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LEOPOLD MEYERS respectfully informs the people of Packerton and vicinity that he has just opened a LIVERY STABLE on BEAVER St., where persons can be supplied with Good, Safe Teams either for Funeral, Wedding or for Hauling Purposes at very Lowest Rates. In connection therewith he has also in stock the very best brands of FLOUR and FEED, which he will sell at Lowest Prices.
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DIRECTIONS—For a horse, 1 tablespoonful, two or three times a week; when sick, 2 tablespoonful a day. For a Cow, 1 teaspoonful twice a week; when sick, twice a day. The same for Hogs. For Poultry mix with feed.
The powder is prepared after the recipe of the late Dr. H. D. Wise, and is the genuine article. Owners of above named animals should write at once.

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Reasonable!

Leonard Heath's Fortune.

By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

I.

IN THE northern suburb of Philadelphia there is a curious crooked lane. It lies westward of the old Camac woods which so lately suffered dreary transmigration into a crop of red and white contract houses.

This lane has always been a most unchangeable, unwakenable bit of antiquity. It was an Indian trail through old beech and ash trees, dropping their rotting leaves on the lush mold, with fat green caterpillars spinning cocoons under their roots, when the first Swedish settlers landed and began to dig their underground houses down there at Wicaco the rotted leaves lie just as then about the ash and beech trees today, and the butterflies crawl from the cocoons and flap their gold dusted wings on the bark as though one of the great cities of the world had not sprung up between the roots and Wicaco.

Nature gives up this old landmark grudgingly. On one side of the lane the country struggles to be town by means of brick kilns and Sommergartens, while next to them is an old fashioned cemetery, where the tired dead townspeople seem to have gone out to lie down and dream that they were in the country. Running along the whole of the other side is a dilapidated fence, made in some long ago generation, with faded notices to trespassers nailed on its green and rotting rails. Within is the Fontaine Place—a house gone to decay, and woodland.

The homestead, of which you catch glimpses through the trees, was twenty years ago almost as much decayed as now. A mellow afternoon sun, one October day, lighted up its front of dull red brick and worm eaten porches, on one of which two young men stood together, coarsely dressed as laborers. They had been sauntering through the woods for an hour or two. One of them—a squat, square built fellow, with his face deeply pitted by smallpox—had, boy like, stuffed out his pockets with nuts and queer bits of mica, and was kneeling tying up a bundle of mint in his handkerchief, whistling as he did it. The other held his hands folded behind him, dangling a pair of worn kid gloves, and looked dreamily down the dusky wood aisles.

"In a few years, Joe," he said, "the city will have crept out here; it will bring up the value of this property to the estate of a prince."

"Likely; though it 'ud be a pity to see chimneys in place of them elms, Leonard."

Leonard glanced slightly down at him: "You don't feel this place your own as I do. It is our inheritance to me, in spite of all the Fontaines alive. You don't seem to understand that it was men of our blood who took this ground from the red man. The Heaths lived here before the revolution like nobles; they had a place among men. And you and I, the last of the Heaths, are thanking God today for the chance of partnership in a blacksmith's shop!"

"Hibbin's offer is very fair, Len, as to the shop—very fair, considerin' we never learned the trade regularly." Joe got up, adjusting his glazed cap. He showed his white teeth and stuttered a little: it often happened when he talked to Leonard, though this embarrassment was the only painful way in which he showed his humility and sense of inferiority to his brother. "As to this property, it's done me good to see it even this once. I'll respect myself more for coming of a stock of men that was educated and fit to rule. You're born more of their sort, and it costs you more to lose their footing, I suppose. But I wish you'd see that the shop"——

"Don't talk of the shop here, for God's sake!" Leonard reddened to the roots of his hair, like a girl. His face was not unlike a girl's, with large, sparkling eyes.

"Very well"—good naturedly—"only you were talking of a place in the world."

"That a place! Work in soot and sweat by day, and then to sleep like a log by night. It's the life of a beast more than a man's."

