

CRUEL

AS

THE GRAVE

The Secret of Dunraven Castle.

BY ANNIE ASHMORE,

Author of "Faithful Margaret," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"You never mean me to believe that you would have liked to let them down, do you?" cried she straightening herself and looking down upon him with two lashing, incredulous eyes.

Up to this, Edgar had listened as to an idle colloquy, for the mere delight of hearing Ulva's voice, but now a more personal interest chained him to the spot. What lover could withstand the temptation of hearing his lady speak about him while ignorant of his proximity?

And by the dawn rose in her cheek and the keener gaze of the old man, he knew his name was coming.

"There was but one life especially in danger—and it was not I who saved it. It was my lady's will that sent me three times down after him—and it was my lady's ain proud hands that pulled him from the wave."

"Hush!" whispered Ulva, blushing scarlet, and darting uneasy glances around; while Edgar turned cold and faint beneath the shock of delight—for this he had not heard till now.

"Who said that?" demanded Ulva, defiantly; "and you were in a condition to know what happened; poor fellow, you did your duty like a brave man then, and I won't believe you regret it now."

"Weel, then, Mr. Sircombe said it," Ulva looked astonished; then dismissed the point as trivial, and attacked the main one.

"And is it Mr. Edgar you are warning me against?"

"Deed it is, Lady Oolava; and an ill day for Dunraven when the soft and supple Lowlander won it."

"Kenmore, you are wicked. What possible harm could he or any other stranger" (Oh, Ulva!) "do to my father's daughter?"

"When the day comes the deed will be done. 'Twas your ain hand laid it upon him as he weired. He will never die until he has paid ye for his life with woe and wrong. Ah, lady, ye blanch an' fater—listen, there may yet be time to turn the doom aside, if ye wad speak the word."

Ulva was silent, however. Edgar saw that her sweet face was wan and troubled.

"One word," urged Kenmore, eagerly, "and the Englishman will be on the main land before this sun goes down?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Ulva, indignantly. "Is Lord Incheape's daughter to drive forth a guest from her father's roof like a village boor, out of respect to a barbarous superstition?"

"Oh, no, woe worth the day!" lamented Kenmore, "the glamour's upon you already, he's cast his spell over you, you've taken that first step on that fatal road when your maiden heart goes out to him in pity."

"Silence!" cried Ulva imperiously, pride and shame crimsoning her cheeks and flashing from her eyes. "You overstep respect; I permit no such liberty."

She descended the mossy steps, waving him out of her path with a royal gesture, but he still stood before her with clasped hands and beseeching face.

"Oh, my bonny mistress, whom I have borne in my arms a bairn, it's not in a heart so leal to you to let you pass on unwarned to a woful love. It was his like that brought the curse on Incheape, and parted—God forgive me, am I mad to come over it to her? Mind you this, Lady Oolava: Hearts as proud and pure as your own have been made a summer toy by comely Englishmen, and flung under the heel when tired of. And I warn you—I warn you—as sure as death I'll do it—upon that day when Captain Edgar puts forth his hand to take your heart, a Highland dirk will find a sheath in his own if all England should cry murder!"

Kenmore spoke quietly, but with a fiercer menace in his manner; but the lady did not flinch. Her form towered haughtily, her fine nostrils quivered; her dark eyes shot forth wrathful lightnings.

"And I warn you, Kenmore, that if you ever again betray a sign of this brutal superstition—or meddle with the guest who is under this roof—if he were Satan himself—I shall banish you from my presence, and never look upon your face again." Having thus passed judgment, she swept past him with incomparable dignity, and left the garden.

Kenmore gazed sadly after her. "Ah, ay!" murmured he, with a plaintive lengthening of the word, "there ye gang, proud an' disdainful as a queen; but it's a maiden's heart ye carry in your bonny breast, an' a maiden's hearts can ay be won an' broken. Oh, no! Oh, no! black fall the day when I steered the Cursed Guest to Sleat-na-Vrecken!"

Edgar sank down in his place with his head between his hands. A tumult of thoughts whirled through his brain; pain—hope—and new-born dread of the future.

