

Muriel Rivers' Love.

BY LUTHER SERLE KENNETH.

From Peoples Home Journal.

CHAPTER I.

Six o'clock A gray horse, tethered to an apple-tree, champed and pawed impatiently in the deep red clover. The place was called Clover Farm. The horse stood near the gate of the avenue of elms, which led down from the old brown house to the road. He had stood so long that he had stripped the leaves and young apples from the lower branches of the tree, and had trampled down several yards of the rank clover and mallows which grew there. The west began to redden, and, by-and-by, it was seven o'clock and the sun commenced to set. Scarlets and gold flashed into the sky, the air grew cold and damp, the little birds twittered, flying swiftly across the fields, and when the glorious sunset had subsided to a streak of pale amber, it was eight o'clock, and Stephen Martial emerged from the door of the farmhouse, and came rapidly down the avenue to his horse. The animal turned his head, and neighed gladly, but there came no token of answering affection from his master. He vaulted into the saddle, turned the horse's head down the road, and rode away in the dun summer twilight.

A face watched him from the farmhouse window—a face young, pale, and strained in its intensity of pain. The face of Muriel Rivers.

The dun twilight deepened over the fields. The recesses of the woods were already dark as midnight, yet there was light enough in that room to show Muriel Rivers cast down upon an old-fashioned divan beneath the windows, her hair falling loosely over her pale face her form huddled miserably. Her nature had been stirred to the core, and in the reaction of the excitement she had undergone in the last three hours, she lay exhausted, a racking pain across her forehead, and her hands and feet cold as ice.

There had been strong, deep words, and harsh, cruel words uttered in that room that summer afternoon. The day had brought an experience which would influence two lives forever. The bitter parting was the end.

Stephen Martial had been accusative and imperative. He demanded of her great sacrifices, and was willing to make none. She had stood firm in what she believed to be right, yet only her own heart knew what it had cost her.

He had gone to the war. It was very hard to have him leave her so, for such a destiny—but through all pain and questionings of her decision, she felt acquitted by conscience.

Two years before he had won her heart. She was much younger in experience than most girls then; she believed the massive forehead, the handsome eyes, the sentient mouth and the delicate fancy meant all they seemed to mean. But in New York the winter before, she had seen him drink champagne, heard him sneer at homely truths, had known of the indulgence of secret vices; and she felt, bitterly, that she was then but beginning to know him truly. At her father's house he had been the elegant, city

bred man, rusticating in generous abandon. Botanicizing with him, he had talked so fluently of the beauties of nature, filled her with such knowledge of art, seemed so frank and genial, that she had accepted him as true. She could not comprehend admiration for sky, forest and flower without deep emotion of reverence for God, the Maker. She felt God love everywhere in the country; and into the city she had carried the strong principles, simple tastes, and high aims natural to her. There she discovered the false blossoms of Stephen Martial's purity withering and falling off, and underneath were canker and blight.

She said nothing. She was kind and tender as before—only she seemed to stand up beside him, stronger. Her reverence was gone, but her love remained; that she had given too utterly to recall. To her his manner did not alter; she felt that he loved her, and she clung to him in secret pain, knowing that she could never marry him as he was, and half heart broken with her love.

Her visit had ended, and she came home at last. Stephen remained in New York. They had parted with no revelation made by her; he kissed her good-by, noticing, without understanding, the strange intensity of pain in her eyes—warming his heart with the thought that she loved him so, and going to New York for the evening, with a champagne supper afterwards.

The war broke out. Stephen had enlisted, in the first flush of patriotic enthusiasm; then had come to her, wishing to be married before he went away. The circumstances made her task very hard. How could she tell him that she could never be his wife while was the man that he was—while he stood before her, perhaps for the last time in life, making the request that proved to her his honorable love?

When he understood it, he had burst into the fiercest passion—accused her of fickleness and selfishness, flung her protesting hand from him, and hoped he might be brought home dead to her. She could only pause for him to hear to reason, and stood, silently waiting.

"Why did you not tell me this before?" he exclaimed, fiercely.

"Perhaps because I was cowardly, anticipating this. Not because I did not know, long ago, that the revelation must be made. Do you think that it costs me nothing, Stephen?"

"It need not; it is your own choice. What new dreams of immaculate purity have you got into your head, that you come to this ridiculous decision regarding our marriage? You were always fastidious; you are absurdly so now."

