

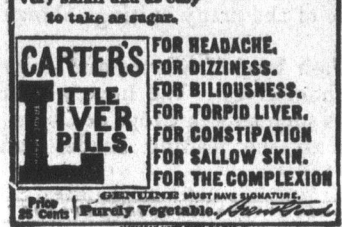
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cheap, containing about 57 acres of first-class land, near Dover Centre, has on it a good brick dwelling and barn, stable and other out buildings with abundance of water and new windmill, apply to SMITH & SMITH, Real Estate Agents.

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Frame house, two storeys, brick foundation, seven rooms, \$800.
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100 acre farm in Raleigh, brick house, large barn, stable and other out buildings. All cleared. About four miles from Chatham, \$7,500.
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50 acre farm, River Road, Raleigh, one of the best, good frame house, large barn, stable and other out buildings; a large orchard of various fruits; land all tile drained, \$6,000.
Hotel premises in Chatham, \$7,500.
Six vacant lots, \$4,000.
Money to loan. Lowest rates. Terms to suit the borrower.
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Import direct the finest Ceylon, Assam and China Tea, Black Gunpowder and Young Hyson, Best English Breakfast Tea, 35c and 40c.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

A GOLDEN LINK

By A. M. Davies Ogden

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"Follow this path, ma'am, and you will find the house," explained the coachman as he drew up before the stately stone gates of Ellesmere Abbey. "Carriages are not permitted inside the grounds, but visitors on foot can walk through and view the lake and terraces."

The path, leaving the driveway, led between sturdy oaks, through whose branches the dappled sunlight fell in golden shadows—oaks that had stood for generations, the pride of the county. Mrs. Lincoln and her daughter walked slowly forward, exclaiming in delight at the grand old trees, until a sudden fork in the path caused them to halt in some perplexity.

"Although, as the caterpillar said, if you don't care where you are going, it cannot matter much which way you go," laughed Ethel Lincoln. "And both look attractive," she added. As they hesitated a young man, clad in knickerbockers and carrying a gun, came down one of the paths. Mrs. Lincoln looked relieved.

"Here is a gamekeeper, or poacher, or something," she said. "He can probably tell us which is the best way to go."

The man, who had stopped on seeing the two ladies, now came toward them, lifting his battered cap.

"Can I be of any service?" he inquired. His voice was prepossessing, and Mrs. Lincoln assented.

"We are anxious to see the house and the lake," she said. "Could you direct us how to reach them?"

"The right hand path will take you directly to the house," he answered civilly. "And the lake—the lake is a bit out of the way." He paused a moment, then went on, "I belong here, and if you would care to have me show you about—"

Mrs. Lincoln smiled kindly.

"If you would be so good."

Ethel Lincoln, wandering somewhat behind the others, was enchanted with the place. The lovely river, laden with heavy white lilies, the brilliant hued parterres, the cool green terraces, all evoked deep breaths of admiration.

"It is like a page from a novel," she declared. "I never imagined anything so romantic. It's—its perfect," abandoning a vain search for suitable adjectives. The gamekeeper looked pleased.

"It is indeed a fine place, miss," he said. But Mrs. Lincoln glanced longingly at the house.

"How I would like to see the interior," she said. "Is it quite impossible?"

The man considered.

"It is not usually allowed," he answered. "But I will ask this gardener."

The gardener, when appealed to, looked up in surprise.

"Why—I don't know," he declared doubtfully. "You—"

"Don't you think they might make an exception this once?" interposed the gamekeeper hastily. The gardener, a faint twinkle creeping into his eye, nodded.

Mrs. Lincoln turned away.

"If it is against the rules, of course we would prefer not to enter," she said quietly. "Thank you just as much. Only I happened to know Lady Ellerslie well many years ago and should have been glad to see her home."

"Indeed," said the gamekeeper respectfully. "You might have a chance next week then. Lady Ellerslie's son is giving a garden party on Thursday, and if you send a card to Lord Ellerslie I have no doubt that he would be glad to have an invitation sent you."

"Thank you, perhaps we may do so," said Mrs. Lincoln. "Will you be good enough to call my carriage now?"