"Lapped in luxurious weakness since his convalescence began, he had done nothing but think of her and let his heart drift on to adoration, unchecked by one doubt. Now conscience pricked him and bade him consider to what misery he might blind her future, should he gain the prayer of his heart and awake her love. A gulf of unknown depth separated him from Lord Incheape's daughter; the secret which had spoiled Lord Incheape's life, parted him from his wife, and sent Ulva to share her exile—this was the gulf that divided them, and until he had fathomed it he had no right in honor to lay one thought of love at her feet. True, he might never awake her heart; still he knew that as sure as he permitted his own to go out irrevocably to her, he could never keep out of her life until he had fought his best to win her."

"I must fly from this place," groaned he in sudden anguish; "it is not only my peace that I risk—it might be hers."

And then a great flood of passion

swept over him—he scorned at that virtuous resolve. Why should he not fight it out, and perhaps win her, and save her from the mysterious life of unnatural seclusion which seemed to await her, through no fault of hers?

And again honor spoke, and he recalled the love and duty which he owed his kinsman, and the entire faith which he had always felt in his nobility.

He could never have acted unjustly nor cruelly toward his child.

Edgar bowed beneath these conflicting gusts of passion; his soul was in deep waters.

During his illness Lady Dunraven had been much with him; he could not disassociate her constant, hovering presence from the long, burning, restless nights of delirium; nor her eager, spirit-like face from his death-like slumbers, when at first sleep came back to him.

As he grew stronger, she still sat by him hour by hour; a pale, burning-eyed presence, that seldom spoke, but followed her own brooding thoughts by the hour; yet always ready with her sweet kind smile, if he sought her eye; or with her small, soft, nervous hands when he wanted help. Others served his material wants; Mr. Sircombe, my lord's bookish secretary, amiably sacrificed many hours by his pillow, reading to or conversing with him; but he felt as if unhappy Engelande had been so very close to him in spirit through all the mystic labyrinth of fever, that he could never regard her with the impersonal interest he might have given another woman.

His unacknowledged acquaintance with her secret had also lent such a peculiar, tender sweetness to his manner, that Lady Dunraven unconsciously yielded herself to his fascinations, and gradually turned her starved affections toward him, with that love of sentiment, the love a woman gives her young brother. The romance of her heart had all been lavished upon her husband—she could never take it back; but she had yet some deep emotions left, and Edgar Arden had set them flowing.

She had always found a strange pleasure in contemplating his features, from that first night when he lay unconscious before her; she still indulged in these long meditative studies; he would wake in the dead of night, when nothing seemed to live around them save the roaring sea, to find her brilliantly spirit-like, and leaning toward him, in the darkness, with such a yearning look that, knowing her secret sorrow, his whole soul would respond to the mute cry for sympathy, and he would feel a wild impulse to offer her the service of a true knight if mortal could bring her deliverance from her grief.

Edgar had not conformed himself so far as to resolve upon leaving the island and Ulva immediately, when an invitation came from Lady Dunraven to join the ladies in her parlor if he was feeling capable of the exertion.

Mr. Sircombe was good enough to visit him while he was still conning over the welcome note, with sparkling eyes and bounding heart. He came upon him gray and haggard, with some pricking discontent fresh upon him, a shade upon the lover's exultation.

"Ah, that is right; you have forsaken your invalid habits!" said he, affecting genial interest. He shook hands with Edgar, touched his pulse a moment, and shook his head with a rallying smile.

"But you must not overdo it, Mr. Edgar. No new exertion to day. I am not quite satisfied with that pulse. You are too easily excited, and excitement is specially to be avoided, if you mean to escape from your captivity this week."

"I feel capitally," said Edgar, unsuspectingly; "I mean to make my first debut in the ladies' parlor. Lady Dunraven has asked me to try it to-day."

Sircombe's hardening face showed that he had already learned this item, and felt no ciation at the prospect.

He hesitated a little, then looked significantly at Edgar, and said:

"I would advise you not to try it to-day."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Edgar, dryly.

