

Workers

pty Threatens... builds them up... of the body... 198 Richmond... states: "My white goods man... run down by the... close attention re... Her nerves were... was so weak and... to give up work... a victim of ner...

ized his mistake... refused, for Sarah... other. So furious... never, that he re...

Guild, who is now... how I lost my first... married the Rev... up to her death... Hollowell.

TRAFFIC.

Stopped by the... with a flower does... St. John's Florida... a standstill by the... has grown in such... the surface of the... the steamboat... chinery.

with this plant... there accidentally... water for miles was... and flowers. It... more than like a...

ade to destroy the... and burning it, but... produce itself that no... permanent effect.

ch killed the Indian... at last killed the... along the river are... which is washed up... boats can with dil...

in many places is... the river men, pilots... are much worried... of the flower, which... any means except... ending the orange... end snap.

is another instance... navigation. Her made his voyage... found the river filled... of water plant.

into such masses... trees, etc., was... make an almost ins... the river.

th of this nature is... sargassum. "Now, Violet," he said, "let me know the cause of your excitement this morning."

ne part of the At... as it does a large... between the sixteenth... of north latitude, the Sargasso sea.

is sea growth have... able to free them... or screw became... and the vessel was... weed.

on grammar, George... of the late Mrs. F... of picking me up on... dear," soothingly... "I make a recreation

STER'S... TY

to the Sterling... Agnew's Catarrhal... thing worthy of re... my duty to James Murdock, of Agnew's Catarrhal... of catarrh of five... certainly magical in application benefited

(Continued From First Page.)

held's tall form entered the drawing room. "I was afraid you would not accept our invitation. We know that you are not partial to pleasure." "You are quite right, my lady," replied Sir Archibald. "All my desire for pleasure died out when my wife departed this life. But I accepted your kind invitation because I require a change of air. And how do you find your companion?" "Everything that can be desired," cried Lady Radstock.

"Hem! Gha! to hear it, I'm sure. Is she hereabouts?" "Yes, that is, she—or—she is in the grounds." "Dancing, I presume; I hear the band. Well, a little amusement never hurts a young girl; indeed, it does them a great deal of good. Dancing is fine exercise, especially for young limbs." "Yes, it is indeed—"

"Hem! Oh, indeed. And she—what does she say? Does she love him?" "Oh yes!" "But they have not known each other long enough to form a proper opinion." "Oh, yes, they have, Sir Archibald. But you will let me plead for forgiveness for both of them, will you not?" "Forgiveness for what?" "They have loved each other for many—many months."

"Sir Archibald looked hard into Lady Radstock's face before he replied. Then he said slowly: "I cannot understand that." "Ronald met her at the school where she was receiving her education." "Oh! Hem!" "It is as a case of love at first sight." "Hem! How do you know?" "Ronald told me so." "How does he know? Hem! Well, I see it all now. Yes—yes, all. It has been very ingeniously done. I must admit."

"And Sir Archibald left his seat and commenced to pace the floor. He was evidently much agitated. "What a fool I have been," he muttered. "My foolish pride has let that precious prize slip through my grasp. And I came here with the intention of bringing her away with me! And only last night I resolved to ask her forgiveness—to let me treat her as a daughter in future. To ask her to love me a little, and to try and forget how I treated her poor mother. To ask her to call me grandpa! Oh, God! how bitterly I am disappointed."

"Pausing by the fireplace, he leaned his head upon his hands, and fairly sobbed aloud. Lady Radstock rushed forward and placed her hand upon his shoulder, crying: "Sir Archibald, what is it? Speak, what is it? I know you must love her, as your adopted child, as one you have brought up from the time she was not more than a baby. But, oh, believe me when I say that they love each other dearly, and that they would be happy together." "You do not know her history."

"I only know she is an orphan without a friend in the world except you. I know that she is fortuneless, that—"

"name which seems to attract you like a loadstone—Violet! Ha! ha!" "Miss Howland," said Ronald quietly, as he pressed the trembling form of his beloved Violet to his breast. "Your excitement will avail for nothing. I say again that I never led you to believe that I loved you."

