### -Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.

## Some Stariling Facts.

official returns from Heards of Health that measure three Fourths of all dentice are Generated by the way that over this show the nearly three fourness of all design are from Campungtion, when we taking over this best fills really switch, though avery same startest witch a simple source or a startest for an and portant is is to observ the territide mained which are no design by singer Turticas funch and thos-summittion times. Prime 38 sents, at Themics

-Hypocrisy is the necessary burden

villainy.

#### MEHIT WINN.

We desire to say to our officeras, that for years re have been setting Dr. King's New Discover or Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pill Steklera's Arrica Salve and Mentric Bitters, an ave sever handled reincoles that set as we have never handled remedies flat sell is we at that have gives and universal satisfaction We do not besitiste to guarantee them ever time, and we stand ready to refund the oursta-price, if astalatedory results do not follow the use. These remedies have won their gree popularity purely on their merits: REBER Dro. gist.

-When a man is under a cloud the sil

ver lining is generally on the other side

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The BEST Saive in the world for cuts, bruise sores, ulcers, salt throm, fever sores, tette shapped han's, childains corns and all skin raptions, and positively cures piles, or no poequired. It is guaranteed to give perfect sails faction, or money refunded. Price 26 cents pe box. For sale by REBER druggist.

-The professional wrestler has a goo many turning points in his career.

# Forced to Leave House.

Over 60 people wereforced to leave the homes yesterday to call for a free trial pack age of Lane's Family Medicine. If you blood is bad, your liver and kidneys out order, if you are constipated and mays bear ache and an unsightly complexion, don't fal to call on any druggist to-day for a free sample of this grand remody. The ladi praise it. Everyone likes it. Large size mackage 50 cents.

-The letter killeth, but the telegram fifty per cent, worse for people with weal hearts.

## Ask Your Friends About It.

Your distressing cough can be cured. W know it because Kemp's Balaam within the past few years has cured so many cough and colds in this community. Its remarks ble sale has been won entirely by its gent ine merit. Ask some friend who has us it what he thinks of Kemp's Balsam. The is no medicine so pure, none so effectiv Large bottles 50c and \$1.00 at all progress Sample bottle free

-We suppose it is King Gambrinus whom we hear occasional reference as "hi

# royal jags."

Poor Humanity!

Poor Remaining? The common lot is one of sorrow say—all—le-the pesatimitis, they who look at his worst is Certainly what would otherwise be a bright istence, is of no studowed by some alternit overhange if like a soil, obscuring perputs the radiance that else would light the po-Storh an althent, and a very common one, nervonsness, or in other would, would be the pervonse system, a condition only irreen where inefficient or improper instals are tail to relier it. The concurrent experience to yous people who have persistently used if better's Storaach Bitters is, that it conquerso trely supersentiteness of the nerve , as, y denor a stormach bucers of the nerve, as an diseased so called which are uviles ustained by their chronic weakness. A nerves gain staming from the nerve load trouble disap cars. Use the Rittors for the Theomatism, officience on d theore trouble

-Queer, isn'i it, that a politician shou absorb liquids to make himse f solid with the boys,

You have often seen women with marke blueness or paleness of face, vitiated app tites, and a craving for unwholesome foo These are signs of a disordered liver, so the trouble must be corrected or worse re-sults are sure to follow. Husbands an fathers cannot alford to treat this matte lightly. Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Ren edy," which dispels liver disease, costs to than sick wives and daughters. You wi find it a very profitable investment.

-Even elderly ladies now wear light and

Continued from 1st page. "I you please, sir, I couldn's leave it want's it?"

"Do tell!" mid Somuel Date.

mmunicative.

ontented

arclay?

, bir?"

"Is it there you want to go?"

name," said Samuel Dale.

To MRS. NANCY TYLMM:

write you this letter.

he town."

aid.

/as"-

hat man?"

ried to my Thomas."

to discuse take Him, sir?"

when I first knew him?"

"Not dangerous, sir?"

