into a garden of Eden. But they don't give it. They let the common lie festering in the sun, month after month, bringing fever and sickness. This is why the wrath of the Almighty is kindled against them, and not because a poor little woman wears a flower in her bonnet. Is it likely the Creator of the universe would be in such small business as that?"

"No, by thunder!" exclaimed Jim Sweet.

Then Shirley got her doctor and her medicines and went home. The sickness raged in earnest. It took off Hughie Carter and Katy Tringle. Mis' Simpkins was left a widow. The gossips said her husband was just too lazy to fight the fever, and so gave up and died. Pet Carstone was very ill. The pestilence attacked old Mme. Frenchy, Mrs. Carstone's nurse. At last it fastened its grisly clutches upon that tough old Christian, Deacon Durham himself. It shook his ancient bones, it scorched his cold inwards. It rattled him soul and body. Plainly here was the wrath of the Lord kindled also against the righteous. It wasn't the fair thing, not at all.

There were weeping and desolation and terror in Linwood. Shirley worked night and day, tending the sick and helping the well in all ways in her power. Three persons were a self-constituted committee of relief. They were the Presbyterian minister, the doctor and Shirley. After the first two the girl came next in authority, by virtue of being the teacher, partly, but especially by virtue of being Shirley. These three worked together with a will. The helpless, ignorant villagers instinctively looked to them to do their thinking for them and to aid them in their distrees. And the three had their hands full.

Shirley's sermon had sunk into the minds of one or two who heard it. After the pestilence abated the sermon returned afresh to them. They thought of it and talked. It was strange, but they had never noticed how unsightly the common—that camping ground of geese and pigs—was before.

Once more the three lights of Linwood, the Presbyterian minister, the doctor and Shirley, laid their heads together. A Village Improvement Society, with a big "I" and "S" was formed. Shirley was secretary.

When the town dignitaries came to consult about what should be done with their weeds, their unclean streets, their goose ponds, and, above all, their boss nuisance, the common, they found that their girl secretary knew more than they all put together. It was Shirley who had heard about drainage and tree planting and landscape gardening. She had her father to thank for that again. She had heard him talk of all this many a time. The books he studied were still there.

When the dry weather of late summer set in the Village Improvement people began their task with enthusiasm. The enthusiasm did not lag after the first year, either.

Processes are tedious. They are exceedingly unromantic, therefore not proper for a novel. We skip them, and go on to results.

The hideous common became Linwood park, a thing of beauty. The ground was leveled and filled with solid sweet earth, the plat was drained. The swamp in the center, the most unsightly and unwholesome spot of all, was changed by the magical power of brains and fingers into an exquisite tiny lake, the pearl and soul of the park.

Beautiful evergreen and hard wood forest trees were planted, and clumps of blossoming shrubs. Winding walks were made. Here and there the green was dotted with beds of brilliant flowers.

The Improvement Society with a big I and S did not stop its missionary labors at the park. It invaded the village. The riot act was read to the pigs and geese, and they roamed the highways and the byways at their own sweet will no more. The streets were drained, straightened and laid out regularly. Sidewalks and streets were neatly paved, and in time kept sightly and clean. The patches of weeds in front of the Linwood homes disappeared and their place was taken by brilliant patches of grass and flowering plants. Saplings from the woods were set out in the town, and in time these became noble avenues of trees. Shirley ransacked her brain and her father's books, and rediscovered graceful native vines and beautiful flowering trees.

The Improvement Society proclaimed loud and long the doctrine of mercy to the birds. The Presbyterian minister preached sermons about it from his pulpit. Shirley How the birds made the landscape beautiful, how they gladdened the earth with their songs, how they were man's best friend in killing insects that destroyed the fruits and grain for his food, was dinned into all their minds. This gospel was proclaimed alike from the pulpit and the school house till that Linwood child who would have killed a bird would have been a daring criminal indeed.

The teaching bore its good fruit in due season. Bright winged creatures—the red bird, the blue bird and the yellow bird—darted in and out among the leafy trees and played, as much at home as if they had been in their native forest, as indeed they were not far from being. The little winged singers opened their throats and poured forth sound till the air throbbed and thrilled with melody in the very heart of Linwood.

So the wrath of the Lord was averted, and the village was visited no more with epidemics of sickness. Out of the pestilence arose healthfulness, beauty and refinement. Linwood became noted far and wide as a model village.

City people who sighed for rural life were attracted thither in numbers. They brought with them additional wealth, intelligence and taste. The town increased in population. From being what we first knew it, Linwoood became the ideal, beautiful country town.

And it was Shirley, the inspiring and suggestive, who was at the bottom of it all—Shirley, God bless her! the people said.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Try Ayer's Pills"

For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Gout. Stephen Lansing, of Yonkers, N. Y., says: "Recommended as a cure for chronic Costiveness, Ayer's Pills have relieved me from that trouble and also from Gout. If every victim of this disease would heed only three words of mine, I could banish Gout from the land. These words would be—'Try Ayer's Pills.'"