"You did! How dare you stand there and tell such a deliberate falsehood!" "I tell no falsehood. I visited you as a friend, yet I must admit I admired you, but that is all—"

"As a friend!" cried Miss Howland bitterly. "I repeat as a friend." "Absurd! Did you visit us day after day—did you present me with many costly presents, as a friend?" "Beware, Miss Howland, or you will force me to say as many things of you as you have said of this young lady."

"I care not," cried Miss Howland wildly, "I care not, I defy you. You know no harm of me. If you do, say so!" "I say nothing, only that you are a bold and, as you now show yourself to be, an unprincipled woman."

"Unprincipled! Because I advise you against a designing creature like that?" "I did not ask you for your advice. You should have waited until I did so."

"You intend to marry that penniless girl?" "I do, and I now hope you are perfectly satisfied." "So far I am, but let me warn you you will regret your choice."

"And why—what makes you think so? Have you had any experience of this young lady?" "Thank Heaven, no. I would not, like you, lower myself to make her acquaintance."

her mother in the London streets. Her mother, when found, had perished with the cold. And this is the girl he loves. That common girl upon whom Sir Archibald Blackmore took compassion. See how she cowers in his arms. See how she knows that all I have said is true; ask my Lord Radstock to deny it."

"Before Ronald could reply to this outburst a deep voice broke in: "Who is it that dares to utter such words?" "And Sir Archibald, with Lady Radstock on his arm, came through the trees. "Is it you who dare to utter such words, Miss Howland?" asked Sir Archibald sternly.

"Yes, and I have good cause too. This girl—this—"

"Be careful what you say, Miss Howland. Do you know what that girl actually is? What romantic rubbish about her being a 'common girl' have you heard? You are mistaken. Come, Violet," he added, as he opened his arms. "Come here, my child!"

"Violet, with a great cry of gladness, rushed into his arms and nestled her head upon his breast. "Miss Howland," said Sir Archibald, "you see here not a 'common girl'—not a 'penniless wanderer'—but my grandchild! My grandchild, and the heiress to a million of money! This is my grandchild, Lady Radstock; my Lord Ronald, this is my grandchild! My own sweet Violet!"

"And Sir Archibald bowed his grey head upon Violet's golden locks, and once more relieved himself with a burst of tears. Only for one moment did Miss Howland look upon this affecting picture. The next day she gathered up her skirts, and casting a fierce look upon the group, ran off to the castle, accompanied by her mother; and all that we may add in reference to them is that within an hour they were both at the railway station waiting for the train to convey them to London."

"Long after the guests had retired, Sir Archibald and Violet, Lady Radstock and her son, sat in the drawing-room. There Sir Archibald spoke of his poor unfortunate daughter, of his foolish pride; how time after time he felt inclined to take Violet in his arms and acknowledge her before the world; and how pride had deterred him. "And after he had explained this he left his chair, took Violet's hand placed it within that of Ronald's, and blessed them both. "Oh, it was indeed a happy time. "And now what more have we to add? Well, within three months Lord Ronald and Violet were married; and oh, what a magnificent gathering there under that roof!"

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they shouted to their four sleeping children "Wake up! Run to the window and jump out!" they cried. But there was no answer. Soon the flames shut off escape even from the window. Then the frenzied parents heard the cries of the little ones whom they could not save. In the meantime the two young children were taken from the lower story safe. Helplessly the father and mother stood watching the destruction of their home and the death of their little ones. That afternoon four charred little bodies were taken from the ruins. There was recalled the tragic incident of the four handles pulled from their fastenings in the casket and of the casket falling to the floor.

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WHEN WICHITA WAS REALLY BAD. Capture by a Stranger Long Ago of the Town Mrs. Nation is Retelling. Wichita, Kan., has had more than its share of notoriety in the last forty days as a result of Mrs. Carrie Nation's efforts to close its saloons; nevertheless, it is a reformed town compared with what it was thirty-five years ago. Then it was the southwestern terminal of the only railroad running from the Missouri river to that part of the State. Beyond it were miles and miles of country where the prairie fox, the muleater, and the fugitive and the Indian met face to face.

Wichita was a wooden town. The streets were wide and laid out on air lines. Gambling houses were as open as drug stores. Saloons occupied a good share of the buildings of the business district. If one rode or walked two miles the street on which one started ran out into some trail, or lost itself in chapparal. After that the traveller kept his hand on his gun.

