THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 28, 1896.



"Grongar Hill invites my song. Draw the landscape bright and strong. Gronger in whose mossy delis, Sweetly musing Quiet dwells; Grongar, in whose silent shade, For the modest muses made, So oft have 1, the evening still, At the fountain of a rill, Set more a dowery hed Sat upon a flowery bed With my hand beneath my head With my hand beneath my head While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood, Over mead and over wood, From house to house, from hill to hill Till Contemplation had her fill." -DYER, 1750.

"The Vale of Towy, South Wales, em-braces in its winding course of fifteen miles the grandlest scenery in the British Jstes. Its woodkand views are matchlessly beautiful and romantic. The neighbor-hood is historic and poetic ground. From Grongar Hill the eye discovers traces of a Roman camp; Golden Grove, once the home of the immortal Jerenny Taylor, is on the opposite side of the river; Merlin's chair recalls Spencer, and a farm not far away brings back the memory of its once genial occupant, Richard Steele."

genial occupant, Richard Steele." -- WM, CULLEN BRYANT'S "Library of

In the year of 1830, the historic farm here mentioned was owned and occu-pied by a wealthy gentleman farmer d Henry Gwynne Jones, a man of much force of character, and, in many respects of noble nature. He was proud of his lineage, and could trace it back for generations. Yet, in point of aristocratic blood, he was not regarded the equal of the Cawdors or the Dinevors. He was what was known in those days a prominent individual of the middle class. So he paid homage to the Cawdors and the Dinevors, and was always inexpressibly proud of every opportun-ity to sit with this "blooded stock" on the magisterial bench of the ancient town of Carmarthen, and was fully satisfied with this life in this distinguished honor. He was never happier than when addressed by the Earl of Earl of Cawdor, as "Esquire Jones, of Paradise Hall." The Squire was married and was the proud father of four beautiful children, Caractacus, Sylvia, Bronwen and Harry Gwynne. Mrs. Jones, an estimable lady, was very proud of the genealogical tree from which she sprang, so proud, indeed, that she was sprang, so proud, indeed, that she was wont to remind her inferiors of her lofty lineage. A generous woman, she gave freely to the poor, but she was vain and susceptible to flattery, and those of her beneficiaries who were the most lavish in praise enjoyed her greatest muni-ficence. She had received a fair education and could speak the English language with greater fluency and correctness than many other ladies of the beautiful Vale of Towy in those days. She was an excellent disciplinarian, gentle in her manner toward her children, and not only strictly moral but deeply religious in her teachings. This could be noted in the children of Para-They were dise Hall at an early age. refined, amiable and courteous; but it was instilled into them early in life that were far above the commonalty that they came of a superior stock, and they were frequently admonished that ciation with those of inferior social standing would not be tolerated. Such were the conditions of caste in little Gwalla fifty years ago. On the northerly side of the macadam-

ized highway leading from Grongar Hill to the beautiful town of Carmarthen, and at the foot of the spacious aradise

gar Hill," by reason of her exquisite beauty. At the hall Gwladys was a little favorite, and Harry Gwynne's

pet. Several wealthy farmers and some of the middle class not so wealthy, unting with Squire Jones, agreed to establish and support a seminary of learning. They adopted a constitution and by-laws, and appointed a board of direc-tors to encour the affairs of the school. net laws, and appointed a board of uncer-tors to govern the affairs of the school. Squire Jones was elected chairman, and the school was named "Grongar Hill Seminary." There were certain restric-Seminary." There were certain restric-tions in the by-laws by reason of which only the children of the middle class could enjoy the advantages of the sem-

inary, except by a unanimous vote of the board of directors, or a permit from the chairman.