"Nor ever!" proceeded the director in a toneless voice.

"Sorry to dissuade you," retorted Edgar, his blood rising at the man's cool assumption of authority, "but I feel that I will accept Lady Dunraven's kind invitation. Oh, don't suffer from anxiety on my account. I am far stronger than you imagine," he added, ironically.

Mr. Sircombe walked about a little, knitting his brow and gnawing his lip.

He made an abrupt pause in front of Edgar, astonishing him by the intense animosity he betrayed in his face.

"I warn you," said he, quietly; "as one who has for many years been intimate with the interests of this house, I warn you not to take advantage of the accident which has thrust you in our midst. Retire, as you came, a stranger; in no other way can you so worthily repay the kindness which has been shown you here."

Edgar's own conscience echoed these words; but Mr. Sircombe's involuntary glare of hatred multiplied them in his mouth. What personal stake had he in the matter, that he should indulge in personal emotions?

"Fardon, but I am quite content to submit to Lady Dunraven's will in the matter," said Edgar, calmly; "I should be sorry, indeed, to cross you in anything that concerned yourself."

"Sir, sir, I would have you understand that this matter concerns me near," cried Sircombe in great heat; "my lord placed me in this house as his own representative—I am sole director here."

"Do you then wish to inform me that Lord Dunraven would object to my paying my grateful devotions to the ladies of this house, to whom I owe my life?" cried Edgar.

Again Sircombe walked about the room, lowering and pondering, at a loss how to annihilate this persistent antagonist.

Again he halted before Edgar, giving him a bitter look.

"It ill becomes either you or me to discuss the concerns of this family," said he; "you are an utter stranger; you must accept my word as authorized by my position. Lord Dunraven does not intend to accept a husband for Lady Ulva. Were a prince of England to sue for her hand, it would be denied him. Rank, or genius, or worth—they are all alike, Lady Ulva may never marry."

This statement, as it dropped slowly and deliberately from his lips, seemed to sicken speaker and hearer alike.

In passionate incredulity Edgar held his eyes with his own—Sircombe never winced, but watched his shocked and troubled face with gloomy satisfaction.

"I need not apologize for offering you officious information," said he presently. "Your face betrays the interest with which you already regard the young lady. It afflicts you to learn that she is never to be yours. Think, then, what affliction might be hers, if with such a sentiment in your heart you associated with her."

In the informal and intimate relations natural to her present situation? Could you deny yourself the luxury of feeding your lover-eyes upon her—of showing your best side to her; of doing all that lovers do to stir her fancy and awake her heart? You could not—your cool, then be generous, I implore you! Her father, who adores her, is not here to guard her; but I, to whom he confided both wife and child—I will guard her happiness against the world! I entreat—I command—you, to leave this home before you bring sorrow and a broken heart into it."

Without waiting to be questioned, the director bowed and departed, leaving Edgar overwhelmed.

Two mornings in one day.

CHAPTER VI.
THE KNIGHT HERBERT APPEARS.

Alas for the perversity of human nature! These obstacles set in the way of the youthful pair's interest in each other had the effect of instantly increasing it tenfold.

Lady Ulva's proud spirit resented hotly the interference of even so esteemed a personage as Kenmore, and his parting threat had the power of investing the handsome stranger with a new and romantic interest. She had naturally thought of him much while he lay in the great state-bed in the guest chamber, battling for the life that she had saved from the waves, but now she looked upon his image with very different eyes. Poor burling Kenmore! He had with his own hand unsealed the fountain of the maiden's romance, and made Edgar the hero of it.

As for Edgar, the secretary's interference had thoroughly roused his opposition. The more he pondered over the extraordinary statement he had made concerning Ulva, the more fiercely he doubted it. A deep distrust of Sircombe's character and motives began to haunt him; he felt it almost as a necessity laid upon him to stay and watch the man long enough to learn something of his nature and aims. Evidently Lord Incheape trusted him fully, or he would never have placed him in such a position in his household; but then, Lord Incheape never came to Dunraven, and knew no more than was reported to him—probably by Sircombe himself.