Up from the matted grasses and out of the ditches there came, regardless of season, men, who never went unarmed; men who lived and died in their boots. The saddle was their lodging place. They rode into Wichita in couples or troops, according to the object of their invasion. They had the freedom of the town while they were there. When they depleted the stock of liquor in the saloons and broke the fare banks, they made a racetrack of the main street. The day wound up with a fusillade. The dead were left where they fell. The living disappeared in clouds of dust kicked up by fleet horses. There was no pursuit.

One night a stranger from the East registered at the "only first class hotel in the city," and asked for a room. The landlord showed him to his quarters, more like a stall than a room. "Got a gun?" asked the landlord. The guest said no.

"I'll loan you one," said the landlord, and he laid a six-shooter on the head of the bed. "If you hear any noise, don't ask any questions. Just shoot. Don't make any difference which way you aim. They'll come in from all directions. Can you shoot? Ever kill anybody?" The stranger said that he had not pulled a trigger in years, and of course he said "No" to the second question. "Ain't a preacher, are you?" asked the landlord in surprise and contempt. The stranger denied having any such calling. "Then what in hades are you going out here with no gun?" thundered the proprietor. "You tenderfoot come out here and expect me to keep you from being killed. And I've got to kill half a dozen of these friends of mine who spend their money in my house to protect such fellows as you! I say it's a shame!" He banged the door as he went out. Th...

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A Tragic Coincidence. That fate through coincidence tragic and unreal gives man its warning seems credible enough from this strange story. Last Sunday at Ashan, a settlement twenty miles northeast of Elkhart, Ind., the five year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Miller was buried. As the little casket was being carried from the house, the four handles pulled from their fastenings and allowed it to drop to the floor. Miller is a member of the Amish sect. "This is a sign of approaching disaster," he said, as with tears in his eyes he picked up the casket containing the body of his loved one. Mark now the verity of the omen. Four days later Mr. and Mrs. Miller started to the barn to milk the cows. Their six children they left asleep in the house. The four oldest were in the second story, the two youngest in the lower story. When the parents had nearly reached the barn they looked back and were horrified to see their house on fire. They rushed back. The flames had already destroyed the staircase. There was no ladder. They could not reach the second story. Frantically...

stranger went to bed in his boots. On such occasions time doesn't count. It is just one long stretch of suspense without beginning or end. Therefore the stranger had no way of knowing how long he had been in his bunk when he heard the sound of cowhide boots. Then the door, a home made affair without fastening opened. It was the landlord. "Sleep?" the landlord asked. The stranger said, "No."

"Recon you won't get much," the landlord continued. Lots of the boys just come in with the gale. Want to have a shake down in the eastin' room. Guess you'd better skin out and jine 'em. Fact is stranger I'm a committee of one from the gang to ax you to jine. It'll save a lot of trouble if you come right away."

The stranger accepted. He had only to readjust collar and tie and his toilet was complete. "Better belt the gun on you," said the landlord, pointing out the weapon he had lent. "Reckon you wouldn't know what to do with it if that was any occasion. But it'll make the boys think more of you if they see you wear a gun."

Then the landlord led the way to the dining room. Fifty cowboys, several greasers and some women were there. The landlord stood in the doorway with the stranger and raised his right hand. The signal stopped the music and the dance. Then the room filled quickly with powder smoke. The cowboys had saluted the stranger. When the smoke had blown out, several of the cow-gentry surrounded the stranger and took him to the centre of the room. The women circled about him in a peculiar sort of dance, in which the arms were in motion as much as the feet. One of the women took off the stranger's hat and whirled it toward the ceiling. When it came down it wouldn't hold water. It had been a target for the cow-gentry while it was in the air.

After this incident there was a lull. The stranger was bland. "Boys, line up the ladies for refreshments," he said. The entire round-up went to the bar meekly. The treat was accepted in silence. Then the dance was resumed and the stranger found himself an honored guest. The landlord bowed to him when it was all over.

"You've done me proud," he said. "I allow I owe you a week's board, or more if you like." The stranger waved for the landlord to stop, and went to bed. He remained several days, and was the recipient of every attention as long as he stayed.

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