"By the use of Ayer's Pills alone, I cured myself permanently of rheumatism which had troubled me several months. These Pills are at once harmless and effectual, and, I believe, would prove a specific in all cases of incipient

Rheumatism.

No medicine could have served me in better stead."—C. C. Rock, Corner, Avoyelles Parish, La.

C. F. Hopkins, Nevada City, writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for sixteen years, and I think they are the best Pills in the world. We keep a box of them in the house all the time. They have cured me of sick headache and neuralgia. Since taking Ayer's Pills, I have been free from these complaints."

"I have derived great benefit from Ayer's Pills. Five years ago I was taken so ill with rheumatism that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills."—Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

The Elixir of Life.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 1.—Dr. W. A. Hammond, the distinguished physician, formerly of New York, who has permanently located in this city, is experimenting successfully with the alleged elixir of life. When the doctor first heard of the discovery by Dr. Brown Sequard, of Paris, of an elixir thus named, his information on the character of the fluid said to produce such remarkable results in rejuvenating decrepit and aged persons was so crude that he was forced to the belief that the report was either a canard or the experimenter had given to the world statements that could be only explained by the fact of his dotage. Since then he has received detailed accounts of the methods employed by Dr. Brown-Sequard, and they impressed him so favorably that he determined to test the virtue of the elixir practically. The report of the experiment first given to the world on this side of the Atlantic stated that

THE YOUTH-GIVING FLUID

was compounded of the vital organs of the body, a mixture of the heart, liver, kidneys, etc., whereas the fact is that it is made from the most delicate portion of every animal's anatomy, that which is already known for its life-giving qualities. The distinguished Frenchman secured his material from a guinea pig, whereas Dr. Hammond took the lamb for his use, which he believed to be superior to any other animal for the purpose. This material he places in a mortar, pounds to a pulp, and, adding water, distils an essence which is administered to the patient by a hypodermic injection. The actual work of experiment by Dr. Hammond began a week ago, and he has pursued it constantly ever since. His subject is an old man, who is decrepit in an extreme degree. The treatment is exceedingly simple, and consists of an injection in the patient's leg every other day. The quick results already obtained have astonished and gratified the doctor. The decrepit patient has already shown

SIGNS OF RETURNING VITALITY

that seem incredible, this change having been marked on the third day after the application. The doctor intends continuing the experiment last evening practically as above, but reserves his decision on the merits of the life-giving fluid until his experiment is complete, which it will not be until six weeks after inaugurating the treatment. Besides the case mentioned two other patients will be subjects for the elixir's work, and that no question can be raised as to the way of reaching the result, they will be ignorant of the character of their treatment until it is concluded. Dr. Hammond feels a good deal of respect for the believers in the possibility of discovering a youth-giving fluid, and holds himself ready to be converted to any innovation on medical lore, however extravagant its pretences may be. Immediately upon the conclusion of his present work he will prepare a full report of it for the medical journals. Last evening he said: 'I have just received information from Paris to the effect that Dr. Varloit has administered the elixir to decrepit individuals with the most astonishing results. The report states that they have become rejuvenated under the influence of the treatment.'

The Crisis at Waterloo.

(World of Adventure.)

All at once came the tragedy. To the left of the English and on our right, the head of the column of cuirassiers reared with a fearful clamor. Arrived on the ridge, wild, furious, and running to the annihilation of the squares and cannon, the cuirassiers saw between them and the English ditch—a grave. It was the sunken road of Obain. It was a frightful moment. There was the ravine, gaping, unlooked for, under their very horses' feet, two fathoms deep between its banks. The second rank pushed in the first and the third pushed in the second. The horses reared, fell backward, struggled with their feet in the air, leaping up and overturning their riders. There was no power to retreat; the whole column was but a projectile; the momentum gathered to crush the English, crushed the French. The pitiless ravine gaped till it was filled. Riders, horses, rolled in together pell mell, mangling each other, making common flesh in this gulf; and when the grave was full of living men, the rest rode on over them and passed on. Almost a third of Dubois' brigade passed into the abyss.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning? The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 60 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Mothers do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Sold by Drs. DeBlois & Primrose, Bridgetown, and Dr. Morse, Lawrencetown.

—The movement to abolish the wearing of black as mourning is viewed with greater favor in many parts of both the United States and Canada. It is only a question of time when greater simplicity must prevail in funeral and mourning customs. Heavy draperies of black crape are expensive, uncomfortable, unhealthy, and unnecessary. Cheaper and more appropriate insignia of mourning must sooner or later be introduced. The Chinese are somewhat ahead of us in this respect.

An Old Favorite

That has been popular with the people for thirty years is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for all varieties of summer complaints of children or adults. It seldom if ever fails to cure cholera morbus, diarrhœa, and dysentery.

My Toothache

Is an exclamation heard every hour in the day. Toothache is the most common ailment of young and old, and in the aggregate inflicts more suffering than perhaps any other single complaint. A more minute cure is just what every person desires to possess. Nerviline—nerve pain cure—acts almost instantly in relieving the agony, and as a sample bottle affords a quantity sufficient for 100 applications, 10 cents fills the bill. Polson's Nerviline is the only positive remedy for toothache and