As he turned and beckoned the coachman Ethel Lincoln sighed.

"How beautiful it all is," she exclaimed. "Really, I could marry Ellerslie just to live here." The gamekeeper, his face unmoved, stepped forward.

"May I help you in, madam?" he asked courteously.

Mrs. Lincoln, slipping her fingers into the tiny gold purse swinging at her wrist, pulled forth a coin and, without looking at it, held it toward the man. To her surprise, he flushed and drew back. But at sight of the look of unconscious dismay on the girl's face his half uttered protest died and he quietly accepted the money.

As they drove homeward Mrs. Lincoln laughed.

"No wonder that man stared," she said. "These English coins are so much alike in size that instead of a shilling I gave him a sovereign. But how abnormal for a foreigner to hesitate at a tip. Shall we send Ellerslie a card, Kitten? I suppose he would hardly remember us, and it is many years since his mother died. Do you think it would be worth while?"

"I suppose not," agreed Ethel, not, however, without a secret twinge of disappointment.

But the next day, on returning from their drive, the footkeeper met them. In his hand was a letter and a card.

"His lordship was here this afternoon," he said, "and asked if you were the lady who had lost this locket," producing a small gold ornament. "If you were, I was to give you this letter."

"Why, I must have dropped it yesterday," exclaimed Mrs. Lincoln in surprise, tearing open the envelope. It contained a card of invitation and a few lines on a crested sheet of paper.

"My Dear Mrs. Lincoln—From the name engraved on the locket which was found in the grounds yesterday I judge you must be the old friend whom my mother so loved. Will not you and your daughters

do me the honor of coming to the garden party I am giving next Thursday and let me have the pleasure of renewing an old acquaintance? Faithfully yours, ELLERSLIE.

When on Thursday afternoon Mrs. Lincoln and Ethel drove under the porte cochere of Ellerslie Abbey already the lawns and terraces were dotted with bright frocks and parasols, while from a gay marquee came the strains of a military band. Ethel's spirits rose.

"I feel that I am going to have a good time," she declared. "My new gown is becoming, my hat perfect, so cheer up, mamma!"

"Mrs. and Miss Lincoln," shouted the stumpy, and into the great hall paneled to the roof with oak and hung with the family portraits of three centuries, they passed. A gentleman turned from the nearest group of people and came forward. Tall, slim, frock coated, with a white flower in his buttonhole, there was yet no mistaking him. For a moment Mrs. Lincoln stared, then a slow smile curved her lips.

"So it was you—you all the time," she declared. "You were the gamekeeper." The man looked repentantly back.

"I really didn't mean to," he pleaded. "You see, I only expected to stop a moment and pass on. But then that seemed unkind, and so—"

"And so you merely deceived us instead," laughed Mrs. Lincoln. "Ethel, dear, this is Ellerslie, bad as ever."

"No, no," he protested. "It was my cap that deceived you, not I. At first I hardly appreciated the situation, and then—it seemed too late. And I never hoped to see you again. But when you spoke of my mother I began to think who you might be, and of course the name on the locket settled it. Indeed, I was innocent."

Mrs. Lincoln laughed.

"Certainly you took the tip badly enough."

"But I still have it," he asserted, "and always shall, if only as being the first money I ever earned."

As host Ellerslie's duties kept him busy through the afternoon, and it was not until the long shadows lay wide across the lawn that he was able to follow the direction in which his eyes had often strayed and join Ethel where she stood under a huge Japanese umbrella.

"I have been talking to chaperons until I am exhausted," he urged. "Do take pity on me and let us make an escape. Oh, no, it is not yet late," as the girl hesitated. "And there is the view of the mere that you have not yet seen," he added mischievously.

Ethel smiled and let him take her parasol from one of the group of men about her.

"Don't keep her too long, Ellerslie," said one in rather an injured tone.

Ellerslie shook his head. "I cannot promise. Miss Lincoln and I have much to discuss," he laughed.

But as they paused on a little rustic bridge commanding a view of lake and woods stretching away to the red sunlit sky Ellerslie seemed to have suddenly lost the desire to talk. When finally he turned to her there was an odd little glint in his eye.