As a near connection of the family, Edgar reasoned that he had a right to remain with them if he chose, or could, and though he did not quite close his eyes to the fact that love had a great deal to do with his decision, he would not allow this to daunt him.

He joined the ladies as he had been invited, and found Mr. Sircombe installed beside Ulva by a distant window, and Lady Dunraven seated apart by a little work-table. But she was not working; like some antique statue of sorrow she leaned forward with bold arms outstretched across the table, and listless hands drooping from the edge, her face all pale and rapt, her bright, bright eyes fixed upon the heaving surface of waters which stretched between her and the world.

No mortal, spending sickness could have spread such a hazy shadow over that beautiful countenance; there was the very abandon of hopeless, agonizing misery in her attitude. Never before had Edgar chanced to see her thus, when, supposing herself quite unobserved, she had forgotten all around her, and given herself up to her despair.

Silently as a shadow he was at her side before one of the three noticed his entrance; heart-wrung and sore dismayed as he was, it was an ungrateful blow that made him grasp the hand that hung so lifeless, and hold it close between his two palms while he gazed at her with devotion in his eyes.

She was not startled—her thoughts had been too far off for that. She slowly came back to the present, and looked at him with recognition—a strange glance, that seemed to appeal to him like a murmur of pain; not asking him for help, but needing it as the drowning mute needs rescue.

Then, with a faint quivering sign, she raised her hand and signed him to a place on a couch, luxuriously cushioned, which had evidently been prepared for him.

"Ah, you are not strong yet; be docile and recline here beside me," she said with a soft solicitude. And when she raised her voice and called Ulva, who turned round with a little bright cry of surprise, and came swiftly down the long room, smiling welcome.

She wore a dark-blue transparent dress, lucid as the mountain mist, and threaded here and there with gold; her slender waist was also girded with gold, and her blue-black hair, dressed for the evening, was fastened by a comb of pretty gold filagree. His whole heart went out to her as she came smiling to welcome him. Not only beauty had she, but such modesty and truth, and a gentle womanhood, that all that was noblest in him bowed down before her.

This fair woman doomed to a loveless solitude?

By that nobility which he had ever found in Incheape—no!

Yonder dark-lined, lowering face belonged to a traitor, that was easier to believe.

"Now you shall soon be well," said Ulva, giving him her hand while her lustrous eyes beamed pure friendliness upon him. "The worst is passed when you can leave the sick room; before the week is out I prophesy that you will be exploring all the wonders of this old fortress with Mr. Sircombe, who is an enthusiastic archaeologist."

Mr. Sircombe, from his distant vantage ground, bowed here as he glanced at him; and a queer smile, just the end of one, flickered about his mouth.

"And are you also archaeologist?" asked Edgar covetously, as a vision of that charming girl wandering by his side through gloomy dungeons and half-choked corridors rose before his mind's eye.

She had seated herself close to Lady Dunraven, and was spreading out the meshes of some exquisite bit of needlework she had been busy over, on my lord's knee. Edgar watched the fairy nimbleness of her fingers, small and pointed as a Spaniard's, and ivory white, with rosy nails; not a ring marred their delicacy, not a bracelet spoiled the perfect arch of her wrists; her gauzy bodice (lung about her warm pretty shoulders like the d'aphanous veiling of a chiselled water-nymph. He watched her with the feeding gaze of enraptured admiration, a hectic fire kindling in each wax cheek.

It was the beautiful hour of first love; poor Edgar had not it was his feet.

"I am nothing so solemnly intellectual," replied she lightly to his last question; "though of course I am interested in all that be on my father's race, and I believe this ancient sea-tower has been in our hands 300 years. I have been in all the holes and corners that Mr.

Sircombe would allow me to explore, but the best are sealed mysteries to me. There are chambers cut in the solid rock beneath the tower—below the level of the high tide mark; in old days we smothered our enemies there."

"I should like to explore them," said Edgar, thinking less of the death-traps than of the ruby lips that spoke of them.