"Don't let Winny hear you talk like that, or she'll think you rue. Why, it was only last week you were arguing how safe it was for her and you to marry on the profits Hibbin promised. Look here, Len"—touching him on the arm, his tone growing grave—"I don't relish soot or sweat any more than you do. But blacksmithing is a place. It's footing. Now that I've got a hammer in my hand, and Bess in that room for my wife, I'm a man among men. Do you see? It'll go hard with me if I don't make my place wider. I mean to be a blacksmith always. It'll go hard with me if my children don't have the edication I lack—and a home like this to grow up in, p'r'aps. Who knows?"

Leonard patted Joe's broad back, looking down affectionately at the set, bull dog jaws and steady, small black eyes. "You start wrong. A man is a traitor to himself who takes up other work than the best for which he is fitted. If God has created him a poet he should starve before he degrades his faculty in a carpenter's shop. His first duty is to his best self."

"But if circumstances is ag'in him, Leonard? Now I don't really see any opening for you but Hibbin's." Leonard made no answer. "There was one, too, who worked, they say, in a carpenter's shop till His time was come for His real work, and it seems to me there's a sermon in that to us that has to wait our chance, as great as any He preached afterward."

Leonard smiled loftily. "Well, do you go back to Hibbin's and wait, Joe. I'll help you. You'll waken out of that shop into the inheritance of a noble, some day. A noble!"

"All right"—swinging his bundle over his shoulder. "It's time for the train now; we'd better get home and to bed betimes, so as to be at the shop early."

"Go on—I'll follow you directly." While he leaned over the porch railings washing Joe's broad figure sessing the sunny lawn, the blacksmith muttered half aloud to himself:

"What cursed bee is in his bonnet now? He said 'the fortune of a noble;'" and then he gave a vexed, indulgent laugh. His patience was boundless with poor, visionary Len, but this tried it hard. Joe was the younger of the two, but his brilliant brother (as he deemed him) had been a dead weight on his broad shoulders all of his life, since the days he ran off from the little public school to hang around old book stalls. There he had picked up certain language and scraps of theories which were Greek to Joe. It had been the result of months of plotting on his part to induce Hibbin to include the flighty fellow in the offer of partnership with himself: he thought he had him settled for life. "And now," he groaned, "he's going to fly the track before he's begun on it."

As for Leonard, his heart ached looking after his brother. After today their paths separated, God only knows for how long. He gave himself a mental hug, thinking how good a brother he had been—how self sacrificing. Had he not made plans for Joe all his life which that dull fellow never could have projected? When they were boys it was Joe who should command the pirate ship of which he would be but bo'sun; it was Joe who should be chief of the gallant band that, following Burr's scheme, were to conquer some unknown territory in New Mexico, and set up a kingdom among the prairie dogs and buffaloes and gigantic red cactii. Joe was to wear the plumed cap there, be Inca, caliph—what not? "I always took the second place. When I ran off to California it was to dig for gold for him. It was no fault of mine that I failed and that he took his wages to bring me back. I've been a good brother to Joe Heath." He repeated this again and again, walking up and down, strengthening himself in some way by it. "It's for his sake and for Winny's sake that I'll break loose from them today. I'll make this venture, and throw away every other chance. For them. Not for myself, God knows!"

When the wind grew chilly and the shadows of the Lombardy poplars fell heavily across the darkening porch, he went inside.

It was an old, unpicturesque room. Unmeaning monotony even at its early day of building had fallen on Philadelphia houses. The ceilings were high, the many windows almost flush with the flat walls. Paneling and doors, once a raw, shiny white, were now yellow and streaked with mold. The papering lapped mildewed from the wall.

Leonard dragged in a log from the lawn and seated himself on it in the middle of the bare floor.

Night was falling, when a hasty step rung through the vacant rooms, and a man pushed open the door behind him. A little man, in clothes of glossy brown, that bagged about his lean limbs; a peering skinny face, thatched over by a curly black wig; heavy gold seals dangling below his waistcoat.

