

he fights harder than ever. He has thrown Freer to the ground. Now Freer is up. What a strong chap he is! Now the other man is down. No, he has risen again. Now they both stand and fight, and—Dr. Ramsey, did you see that? The man with his back to us uses his stick, straight in front of him like a bayonet, and—oh, my God!

Audrey covered her face with her shaking hands. In a moment he looked up again. "Can't you see?" he cried. "Freer is on his back—in my opinion he is dead. What has happened?"

"Yes, of course, you must remember that—he is now lying on the ground at Portland. Audrey faced round suddenly, and looked into the doctor's eyes.

"It is all a mistake then," he said, in a queer sort of whisper. "I swear that before God. I saw Everett once—he was a thick man, but that fellow is slighter taller, younger. He carries my stick and wears my clothes. Why in the name of Heaven can't I see his face? What are you saying, doctor?"

"Only that I must take you home, my good fellow. You are my patient, and I cannot permit this excitement any longer. But the murder is still going on. Can't you see the whole thing for yourself? That fellow with his back to us is the murderer. He uses his stick as a bayonet. What did I once hear about that? Oh that I could remember! There is a cloud before my mind—God in Heaven, help me to read it! Do not speak for a moment, doctor, I am struggling with a mystery."

Audrey dug herself on the ground—he pressed his hands before his eyes. Suddenly he sprang to his feet.

"I have it," he said, with a laugh, which sounded hollow. "If I look in this pond I shall see the man's face. His face must be reflected there. Stay where you are, doctor, I'll be back with you in a few minutes."

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ANOTHER LETTER.

CHAPTER I.

"I will make a clean breast of it! Better to know and endure the worst at once than to suffer longer this paralyzing anxiety, which makes the present dreadful and the future terrifying."

So reflected Mr. Richard Foskett, as he sat, worn and haggard, in his handsome house at Bayswater.

More than mere comfort surrounded the despairing man. His light-hearted wife and merry daughter chatted gaily together in an adjoining room. And in town many a plodding city man envied Dick Foskett his snug berth of manager in the well known house of Godfrey Avery & Co., stock brokers.

And yet this prosperous-looking gentleman had found no savor in his annual summer holiday, from which he had just returned, some days before his leave of absence had expired.

It was the old, old story—the sad one that reappears with new faces every day, alas! when commerce thrives. This genial, friendly, generous host, and trusted confidential servant, from which he had just returned, some days before his leave of absence had expired.

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for him. This will be a great blow to the young man. It was easy to see at our last party how deeply smitten he was with Edith."

"The insolent young puppy!" cried Mr. Foskett wrathfully. "Did he ever dare to hint at such a thing to me? I would have kicked him from one end of Throgmorton street to the other!"

Miss Edith received the news with composure and dignity. Her manner implied that Mr. Avery had merely displayed that vulgar taste she had expected from him.

"The hours passed now with irritating slowness. When at last Mr. Avery's voice was heard in the hall his manager was bursting with excitement. The latter received his guest with the utmost effusion, and he literally dragged him into the room."

"I am delighted to see you, Mr. Avery—delighted! I must shake both your hands. This is indeed the happiest moment of my life!" cried Foskett, looking at though he wished very much to embrace his visitor.

"I am very glad to see you again, Richard," said Mr. Avery, growing on his plaid face, "but really I see the letter for such a vehement expression of joy."

"No occasion sir?" protested the other. "Why, sir, when you condescend to propose an alliance with our humble family, you express a desire to enter our circle by the most honorable of ties, when you crave to become one of us, I say there is the greatest and highest occasion. Bl—sir, Mr. Avery—bless you!"

"Alliance? Your family? Holiest of ties?" gasped the amazed bachelor. "I do not understand you. Perhaps—or perhaps you are not serious?"

He sided towards the door. "Intoxicated with happiness! That is all, sir," declared the beaming Foskett. "And this, sir—is the precious document which has filled me with such gladness—your letter."

"My letter?" repeated Mr. Avery, taking the missive from the other's hand. He set down, and smoothing the paper out on his knee, he read it with great deliberation. When his gaze reached the signature, it appeared to remain glued there for at least a couple of minutes.

"Well, well," murmured he, half to himself, "I had not thought of such an eventuality, but 'poor soul,' I might do worse, and this is certainly a legal offer."