This was a severe blow to the chil-dren of the working class of the dis-trict, and none felt it more than the parents Thomas. of pretty little Gwladys

Thomas. In due time the school was opened, and a young curate of the Established church, named Davies, was appointed master at a salary of fifty pounds a pear. He was a fine scholar, an exceedingly suc-cessful instructor, and of very equable temperament, so that all the scholars He was a fine scholar, an excel

liked him. The opening day was an auspicious one in the neighborhood of Grongar Hill. The gathering was large, and the master spirit of the occasion was Squif Jones. The vicar of the parish presided, and as he was a good, witty and pointed speaker, he kept the enthusiasm constantly at highest pitch. There was constantly at highest pitch. There was a band of musicians present from Car-marthen, and their fine music greatly enlivened the occasion. That eminent divine and scholar, the Bishop of St. David's, was the orator of the day, and his speech was a brilliant one. The programma was the grandest even the programme was the grandest ever preprogramme was the grandest ever pre-sented in their neighborhood of that classic hill, and the meeting one of greatest mirth and intellectual enjoy-ment. At the conclusion of the cere-monies, Squire Jones directed the newly-elected first master of the Grongar Hill Seminary to read a list of those to Hill Seminary to read a 1st of those to be admitted to the seminary as schol-ars, and a long list was read. Jenkin Lloyd Thomas was present, and Mrs. Thomas and pretty little Gwladys, as also little Harry Gwyme, then a robust also little Harry Gwynne, then a rol little lad of twelve summers. W the master had finished reading When the

bit, the lad's eyes flashed fire, and his pretty little face flamed with rage. He looked angrily in his father's face, but his father was too much taken up with the proceedings of the meeting to heed the stalwart little fellow's anger. Presently the Squire room and Presently the Squire rose and an-nounced to the audience that the cere-monies were now at an end, thanked

monies were now at an end, thanked them for their presence, and compli-mented them on the manner in which they conducted themselves, which was so highly fitting to such an auspicious so highly fitting to such an auspicious occasion. Then he asked the audience to rise and sing "God Save the Queen," to be accompanied by the band. "No, no papa; not yet!" cried little Harry Gwynne, in a ringing, boyish voice. "You must not; you must not, papa! Little Gwladys' name was not read; Mr. Davis made a mistake; let him read that list again; little Gwla-dys's name must be there! Don't let them sing, papa; don't let the band play until Gwladys' name is called. Do that, dear papa, for your own little play until Gwladys' name is caned. Do that, dear papa, for your own little Harry Gwynne. It will break my heart to go to school without my pretty little Gwladys Thomas'"

oom, noticed the troubled look and "How now, my wife? What's on your mind?"

Gwynne and Gwladys "Harry "Harry Gwynne and Gwiadys Thomas," responds Mrs. Jones abrupt-ly. "And, squire, my heart's desire, for the sake of Harry Gwynne and our other children, into whose affection she has won her way, is that you grant Gwiadys permission to attend the new websel.

"Impossible!" cried the astonished "Impossible!" cried the fatonished squire; "Impossible! Why, if I should "Thomas, every "Impossible:" cried the automined squire: "Impossible! Why, if I should do this for Gwladys Thomas, every child of our inferiors would expect the same privilege. Impossible! I cannot do it; I will not do it." "But, my dear Squire Jones, you must do it for little Harry Gwynne's sake. He loves that child, and he's bound that she shall accompany him to the new school."

chool

"Humph! If he loves her now, how much more will he love her when sh is three or four years older? Beware, Mrs. Jones, of the danger you are playing with! Beware in time, lest you repent at leisure." "There is no danger of that.

Gwladys grows older she will learn of her inferior station in life compared with that of little Harry Gwynne. Rest assured, everything will end well in this particular. "Very well, Mrs. Jones, I surrender; but in the future, remember that this is your own doing," was the gruff re-

After this conversation their breakfast was finished in silence, following which the 'Squire wrote the permit, and a prouder party of little children

never traveled over the walks through the beautiful meadows of Paradise hall than did his own dear children and little Gwladys Thomas upon this occa-

III.

