

CHAPTER VI.

The two companions walked on for some distance without speaking, for they both had plenty to think of, and each seemed to have thoughts which he wished to keep from the other. Goupart was the first to break the silence.

"Louis," he asked, in a half careless tone, "does Simon Lobois love your sis-ter?"

Louis fairly started at the strange question, and after regarding his companion for a moment, as if to assure himself that he had heard aright, he replied:

'Love her? Simon live Louise? What do you mean?"

"I mean what I ask. Has Simon Lobois ever thought of marrying with Louise?"

"Why, what a question! Are your wits turned? But why do you ask?" "Simply because I-I wished to know."

"Ha! Goupart, you suspect something. Now, out with it. If you love me, tell me all. Am I not right?"

"I cannot say that I really suspect, Louis, but I can see some small straws in the wind, and I should like to find which way they lie."

"Go ahead. Speak on."

"Then listen, Louis. You heard the answer that red villain made when you asked him who sent him to kill us? He said they did hot mean to kill you. Do you believe he spoke the truth then?"

"Yes, Goup; they meant to kill one of us, and only one. The arrow that came near your head was meant for you, only you must have moved after the shaft started. Had they meant death for both us, we should hardly have known what killed us, for then they would have been at home in their work. When we started up, they could not well shoot you without endangering my life, and thus they got bothered. They were mistaken in their estimate of my character, for they really believed, when they drew tomahawks, and commenced their their death-howl and dance, that we should be frightened out of our wits.'

They were mistaken, in truth," returned Goupart. And then, in a changed tone, he added, "But you see they meant to kill me, and only capture you. Now, what does it mean? Can you inform me of any possible pin whereon to hang a thought?"

For some distance Louis walked thoughtfully on, and when he spoke, his voice was very low and distinct. "You asked me if Simon Lobois loved

my sister? Had you any reason for suspecting such a thing?" It was now Goupart's turn to hesitate,

-but it was not for a long time. "I have reason to believe that he hates

me. Now, why should he be so? While I knew him in France, we were on the most friendly terms. To be sure, I used to beat him at the pistol, but then he more than made up for it in the sword play. But we were the best friends imaginable. Now, however, he hates or fears me, and the more he tries to hide it, the more plainly can I see it. Now, whence comes it, if not from his fear of losing Louise?

"Goupart, there's a show of substance there! Yet I never thought that Simon was a man to love deeply."

coccessessessessessesses understand the truth. They took the way around back of the barn, so that no one could see them from the house until they arrived, and thus they entered by the postern; and when they reached the hall, Louis just caught a sight of Lobois standing upon the plazza, and looking carnestly off in the direction of the river path. The youth bade Goupart remain behind, and then he walked out upon the piazza. Lobois started when he SRW

him, "Ah, safe back!" uttered Simon. "Where's St. Denis?" "Alas, I fear he's a prisoner!" return-

ed Louis, sadly. "A prisoner! How?" articulated Si-

mon. And as he spoke, the youth looked in vain for the first expression of sorrow. "Why, I left him just now with Louise,

and upon my soul, I think the poor fel-low's captivated! But what's the matter, Simon?"

"Nothing-nothing; only you startled me somewhat when you said St. Denis was a prisoner, for I knew not but that some roving band of Indians might have fallen upon you. Jesting upon such mat-ters is rather out of place." And with this Simon Lobois walked away.

"Aha, Simon Lobois!" muttered Louis, to himself, after the man had gone, "you "Twas were startled in the wrong place. the truth that startled you, and not the iest!

Lobois did not show much of his real feelings when he sat down to the table, for he came in smiling to the supper room, and hardly had he taken his seat ere he turned to Goupart and said:

"St. Denis, master Louis came nigh frightening me a short time since. He told me you were a prisoner, and, for the moment, I feared you had really fallen into the hands of the Indians." "Well," returned Goupart, "we both

of us came within an ace of it; so Louis had some foundation for his report."

"How? What?" uttered the marquis. "Did ye meet with any danger?" "Only six stout Indians, who tried to

kill Goupart, and take me prisoner," returned Louis. Simon Lobois did not appear surprised,

but he trembled, and the color forsook his cheeks. Sharp eyes were watching him. Louise looked up with a startled incredulous expression, while the old man made three ineffectual attempts to ask a question. But Louis relieved him by commencing with the first sight of the deer, and ending with the death of the

fellow who died by the tree. "They were Natchez," said the marquis, breathlessly.