"Well," he said, "do you like it?" waving his hand toward the picturesque reach of wood and water.

"Indeed I do," she answered earnestly. The glint in his eye deepened.

"Then you are prepared to keep your word?"

"My word?" demanded the girl, startled.

"That you would marry Ellerslie to get all this." He pulled a coin from his pocket and gazed meditatively at it.

"This precious coin—I fell in love with a girl when it was given to me. Wasn't it an odd thing to do?"

"I am so delighted with the fact that I am going to have this bit of gold made into the best thing I know of, and that is a wedding ring. Shall I? Do you think she might wear it in time?"

Although he spoke jestingly, there was an undercurrent of seriousness in his tone which the girl was quick to catch. For a moment a new, strange shyness kept her silent, then she spoke.

"Of course I am hardly competent to advise on such a subject," he began demurely, "but, with a swift upward glance that suggested bewildering possibilities, 'there could certainly be no harm in having the ring made.'"

It was several years before Ellerslie admitted to his wife that as Mrs. Lincoln had dropped him the coin she had dropped the locket and that he, willfully and deliberately, had concealed it. To his astonishment, however, Lady Ellerslie only laughed.

Did His Best.

In the absence of the regular society reporter the dramatic critic of the Daily Chronicle was detailed to "write up" a wedding. "I'll do the best I can," he said, "but I feel sure I shall make a botch of it." This is what he turned in, omitting the preliminary remarks about the size of the audience and the delay in beginning the performance.

Mr. Burnside, in the role of the bridegroom, acted the part in a stiff yet listless manner. He has a good stage presence, but mars the effect by a total lack of animation and an almost inaudible voice.

Miss Jones, as the bride, was much more effective. Her costume was bewildering, yet true to life. If one may venture to criticize, her effort to overcome her obvious stage fright was a trifle too evident. She was in good voice, however, and her enunciation was clear and distinct.

It must be confessed that both Miss Jones and Mr. Burnside were deficient in their lines and had to be prompted almost constantly by the Rev. James Simpson, who, as the officiating clergyman, was decidedly the star of the performance.

HALFSICK

Generally the expression 'don't feel half sick' is used by people who are really very sick. As a rule, the cause of the weakness, tired, half sick feeling is disease of the stomach, resulting in loss of nutrition and consequently in physical weakness.

Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and restores strength by enabling the perfect digestion and assimilation of food. It makes half sick people all well.

"I suffered for four years with pain in my stomach so that at times I could not work nor eat," writes Mr. Frank Smith of Granite, Colorado. "I wrote to you about my distress and was told to use your medicine, which I did with good results."

"I only used four bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and must say that I am entirely cured and feel like a new man, and I can highly recommend your medicine to any sufferer."

"Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol and is entirely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics. It is strictly a temperance medicine.

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing 'just as good' for diseases of the stomach.

The "Common Sense Medical Adviser," one thousand and eight large pages, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Floaters" For the Young Folks.

When we go to the seashore we make the people "floaters" for each young member of the family, says a correspondent in Good Housekeeping: Taking one yard of strong ticking thirty inches wide.

We fold it lengthwise and stitch the edges at the selvage, then double it again and cut out of the center an oval 12 by 4½ inches. The edges are then turned in and stitched.

This forms the neck opening. A long scallop is cut from each side, twelve inches long and about an inch wide at the widest point. A row of stitching is made

eleven inches from each end and two more rows at right angles to this. The three pockets thus formed at each end are filled with cork and the ends turned in and stitched. We feel quite safe about the children when these are slipped over their heads.

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FOR YOUNG FOLKS

A GLASS OF WATER.

How to Lift It by Merely Laying Your Hand Upon It.

You can surprise people very much by laying your hand with apparent carelessness on a tumbler or wineglass nearly full of water and then lifting glass, water and all by raising your hand, with the fingers outstretched in order to prove that you do not take hold of the glass in any way. Probably there will be some people whom you will not surprise. These will say, "Oh, that's easy," try to do the trick themselves and fail.