For five years these children walked over the same ground, during the last two of which, Harry Gwynne, who was now a stalwar: lad of seventeen sumners, erect of figure, of fair complexion and handsome in every feature, and Gwladys Thomas, a beautiful girl of sixteen, blooming into maidenhood, with a countenance at once exceedingly beautiful and winsome, had walked to

and fro alone. Love had been playing her part! Love had been playing her part: Harry Gwynne was now sent to a higher grade school in the ancient town of Carmarthen. Before leaving he called at the "Royal Prince," and stayed with Gwladys a long time alone; so that only they knew what words were spoken, and what each felt, as for the first time he presend her multithe first time he pressed to his bosom and kissed her. ed her gently

He had not been to school at Carmarthen three days before he wrote a loving missive to handsome Gwladys Thomas. The letter was short, but full of loving expressions, and ended thus: "Gwladys, dear, I am yours forever

and forever. Will you be mine?" Gwladys realized that there was distance almost immeasurable between their stations in life. Harry was the favorite son of the 'Squire of Paradise Hall, one of the wealthiest gentlemen farmers in the Vale of Towy. She was the daughter of a poor roadside innkeeper. Should she answer the let-ter? Was she in low? She did not

ter? Was she in love? She did not know, though the slightest mention of Harry's name thrilled her heart and quickened her every pulse; she knew that. Yes, she would answer the let-ter, but she would be very careful. So she wrote a letter, couched in the choicest phrases, for Gwladys was an excellent scholar, and a girl of remarkable mental powers, and her progress at the seminary had been wonderful But she gave no direct answer to his pointed question, and other letters fol-lowed, each of Harry's redolent of his

determination as expressed in her emphatic declaration. "You must be mine, dear Gwladys." The correspondence was kept up steadily while Harry was at school, but Gwladys in none of her beautiful letters showed any signs of deep love

with which God has endowed me. Gwladys, darling, you must be mine!" Early one morning following such a Cincinnati, and many and hearty were Cincinnati, and many and hearty were the congratulations showered upon the solder-journalist and statesman when the full force of the revelation was ap-preclated all around, and the beautiful daughter of Henry Gwynne Jones, the image of his lost Gwladys Thomas, the sweet maid of Grongar Hill, took her place in his heart of hearts, where never woman had reizened but his Gwladys repeated declaration a post chalse was seen traveling rapidly over the highway, and its only occupants were Harry Gwynne Jones and Gwladys Thomas. the mair maid of Grougar Hill, who, on their arrival at Carmarthen, were soon woman had reigned but his Gwladys. His happy daughter was the mistress of his luxurious home for many years, made man and wife. Harry at once entered the bank as a

and happiness reigned suprem

From the Springfield Union.

chusetts.

THE DEMOCRATIC TARIFF.

Manufacturing Interests of Massa-

tories used \$65,000,000 less of material than 1890, and the goods made were worth \$109,000,000 less. This tells the story of the injury to capital. The value of the goods decreased by \$44,000. 000 more than the value of the raw material used. What a shrinkage in prices this represents and it choose

prices this represents, and it shows that factories were run at a loss just for the sake of keeping things together.

or keeping our wage earners from

carpeting was worth almost \$3,000,000 less; in cotton goods the shrinkage was \$17,000,000; in leather the loss was \$5, 000,000 of product value. Massachu-setts made machinery worth upward of \$5,000,000 less; the metal workers turned out \$8,000,000 less valuable work; the paper product shrank \$6,000,000 in value; the woolen and worsted mills suffered to the extent of \$17,000,000 and in all other industries the loss was

in all other industries the loss was nearly \$70,000,000 of money that would have been received, distributed and circulated in the state had business

conditions remained undisturbed dur-

ing these two brief years.

DR. HEBRA'S

VIOLA | CREA

Harry at once entered the bank as a clerk at a fair salary, which was in-creased after he had been there only a few months, during which time he vis-ited Gwladys only once a week, their marriage being as yet a perfect secret. Six months had elapsed and the mar-riage was still their own secret; but although no sin had been committed and no commandment broken, prud-ence demanded that the secret should be divulged. be divulged.