"Mooning in the dark, Heath? No fire? A little blaze and a hot drink would have put a different face on matters. You Americans think of nothing but business—business."

"I came here for business."

"Well, then, to it at once," putting down a tin lantern on the floor and opening the bull's eye. A broad bar of light fell across their faces into the dark room. "The sooner out of this damp the better. And I have no time to lose; I must be in Liverpool by the 9th. If you refuse my offer I must look up another tenant for the Fontaine house to-morrow. Tch-h! It is enough to freeze one's marrow," sneezing and his teeth chattering.

"I come here for business."

"I've been thinking it over," said Leonard, in his dreamy way, leisurely clasping his hands about his knees and speculatively regarding the lantern. "I wish you would just run over the facts again, Mr. Ludlow, to make it all clear. My brain is muddled to-night."

"You'd better look sharp, then, for the explanation will be of the shortest," getting up, stamping his feet and trotting up and down, to work off his impatience and cold together. "This place, by old Fontaine's will, is to lie unimproved until the heir is of age. I am the agent. I came to find a tenant who is to keep it from going to actual ruin. So far you understand?"

Leonard nodded, with a twinkle in his soft eyes. He was suspicious, like most credulous women and womanish men; he was never again to be tricked as he had so often been before; he regarded his eyes as washed keen by bitter experience. This request to hear the story again was but a subtle feint to test the Englishman. So the poor dreamy fool sat blinking solemnly, as blind as an owl in daylight, while Ludlow laughed secretly to find him a tool fashioned so ready for use.

"The Fontaines have held the property, as you know, but for a short time."

"I know. We bought it from the Indians," said Len, sitting erect.

"Bought or stole—what matter? Here is the point: it was but a younger branch of the Heaths that came to the States. Edward, the first to emigrate, brought with him title deeds to a large tract of waste ground near Liverpool, on which he and his descendants paid taxes by their agents. The Heaths, as you know, during the rebellion of the colonies, were Tories. John Heath, the owner of this ground here, went to France at the beginning of the troubles, and remained abroad for many years, leaving the house in charge of a housekeeper. He married a French girl of family, and died suddenly in Lyons. About the same time the homestead here was burned to the ground. When the war was over his widow, with her infant son, came to Philadelphia and made search, secretly, for certain valuable plate and papers which she affirmed had been hidden in an underground vault somewhere on this property. Among them were the title deeds to the Liverpool ground. Whether she had mistaken her husband as to the precise spot, or whether the falling ruins had completely blocked up the entrance, I don't know. But I do know that neither plate nor papers were ever found, and that they are here now. Probably under our feet."

"Probably under our feet!" muttered Len, with a long breath.

"You know the story of the Heaths after that better than I do. How they have gone down, down, for lack of money, until the old stock has ended in"——

"A blacksmith's shop."

"In two young men, one of whom has strength enough to bring back all the fortune of his race," eyeing him shrewdly.

"Yes!" standing up. His hollow cheeks burned: "You do not deceive yourself in Leonard Heath."

"I hope not. I propose that you undertake this search as quietly as may be. I would not trust even your brother with the secret."

"Certainly I shall not trust Joe. There would be no surprise in that case. I'll disappear out of their sight. They shall think me dead—Winny and all. Some day I'll come back and bring the keys of fairy land. I'll shower gold on them."

"There's no doubt of it," taking snuff. "Your first aim must be the title deeds. Remember."

"The ground is some of the most valuable in Liverpool, you say?"

"No, but it has great value. It is closely built over with dwelling houses, owned generally by their occupants. That class of people will be more readily ousted than large corporations would have been."

"But"—Leonard stood up, shocked and startled—"if I succeed, Ludlow, these people will be homeless."

"Hundreds of them. The more the better for you. That's their business. What right had the cursed beggars or their grandfathers to squat on your ground?"