"Your obtdient servant,

lated with astonishment as he opene-te letter and recognized Farmer Bar

lay's handwriting. It road as follow

"RESPECTED MADAM-This is to in

orm you that your late husband, Mr.

homas Tyler, departed this life at my

iouse the ninth day of the presen

nonth, of a lingering disease. He hore is sufferings with Christian meckness.

ud died at peace with all mankind.

Vhen near his last hour he desired m

"N. B. The expenses of his sicknes-

aving used all his earnings, he was

ouried from my house at the expense of

The young man read this document

with a puzzled face. He examined the

"PRTER BARCLAY,

"BARCLAY FARM, August 13.

behind, I have brought that box a long "Clear into the heart, marss, and way; I-T'll wait for the stage." "Wait, then!" he said, grufily; law workad outward." "Lord a manay! Did he have heart Samuel Daly marked the woman's weary, discuss? Jerushy Ann Billin's, that was disappointed face.

Annt Martha's second cousin's child, "Fetch along her traps," said he, "and she had it awful. They said she used don't be all day about ft, either;" but to have tremblin's and flutterin's and a half repeated his kindness, for the box, clay cold, corpsey feeling the heft of the unwisidy in its proportions and of no time. And the grew weaker and weaker, light weight, occupied a goodly space in and her heart kind o' melted away inthe wagen, and the woman beirayed so aids of her. Did my poor man have any much anzious solicitude about its dis posal as to somewhat impede their jour "Well, no, it worked just the other

gradual

way with him. As near as I could judge from appearances, marm, the heart in-side of your husband got to be as hard as "Is it quite safe, sir, do you think?" she inquired timidly as the wagon jolted down the hill. a nether millstone. "Poor man! How it must have hurt! "I should say it was, marm, unless

there's chiney or glass or some such brit-the thing inside of it." Couldn't the doctors do nothing to help him?" "Oh, sir, it's a deal more precious that

"Mrs. Tyler," said Samuel Dale, sol that. Is a stone sir a tombstone. I have brought it all the way from Sims nuly, "I've heard tell it was easier for black man to change his skin, and a vildcat her spots, thun for a fellow t bury to put over my husband's grave." et cured of that disease. And your man His sympathizing tons rendered he had it hard. If a way could have been found to take the old heart out of him. "Yes, sir; he died out here in a strang and put a new one in, it might have doncountry, away from all his folks, and the business; but the doctors in theswhen I got word of it, it went nigh to parts ain't up to such tricks."

break my heart to think there wasn't so "Did he die easy?" she asked in a trem much as a board to mark the spot where bling voice.

sull I shows us give o, huned swall

It was an inward disease,

he way lying." She stopped to wipe "There, don't you ask any more ques away a few teats. "Oh come, now," said the young man "don't you feel bad about it. There's ions, Mrs. Tyler, and keep eool now fou'll need all the plusk you've got hortly. . Do you see that square house. nighty kind hearted folks in these parts. with tall chimneys, at the top of the hill: specially mong the women kind. I'll That's Peter Barclay's. They are looking variant your man had good care anor me, but not you." He drew a huge allver watch from his

idn't want for nothing." "But you see, sir, he died of a linger ocket. g disease, the letter said, and the nur-"It is time we were there," he said g and the medicine and the doctors and to his companion's great discomfort. and the imminent peril of the procious reight they carried, he urged the of dills took all his carnings, and the town and to bury him. And I sold 'most

verything I had, and Simabury folk-hey helped me, and at has I go-money enough together to buy him a hits horse to a gallon. Up the hill they went at a furiou The rapid motion was a relief t. mbstone, and I have fetched it myamuel Dalo in his excited state of mind self. "There was nothing to hinder, for I put my last little boy in the ground-Perhaps he had restrained himself to th tmost limit, for after a glance at the here's three of 'em, sir, lying side by ox containing Mrs. Nancy Tyler's tes ide in Simsbury grave yard-two weeks mony to departed worth, and at that before I got the letter. It's been a stimable woman in her widow's weed lreadful hard journey, sir, and I never at his side, he no longer refrained from vas six miles from home in my life beiving outward expression to his actiore: but if I can hear about my poor

man's last sickness, and the measages he He shouted to his horse and plied th eft for me, and see that stone put up ship without mercy. He whistled and ver his grave decent like, I'll go home ang, and brought his broad hand down rst upon one knee, and then the other "Well, so you shall," said kind heartan with a resounding blow. A neighbo amuel Dale. ""If you belong in these parts, sir, per alled to him halfway up the hill. "I can't stop," said Samuel Dale, "Tr

aps you know Mr. Barelay-Mr. Pater oing to a funeral, and there'll be no fur ill I get there." Then he laughed long and londly at