The secret of success is this: Though your fingers are straight when you lift

the glass, they must be bent downward sharply when you place your palm upon it. You must press your hand down rather firmly in order to make an airtight joint between it and the rim of the glass, which should be wet to make the joint tighter. Now suddenly straighten your fingers and lift your hand. This action of the fingers causes the flesh of the palm to move in such a way as to cause a partial vacuum, a suction which you can feel distinctly.

The space between the water and your hand is made a little larger, and therefore the air in that space is rarefied or made thinner and exerts less pressure. Therefore the greater air pressure outside, acting on the bottom and sides of the glass, forces it upward against your hand strongly enough to lift both glass and water when you raise your hand.

This trick requires some practice before it can be done with certainty, and had better not be attempted with a very thin or valuable glass, or in a place where spilled water will do harm.

Above all, do not use a very thin glass, for even if it does not drop you may break it by mere pressure and cut your hand. Besides, thin glasses are very apt to have little nicks in the edge which will both cut you and spoil the trick by letting in air.

The glass must be a small one, as it has to be well covered by the palm of your hand. An egg cup or a wineglass with a stem is best. If you use a tumbler, which, being small in diameter, will probably be not very tall, you will have to hold it in the other hand or set it on an inverted tumbler or a block of wood in order to get room to bend your fingers down properly.

The trick seems especially difficult because the hand is flat and the glass nearly full of water, but these are the very things that make it possible. You cannot lift the glass with your fingers bent unless, of course, you actually take hold of it, as it is the straightening of the fingers that causes the suction.—New York Mail.

Sowing and Reaping.

A good game is called sowing and reaping. Every player in turn is expected to think of something to which a second meaning can be given. The word selected must have some connection with a plant, flower, tree or herb.

For example, the first player says, "I plant a wild person," and there comes up an herb. "Sage" is rightly guessed by some quick witted boy or girl. "I replanted a naughty boy and there came a 'birch,'" suggests another player.

The Paper Duel.

Two boys are placed back to back with balls made of soft paper in their hands. Two other boys are their seconds, to pick up their balls. They walk away from each other about eight feet, turn round and throw their balls at each other until one is hit. The seconds pick up the balls whenever they fall and replace the duellists.

A Funny Fork.

One morning four-year-old Margie had pancakes and sirup for breakfast. After she had eaten the cakes there was some sirup left on her plate and she said: "Mamma, please give me a spoon. My fork leaks."

Mother's Guardian.

I'm not a-going to cry, so there! I can't see anything! Since I was just a little boy—it must be 'most all time."

I ain't afraid; I'm brave as brave. There's nothing in the dark! I'll go alone right up the stairs without a whimper. Hark!

I thought I heard a funny noise! I can't see anything! It's awful dark for little boys—I think I'd better sing.

"There is a happy land"—Oh, dear, I guess I'm selfish quite— I must run back for dear mamma. For she might have a fright.

—Exchange

INFANTS' FOOD.

One Way of Preparing Milk by Which to Obtain Good Results.

For the vast majority of infants of all classes of the community I have for the past six years found that the simplest, cheapest and best food for daily use is a fair average quality of cow's milk diluted with water according to the age and digestive capacity of the child. The "top milk," or the upper portion of milk that has been allowed to stand in a vessel at a temperature not above 60 degrees for from four to six hours, is sometimes preferable. The proportion of fat to proteids is much greater in such milk and will better bear diluting. A pinch of either table salt or phosphate of sodium is added, because cow's milk contains no soda salts, while human milk does, and a heaping teaspoon of raw cane sugar to the quart. The mixture is placed in a double cooker, with cold water in the outer vessel, and allowed to remain on the fire for ten minutes after the water has begun to boil. This is virtually pasteurizing the milk, which has become modified by dilution and the addition of salts and sugar.

The principal and most important object of this process is not so much to attack germs as to act upon the casein in such manner that the character of the curd will be modified by the milk curdling ferment in the child's stomach, analogous to rennet in the stomach of the calf, without doing injury to other nutritious components. This is materially aided by the dilution.—Table Talk.

YOUR SHOES.

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