"That's true—that's true!"

"You are homeless. If you can afford to give away your property to them it's a sort of generosity I can't appreciate."

"I don't mean to give it away. And yet—these men probably paid hard money or labor for that ground, and thought they bought it honestly, while I never heard of it till last week. It looks like wholesale robbery!" He spoke with a sort of gusty vehemence which evaporated with the words. The Englishman's cool sneer cowed him. He ended with a feeble, "What do you think, eh?"

"I don't understand such genteel sentiments. I'm a business man, I am. You throw the venture up, then?"

"By no means. It was only a passing idea of mine. We owe you too much for discovering the facts to throw them up now. By the way, we will reward you handsomely, Mr. Ludlow. You may depend on Joe and me."

"I'll take one-third as my price when the claim is established," dryly.

"You'll take—one third!" his jaw falling.

"Yes. The finding of the deeds is but a beginning. My work begins then. You blacksmith boys could as easily set the machinery of English law in motion as you could work a steam engine by the breath of your mouth."

"I suppose that's true"—stroking his thin whiskers vaguely.

"You'll find how true when you try to work without me. You'll make the venture, then?"—picking up his lantern.

"Yes; I will be here to-morrow night." Leonard got up, looking around him into the damp shadows. "I will not leave this house until I have dragged my luck out of it. Other men kneel and pray to Fortune, but I mean to take her by the throat; hey, Ludlow?"

"By the throat, eh? To be sure—the throat. Well, I'm for some punch now; will you come? No? To-morrow night, then, we'll oust the infernal beggars. The throat, eh?"—with an approving nod and chuckle.

II.

"Just call them off, uncle, will you?"

Ben stumped on his wooden leg across the kitchen for his spectacles and a slip of paper, then back again, turn about, right face, into position behind the clean-skinned, roly-poly little girl who, with her hands rolled up in her gingham apron, was tip-toeing and clucking about before the little plaster busts on the dresser, like a fussy hen over her first nestful of white eggs.

"Four Virgin Marys; ditto dogs with basket; one Fellora; two Bacchuses; two Doubtfuls. What's that, Winifred?"

"Spoiled in the baking; they go in as Doubtfuls. Seppy gets rid of them as Jupiters or George Washingtons, according as customers run. How had we better set them out, uncle? Leonard'll come in at that door"—snuffling the candles anxiously.

"I'd advise a semy-circle, so as to give him the full view at wunst."

"I wish you'd help."

"Kin I? I'll be very keerful, Winny"—quite in a glow of pleasure, pulling himself up on his sound leg and rolling up his sleeves before he began work. Their Pantheon quite filled the lower shelf of the dresser, the dishes being piled on top to make way for the gods and heroes. A tallow candle was set at either end to complete the effect. Winny drew back, put her hands behind her and her head deliberately on one side. Suddenly she grew red as a coal:

"You see that? Don't deny it, Uncle Ben. I knew I made the oven too hot. That's scorch."

Ben looked closely at the plaster and then at her, rubbing the wisp of gray hair on his bald crown. Then he broke into a laugh:

"All the better; that gives them a look of age, that scorch does."

"Well, I did not think of that"—thoughtfully.

"Well, I did. I never seen finer works of art than that en-tire row of Virgin Marys. Take my judgment for it; I'm older than you, Winifred."

"I think they are well done"—with a complacent nod. "Dear, dear! 8 o'clock and Leonard not here! The muffins will be quite over the pan—and he's a terrible fellow for muffins."

Ben dusted the plaster from his scuffed coat, buttoned it, combed out his thin gray whiskers, and sat down, erect as a flagstaff, on the side of the fire. It was a little three cornered room, Winny's kitchen, with rows of tins, and strings of brown onions and scarlet peppers along the white wall. On one side was the door to Uncle Ben's room—on the other, the door to hers. The supper table was set, the muffin rings waiting, the sausages ready to fry. She hurried in to straighten her collar and tie again the ribbon in her soft brown hair, and when she had hurried out again she could think of nothing else to do, or wish for that night or for the rest of her life. Leonard was coming; in a week this would be his home!