"No. They were Chickasaws-all of them."

For the next few moments, various were the questions asked and answered, and the old man seemed about equally balanced between astonishment and pride

in his brave boy. "But what could it mean?" uttered Siman, who felt it necessary to say some thing.

"Ay, what could it?" repeated Louise. trembling with apprehension, but very strangely indeed, looking oftener and longer upon Goupart than upon Louis. "Yes-that's it!" cried the old man.

"What could they mean?" "Why," returned Louis, "I can imag ine but one cause. They know your wealth, father, and they must have hop-

ed that if they could secure me, they would have received a great ransom for me. They probably saw that Goupart was a stranger, and so they meant to put him out of the way, in order that he might not expose them."

Simon breathed very freely now; and the marquis looked upon this as a very probable explanation of the mystery.

After supper, Louis and Goupart em-braced the first opportunity to be alone together. "What think you now?" asked Gou-

part. "O. Goupart, I know not what to think!

tears.

"Yes. Goupart; I remember very well." "Ah, those were happy times, Louise!"

"Yes-yes. And yet, in all, they were no happier than we find them here now, for my father was not happy there. "I know-I know. And, after all, what happiness, but the offspring of con-Those were happy hours there in the old garden at Clermont, and I have seen some happy ones here."

"O-and we'll see a great many more." "I hope so-I believe so. But tell me, Louise, do you remember how we used to laugh and talk there, in that old garden, and in the old chateau, and how you used to plague and pester me?" I remember very well. And Yes.

how well you used to bear it!" "And do you remember how you used to pinch my cheek, and box my ears?"

"And why was it? Why did you de those things?"

"Because-because you used to pes ter me."

"How did I pester you? Come-now tell me." And as Goupart thus spoke, he reached out and took the fair girl's hand.

But she made no reply. Her eyes were bent upon the ground, and the warm, rich blood mounted to her cheeks and temples.

"If you will not tell me, may I tell you?" whispered the young man, tremu-

lously. "But I may have forgotten what yo mean," said Louise, casting a furtive glance up into her companion's face, but dropping her eyes again when she found how eagerly his gaze was fastened upon her. "You used to pester me in many

ways," "Yet I can remember of but one. Shall

I speak it?" "Certainly you may speak."

"Then 'twas for calling you my little wife that you used to do these things. And more, too; you used to assure me that when you became my wife in earnest, you should be strong enough to pinch and box me as I deserved. Don't you remember?"

"But-but I was a child then," murmured Louise, trembling.

"Ay-and we were both children, You were then a laughing, buoyant gir of ten, and I a wild youth of seventeen. Those were times when the heart hid none of its emotions. Ah, Louise, many a time since then have I looked back upon those hours, and tried to analyze the emotions that moved me then. It seemed strange that I should have then

taken an image upon my heart that the hand of time could never efface--and that, too, the image of a mere child. But do you remember when the painter, Vivi-

ani, came to the old chateau, and I hired him to paint your miniature on ivory?" "Yes," murmured Louise, now looking

St. Denis opened his vest, and from beneath it he drew a golden locket that opened by means of a spring. He pressed it, and the case separated, revealing a sweet face—a childlike countenance, yet full of soul and life. The golden hair hung in wild profusion about the

dimpled cheeks, and a beaming smile dwelt in the deep blue eyes, and upon the parting lips. "Do you know whom that was taken

for?" Goupart whispered.

"O, yes-'tis me; 'tis mine. I remem-ber it well. O, how like Louis it looks!" "Because it looks even now like you. But listen, Louise, Seven years-yes, eight years-I have owned this sweet transcript, and not for one moment, dur-ing all that time, has it left my possession. Never have my eyes closed sleep but it has rested upon my bosom, and never a waking hour but I have worn it next my heart. Think you I have forgotten the sweet love of my boyhood?" Gradually the fair girl's head sank upon her companion's bosom, and when she looked up again, her eyes were filled with

****** ____OLD____ FAVORITES

Out of the Old House, Nancy. but of the old house, Nancy-moved up

into the new, All the hurry and worry is just as good as through.

Only a bounden duty remains for and I-And that's to stand on the doorstep here, and bid the old house good-by.

Probably you remember how rich we was

that night, When we was fairly settled, an' had things snug and tight;

We feel as proud as you please, Nancy, over our house that's new, But we felt as proud under this old roof,

and a good deal prouder, too. Never a handsomer house was seen be-

neath the sun:

Kitchen and parlor and bedroom-had 'em all in one; * And the fat old wooden clock, that bought when we came West,

Was tickin' away in the corner there, and doin' its level best.