During the first year of Democratic administration our mills used less stock by \$32,000,000 than in 1890. The goods they made were worth less by \$52,000,-000. Within a year we retrogressed nearly five years. And how much worse it grew during the second year of Dem-ocratic rule. In 1894 our mills and fac-tories used \$55,000,000 best of metachel Harry visited Paradise hall, and both his father and mother being at home, he was greeted pleasantly by them. Young, strong, confident and frank na-turally, he disclosed the matter in a most straightforward manner. The scene that followed was pitiful. His mother was completely prostrated, unable to move or to speak, while his father paced the floor, and in a burning rage, vowed vengence on his manly son's head. He declared he would dis-inherit him then and there, and have him discharged from the bank on the morrow, and still be unsatisfied, for even his shadow in the country would disgrace his noble ancestry. He must go to some foreign land, and on the

morrow he should receive his last bounty from his father in this life. Harry, sad at heart, returned to his wife and gently told her the sorrowful news. Both were completely overwhelmed.

or keeping our wage earners from want. There were 380 fewer factories op-erating in 1894 than in 1892, and the value of their total industrial products decreased by \$155,000,000, Nearly 100 less boot and shoe factories were oper-ated in 1894, ten less cotton mills, sixty less leather industries, twenty-two less machinery shops, twenty-one less met-al workers, six less paper mills, twenty-seven less woolen mills and 160 less other establishments. The value of the boots and shoes made in Massachu-setts was worth \$25,000,000 less money in 1894 than in 1892; the value of our carpeting was worth aimost \$3,000,000 less; in cotton goods the shrinkage was At length, Gwladys recovering, said: "Harry, darling, you must go to Amer-ica, which is said to be the land of the free and the home of the brave, where caste and classes are not known. Go and I will follow you." Having thus determined, Harry called

to see his father, who spoke not a word, nor answered a question until after he had counted out a hundred English sovereigns, when handing them to Harry, he fairly thundered at his unhappy son. "Go, now, to some foreign country, and change your name from that of your honorable ancestors."

Thus Harry left Paradise Hall for-Thus Harry left Paradise Hall for-ever and returned to the "Royal Prince." Here again he had the un-pleasant duty of disclosing the secret. Great was the contrast here, however, for the grandly simple old couple grac-iously blessed them, and offered Harry the same rights as his young wife un der the thatched roof of the old hos telry.

Gently but firmly resisting all their Importunities, in three days Henry Gwynne Jones was a passenger on a sailing vessel bound for America, and in three months from the date of his departure from England he arrived at New York after an unusually stormy passage, and upon that self same day a dear little girl was born at the "Roya Prince," and the soul of Gwladys Gwynne Jones, the sweet maid of Grougar Hill, took flight to the better world.

TV. Unadvised of these two important facts, Harry roamed from city to city in a fruitless search for suitable em ployment month after month until his funds were exhausted, and the eleventh of April, 1861, dawned, on which was re vealed the real intention of the south ern people in their assault upon Fort Sumter. The north arose in its might **Complexion Presarved**

with grand unanimity. President Lin-coln fssued a call for seventy-five thou-sand men to uphold the authority of the government. The response to this call was much more general than the most sanguine had reason to expect. The en Removas Freekies, Finples, Liver - Meles, Biastresse, Suebure and Ten, and re-stores the skin to its origi-nal freshness, producting a thusiasm of the people was literally unbounded, and Harry Gwynne Jones, late of Paradise Hall, was one of the first to answer to this call. He entlisted as a private, and long before the war ended he was colonel of a cavalry col-umn. He also distinguished himself as or the leading



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HIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permits us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine. Castoria destroys Worms Castoria allays Feverishness.

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, TO MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



vell cultivat Hall stood an old fashioned hostelry The sign that hung over the low narrow door informed the traveler that its name was the "Royal Prince," that its proprietor was Jenkin Lloyd Thomas, and that the law of the land licensed him to sell malt and spirituous liquors. There were no railroads winding their