Uncle Ben, who was very skillful at carving, had made a dog's head wooden knocker for the door, with "Heath" coming out of the mouth. It was his little joke to greet them when they came back from church on their wedding day.

There was a scuffling of feet scraping the mud off at the door presently, and Joe and his wife Bessy came in "just to see the busts set out. No, they wouldn't stay; they wouldn't spoil Len's surprise. But was there ever a girl as handy as Winny?" And although they had been in the secret all along since the day that the Italian boy Seppy began to show Winny how to mix the clay, and had both sat breathless over the oven while pagan gods and Christian saints baked harmoniously together, they went over them all again, admiring even Flora's snub nose and an unfortunate leer in the eyes of St. Paul.

"Ther's some very life like touches ther, Winny," said Joe, critically. "You've give them the look of people I've knowed. It's good work."

"It's genius, is what I'd call it," ejaculated Uncle Ben.

"I'm sure I don't care for myself," said Winny. "I don't know now as Leonard would like to marry a genius. But this is what I think of Joe"—putting her fat hand on his shoulders. "It'll be very pleasant for me, when he's hammering in the shop yonder, to have my paddle in the cellar here, and help keep the wolf from the door with it. Of course, if I've got the genius, so much the better"—her dimpling face growing pink. "But even as it is, the plasters pay three times as much as slop work."

"Ah, now you talk to the point!" cried Mrs. Joe. "When you've been married as long as I have, you'll learn to count the pennies. Genius is good in its way, but it's poor stuff to make the pot boil, or to put turnips in it!"

"It's you for hard sense, Bess!" Joe nodded significantly to the others. There was a moment's respectful silence, for by dint of the daily firing of such hard, bullety maxims among them, Mrs. Joe had begun to be a power in the family, and was regarded as holding the tight rein of common sense over the Heath affairs in general, though there was really as much firmness in the fair, pudgy little woman as in a bowlful of sweet jelly.

"Here's Len!" cried Joe, as a quick uncertain step rattled on the board walk without. "Let's be off, Bess. We won't spoil Winny's plans"—hurrying her to the door, while she and Winny pecked kisses at each other, and chatted about Bess's baby's colic to the last breath, after the manner of women. "Hillo, Len!"—giving him a pound on the back as he passed them in the narrow path. "Been maundering about that musty old house till now, thinking of the glory of the Heaths, eh? Be early at the shop in the morning, mind."

"Joe!" after they had gone on a rod or two.

"Yes."

"Good-by," holding out his hand.

"Good-by. Why, what ails you? Your hand's as dry and hot as punk. Not a touch of your chills back, hey?"—dragging him to the light, anxiously.

"Nothing ails me," peevishly. "Good-by, Elizabeth. You've been good and kind to me since you were Joe's wife. I'll not forget it. Your bread shall return to you from the waters. The Heaths were never ungrateful."

"I'm sure of that, Lenny. But I don't want my bread back."

He stood still, pressing both their hands. "I wish—I feel terribly alone," he said. "No matter. The old knights went out alone, and came back victors."

"You'd better go in and eat Winny's muffins," said Joe, shortly.

"Good-night, Joe. Some day you will better understand me."

"Poor Winny! What with the ague and laziness, Len's tempers is growin' more than flesh and blood can stand," said Mrs. Joe, as they walked on.

"You're generally just to him, Bess. He's a real genius, Leonard is; he can't be judged by our rules. And there's a sort of spell about that house, there's no denyin' it. If the shop turns out well, we'll move into town ourselves in a few years, and go live near it. We Heaths hev a right to that much."

The will-o'-the-wisp, which was leading Len into the swamp, had so much delusive glitter, even in the solid blacksmith's eyes.

"It's nothing but the ague workin' with him, I doubt," said Bess, going back to Len.