"Do worse—a legal offer?" exclaimed the astonished father. "Why, of course, my dear sir. Surely you—"

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beauty. I thought I would be strictly honorable, and first of all, let your permission to pay my addresses to her. After I had finished all the firm's letters I typed one to you, because you always say my handwriting is execrable. Before I could sign it Mr. Avery sent me out on an important errand. When I returned Martin told me he had put all the letters in their proper envelopes, and had posted them. Mr. Avery signed all his, but of course mine must have reached you without any name to it."

"I am sorry for you, 'Seppy,'" said he, growing familiar in a patronizing way, "but you must prove the sensible fellow you are, and abandon all thoughts of my daughter. Indeed, you must forget that you ever sent this foolish letter and I will not think of it again, either. The truth is, my daughter has been engaged to Mr. Avery for some time past, and our esteemed principal is here to-night to get my dear child to fix the wedding day."

"Oh my!" cried Penn, sufficiently impressed and dismayed.

"Yes, now, if he ever learned you had once aspired to occupy his position you would not be another five minutes in the office."

"Of course not," agreed 'Seppy.' "But if you keep a still tongue in your head I will see that things go very well with you. Let me see, how much are you getting now?"

"A hundred and twenty, sir." "From month to month you shall take a hundred and fifty, and in the coming year we will see if we cannot make your salary the level two hundred."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Foskett! thank you sir!" cried the overjoyed Septimus.

What an extraordinary bit of good fortune that proposal has brought me! he soliloquized. "What a capital investment it has proved!"

Indeed, he was right, and it gave more than wealth and safety to the man who was soon to be one of the principals of the opulent firm of Godfrey, Avery and Company.

From that day Edith's father became changed to a better man. His terribly narrow escape made a lasting impression on him, and he lives to-day a devoted and kindly gentleman. But Septimus Penn never guesses that all the favors which are being heaped upon him are but crumbs from 'Dick' Foskett's prodigious slice of luck!

THE LOST FOUND.

Number Was Right, But the Transom Was Turned.

If any one had told him he was drunk he would not have resented it, but would have made an effort to retain his equilibrium and dignity long enough to explain that he was only a little oozy woozy. He realized that he lived at 206 Irvington street, and that his residence was on the right hand side as he walked along homeward.

The uncertain light of early dawn, combined with the blur in his eyes, rendered it necessary for him to stop in front of every house and gravely brace himself against the railing until he could focus his eyesight on the number.

Finally he identified his house, but after arguing with himself for a couple of minutes he came to the conclusion that he was just woozy enough to make mistakes possible, so to be absolutely certain he balanced himself against the front fence and instead of 206 he saw 409. Then he wondered how it happened that he had got on the wrong side of the street and three blocks too far out, made a zigzag across the street and started back, and before he had walked three blocks he came to the end of the street.

The weary pilgrim was bewildered. He couldn't understand it, but getting his bearings, he stepped on the street on the right side and kept on until he came to 509 again. He studied it from every possible point of view, even trying to stand on his head to read it, but it perversely remained 509.

Utterly bewildered he sat down on the steps and waited till a policeman came along.

"I'm lost," he explained. "I want to go to 206 Irvington street."

"This is the place right here," declared the policeman.

"Can't be," he protested. "This is 509."

"No, it isn't; it's 206, but the transom is turned over."

The lost was found.—San Francisco Post.

A Woman's Heart.

Derangement of the heart and nerves in woman is followed by various nervous disorders, such as Hysteria, Melancholia, Neuritis, Sleeplessness, Palpitation and Pains and Aches in various parts of the body. In such cases strengthen the heart and build up the nervous system by the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Derangement of the heart and nerves in woman is followed by various nervous disorders, such as Hysteria, Melancholia, Neuritis, Sleeplessness, Palpitation and Pains and Aches in various parts of the body. In such cases strengthen the heart and build up the nervous system by the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

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BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISE SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED

With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn the clothes. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

DEARBORN & CO.

WHOLESALE AGENTS

BORN.

Ashtabula, Sept. 17, to the wife of Oliver Dodge, a son.

Ashtabula, Sept. 17, to the wife of F. H. Barton, a son.

Ashtabula, Sept. 17, to the wife of Edward Boyd, a son.

Ashtabula, Sept. 17, to the wife of J. C. Smith, a son.

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