"Why, yes, air; 'twas he wrote me he lettre. My poor man died at his muse. You didn't happen to hear about his unseemly jest. A small boy cleared the road to let him pass, and ran in to his nother.

"Sam Dale has been gittin' awful "I reckon you've made a mistake in drunk down to the Corners, mother,' he reported. "He's Laughin' and sing With trembling, eager baste she drew and drivin' old White like mad letter from her pocket. It was soile He's got a woman with him, and he nd worn at the edges by many read cance's most off, and her hair flyin' igs. Samuel Dale stopped his horse i to middle of the road, and his eye

ud she holdin' on to the seat with both He drew rein at Farmer Barclay's cont gate with a suddenness that nearly

itched Mrs. Tyler out of the wagon. "Go into the house without knocking. e said, "and wait in the entry till I calou. It won't be long."

He drove his horse into the yard as ne of the wedding guests came from the table. "Take hold here, Seth Wilson," he ried. "There's a precious bit of stone work in that how that wants to be han-

lled careful. It's going to see daylight. oo, in just half a minute.' He was running for a screw driver and hammer when Susie Barclay, in her edding dress, with white flowers in her sair, came to meet him.

isie Barclay, your cake is dough.

white marble was brought to view.

"Oh, Samuel, has it come? Have you wought the wedding loaf?" " he sold "that have brought

"Rend'that, Father Barelay," he wild mury. town nor should be to round the "Be patient, neighboirs. Wo'll have this matter atraigatened out in a moment. Sasie, poor girll 14 comes hard on you now, but you'll thank me by and

With a great affort, Thomas Tyler repovored hissolf mauranes. "Good people," said he, "don't helieve

a word he mays. It's a vile conspiracy he's connected to rab me of my good name. Everybody knows he wanted to

dead and damane I abuva ground, it's you. and alght she was painfully responsible on Triar."

Moan while, Farmer Bacolay was readng the latter Why, what's this?" he said. ""Died very busy at the farm

at my house-lingering disease-buried Nancy came to Mrs. I by the town?' and if here ain't my name with a frightened face. to it. Sammy, Sammy, what does it

"It means just this, eir. The villain that's been courting your daughter all summer left an honest wife and three shildren, counting the living and dead. tnok in Councesteut; and because incouldn't wall marry the new wife till he a must of himself to the old, la writes to her that he's dead and buried and with his dovil's wit takes your hand writing, that if she shows the letter i any seem the genuine thing. But any now how this precious rascal overreache imself; for when he thought, by callin imself a pauper, to keep the wife from ver following him up, he set on hos

oft woman's heart to the errand that' brought about his own destruction; and he dug his own grave and carved hi wn tombatona when he wrote tha tior." Furner Batolay's face was pur

with rage. "The sooundral!" he eried-'the black, dastardly, double faced

underbanded — Why, where is be?" Where, indeed? Thomas Tyler has suddenly disappeared. Whether he had slunk behind the crowd of guests gath ered close about the speaker, and thu gained the door, or had softly opened a window and escaped in that way, n

ne could tell; but he was certainly The farmer, in his rightcous indigna ion, would have followed him, but hi attention was diverted by the discover of a heap of black garments in the cor aer, and the chief sufferer in the semi comic tragedy just enacted, poor Nan cy Tyler, was raised from the floor in and faint, and borne into the adjoinin, moonlyse.