Leonard was inside of the kitchen by this time; the grand tableau had been presented: the Flora and Bacchus, and the virgins with the mellowing scorch, and the tallow candles burning away at either end. Uncle Ben had been hurrying out, hearing him coming, but Winny had stopped him. "I'll be in the way, little gal."

"You worked as hard as I. You must see his very first look." So the old fellow gathered himself into a corner with a chuckle of enjoyment.

She forgot to speak to Len—stood breathless, watching his face, her palms pressed hard together.

Now Len, coming from the city in the train and plodding along the board walk outside, had built and furnished the solidest of all his castles in the air. It was for Winny. There were onyx stones and gopher wood in it, for aught I know. There were delicate perfumes; the air moved in music, the sunshine came to it stained with gold and royal purple. In a little while this would be their home.

Here, there was a smell of sausages; the candles sputtered; the dresser was crammed with dirty-looking plaster figures, such as that greasy Seppy peddled about the roads.

Len drew a long breath. "What is this trumpery?" he said, in a savage growl. "Throw a cloth over them, for God's sake, Winny, and open the window. It is terrible for human beings to be forced to cook and live in the same room." Then he remembered to draw her to his side and kiss her.

Winny's temper, which, when she was a baby, used to be strong enough to shake every atom of her little body, choked in her throat now and burned fiery red in her cheeks. But she loved this fellow enough to hear blows from him, and kiss him after them. "You don't understand, Leonard, I made them. It is a surprise for you. Seppy will sell them for me. Only think how much we can make for you in a year! You in the shop and I in the cellar."

"Don't talk to me of the shop. You drive me mad, Winifred. You know how I always loathed"——

"Work, dear?" when he could not find a word.

"No. Sit down. You at least must understand me." Uncle Ben, who had been edging his way, crutch and all, to the door, noiseless as a cat, stopped, holding it open, to wink and telegraph encouragingly to her behind Leonard's back. "It's tantrums, nothin' but tantrums," opening and shutting his wide mouth without a sound. "We men hev all got 'em at times. Don't you mind, deary;" and disappeared, to stump up and down the boards shaking his head gloomily. Winny did not sit down. She began to gather her poor little figures into her apron, crumbling them to pieces as she threw them in. When Leonard saw how pale was her usually jolly little face, and how she held back the tears, he broke into uneasy accusations against himself.

"I'm a brute," he cried. "But it galls me to see you degraded. Come here, child. Think how your beauty is wasted drudging in this back alley."

"Didn't—it make you love me, Leonard?" looking up sideways.

"Yes. But I am wasted," with a passionate outbreak. "There is no reason why I should not stand as high as any Heath that went before me. I am a gentleman by right of blood and body and soul. Look at the place they have in the world. I am trampled under foot. For what? For want of money—money!

Then Winny threw down her plaster rubbish and went to him. She had a sudden perception of the imminence of the danger. The old Leonard was going from her, from them all, for ever. She put up her hands on his shoulders. This was no vagary of a moment that could so alter this whole outward man. She had no time to sob or cry out. She tried to think of what strongest words to say: "You have your trade. No Heath of them all had your intellect." His eyes glistened at that. "There is no reason why you should not be respected. And then you have—me," dropping her head so that he could hold it to his breast, as he would do if love was all in all to him, as it was to the little woman.

But he did not. "Oh, I've no doubt I have all the materials of a good life, if I had money. But without—it is like that lamp without a light in it."

Winny lifted her head quickly. "So the light is not in it without money?" she said slowly. "I thought"— But what she thought she never told. Winny had no gift of tragic expression. She had said her little word of remonstrance, and was done with outcry now and for ever. She went directly to her work, colder and paler than she had ever been seen before.