"Are the simple principles of truth absurd? Stephen I dare not trust you; I dare not marry you—we should come to horrible misery. I love you—I shall love you—ways; but I cannot be your wife while you lift wine to your lips or sneer at the restraints of morality. If you love me rightly, you will reform; if not, you ought not to blame me, Stephen. I cannot promise to honor you."

"You are very cool and calculating, Muriel. Where is the womanly devotion you used to pride yourself on?"

"It is here, Stephen,"

hand upon her heart. I would die for you to day, if it would bring you what you need."

"I need you. I want you to marry me before I go away. I want to think of the love of my wife through all the suffering I go to encounter."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Heart Failure.

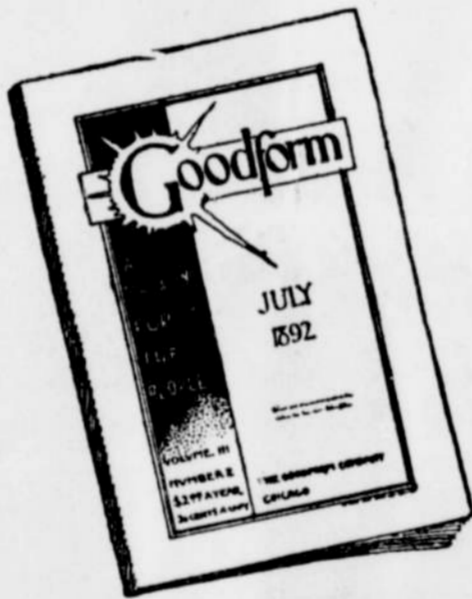
HOW TO AVOID IT.

The epitaph on many a tombstone is "heart failure." No wonder, when we consider the immense strain which is put on that small organ. Marvelous as it is, beating 100,000 times and exerting a force equal to 5,184,000 pounds daily, it has its limit—its endurance often is too severely tested. So common are diseases of the heart—though often for a considerable time without the suspicions of the afflicted person being in the least excited—that it is stated that one person in four has a bad heart! Dr. Franklin Miles, of Elkhart, Ind., has for years made a special study of all diseases of the heart, and his remarkable success has made his name a familiar one in all parts of our land. He has found the most common symptoms of heart disease to be pain, distress or tenderness in the chest, back, stomach, bowels, left shoulder and arm, shortness of breath, smothering spells, fainting, etc.

Mr. George R. Smith, of Barnes, Yates Co., N. Y., writes:—"DR. MILES' NEW HEART CURE has worked wonderfully on mind and body as I can do a good day's work. I feel ten years younger and take more interest in affairs. I had shortness of breath, palpitation, pain under left shoulder blade, pain around the heart, I could not sleep on my right side. Since I have taken Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure I sleep well, and have no palpitation. It has made my heart stronger. I wish you would print this, because I want all to know what Dr. Miles' Heart Cure has done for me."

"For months my wife suffered with palpitation, smothering spells, and was unable to sleep on her left side. She tried several doctors without relief. Your Heart Cure was recommended. After taking three bottles, she fully recovered her health. Your medicines do what you claim."—(HAS. CHRISTMAN, Toledo, O.)

Dr. Miles' New Cure for the Heart is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee. It is safe, agreeable, effective, and does cure. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.



A BIG OFFER.

Wishing to secure as many renewals and new subscriptions as possible before Jan. 1st, we have decided to make a proposition that should be accepted by every one. The Goodform a wonderful magazine published in Chicago—the World's Fair City—if you have not seen it you cannot appreciate how nice it is.

Notwithstanding it is only a year old it already outranks many of the oldest and most popular magazines of the world.

PATENTS

Cleavages and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees. Our Office is located at 11 S. State Street, Chicago, Ill. Send model, drawing or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. One fee only till patent is secured. 2. E. Snow, Trade-Mark and Patent Office, with names of agents in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address:

C. A. SNOW & CO.

YOU ASK WHY? Simply because it is published to please the people and not the editors. In fact any information of high character that will tend to make the people wiser better and happier, always finds a place in Goodform. It has no hobbies and does not take sides on any questions except those of honesty, justice and purity. Its eighty pages are filled each month with serial and short stories of the highest order, select and choice literature, poetry song and art.