The girl whose place she had .e. strangely taken that morning bent-ove her, and with gentle hands removed th black bonnet and put back the thi scattered hair, and forgot her own diappointment and mortification in pit or the other's anguish; for when Nam cy Tyler came out of her swoon, it wa wring her hands and cry out in dis

tracted tones: 'He wouldn't own me for his wife My Thomas wouldn't own me for hi wifel"

"Sho! sho! now! you poor creatur. said the farmer, trying to administe comfort: "he couldn't have been mue of a husband, anyhow; but it is has you should have the burying of his

wice over." He called to his daughter presentl rom the next room.

'Sue Barclay," said he, "there's g: in' to be a weddin' here today, I you think I'll have all these folks i vited, and that silk gown to pay for, an them good victuals cooked up, for not in'? Come, you've had your choice a husband, and a pretty mess you's made of it. Now, I'll have mine. know who I picked out for you ton ago; and you liked him well enough to that smooth tongued hypogrite turns your silly head. Sammy, my Boy, Ste up here; don't be bashful. Just cles that corner, good folks. Parson, yo: sha'n't be cheated, of your fee this time

boune, Sutsia, to keep her mind eney, and warm place in your onlinney corner. She'll have a gloomy time of it, poor oult stumbling 'round among t tonestill allo's at rost under one lor-Bo the farmhouse became Nancy Ty

r's home, and she fixed her quiet, mlancholy life, double and harmless, er wild in her derangement: only, as te country propie called it, "queer termory remained in her chamber, t "Shut up!" said Samuel Dals. "Dead, it was a fancy of her bewildered brain folks don't talk; and if ever a men was that it was still in her charge, and day

> for its safe keeping. And spring and summer and winter came and went again, and they were

> > Nancy came to Mrs. Dals one evening "If you please, marm, I can't skim the

> > milk to-night," she said. "Why not, Nancy?" "There's a man keeps looking at me brough the window, marm Susia took the candle from her tretading hand and went into the pantry. She pressed her face close to the glassthen raised the window and peered out

into the darkness, but could see nothing She smilled at Nancy's foolish fears, iin lahed the relinquished task, and returned to the kitchen. "I don't see anything of your ma

Nancy," she said. "What did he look like?" "He looked like a robber, marm."

"Law, Nancy! we don't have robbers at the farm. Such a thing was never heard of. It was your fancy. And now you may go to bed. You are tired, I now, with your day's work. Nancy hesitated. "Could the things moved back into my room, marm? she asked.

"Why, no, Nancy; I don't see how ey can. You can get along for one light, can't you?-we expect to get along most anyhow in house cleaning time." "I don't mind anything about the rest. Miss Dale, but it is outside.

"Oh, the stone! Well, Nancy, it is too eavy for you or me to lift, but when muel comes home I'll ask him to ste up and set it inside your door. Wil that do? Now go right to bed and to

She lit her candle, and climbed the tairs to her room over the kitchen. The pace at the top was crowded with tables nd chesta and other articles belongin o the upper regions of the house, for Irs. Dale was in the midat of a thorough leaning. Leaning against a bureau lose to the head of the stairs stood Nan y's precious charge. She stopped to ass her hand over its polished surface

ier chamber. Half an hour later, when Samuel Dale

er's Corners was robbed the night sefore, and the thief had been tracked

"So look out for your silver spoons usie," said her husband, "for the light ingered gentry are smong us." Then she told of Naucy's fright, an a her engerness to see that every doo was fastened and the house made secur or the night, quite forgot her promis

Nancy lay waiting a long time, and when she slept at last it was a disturbed the first time proved fnithless?



teens, Prints, Ginghams, Marille Seersuckers Fancy Dress Patterns of the very best qualities at the ng low prices.

Grocerics, Provisions, Crockeryware, Glasswat Wood and Willowware of the best makes at low figure (loths Cassimers Hats, Boots, Shoes and eady made Clothing in great variety and at praces with a act of all purchasers-prices fully as low as the same goods can bought for at any other general store in this vicinity

Carpets, Oil-cloths, Lamps and Fiztures in give ariety and of best quality at Rock Bottom Prices. Best quality of Flour and Feed at prices fully as low as

ame articles can be purchased elsewhere.