Mr. Sircombe abruptly stepped through the window beside him, and leaned over the broad stone balustrade, gazing at the glittering waves which lapped against the base of the cliff below.

The conversation proceeded between the youthful pair, Lady Dunraven leaning back in her carved chair, and listening or seeming to listen less than she looked at each animated face. Sometimes she roused herself to take part; and then Edgar, with mournful regret, could trace the signs of a once brilliant and accomplished mind, now smouldering down to dull indifference. He had heard much of this unhappy lady's spirit and fascination in the days when she reigned as queen of the social circle in the Incheape Fosse; like so many of her countrywomen, she had created a furor by her intellectual graces as much as by her refined and spirituelle type of beauty. No women in the world are more fervently admired than American women of culture when they come to shine in English circles. They wield the peculiar power of soul, and their delicacy and vivacity are rare charms in stately England.

Edgar was quickly adding links to the chain which bound him to Dunraven Tower. Love attracted him, but a more generous sentiment subjugated him—this wronged lady needed help.

That strange glance of her which seemed to follow him like a low murmur of pain, how could he check it? She asked no help, she only pined and suffered for lack of it.

To this chain, fastened upon him by his own feeling alone, he could oppose no considerations of selfish caution.

Sitting there between the girl he now boldly acknowledged to himself that he adored, and the woman who had roused all that was most generous in his nature, he said to himself:

"Must I will do my best to bring back her happiness."

Glancing upward with the fire of that inspiring resolve in his eyes, he met the gaze of Mr. Sircombe fastened upon him. Caught unawares, Sircombe had let his very soul look out through those windows, his eyes, and Edgar started in pure amazement. It was like a glimpse through the windows of hell.

But even as he stared the expression changed to a natural one, and Mr. Sircombe sauntered along the balcony out of sight. I looking into the garden when he came to the corner of the tower, he saw old Kenmore training up his young lady's roses upon their trellis.

Mr. Sircombe entered the building by a summer portal upon the balcony, and very soon sauntered into the garden and came to a halt by Kenmore. He had something in his mind to say to that superstitious person.

He said it by degrees.

Edgar looked about Lady Dunraven's usual living room with sympathetic interest. It was crammed with articles of beauty or for amusement—but all were for Ulva.

There stood the piano, of dark and lustrous wood, in a niche arched with pink-veined marble, the white keys smiling out of the darkness. A tangle of briar roots and heather lay across the top and dropped upon the key-board, and Ulva's blue velvet Scotch cap with its single feather nestled among the odorous leaves.

The gloomy duskiness of the antique-paneled room had been brightened by voluminous draperies of palest blush-rose and palest sky color; against this background Ulva's harp stood out prettily upon its gilded pedestal.

Bright cabinets, gilt and carved, filled in the alcoves; the carpet was like palest moss, the very tenderest, early green, dashed with lower petals; luxurious lounges and ottomans were provided for the relief of changing attitudes to the poor captive wife; lovely figure-pictures hung thickly upon the walls—no landscapes, to wake the maddening thirst for freedom.

The windows were modern in shape and size, and were filled in with many exquisite flowers, over which the sunset glow was now streaming into the room, turning it into a grotto in cloud-land.

A large picture was suspended over the fireplace, but nothing of it was visible but a corner of the richly gilded frame; the painting was entirely concealed by a heavy red-velvet curtain.

Edgar guessed rightly that Lord Incheape's features might be seen behind those shrouding folds, and that the banished wife had veiled them from the stranger.

A sudden burning impatience of this misery and mystery beset him.

Why, why must these two fair women live isolated, and conceal their identity from all comers?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

What Are Pearls?
Pearls are carbonate of lime, the same substance of which the shell of the oyster is composed, and are identified with the "mother of pearl" which forms the interior of the pearl oyster shell. A high temperature will reduce any pearl to common lime, and in the heat of an ordinary fire a pearl will completely lose its identity and become a pinch of white powder.