Trees was all around us, a-whisperin' cheerin' words; Loud as the squirrel's chatter, and sweet

the songs of birds;

And home grew sweeter and brighter our courage began to mount-And things looked hearty and happy

then, and work appeared to count. Then our first-born baby-a regular lit-

tle joy, Though I fretted a little because it

wasn't a boy; Wa'n't she a little flirt, though, with all her pouts and smiles?

Why, settlers come to see that show a half a dozen miles.

Yonder sat the cradle-a homely, homemade thing-And many a night I rocked it, providin'

you would sing; And many a little squatter brought up

with us to stay-And so that cradle, for many a year, was

never put away.

Yes, a deal has happened to make this old house dear; Christenin's, funerals, weddin's-what haven't we had here?

Not a log in this buildin' but its memories has got, And not a nail in this old floor but

touches a tender spot.

Out of the old house, Nancy-moved up into the new; All the hurry and worry is just as good

as through: But I tell you a thing right here, that I

ain't ashamed to say, There's precious things in this old house we never can take away. -Will Carleton.

THEN JIMSON WENT TO BED.

Just Because He Had No Words to Fit-

heavy drain upon his treasury; and to tingly Express His Feelings. prevent a repetition of the experience, in future rewarded his poets more Young Jimson and his wife went out to the country the other Saturday, telljustly. ing the domestic that they would spend the night at Jimson's brother's. Arriving there, they found that Jimyoung man who has reached the age son's brother's family-in-law had deof 24 with no apparent thought of takscended upon him from all parts and ing to himself a wife, although all his in legions, so that there was not even companions have either "settled" or a mantel-piece to sleep on; so after

"How did you get in?" demanded Jimson hoarsely. "Why just after you left to break in the window I remembered I had told Katie to leave the door unlatched for

just such an emergency, and I thought it would be such fun to surprise you. I beat you in! I beat you in!" Jimson went to bed .- New York Evening Post.

BIG PIANO BARGAINS.

Great Accumulation of Second Hand and

Slightly Used Planos and Organs

Being Disposed of by Ellers Piano

House for Almost Nothing.

The varitey of makes is immense.

Uprights and squares, the finest pianos

made, many but slightly used, that

have been turned in to us as part pay-

ment on new instruments. Every one

thoroughly renovated and in perfect

condition. As a result of our immense

holiday and club sales, the accomula-

tion has become so great we must dis-

pose of them to make room for the large

shipments of new pianos now coming

in. It is cheaper to sell the old instru-

Wents at a sacrifice than pay rental for

additional warehouse room. We are therefore making prices that will prove

a snap to any one who wants a standard

piano for their children to learn to

play on. Every one will be found in

Pianos.

action, \$60.00; Hallett & Davis, \$/5.00;

Kranich & Bach, \$95.00; Marshall &

Wendell, \$68.00; Gale, a fine little

instrument, \$25.00; Ernest Gabler,

\$92.00; Emerson, \$65.00; Mixsell,

\$80.00; Marshall & Wendell, \$57.00;

J. P. Hale, \$88.00. Terms \$10.00 to

\$15.00 dowr, and monthly payments

Organs

Chicago Cottage, as good as new,

\$34.00; one handsome Mason & Ham-

lin, with large mirror and hig htop,

for \$59.00; one of the celebrated A. H.

Whitneys, \$41.00; fancy cased Pack-

avi, \$43.00; Crown, guaranteed for 10

years, \$52 00; the great Western Cot-

tage, \$45.00; Smith-American, very fine,

\$28.00; another Kimball, used two

vears, \$49.00; an Estey, good as new,

\$42.00. The payments on these organs

are only \$5.00 down and \$8.00 a

These are only partial lists. If you

are interested in securing one of these

bargains write us for complete list and

any further particulars you may desire.

The opportunity is a rare one, you are

certain to get inuch more out of any

one of these pianos than the price would indicate. The finest, of course, will

so first, so if you want to get the best

in this sale, you will need to see or

write us at once. Eilers Plano House,

the great Western piano dealers, Wash

Oregon. Other large houses San Fran-

And One of Them Went Wrong.

Adam was lucky in another way.

He had no friends to come around

telling him how he ought to bring up

Salted Bathers.

the water have their skin instantly

The Art of Canning Fruit.

