

Saturday, Jan. 19th  
**McConnell**  
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Evaporated Apples..... 6c per lb.  
Figs..... 5c per lb., 6 lbs. for 25c  
Prunes..... 7c per lb., 4 for 25c  
7 lbs. Rolled Wheat..... 25c  
Ginger Snaps..... 5c per lb.  
Salmon..... 10c per can  
Sardines..... 5c a can  
Baking Powder..... 10c per lb.  
Our 25c Black, Green and Japan Tea are good quality.

We will clear out a quantity of Fine China, also a number of Tea Sets, Dinner Sets, Chamber Sets, Glass Water Sets, a lot of Cups and Saucers, Plates, Bowls, Etc. at reduced prices.

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**YOUNG MEN** led into evil habits, not knowing the harm, and who are suffering from the vice and errors of youth, and troubled with Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Rashness, Confusion of Ideas, Headache, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, Weak Back, Dark Circles Around the Eyes, Pimples on the Face, Loss of Sleep, Tired Feelings in the Morning, Evil-fortunings, Dull, Stupid, Aversion to Society, No Ambition, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Dreams and Night Losses, Drops in the Urine, Frequent Urination, sometimes accompanied with Diseases of the Genito-Urinary Organs can here find a safe, honest and speedy cure. Charges reasonable, especially to the poor. CURES GUARANTEED.

**VARICOCELE AND PILES, and KNOTTED VEINS of the Leg** cured at once without operation. Doctors will deny this. But we are proving our claims every day. The method is simple, the cure is certain and permanent.

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# The Mystery of Agatha Webb.

BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

I have done what I threatened. I have made the sacrifice. Our child is no longer ours, and now perhaps he may live. But, oh, my breaking heart, my empty home! Help me to bear my desolation, for it is for life. We will never have another child. And where is it? Ah, that is the wonder of it! Near you, Philemon, yet not too near. Mrs. Sutherland has it, and you may have seen its little face through the car window if you were in the station last night when the express passed through to Sutherlandtown. Ah, but she has her burden to bear, too—an awful secret burden, like my own, only she will have the child, for, Philemon, she has taken it in lieu of her own, which died last night in my sight. And Mr. Sutherland does not know what she has done and never will if you keep the secret as I shall for the sake of the life the little innocent has thus won.

What do I mean and how was it all? Philemon, it was God's work, all but the deception, and that is for the good of all and to save four broken hearts.



"Swear you will be a mother to this child!" Listen. Yesterday, only yesterday—it seems a month ago—Mrs. Sutherland came again to see me with her baby in her arms. The baby was looking well, and she was the happiest of women, for the one wish of his heart and hers had been fulfilled, and she was soon going to have the bliss of showing the child to his father. My own babe was on the bed asleep, and I, who am feeling wonderfully strong, was sitting up in a little chair as far away from him as possible, not out of hatred or indifference, oh, no, but because he seemed to rest better when left entirely by himself and not under the hungry look of my eyes. Mrs. Sutherland went over to look at him. "Oh, he is fair, like my baby," she said, "and almost as sturdy, though mine is a month older." And she stooped down and kissed him. Philemon, he smiled for her, though he never had for me. I saw it of my eyes. Then I turned to her, and we talked. Of what? I cannot remember now. At home we had never been intimate friends. She is from Sutherlandtown, and I am from Forchester, and the distance of nine miles is enough to estrange people. But here, each with her husband absent and a darling infant sleeping under her eyes, interests we have never thought identical drew us to each other.

and we chatted with ever increasing pleasure. Suddenly Mrs. Sutherland jumped up in terrible fright. The infant she had been rocking on her breast was blue; the next minute it shuddered; the next it lay in her arms dead.

I hear the shriek yet with which she fell with it in her arms to the floor. Fortunately no other ears were open to her cry. I alone saw her misery. I alone heard her tale. The child had been poisoned, Philemon, poisoned by her. She had mistaken a cup of medicine for a cup of water and had given the child a few drops in a spoon just before settling out from her hotel. She had not known at the time what she had done, but now she remembered that the fatal cup was just like the other and that the two stood very near together. Oh, her innocent child, and oh, her husband! It seemed as if the latter thought would drive her wild. "He has so wished for a child," she moaned. "We have been married ten years and this baby seemed to have been sent from heaven. He will curse me; he will hate me; he will never be able after this to bear me in his sight." This was not true of Mr. Sutherland, but it was useless to argue with her. Instead of attempting it I took another way to stop her ravings. Lifting the child out of her hands, I first listened at its heart and then finding it was really dead—I have seen too many lifeless children not to know—I began slowly to undress it. "What are you doing?" she cried. "Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Webb! What are you doing?" For reply I pointed to the bed where two little arms could be seen feebly fluttering. "You shall have my child," I whispered. "I have carried too many babies to the tomb to dare risk bringing up another." And catching her poor wandering spirit with my eye, I held her while I told her my story. Philemon, I saved that woman. Before I had finished speaking I saw the reason return to her eye and the draining of a pitiful hope in her passion drawn face. She looked at the child in my arms, and then she looked at the one in the bed, and the long drawn sigh with which she finally bent down and wept over our darling told me that my cause won. The rest was easy. When the clothes of the two children had been exchanged, she took our baby in her arms and prepared to leave. Then I stopped her. "Swear," I cried, holding her by the arm, "I will be a mother to this child! Swear you will love it as your own and rear it in the path of truth and righteousness!"

The convulsive clasp with which she drew the baby to her breast told me plainer than her shuddering "I swear!" that her heart had already opened to it. I dropped her arm and covered my face with my hands. I could not see my darling go. It was worse than death. "Oh, God, save him!" I groaned. "God make him an honor!" But here she caught me by the arm. Her clutch was frenzied, and her teeth were chattering. "Swear in your turn," she gasped; "swear that if I do a mother's duty by this boy you will keep my secret and never reveal to my husband, to the boy or to the world that you have any claims upon him." It was like tearing the heart from my breast with my own hand, but I swore, Philemon, and she in her turn stood back. But suddenly she faced me again, terror and doubt in all her looks. "Your husband?" she whispered. "Can you keep such a secret from him? You will breathe it in your dreams." "I shall tell him," I answered. "Tell him!" The hair seemed to rise on her head, and she shook so that I feared she would drop the babe. "Be careful!" I cried. "See, you frighten the babe. My husband has but one heart with me. What I do he will subscribe to. Do not fear Philemon." So I promised in your name. Gradually she grew calmer. When I saw she was steady again, I motioned her to go. Even my more than mortal strength was failing, and the baby—Philemon, I have never kissed it, and I did not kiss it then. I heard her feet draw slowly toward the door. I heard her hand fall on the knob, heard it turn, uttered one cry and then—They found me an hour after lying along the door clasping the dead infant in my arms. I was in a swoon, and they all think I fell with the child, as perhaps I did, and that its little life went out during my insensibility. Of its little features, like and yet unlike our boy's, no one seems to take heed. The nurse who cared for it is gone, and who else would know that little face but me? They are very good to me and are full of self-reproaches for leaving me so long in my part of the building alone. But though they watch me now, I have contrived to write this letter, which you will get with the one telling of the baby's death and my own dangerous condition.

Under it these words: "Though bidden to destroy this, I have never dared to do so. Some day it may be of inestimable value to us or our boy."

PHILEMON WEBB.  
This was the last letter found in the packet. As it was laid down soba were heard all over the room, and Frederick, who for some time now had been sitting with his head in his hands, ventured to look up and say: "Do you wonder that I endeavored to..."

Do not wonder that I endeavored to...

Do not wonder that I endeavored to...

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