A car load of coarse salt has just been received-the pa y been marked down to the very lowest notch

All goods of the very best quality and are being sold at orqually as low as the same goods can bought at any general --n this section. Call and be convinced. Respectfully, July 823-71

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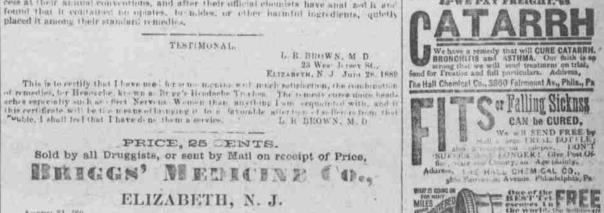
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\$20 Favorite Singer Sewing Machine.

HIGH ARM \$25.00. Euch Machine has a drop leaf, fancy cover, two large drawers, with nickel rings, and a full set with excket rings, and a full set of Areachments, equal to any Sin-ger Machine sold from \$40 to \$60 by Canva sers. A trial in your home ba-fore payment is asked Buy direct of the Manu-facturers and save agents' profits besides getting certificates of warranties for five years. Send for ALA

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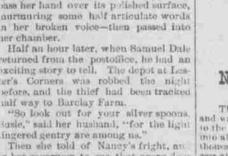
August 51, 189

Wh.

nd broken sleep, from which she wa uddenly wakoned by the sound of tealthy step on the stairs. She fell ather than heard it approaching slowly autiously, well nigh noiseleasly, cose in her bed, holding her breath to isten. Was it Mr. Dale coming to ful ill his wife's promise? Was it-oh hor or! could it be-the man whose fac had frightened her at the window? And f he came to rob the house, what did i sontain half so valuable as the preciou sharge to which she had that night for

hought that passed through Nancy yler's mind, and that caused the timid

It must have been so



delicate colored evening dresses. A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE SATS.

Hon. John Nealy, justice of the peace and ex-member of the House of Representatiges from Mcredith, N. H., was twelve years a terrible sufferer with rhoun atism, ife save: I cannot obtain an medicine which does me so much good a your Sulphur Bitters, and I think it is th best mountine made

-Cream-colored silk is the very latest fancy in bailroom gloves.

## Unthartic Pills are Whips

To the liver and bowes, but give n The more you take the more strength. you need. Miles' Pills positively strengthen. The longer taken, the less repuired Samples free at Biery or Themas' Dra; Store.

-The undertaker's favorite exercise exing.

# Sudden Doath.

If you get stort of breath, have flutter ing, pain in side, faint or hungry stell-

swollen ankles, etc., you have heart discus d don't fail to take Dr. Miles' New Cars Sold at Biery or Thomas' drug stores,

-The model husbands are the men wh never marry.

"Diseases, desperate grown, by desperat appliances are reliances are rolleved, or hat a aff." The point of windom is to check them has first they reach as (ar by huying a bottle of Salration Oil Price 25 cents. "Connginacies as sconer should be formed times as tone over his poor grave." "Bo quiet, woman. There is top your whining. Nobody wants to hinder you, and if it's a true story you've told, here's a man will help you plant that stone with a coul will. Note don't

-A breach-of-promise suit begins with one of the parties being son-sulted by the more depends on it than your think. I other.

Remember that Ayor's Overry Pestoral has Tyler's howful wife?" sequal as a specific for colds, sought, and all flections of the throat and bungs. For nearly Elder Bird gave me, and I had it put in if a century it has been in greater demand an any other ramady for pulmonary com-

inints. All draugists have it for sale. -The human race is oun on the course

of true love, as a general thing.

"A stitch in time saves nin ," and if yo take Hoos's Sarsaparilla now it may sav months or future possible sickness.

-Love is a species of intoxication the swells the heart instead of the head.

-There are just as many ribe in the male as th the female skeleton.

-Always happy to meat friends:-The good thing, marm, when you brought but document," said Samuel Dale. butchers. -Courting is sometimes called spark-

ing because the real fire doesn't commence undi after marriage.

writer, "are unspoken." Exactly; no eloquetice can compare with caramels and gum drops.

-Perpetual motion is perhaps imposaible to obtain, but you can approximate of it! Then maybe you can tell me characters large what carried him off. You see the letit by putting a boy on a chair at a funeral and telling him to sit still.

