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VEGETINE Purifies the blood, renovates and invigorates the whole System.

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My daughter has received great benefit from the use of Vegetine. Her declining health was a source of great anxiety to me...

My wife has used your medicine for several years. It has done her good in every respect...

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Select Story. A TERRIBLE MISTAKE. Dora Guild was the daughter of an Indian General who died, covered with fame...

There was one clause in her dead father's will which had recurred to Dora's mind...

That her dear father should think it necessary to coerce her into compliance had...

Her error ended in a swoon. When she came to herself it was broad daylight...

The golden sunshine was lying across her pillow, and the perfume of the red honey-suckle...

All seemed innocuous and peace around her, but the soul of the orphan girl was filled with astonishment...

She could scarcely arrange her thoughts at first, so terrible was the ordeal through which she had passed...

When she looked at the family, in answer to the breakfast bell, she was in her traveling dress, and her trunk was all packed...

"Why, cousin Dora, what is the matter? Are you ill, dear?" exclaimed Penelope in a soft, cooing voice...

Dora turned her back on her midnight visitor, and, striving to speak calmly, said to Mr. Arlingford...

There was a pause of consternation, then they all with one accord began to plead with her to change her mind...

"Just try, dear cousin," she exclaimed. "Of course you will be lonely at first—everything is so different—but who will make you happier than we can?"

"You are so young, so ignorant of the ways of our town," said Mrs. Arlingford, here chiming in anxiously...

"I must go," responded the orphan averting her pallid face that the dark misery of it might not be seen...

"So when the persuasions of himself and the pleadings and tears of his women availed not, Mr. Arlingford got offended, and cried...

Dora swallowed a cup of tea and choked down a morsel of bread, and then she went back to her room to put on her hat...

She longed herself upon a chair, and wept silently, feeling herself to be the most desolate and friendless being on the face of the earth...

Go to Dora's lawyer and tell him she did not wish to marry Walter Cary, then live alone in such lodgings as the remnant of her fortune could afford her...

"Ah! it was indeed a terrible mistake, that I have done in this will," she said to herself...

"But into the midst of her musings stole a sound which thrilled her once more with awe...

"The wish of a garment, the rustle of a paper, just as it aroused her last night," Dora gazed around her like one bereft of reason...

The large old Bible lay quiet enough and closed exactly where she had placed it—no living thing was in the room but herself...

And then she saw the whole mystery. The window was partly opened, and a slight puff of wind had blown out the crisp white curtains in the room...

There came another puff—the trail of the curtain over the carpet, the rustle of the paper hanging...

Dora sat gazing at the window, her face, in its astounding thankfulness, a study for an artist...

"The carriage is ready, dear cousin," sighed she, tremulously...

"Yes, I did, why do you ask, dear? I know why. You were frightened by hearing a board creak beside your bed; I should have told you about that board; how stupid I was!"

"I heard a board creak," said Dora, scarcely believing her own ears...

It was a disagreeable remark to occur to one in the middle of the night, and it roused her to a preternatural wakefulness...

She began to ponder over the events of the past evening, when suddenly something struck her ear which sent all the blood tingling to her heart...

It was like the trailing of a long maul robe over the thick carpet which covered the floor and a cautious rustling of paper...

The night was at its darkest and the bed was in an alcove, so that a view of the room could not be had...

Before she retired, Dora had read a chapter from the large Bible which lay on her table...

She perfectly recollected placing it on the end of the sofa near the window when she had finished reading it...

She woke—or, rather, she struggled back to consciousness—with these words running through her mind...

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Why, my darling girl, I do not think you wanted to leave me because you thought the house was haunted...

"You poor little darling," murmured Penelope, in a voice of deep compassion...

"What I tried Penelope, her countenance slowly crimsoning as the situation burst upon her...

She never completed the sentence, but snatching up the poor, tired little orphan before her bosom, held her there, and kissed her tearful, smiling face with kisses which were fully returned...

REMARKABLE ESCAPE OF AN ADVENTURER. CAPRON, Ill., July 24.—On the 22 day of last May there arrived at our village...

The golden sunshine was lying across her pillow, and the perfume of the red honey-suckle came in through the open window...

All seemed innocuous and peace around her, but the soul of the orphan girl was filled with astonishment...

She could scarcely arrange her thoughts at first, so terrible was the ordeal through which she had passed...

When she looked at the family, in answer to the breakfast bell, she was in her traveling dress, and her trunk was all packed...

"Why, cousin Dora, what is the matter? Are you ill, dear?" exclaimed Penelope in a soft, cooing voice...

Dora turned her back on her midnight visitor, and, striving to speak calmly, said to Mr. Arlingford...

There was a pause of consternation, then they all with one accord began to plead with her to change her mind...

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