Matters of dress, Woman's Sphere, Home Decorations, Bodily Grace and Beauty, Conduct and Character, Health—The Nursery, Our House Affairs, Plants and Flowers, Practical Amusements, etc., etc., are ably discussed each month by editors who are thorough

ly posted on these department of life

Of course you want Goodform everybody does, and our arrangement with the publishers makes it possible for you to get this most beautiful and valuable magazine for nothing during a limited time only.

The HERALD is \$2.50 a year and the Goodform \$2.00. Now we make our subscribers the following offer, which will hold good as long as we run this notice: to all delinquents who will pay up and one year in advance and to all new subscribers, we will send to their P. O. address, the Goodform "gratis." This is certainly an offer that no one should overlook, and we sincerely hope our readers will accept.

- 261,030 PRIZES, AMOUNTING TO \$173,250.00
- 115,500 LARGE PICTURES (4x22 inches) IN ELEVEN COLORS, for framing
 - 115,500 ROLLED GOLD WATCH CHARM ROTARY TELESCOPE TOOTH
 - 23,100 POKKET KNIVES
 - 6,175 FINE IMPORTED GERMANY GUARANTEED MOROCCO BODY
 - 1,155 FINE WINDING EIGHT GOLD WATCHES
- THE ABOVE ARTICLES WILL BE DISTRIBUTED, BY COMPLETION, AMONG PARTIES WHO OWN SPEAR HEAD TAGS AND RETURN TO US THE TAGS TAKEN THEREFROM.
- WE WILL DISTRIBUTE 225 OF THESE PRIZES IN THIS COUNTY AS FOLLOWS:
- TO THE FIVE PARTIES SENDING US THE GREATEST NUMBER OF SPEAR HEAD TAGS, WE WILL GIVE TO EACH, 1 OPERA GLASS.
 - TO THE TWENTY PARTIES SENDING US THE NEXT GREATEST NUMBER OF SPEAR HEAD TAGS, WE WILL GIVE TO EACH 1 POKKET KNIFE.
 - TO THE ONE HUNDRED PARTIES SENDING US THE NEXT GREATEST NUMBER OF SPEAR HEAD TAGS, WE WILL GIVE TO EACH 1 GOLD WATCH.
 - TO THE ONE HUNDRED PARTIES SENDING US THE NEXT GREATEST NUMBER OF SPEAR HEAD TAGS, WE WILL GIVE TO EACH 1 ROLLED GOLD WATCH CHARM ROTARY TELESCOPE TOOTH.
 - TO THE ONE HUNDRED PARTIES SENDING US THE NEXT GREATEST NUMBER OF SPEAR HEAD TAGS, WE WILL GIVE TO EACH 1 LARGE PICTURE IN ELEVEN COLORS.
- CAUTION—No tags will be received before January 1st, 1894, nor after February 1st. Each package containing tags must be marked plainly with the name and number of the party sending them. All changes on packages must be made immediately after February 1st, 1894.
- A list of the people obtaining these prizes in this county will be published in this paper immediately after February 1st, 1894.

SAVE THE TAGS.

SPEAR HEAD

IN VALUABLE PRESENTS TO BE GIVEN AWAY IN RETURN FOR

\$173,250.00

(The Hundred and Seventy-Three Thousand Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars.)

SPEAR HEAD TAGS.

Do You

FEEL SICK?

Disease commonly comes on with slight symptoms, which when neglected increase in extent and gradually grow dangerous.

If you SUFFER FROM HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA or INDIGESTION, TAKE RIPANS TABULES

If you are BILIOUS, CONSTIPATED, or have LIVER COMPLAINT, TAKE RIPANS TABULES

If your COMPLEXION IS SALLOW, or you SUFFER DISTRESS AFTER EATING, TAKE RIPANS TABULES

FOR OFFENSIVE BREATH AND ALL DISORDERS OF THE STOMACH, TAKE RIPANS TABULES

Ripans Tabules Regulate the System and Preserve the Health.

RIPANS TABULES take the place of A COMPLETE MEDICINE CHEST and should be kept for use in every family.

EASY TO TAKE, QUICK TO ACT.

SAVE MANY A DOCTOR'S BILL.

Sold by Druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price. Box (6 vials), 75 cents. Package (4 boxes), \$2.

For Free Samples address

THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO.
10 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.