course through the beautiful valley in those days, and all the travelling was done either by coach or on foot, so that the "Royal Prince" sheltered many a foot sore traveler, notwithstanding the fact that it contained only five rooms, which, however, were spacious. The home brewed ale of the "Royal Prince" The was known the country over for its de-licious and invigorating qualities. Earls and Lords, judges and barristers, high sheriffs and esquires, and bishops and elergymen had frequently partaken of the good old-fashioned home-made bread and cheese, and home-brewed ale of the "Royal Prince," under the roof of which excellent hostelry intoxication was unknown, and never in its his tory had anybody indulged his appetite to excess in this direction. Nor was Jenkin Lloyd Thomas a man who would Jenkin Lloyd Thomas a man who would tolerate such a thing under the sacred roof of the "Royal Prince." He was typical Welshman of fifty years ago. a magnificent specimen of nity years ago. a magnificent specimen of rugged man-hood and hard common sense. He was honest, simple in habits, stern in his political beliefs, true to his friends, and had an abiding faith in the gospel as epi-tomized on the Mount. All the books he ever read, and read them often, were the Great Book, Bunyian's Pile were the Great Book. Bunyan's Pil-with the larks and the linnets brists and early next morning. Later, the other children followed him downstairs, other children followed him downstairs, Wales's great hymnologist, together with the grand old fashioned poetry of the immortal Vicar Prichard-a richer library of treasures than which no divine of modern times ever possessed.

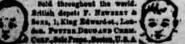
No meals were ever eaten at the "Royal Prince" but were preceded by a

fervent prayer. However, Jenkin Lloyd Thomas spent but very little of his time at the "Royal Prince." He was overseer of the farm laborers at Paradise Hall, and was in high favor both with Squire Jones and his estimable wife. Consequently Mrs. mas had full charge of the business

of the hostelry. Gwladys Thomas, the only child of Gwindys Thomas, the only child of the proprietor of this roadside inn, was now in her tenth year and was a very handsome and intelligent little girl, modest in manners and aniable in dis-position. She was always dressed very nearly in material of better quality than the children of the ordinary peo-ple of the district, and she was the idol of her parents. Being also the pride of the neighborhood, the doors of Para-dise Hall were always open to pretty Gwladys of the "Royal Prince," who, in office years became known as in after years, became known as "Gwladys, the beautiful Maid of Gron-



(continent), will afford instant relief, per-mit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy, permanent cure of the most distressing of liching and burning skin and scalp diseases, after all other methods fail. Reid throughout the world. Settinh depoir 7. Hawara a boxa, 1, King Bawardon, Los-ton Perman Daugars Cana.



11.

But the Squire motioned the audi-ence and the band to proceed, and little Harry Gwynne's protest and plea were

Harry Gwynne's protest and pied were lost with the music. To the man who had given shelter and meals to the dignitaries of the good old county of Carmarthen, this was a gloomy ending to the great occasion, and the doors of the "Royal Prince" were closed several hours earlier that evening than usual. All the surround-ings had a sombre aspect. Both father and mother hung their heads and wept. Deep sorrow penetrated poor Jenkin Deep sorrow penetrated poor Jenkin Lloyd Thomas' heart, until he remem-Lloyd Thomas' heart, until he remem-bered the comforting word of God; then he bade his downcast wife accompany him to their chamber, where both were soon engaged in fervent prayer. This relieved their stricken hearts, and a sweeter sleep was never slept by Jenkin Lloyd Thomas and his good wife than was their portion that night, and the angel of peace and good will still abode with them under the thatched roof of the "Royal Prince."

where cook had a nice warm breakfast

ready for them. Immediately after breakfast they held a consultation over little Gwladys' case, for they all liked her, and it was unanimously agreed that Harry Gwynne should beg his mother to have papa intercede with the board of directors in Gwladys' behalf, or give her a permit himself, as he was fully author-

ized to do. It was after 10 o'clock that beautiful It was after 10 o'clock that beautiful spring morning before Mrs. Jones ap-peared at the breakfast table, and she did not seem to be in the best of humor. Little Harry Gwynne was on hand with his boyish speech wen prepared. "Good morning, mamma, dear. You don't know how beautifully the little lark and the little goldlinch and the big pretty blackbird were singing in the meadows this morning when I got meadows this morning when I got awake. Please, darling mamma, won't you please ask papa to let little Gwladys "Thomas come to the new school with your truly little Harry Gwynne? Please do say yes, mamma dear. It will be so nice. Won't you, mamma?"