All precious stones are injured by a high temperature: the diamond being almost pure carbon, is completely consumed at a temperature somewhat greater than white heat. When the Southern Hotel was burned in this city some years ago, a lady guest left her diamonds in her room. As the gems were large and valuable, careful search was made for them after the ruins had cooled, and they were found, but the intense heat had covered every stone with a white crust, where partial combustion had taken place. Rubies, sapphires and emeralds lose their color on exposure to heat, while the semi-precious stones such as the amethyst, topaz and garnet, are completely ruined by a comparatively low heat.—St. Louis Tradesman.

JOHN LOTHEP MOTLEY'S daughter, Lady Harcourt, lives in London, and has the reputation of being one of the cleverest and wittiest women in English society. She is, also, extremely handsome.

THE French railway companies have reduced the fare of third-class passengers to one cent per mile.

VELASCO REJOICING.

OYSTERS FOR THE MILLIONS—COOKED TO ORDER, FREE.

She Invites the People of the Trans-Mississippi to Rejoice With Her December 15—Excursion On Great Ocean Ships Free.

VELASCO, TEXAS, Nov. 28.—On the 15th of next month this infant city will celebrate the accomplishment of deep water.

For twenty long years the great West has wished and waited for a deep harbor on the Gulf Coast of Texas. To-day they have their wish. At Velasco, the mouth of the Brazos river where it empties into the Gulf of Mexico, private money and Western enterprise has accomplished what Government money, expended under the direction of Government engineers, entirely failed in.

Capt. Eads put to shame the silk-shirted, kid-gloved, sleek and well-fed engineers of the United States at the mouth of the Mississippi river, and now again, Mr. E. L. Corthell, who was Capt. Eads' chief, has heaped more shame upon them at the mouth of the Brazos river. They reported that the jetties at the Mississippi's mouth would fail of what Capt. Eads promised. Every school boy knows the triumph of brave Capt. Eads.

They reported that the mouth of the Brazos, a channel 6 feet deep and 100 feet wide, could not be maintained. In two years a channel 177 7-10 feet deep and 250 feet wide has been opened without dredges and the scour of the river is not only maintaining it, but wearing it deeper every day.

It Did Not Cost Uncle Sam One Cent. either. Now we are rejoicing, and we ask all the thirteen million people of the West to come down on the 15th of December and rejoice with us.

The railroads will sell you round-trip tickets for one fare, good for thirty days, and we will take the best care of you. Our deep water and our landlock harbor belong to you. Every producer in the West has a dollar and cent interest in Velasco. Every tax-payer in the Union must be its friend because it is a public work which has been accomplished without digging into his pocket for the cost.

A city is building already. The great ocean's commerce of the world has rushed through the channel made by the jetties into Velasco and is demanding business attention. Fruits of the South, sugar and lumber from the East, coal, silks in large ships which could not get into other Gulf ports without expensive lighterage charges, are demanding that Velasco take their cargoes and give them return freight of cotton, wheat, corn, flour and meats.

Velasco is only 135 days old, but its commerce is established; every department of trade is inviting, begging some one to take the business. Three hundred and seventy-one firms are already established, but the business of a city of 15,000 or 20,000 people would not be enough to answer the demands.

In 135 days at private sale \$715,000 dollars worth of lots have been sold. On the 16th and 17th of December there will be a public auction of every other block in the city. These blocks have been reserved for this sale. You can at that time buy lots which are across the street in great brick business blocks which are being piled up as fast as men can handle brick and mortar.

All railroads will give information or you can get it by writing to the Velasco Commercial Club.

Come down and see us grow, whether you buy a lot or not. You may need a tonic and three days with us, where the roses are blooming in every yard and fat oysters sleep in every creek, will repay you for the trip. We will welcome you. Remember the dates of the HARBOR OPENING with oyster roast and ship excursion, Dec. 15. The auction sale, Dec. 16 and 17. We will give our right hand in welcome to all who come.

O. W. CRAWFORD.

No Need of Bathing.
A noted medical practitioner once told a newspaper man that there was no need of bathing. "You might as well grease yourself all over," said he. "Look at the noble Comanche. Where will you find a more lithe and lusty specimen of agile, muscular manhood? He never bathes. He hates the water with as keen an antipathy as does a mad dog. Take my advice, young man, imitate the Comanche. What he knows he knows by experience just as the bear knows that his place is on dry land and as a beaver knows he can live in the wet."