-There are some people who are out of sorts at every hand's turn for no legitimate the young man's face, but he answered reason; because the sun has gone and r a her gravely ; cloud, because they slept hadly or ate too heartily, but the companionable person makes the best of every situation.

-In writing, or speaking, give to every person his dus title, according to his deand the custom of the place.

ostmark and the signature. Then, as o perused it a second time, the paper hook in his hand. The woman's auxious eves never left is face. "I hope it's all right, sir. I haven't unde any mistake, have ? He turned to her in a strange, excited vay.

f the cover over his head he danced "You are Mrs. Thomas Tyler?" he round the open box, and to his com anion's amazement and horror cut a "Yes, eir, I was a Billings when I was igeon wing over the sacred rolle it congirl-Nancy Billings. My mother

"Here's a sight for a man on his wed-"Can you prove it?" he interrupted. ling day!" he cried. "Oh, glory, halle-ujah! come, up with it! Don't stand here, Seth Wilson, like a stuck pig Woman, were you certainly married to "Oh, my good gracious!", she said, low, then, more on. Forward, march what does he mean? I am a poor lone o the tune, oman, sir. If my husband was alive,

'Come, haste to the wedding.' "

ou wouldn't dare to insult me so. Mar-ied, indeed! You ask Simsbury folks. Nancy Tyler, following her conductor's where I've lived all my life, and where irections, opened the door softly, and my three children was born and lic buried, sir, and where I kept my Thomas scated herself unobserved in the farthest orner of the dark hall. From the open ike a gentleman till the money I carfied ioor of the parlor came a confused sound a the paper mill was used up. You ask I voices, and she heard the patter of Elder Bird; he married us six years ago ootsteps overhead. his coming month. And I'm a lone

"Dear! dear! I have come at a wrong widow, sir, that's come to pay my last lime," she thought, "for they have a touse full of company." espects to my poor man's memory; and

now you want to make out I'm not his Then there was a rustle of silk, and a honest wife, and so keep me from putting pretty girl, with a wreath of white flowvs on her head, came tripping down dairs. She paused at the foot-a door opened, and a smartly dressed man, with black eyes and crisp, curly hair, came forward, and giving her his arm the two

with a good will. Now don't get exutered the parior, cited again, but give me a straightfor-A scream shrill and piercing resoundward answer to my question. There's d through the house, and Nancy Tyler. in her black garments, her widow's veil streaming behind her as sho ran, rushed ask you if you can prove by other means than your own word that you are Thomas after them and throw herself into the

uan's arms. "Why, there's the certificate, sir, that "Oh, Thomas! Oh, my dear, dear hus | ed to yon to tie that knot." bandi they told me you was dead!

a gilt frame, and hung it up in the keeping room all we broke up, and Thomas came West to get work, and The change in his face from smiling self complacency to astonishment and was going to send for me and the child, only he took sick and died, and"---her rudely from him, but seemed for a "Where is that certificate, Mrs. Tyoment to have lost the power of speech. relio she had brought.

'Fhomast Thomast don't you know "Why, law, sirl how you do fluster a body with your questions! It's in the trunk right at your feet. I fetched it along, 'cause I like to look at it, and it unkes no think of the day I was mar-"Then we are all right. You did a

"Now, Mrs. Tyler, I am going to help you through with this matter. All on've got to do is to mind orders. I

"I want to know! Dear! dear! Why stone dead." idn't you say so before, sir? And I uishoubdur you all the while! I humuishabiling you all the while! I hun-by ack your pardon, sir. And so you'ys mown him all slong? Only to think his rival standing composedly before him, supporting with one hand a slab of marble, upon which was inscribed in They were very could to her at Parmar

or don't give any particulars. How did "IN MEMORY

There was a curious expression upor THOMAS TYLER, who departed this life Aug. 9, 18-..."

Even Samuel Date was satisfied with "Lie was hard sick with it, marm, the horror and abject fear pletared in his face at this unexpected sight.