The imploring tone of the sweet voiced child, coupled with the gentle favor in which he was held, touched the mother nature of the woman, softfort, placed her in harmony with the amenities of life and the dignity of motherhood, and out of her swelling heart came a generous assurance of her kindly offices according to the

her kindly offices according to the child's request. "Yes, my darling boy, I will speak to papa, and try to have him grant your request. Your heart is set in the right direction, and your promptings fill me with hope for the future." How the child's face beamed with de-liable at his mother's response, and with

light at his mother's response, and with what alacrity he bounded away to an-nounce the glad news to the other children.

dren. O, mothers of Gwalia and America, what happiness do you not miss in the training of your children! The breakfast is cooling, but Mrs. Jones does not eat; she is doing what so many mothers too often have to do, thinking how she can reach papa with their son's petition. It is a sad fact, but it is none the less a fact, that the male member of the marital firm must so frequently be approached with fear and trembling. Squire Jones, entering the breakfast

for Harry. Her knowledge since Har-ry saw her last had increased rapidly. She was an omniverous reader and had become perfectly familiar with the writings of Dickens, Elliot, Scott, Irving, Lytton and other great fictionists. She was also well versed in current literature and standard works, and in

Interature and standard works, and in addition, a rare conversationalist. At length Harry graduated and re-turned to Paradise Hall to await his father's decision as to what his future course in life should be. Being a leading director in one of the

large banks of Carmarthen, the 'Squire concluded that Harry should become a banker, and that he should commence bis banking career there at once. During this period of waiting at Paradise Hall his visits to the "Royal

Prince" were frequent, and the beauty and wonderful intelligence of Gwlady completely chained him. "Gwladys, you must be mine," he would frequently exclaim. "I admired you when a child, loved you when a girl, and adore you now with all the ar-dor of a man that cannot live without you. 1 will not return to Carmarthen until you declare-

"I am yours forever and forever!" "Harry, I cannot. The distance be-tween our stations in life is too great. By saying what you wish me to say, I would ruin your future forever. Consider matters in a calmer moment. Your father would disinherit you, and why such sacrifice for a poor girl? That I am rather fair to look upon, I am aware, and that I am tolerably edu-cated, I know; but there are hundreds more handsome and thousands more intelligent in dear old Gwalia than poor Gwladys Thomas, of the old road-side inn. No, Harry, I cannot. That I love you, and will love no other man while grass grows in the meadows at the foot of Grongar Hill, I cannot deare but my love mut not herefore deny; but my love must not interfere with your good prospects in life. No, Harry, I must not, cannot declare as you desire.

"Gwladys, darling, your love then is mine. I am strong and young, with an education superior to that of most young men of my native Wales. This world is ours. My father may disin-herit me, but he cannot rob me of that



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daily newspaper of Cincinnati, Ohio of which he afterwards became sole proprietor. During the war he received a letter

announcing the death of his handsome young wife, but he was not advised of the cause, nor that a dear little daugh-ter was born unto them, and so he lost all interest in his native land across the seal and finally became one of Ohio's leading statesmen and an orator of national reputation, while the child that was born at the "Royal Prince" was tenderly taken care of by its noble old grandmother. During this time, as might be expect-

ed Paradise Hall had undergone many important changes. The squire and his wife had grown old and feeble and their children were dead. The old squire reretted the day he had so cruelly treat-ed his favorite son, and he continually sorrowed for the result of his unrea-sonable anger. He made all earthly reparation he could, even calling to his palatial home the orphan daughter of Henry Gwynne Jones and his handsome young wife, the fair maid of Grongar Hill, and at his expense she received the best education England and France could give her. She grew up to be a young lady of rare literary ability.