Stick to it!

Sometimes you may have to wait. The troubles that have been years in gathering can't always be cleared away in a day. For all the diseases and disorders peculiar to womanhood, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the surest and speediest remedy. You can depend upon that—but if your case is obstinate, give it reasonable time.

It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nerve, and a positive specific for female weaknesses and ailments. All functional disturbances, painful irregularities and derangements are corrected and cured by it. All unnatural discharges, bearing-down sensations, weak back, accompanied with faint spells and kindred symptoms, are corrected. In every case for which it's recommended, "Favorite Prescription" is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or the money is refunded. No other medicine for women is sold on such terms. That proves that nothing else offered by the dealer can be "just as good."

"No noise is good news," said the condemned criminal when he learned of his reprieve.

A Chamber of Horrors.

The apartment to which the unhappy wretch is confined by inflammatory rheumatism is indeed a chamber of horrors. Agony, the tortures inflicted by his agonizing complaint, and those endured by persons suffering from milder forms of it are severe enough. Obsolete as it is in its nature, it is a sure remedy at the outset with Hostetter's Stomach Bitter, an infinitely safer and more effective remedy than the poisons often used to subdue it. Always should it be borne in mind by those seeking relief from rheumatism, that though considerable the incipient stage, it is not only stubborn but dangerous when fully developed, on account of its tendency to reach the vital parts. This consideration should lead to the early adoption of curative measures. The Bitters will overcome malarial, kidney, dyspeptic and bilious troubles.

Never hire a person who wants to know why you want something done.

Use Brown's Bronchial Trochies for Coughs, Colds and all other Throat Troubles.—"Fre-eminently the best."—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

A Volume in a Word.

Friend: What became of that young man you were engaged to last summer?—Miss Catchem (innocently)—Which one?—New York Weekly.

Why Continue the Use of Remedies that only relieve, when Ely's Cream Balm, pleasant of application, and a sure cure for Catarrh and cold in head, can be had.

I had a severe attack of catarrh and became so deaf that I could not hear common conversation. I suffered terribly from roaring in my head. I procured a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, and in three weeks could hear as well as ever, and now I can say to all who are afflicted with the worst of diseases, catarrh, take Ely's Cream Balm. It is worth \$1.00 to any man, woman or child suffering from catarrh.—A. E. Newman, Grayling, Mich.

Apply Balm to each nostril. It is Quickly Absorbed. Gives Relief Instantly. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

The boy who begins in early life to stay out late at night and smoke cigarettes, even though he does nothing worse, hasn't long to stay. He soon becomes an angel.

DR. TALMAGE'S GENIUS.

DR. TALMAGE has a genius for doing things on a gigantic scale. For over twenty years he has now held spell-bound, Sunday after Sunday, the largest audience in the Protestant world. His church is the largest church edifice in the world. The Christian Herald, published at the Bible House, New York City, and edited by Dr. Talmage, has the largest circulation of all the great religious family newspapers of the country.

Last winter it placed an order for 25,000 gilt-edged, Divinity circuit, genuine Oxford Teachers' Bibles, which is said to have elapsed in size and amount any book order before given. In its sale, it will give every one of these 25,000 Bibles were given away to new subscribers to The Christian Herald, thus adding the largest number of new subscriptions ever secured by any religious publication in the same time. Another large order for Oxford Teachers' Bibles has just been called to London and one of these should be in the hands of every man, woman and child. Send your name and address and \$2 to T. DeWitt Talmage, Bible House, and you will receive each week for one year The Christian Herald, which the Rev. F. E. Clark, the founder of the Christian Endeavor Society, heartily commends to the young people connected with that organization, and an Oxford's Teachers' Bible, containing helps, maps, concordance, with 40,000 references, subject-index, in short, everything the active Christian requires for an intelligent comprehension of Bible truth.