"Will you have your supper now?" she said gently, after a while rapping at the window for Uncle Ben, who came in with a vehement glow of cheerfulness, told one or two roaring campaign stories and forgot to laugh at them himself, praised the supper, while his dim eyes wandered piteously from one unanswering young face to the other. The supper was over. Winny, like most strong nerved women, usually worked off inward fever by hot action of her body. In a few minutes the room was clean, the hearth swept, and an armchair, the leather worn and shiny with old age, pulled up in front of the fire. She stood beside it and glanced at Leonard. But he loitered apart by the open door.

The sergeant got up, turned his back to the fire, took off his rusty wig, and poising it on his fist, brushed it carefully—a ceremony which always with the old fellow ushered in an important act. "I want to say a word to you, little gal," solemnly, "and to you, Leonard. It's about this day week—your weddin' day."

The woman's face glowed with fiery blushes, but Leonard was silent. She raised her eyes at that and looked at him steadily.

The sergeant pulled her toward him clearing his throat and beginning with renewed cheerfulness: "We've been partners a good many years, Winny—since you was up to my knee, about—but I think this day week it'll be time to part company."

She did not answer him by word or look. Her eyes never left the man's face, which stood out in relief against the dark background of the night without, as though she read in it words which made her deaf to all others.

"It's borne in on me today, Winny, that I ought to go," in a voice which he made unnaturally jovial. "A man and his new wife is best alone; a third party is like water spilled on a hot, fresh j'ined pair of shears—it spiles the temper of 'em ever after. Besides, you and Leonard is goin' to hev a hard fight for it. My bit of a pension'd be little help."

Without looking at him she pulled his wrinkled yellow hand under her arm and held it tight on her breast. "Your pension kept me from the almshouse, Uncle Ben. No husband can ever come between me and you."

"It was only the want of money I thought of"— She knew then that he had overheard some of Leonard's words.

"Are you going to measure out life by dollars?" she cried. "Is money above love with you all?" The old man was silent, knowing the words were meant for Leonard. But Leonard did not speak. She was unjust and bitter, he thought, like all women. What if he deferred his marriage for this chance of a fortune? It would be but for a month or a year. Or if, to be plain about it, he did, as she chose to put it, rate money higher than love? He was a practical man; he knew how he had been worsted and trampled on always for want of money; he had his chance now. Was he to give it up for a woman's kiss? Joe, and Winny, too, no doubt, would call it a damnable thing to rob hundreds of poor men of their homes on the strength of a musty parchment. He was a practical man. He saw things in a business light. It was for their sake he did it—not his own.

Ben was stroking her hair: "I knowed you'd wish me to stay, Winny. But"——

He looked at Heath, who hesitated a moment and then came forward, leaning his hand on a chair back: "Sergeant Porter, you'll never leave your niece by my will. I do not forget what she owes you. Some day I hope to repay her great obligations in a way that—that may surprise you, sir." There was a boyish choke in his voice at the word.

"I'd be sorry if you paid me in any way Leonard," the sergeant said, gently. He loosed his hand and slipped quietly to his own room. He felt he had no right to be there with these young people, who stood looking at each other, holding their lives in their hands. He had the feeling of an intruder who had jostled into a room where some one—a stranger—lay dying.

The firelight flashed pleasantly about

Continued on 4th page.

—When eggs are scarce cornstarch is an excellent substitute, one tabelspoonful of the starch is equal to one egg.

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And 100 men to call at druggists, for a *free* package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy, discoverd by Dr Silas Lane while in the Rocky mountains. For diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys it is a positive cure. For constipation and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Children like it. Everyone praises it. Large-size package, 50 cents. At all druggists'

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Coughs and colds will try Puritan Cough and Consumption Cure, they will find quick relief and permanent benefit the medical profession believe it a remedy of the highest value. Try it, price 25 cents.

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—Mrs. Mayne Reid, wife of the dead novelist, is busy writing a life of her husband.

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The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the memory and agency sincerely the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health to the use of the Great Alterative and Tonic. If you are troubled with any disease of Kidneys, Liver or Stomach, or long or short standing you will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50c. and $1 per bottle at REBER'S Drugstore

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