"Well, yes; I called him dangarons to first thus feet eyes on him." "In God's name, Sammy, what does this mean?" said Farmer Barclay. "You take care of that poor creatur, hand yet he worked all summer, you hand yet he worked all summer, you

If Sammy hasn't the tin, I'll fork over myself. Come, Sue, are you rendy?" The girl went pale and red while th He could not wait to open the box i old man was speaking. She glance-shyly from under her long lashes at th regular way, but when a few screw vere loosened by the strength of his good lover left her, now that her ide ght arm he burst the cover, and with a had turned to the basest clay. Her heart reat noise of splitting wood the slab o only half weaned in these few month-(for the wily stranger had won he At the sight Samuel D de's excitement through her vanity, and not by any well ached its height. Brandishing a piec grounded esteem), returned at a bouno its old allegiance.

She crossed the room to where th young man stood abashed, and lookin n his face as only Susie Barclay coullook, said very sweetly: "Will you take me, Samuel?"

"Will you take me, Samuel P "Take yon!" said Samuel Dale, and

stilled his readiness by actions instead of words, "Shol sho! Sammy," said the farmer

'that'll do. 'There! don't smother the girl. Now, Parson Bates, we'll be obleeg

For many weeks Nancy Tyler lay ill at Farmer Barclay's house, and in her fever lefithly pallor was a sight to behold. He | and delirium the wild fancies of the sich struggied to release himself, and pushed woman's brain were all more or less con nected with her ill fated journey and the

In answer to her pathetic appeals the ne?" she cried in pitiful tones. "It's stone was placed in her chamber, and in your own Nancy-your loving wife- imagination she traversed again and come all the way from Simsbury to find you." again in its company the weary distance between Simsbury and the farm house Upon this he found his tongue. "What where she was lying. Now she was in crept back to life at last, but her phys-

that he had gained his present happiness by the blow that made this poor woman doubly a widow, and the young wife was grataful to her who by her timely coming rescued her from a fate she could not mplate without a shudder. Farmer Barclay expressed his good feeling by his favorite ejaculation, and more that once turned from hor bedside with a tear

venk headed woman, who under ordi ary circumstances would hardly have entured to face a mouse, to rush to the escue of her treasure. She spran, rom her bed and crossed the room at a sound, and, throwing open her door, food face to face with a man holding a lark lantern in his hand. In surprise it her sudden appearance he made a sackward step, lost his footing and aught at the nearest support. It was the tombstone. It shook-it tottered-it fell, and man and marble orashed lown the stairs together with a sound to wake the dead. A moment's stillness succeeded the uproar, followed by the sound of voices and footsteps, and a group of frightened faces appeared in the doorway. The stairs were strewn with fragments of the broken stone, and at the bottom lay the motionless body of a man. He grasped in one hand Farmer Barclay's well filled wallet, and Susie Dale's wedding spoons protruded from his pocket. There was blood everywhere. The

stairs, the walls and pieces of marble ware sprinkled with it, and where the man's head lay was a pool that every instant increased in size. He was quite lead, and they saw by a ghastly wound upon his head that a sharp corner of the stone had cloven his scull.

When Samuel Dale turned the dead man's face to the light, he uttered an exclamation of horror, for Thomas Tyter's black eyes stared blindly in his own, and his lips, parting, showed the white teeth grinning in a ghastly smile. They hore away the body, and left a uman on the bloodstained stair groping with feeble, moaning cries for the fragments of Thomas Tyler's tembstone. THE END.

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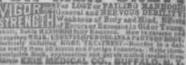
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do you mean, woman?" he cried, an the stonecutter's shop, consulting about "You are no wife of mine. It's the form and fashion of the monument. a trick, good people-a rascally trick and bargaining for its lowest price in dollars and cents. She found comfort the asylum. I tell you she's stark mad. for hours in repeating the inscription, Scale, you are not going to believe her? and the ill matched rhyme of the spi-As sure as 1 am a living man, I nover taph gained marvelous pathos wh

The man turned his flerce eyes, to see | ical vigor never roturned, and her mi

marble, upon which was inscribed in characters large enough to be read half Barclay's. Samuel Dals remembered