The art of canning fruit in large

Bathers in the Dead sea on leaving

his boys .- Chicago Record Herald.

covered with a thin layer of salt.

\$4.00 and \$5.00.

month.

graved it upon this, and it lies in the ington street, corner Park, Portland,

He had brought it, wrapped up, on cisco, Spokane and Sacramento.

Emerson, upright, in very handsome

This is an extraordinary opportunity.



An Arab king, whose name is not re-

corded, had the faculty of retaining in

his memory any poem which he had

once heard. He had, too, a mameluke

who could repeat a poem that be had

twice heard, and a female slave who

could repeat one that she had heard

thrice. Whenever a poet came to com-

pliment the king with an ode, the king

would promise him that if he found his

The poet, delighted, would recite his

to do so she would repeat what she

had thus thrice heard; so the poet

would go empty-handed away. Dr.

E. W. Lane, in "Arabian Society in

the Middle Ages," gives the story of a

The famous poet, El-Asmal, having

heard of this proceeding, and guessing

the trick, composed an ode made up of

very difficult words, and disguising

himself, went to the palace and pre-

He repeated his ode. The king, per-

plexed and unable to remember any of

It, made a sign to the mameluke, but

he had, too, retained nothing. Then

he called the female slave, but she also

"O brother of the Arabs," said the

king, "thou hast spoken truth, and the

ode is thine without doubt. Produce,

therefore, what it is written upon, and

we wil give thee its weight in mon-

"Wilt thou," said the poet, 'send one

"To carry what?" asked the king.

"No, my lord the Sultan," replied the

poet. "At the time I composed it there

was not a plece of paper near me

upon which to write it, but only a

fragment of a marble column; so I en-

the back of a camel. The king, to ful-

fill his promise, was obliged to make a

Perishable Goods.

In a Vermont village there lives a

wanting he should have a dozen taken

so I could give 'em round to his

right to you every morning, will start

a kind of affectionate feeling. I've

been waiting in the hopes he'd think

"Is it not upon a paper here in thy

was unable to repeat a word.

ey, as we have promised."

of the attendants to carry it?"

poet who outwitted this king:

sented himself.

possession?

court of the palace."

written upon.

equal in weight to what they were and restored.

verses to be his original composition, perfect tune and beautiful in appear-

he would give him a sum of money ance, having been thoroughly polished

ode; and the king would say, "It is not new, for I have known it some years." \$125.00; Fisher upright, in perfect

Then he would repeat it as he had condition, \$150.00; Ludwig, in exheard it. After that he would add. cellent tone, \$165.00; A. P. Chase,

"An this mameluke also remembers \$246.00; Singer, in perfect condition,

It;" and the mameluke would repeat \$195.00; Stienways for \$265.00, \$90.00

it. To make the proof seem plainer and \$72.00, according to age and con-

still the king would then say to the dition, but all in good order; Brakett,

poet, "I have also a female slave who \$75.00; Hardman, \$78.00; McCam-

can repeat it," and on his ordering her mon, \$54.00; Marshall & Traver, fine

o love what?

"Why-any female." "Ah," returned Goupart, "he may have a strong affection, however, for some thousand pieces of hard, yellow gold. The dying man said, if you remember, that there was a strange bird in the engle's nest!"

Yes-yes.'

"I might have feared that suspicion would fall on me, had not I been one of the intended victims. But tell me, Louis, what you think of it."

"I know not what to think now! But you have touched a strange point. We will watch Simon Lobois when we reach home.'

"We will," uttered Goupart, eagerly. "We will watch him."

"Ay," resumed Louis, upon whose mind the startling suspicion seemed to work now, "we will work it so that we will come upon him suddenly; and while we tell of our adventure, we will note his face. I have loved that man in days gone by, for he has been faithful to me, yet I have found him growing somewhat strange of late. Ha! what's that? Louise, as I'm a sinner! Goup, I'll ask her a question now, ere we reach the house!

The two hunters had now reached the field next to the dwelling, and they saw Louise, accompanied by Tony and one female slave, coming to meet them. As soon as the first merry greetings were over, and Tony had taken the venison, Louis drew his sister aside,

"Louise," he said, assuming a smile, though he felt it not, "I know you will pardon me if I ask you a very foolish question, but yet I hope you will answer me truly. Has Simon Lobois ever said anything to you whereby you could suspect that he wished to possess you for his?"

"Why, Louis, what has put such a thing into your head?" uttered the beau-tiful girl, looking her brother in the face with a smiling expression.