Time passed, and the squire and his wife died, leaving her the sole heiress of Paradise Hall. Fond of traveling, of Paradise Hall, Fond of traveling, she rented her palatial home soon after the death of her grandparents, and steamed to America, where she traveled at leisure through the United States. and thus she learned that there were a large number of the children of Gwa lia at Cincinnati. So she visited that large and prosperous city, and found comfortable quarters at one of its best hotels,

At dusk one Saturday evening, while returning from a long stroll in the city's suburbs, she was followed by a ruffian, and within a short distance of her hotel, she was knocked down by him with the evident intention of robbing her. For-tunately, however, before losing consciousness, she was able to utter on scream, loud enough to bring to het rescue a number of brave men, wheregood his escape. Among the rescuers was a middle-aged, athletic-looking gentleman, who quickly, yet gently, took her in his arms, carried her into

his own residence close by, and at once

Summoned a physician. On regaining consciousness she was surprised to find herself in a laxuriously appointed chamber, and a sweet-faced Weish lady gently arranging the handage on her bruised and aching head. In a short time she was convalescent

and one day, after lunch, her host, whose kindly face she instinctively loved and trusted at first sight, said to her:

her: "I have learned at your hotel that your home is in Wales, and I am long-ing to ask you if it is North or South." "South Wales, sir," said she. "I am a native of South Wales my-self," said he. "What county in South Wales is yours, please?" he asked fur-ther ther.

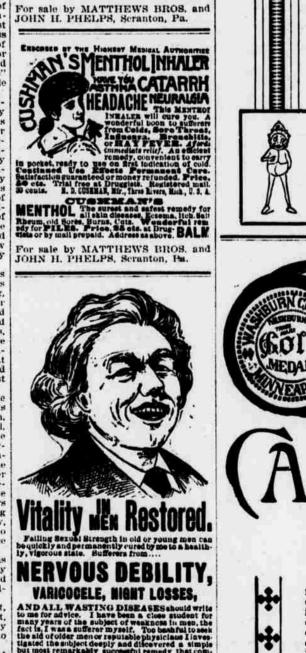
"Carmarthenshire, sir." "We're getting nearer and nearer all the time!" he exclaimed. "What town, pray?

"I am from the neighborhod of Gron-

gar Hill, str." "What! I am from Grongar Hill, too! "What! I am from Grongar Hill, too! Whose daughter are you?" "My father came to this country and landed in New York on the very day I was born, and I have never seen him, except in my dreams, and then he ap-peared just such a man as you must have been, sir, at his age. My mother's name, like my own, was Gwladys, and my father was Henry Gwynne Jones, of Paradise Hall," she answered. "Gracious Heaven!" he cried, as he caught the beautiful girl in his arms, "I am Henry Gwynne Jones, of Para-dise Hall, and you are my very own daughter! God be praised for His mer-cies!"

Great was the rejolding throughout

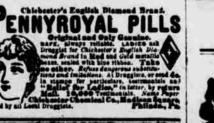
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VARIGUGELE, BIGHT LUSSES, AND ALL WASTING DISEASES should write to me for advice. There been a close student for many years of the subject of weakness in men, the fact is, it was sufferer myself. Too bashful to seek the aid of older mency reputable physiciase Sinves-tiasted the subject despity and discovered a simple but most remarkably successful remedy that com-pletely cured me and fully enlarged me from a shrunken stunted condition to natural strength and size. I want every years or old mau to know about it. I take a personal laterast in such cases and to cove need besizie to write me as all communications are held strictly condidential. I send the recipe of this remedy absolutely free of cust. Do not put it off but write me fully at ence. you will sives the day you did so. Address.

+

THOMAS SLATER, Box 2038 Shipper of Famous Kalamazoo Celerr KALAMAZOO, MICH.









TO OUR PATRONS:

Washburn-Crosby Co. wish to assure their many pair rons that they will this year hold to their usual custom of milling STRICTLY OLD WHEAT until the new crop is fully cured. New wheat is now upon the market, and owing to the excessively dry weather many millers are of the opinion that if is already cured, and in proper condition for milling. Washburn-Crosby Co. will take no risks, and will allow the new wheat fully three months to mature before grinding.

months to mature before grinding. This careful attention to every detail of milling has placed Washburg-Creeby Co.'s flour far above other brands.



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