CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE TIME FOR ACTION

Les, it was their father's will—the will
they had vainly hunted for a year ago, little
thinking what manner of will it was;
executed when Eleanor was a baby in long
clothes, and providing for their inheritance
of that enormous English fortune. When
they were a little recovered from the shock
of this last oveywhelming surprise, Mr.
Brion broke the feal of the document, and
formally ane softenily read it to them.
It
was very short, but perfectly correct in
form, and the testator (after giving to his
wife, in the event of her surviving him, the
sole control of the entire property, which
was unentailed, for her lifetime) bequeathed

| The control of the

Cubbage—What's the difference betware a dilatory man and the president of a fen college?
Rubbage—Pil give it up.
Cubbage—One misses the train and other trains the misses.

"And what do you think, Maude! Then he winked at me with his alter ego!" "His alter ego!" "His other eye, of course!"

my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure."

pand dada, doin't these here politic things for perity tooks. Feet overs alims, a letting the machine wabble a little, just to show that he meant business.

"Come to my home," she said.
"Come to my home," she said.
"Only three blocks."
"Then it's got to be a quarter," he as it. "In the said than cried."
He gave is a push and then cried.
He gave is a push and then cried.
He gave is a push and then cried.
He ran to the corner, but she was two his cande and were a said any pays is dead wrong.

"How the construction of the c

HORRIBLE BARBARITY.

Iadiana Vigilantes Cruelly Maltreat a Helpless Woman.

A Bird's Eye, Ind., despatch says: Mrs. Harmon, a woman of loose character, lived at Mentor, one mile west of here On 50 men, who tied her to a post and applied 50 lashes to her bare body. She was found tied to the post naked with the exception of one undergarment, which was turned over her head. Her body was torn from head to foot, as if by a knife, one terrible wound, bleeding from every pore, while across her abdomen was a gash twelve inches long and so deep as to leave the bowels exposed, and scattered around were the great hickory switches with which the woman had been flogged. No one knows who composed the mob nor whence they came. The community is enraged that such a thing should have happened in their midst. Mrs. Harmon and her daughter were whipped in Bird's Eye two years ago, just before they moved to Mentor.

THE TROUBLES IN CHINA.

Foreigners Asking for Gunboats and Soldiers to Protect Them.

A London cable says: A despatch to the Times from Singapore says Shanghi advices to Sept. 2nd prove that the Ichang riot was an organized outbreak on the part of the Hunan soldiers. The Central Government was powerless to quell the riot, except by sending troops from a distance and risking a civil war. As gunboats cannot ascend to Ischang, a merchant steamer will take the British marines. Pleacards issued to students in Nankin accuse Christians of gross crimes. People at the treaty ports say nothing but the landing of a well armed force of foreigners will quell the troubles. A despatch to the Times from Foo-Chow soys: A regularly organized sche me to capture the arsenals has been discovered by foreigners employed there. The presence of a gunboat is imperative.

Very Queer Sailors. Small boy (at a dock)—Papa, those are not real sailors, are they?
Papa (a theatrical manager)—Why, yes, my son. They have just sailed that big ship clear across the ocean, and in about a week, they will sail back.
"Well, Is 'pose they must know somethin' bout sailing, but they ain't, really and truly, sailors, are they?"
"Indeed they are. Why do you tkink they are not?"
"Why, I've been watching them most an hour and I haven't seen one of them hitch his trousers an' stand on one leg and spit over his head and say 'Blast my tarry top-lights' once."

"Well, Jack, you seem to be having a good time since you came ashore."
"Ay, ay, sir."
"I saw you at a Sunday School picnic you at a Sunday School picn "I saw you at a Sunday yesterday."
"Ay, ay, sir."
"And now you are coming out of the dance house, a den of sin."
"Ay, ay, sir. Right you are."
"But You cannot serve two masters."
"Oh, yes, I can. I always have done so. I always ship on a two-master. I don't feel at home on a three-master schooner."

Squire Timothy (flourishing newspaper New York Hotel)—See, 'ere, landlord, think this is a low down swindle! Y haven't put my name in the paper as

arrival.

Clerk—Why should I?

Squire Timothy—Jehoshaphat! When
go to the Squeedunk Hotel an' pay'em'
cents I'm mentioned as a "leading citizen
an' here I've paid you fellers \$3 for nothin

What's in a Name? What's in a name?

What's in a name? Mr. Lovegood, of Kansas, recently eloped with his servant girl; Mr. Lawless is president of a law and order league in Kentucky; Rev. Mr. No good, of Virginia, exhorts his brethren tead a better life; Mr. Doolittle, a county clerk in Wisconsin, complains that he is overworked, and now we are 'told that'Mr Van Whoopen is to be compelled to remain silent.—Des Moines Leader. make them regular.

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She could talk of church affairs, But knew naught of household car Still I'msure that none compares Still I'msure that none compares With sweet Nan; Exen if she couldn't bake Breed and She enraptured and has captured a rich man.

—From the Bar Harbor

Four-year-old Charlotte had been hav-ing some trouble with her English, but she has entirely passed her difficulties on

"I see a woman has started out with stick to walk all the way to California That's something new, isn't it?"

"No, that happens all'the time."

"I never heard of another case."

"What! Did you never hear of an actress travelling over the country with half a dozen sticks, and some of them make money at it. to?"

A Blessed Good Thing.

New York Sun: "It's a blessed good hing," said Mawson, as he gazed on the cean, "It's a blessed good thing the ocean's ottom is solid."

D. C. N. L. 41. 91



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