"The thought has come to me, and it is really for my interest to know. Now tell me if he has ever let drop any word to that effect."

"Really, Louis, I ought not to-"Aha! you've exposed yourself. Now out with it."

'Well, then, he has."

"I thought so." . "I told him I should fear he was crazy if he ever spoke so again.'

"Then he spoke plainly-he-"" "I'll tell you, Louis. He swore he should die if I did not wed him; and I laughed at him, and told him he was crazy. I never dreamed of such a thing before.'

"And when was this?"

"On the very next night after Goupart's arrival."

Shortly after this the brother and sister allowed St. Denis to rejoin them, and Louis was not long in making him

I cannot believe it that would do such a thing, and yet things look dark against him. He has asked Louise for her hand-asked her earnest

ly and perseveringly." "And she-what was her answer?" "Why, as you may suppose, she laugh

ed at his folly." "Then I fear he is at the bottom of

this. But let us watch him. We will keep our suspicions a secret for a while at least, and while we exercise the utmost care for ourselves, we will watch him also."

"You are right, Goupart. I will only make one confidant, and that shall be old Tony. He is a keen, quick-witted fellow, and I cannot only trust him, but I can depend much upon his sagacity. He has been with my father ever since I was born, as you know. He was one of the poor fellows who were taken from the wreck of the slaver at the Cape de Verdes, and he went to France with my father from choice. He alone shall help

us now. And thus the matter was left for the present.

CHAPTER VII.

Another week passed away, and nothing further occurred to mar the pleasures of the young people at the chateau. Of course, a dark suspicion sometimes threw a cloud over their souls, but then they saw nothing new to worry them, and they had begun to hope that, after all, their danger had its rise in the cupidity of the Chickasaws. And during this week, too, Simon Lobois had been more sociable and agreeable than before, and perhaps he was not an evil man at all. At any rate, they tried to hope so. Tony had seen nothing yet, though he always shook his head very dubiously when the dark cousin's name was mentioned.

It was a pleasant afternoon, and Goupart had wandered off to where some beautiful wild flowers were just peeping into blossom down by the river's bank in the front gardes. But he was not alone. Louise was with him. He had not asked her to come with him, nor had she asked him where he was going. They walked on and came to'a seat where a huge grapevine had been trailed up over about it. They stopped here and and sat down. The sun was already nearing the distant tree tops, and the air was soft and balmy.

"Louise," spoke the young man, at length, and his voice was very low and tremulous, "do you remember the great garden back of the old chateau in Clermont?

"O, yes; I remember it well," returned the maiden, with a sparkling eye.

"And do you remember how we used to go out there and pick flowers, and how you used to weave long garlands

with your tiny fingers, and throw them over my head?"

(To be continued.)

Bringing Him to Terms. "I would like to have your photograph for an article to be published in our Sunday paper," said the representative of the sensational journal."

"Couldn't think of it," said the man whose sudden fame was due to the fact that his son had eloped with a

variety acress. "I have no desire for notoriety." "Of course," was the reply, "if you

prefer to have me sketch you from memory after I get back to the office---

"Take it!" cried the man, hastily tendering the photograph. "I've seen some of those memory sketches."-Chicago Evening Post.

Looking Forward.

Old Gotrox-So you want to marry my daughter, eh? What are your financial prospects?

Young Brokeleigh-First-rate, thank you-especially if I succeed in getting the position I am after.

Old Gotrox-And what, may I inquire, is the position you speak of? Young Brokeleigh-That of son-inlaw to your daughter's father.

Distrustful.

Stickney-I don't trust that new book keeper.

Pickney - Leave your umbrella where he can get it; then if he steals your umbrella you'll know he is a

thief. Stickney-Good scheme! Er-do you mind stepping out a moment while I put the umbrella into position?-Ohio State Journal.

City Star.

Wings Sprouted. "Mamma," asked little Nellie, "what is an angel?"

"An angel? Well, an angel is a beautiful young girl that flies.'

"But, mamma, why does papa always call my nursie an angel?" "Hum," responded the mother, after

a moment of thought. "Your nursie is going to fly immediately."-Kansas

A Reginning.

Resident-Think of opening an office in this neighborhood, ch? Seems to me you are rather young for a family physician.

Young Poctor-Y-e-s, but-er-I shall only doctor children at first .- New York Weekly.

There is a great difference between being buoyant and flamboyant.

dinner they came home.

"Please give me the key," said Jimson, at the top of the fifth flight. "Of course Katle is out." "Jimmle, I gave you the key this

morning, and told you particularly not to lose It."

"Yes," said Jimson, "and called me back when I was halfway down stairs and took it back. Where is it?" "On the bureau, of course," said

Mrs. Jimson cheerily. "Isn't it nice that I remember where it is. I can just see where I put it."

friends-young ladies-for sometimes a "If you had an X-ray to put through picture standing on a bureau, facing an X-ray door, as well as X-ray eyes," said Jimson, with gloom, "It might be better. Can your Roentgen mind suggest any method of getting into our of it himself, but when I saw this peaceful home?"

spring that he was beginning to fade "I have it!" cried Mrs. Jimson, clapand show his age, I took matters right ping her hands. "You know the Smalls into my own hands, and marched him have just gone out of the opposite to the photographer quick as I could. apartment! Well, you go through I only hope some good may come of there and out on their fire escape to It.' ours, and then open the kitchen win-Wash the Bank Notes.

dow.' "Yes," said Jimson, "that's nice. Katie always locks and bars the window when I have no key, and leaves it wide open when I have mine and yours and hers and two or three spare ones. Oh, yes, that's a fine scheme.'

"Now, don't get sarcastic. All you've got to do is to take my diamond ring and cut out a little square in the glass to put your hand through and then unlock the catch."

"Your what ring?" retorted Jimson. "Do you think that glass can be cut with glass such as-"

"It's the engagement ring you gave me," said Mrs. Jimson mildly.

"That's it," replied Jimson, "interrupting again. If you had let me finish I was going to say that I wouldn't spoll a fine diamond by trying to cut common or garden glass with it. You annov me terribly sometimes, Mrs.

Jimson." Mrs. Jimson remained discreetly silent for a few moments while Jimson glowered at the door.

"You might break the glass, you know," she finally hinted.

Jimson departed grimly, and soon the sound of smashing glass echoed by all the cats in the neighborhood was heard. He turned the catch, opened the window and walked down the hall wiping with a dishcloth the blood off his hand, which he had cut, and found his wife cheerfully lighting the gas.

"I beat you! I beat you!" she exclaimed, gleefully.

left the place. He is regarded by the quantities has reached a stage little entire community as a confirmed bach- dreamed of by our grandparents 25 and elor. His mother looks upon his state 50 years ago. The best example of with a sadness which has afforded this advance is found in the Monopole more or less amusement to her summer brand of fruits and vegetables. The boarders.

fruits are delicious and sweet and re-"There's one of his last pictures," tain all their natural flavor. The vegesaid the mother, displaying a phototables taste almost exactly as though graph on a small card. "It's a good they were direct from the garden. likeness, ain't it? Getting kind o' They, are packed under a beautiful blue drawed round the mouth, same as his label. First class dealers handle them. pa, he is. I said to him that I'd been Wadhams & Kerr Bros., Portland.

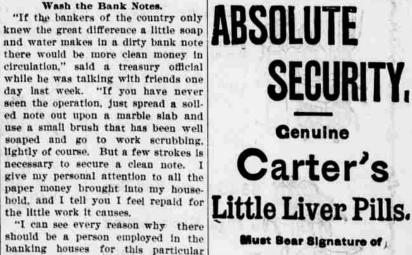
A Smitten Conscience.

Dr. Fourthly-I believe my sermon on sincerity this morning sank deep into some hearts and did good.

Parishioner-Yes; as Foley and his wife went home he explained to people on the street car that his wife's hair and teeth were false.

Fainting.

When a person faints, place in a flat position and apply camphor or ammonia to nostrils and loosen clothing.



Great Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Be

patrons concerning the dirty, oily notes that are too frequently handed to them. They may be full of germs, which, of course, are dangerous; and this risk could be easily eliminated by the simple use of soap and water." A Necessary Evil.

"My dear sir," said the physician, "you should take something for your liver."

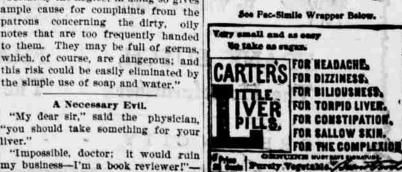
duty," continued the official, according

to the New York Mail and Express.

'Certainly the neglect in doing so gives

"Impossible, doctor; it would ruin my business-I'm a book reviewer!"-Atlanta Constitution.

the little work it causes.



CURE SICK HEADACHE.

