CRUEL AS THE GRAVE,

OR

The Secret of Dunraven Castle.

BY ANNIE ASHMORE,

Author of "Faithful Margaret," Etc., Etc

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

Accrington had been gracefully lounging against the mantel-piece opposite his visitor, who had declined the offered chair; he now straightened his tall form, and threw back his head with a satirical look, which almost disguised his fierce agitation.

"And may one ask what power I have in the matter?" demanded he.

"The power of the wronger to make reparation to the wronged," answered Edgar, sternly. "Col. Accrington, it is useless to maintain any disguises. I have learned the whole history of your dealings with Lord Inchcape and his unhappy lady; and I have come to you to entreat you for justice to them."

For a moment it was well that Accrington must spring upon him, so fierce was the glare of his eyes, as he glowered with rage and shame; but he sternly controlled him elf, and stood white and mute, with clenched hands and quivering pulses, while Edgar went on speaking.

"It was not Lord Inchcape who told me the story; deeply as he has suffered, I know he would perish on the rack before he would sue your mercy, or allow you to be sued on his behalf. By a strange chance I learned it, nevertheless, and I call upon you to set the wife right with the husband, and my Lord Inchcape right with his colleagues who doubt his integrity through your agency."

Accrington was too proud to deny; he saw that Arden had the truth, and that equivocation would not blind him.

He sprang to see that the door was fast, and remained in that end of the apartment, pacing swiftly to and fro—the only relief he permitted his violent excitement—while he strove to see the whole importance of this exposure in its relations to his ambitious schemes.

A wild rage possessed him; he could have fallen upon the unsuspecting accuser yonder and torn him limb from limb, if that would have given him back his damning secret and silenced accusation forever; but murder would not help him, that he knew; and he struggled with himself despairingly for composure, that he might work his way out of it, if not which had so suddenly been thrown over him.

If Arden chose to utter this accusation in public, Accrington's chance for election was ruined; nay, his very residence in Salford was impossible; for defy the accuser as he so gladly could, not disprove the accusation; and the whole country would side with the powerful Inchcape to crush the suspected alien.

And Loveday would despise as well as fear him! Loveday, whom his fierce heart still pursued with hungering covetousness, while he watched for the opportunity to pounce upon her!

Would anything induce this foolish Don Quixote to be silent?

What did he know?

Col. Accrington turned his lowering eyes upon Arden, and still striding about, said in a hoarse, changed voice:

"You have made an astonishing accusation; be good enough to inform me exactly what you refer to?"

Arden turned from him scornfully. He saw that he meant to have recourse to shift and evasion; the e was no reaching his seared conscience.

"I appeal to your honor, Col. Accrington; act like honest man; do right, though the heavens should fall, and all righteous men shall respect you," he cried with energy, striving to inspire the wavering soul that might lack but a spark to kindle it into generosity.

But Accrington could no longer act the honest man; he had so long made his choice of evil instead of good, that his character had determined towards the bad; he must now act according to the character which he had framed.

For a few moments he stood still, gazing furiously at Edgar, then he walked up to him and, still with his fierce glowing eyeball's riveted upon Edgar's, said slowly:

"Listen, my bold mentor. I have permitted you to have your say, because I wanted to catch your game, but I will allow no word of all this to be uttered in any other hearing than my own. I utterly decline to discuss my private affairs with you, or any one else; and I warn you, that you are meddling in a matter which may blow you along with Lord Inchcape, into atoms. The man is doting surely, to set you upon me!"

"My Lord Inchcape knows nothing of this appeal," said Edgar haughtily; "you must know his nature better than to suppose that he could crouch to his base foe for his rights."

"That word shall cost you dear," said Accrington, paling horribly as the word "base" fell like fire upon his pride.

"God knows I wish it was misapplied!" exclaimed Arden, coldly observant of him. "Now, sir, let us to a more business-like view of the matter. If you will do Lord Inchcape justice before the Lords of the Orkney al Mission; I promise you to withdraw instantly from this contest for the borough of Salford, and leave you to 'walk over the course,' as you phrase it. A few words of explanation from you will convince those men of his integrity, attainted for five long years through no fault of his. What do you say; shall you be the undisputed member for Salford, at the cost of a few words of deserved self-blame?"

"No!" thundered Accrington, writhing beneath the humiliating proposal; "if I be a villain, as you will have it, I am no mercenary villain; I will not sell my honor for anything more material than revenge. Begone, insulting fool; you little know the spirit you have roused. Away with you, before I forget my civilization and horsewhip you within my own doors!" And he towered over Edgar convulsed with shame and rage.

"You refuse my prayer, then?" said Edgar bitterly; "and a guiltless man must suffer on to save Richard Accrington's spurious pride! Well, sir, I have given you your chance; I shall now oppose right against your poor craven might, and see which wins the battle. Good evening, sir; you shall not win the election this time; I know my people and am here."

With a low bow he withdrew, and walked out of the magnificent residence, thinking of the tortured countenance of its proud and guilty owner.

"The game is lost!" he sighed, as he rode down the fine avenue, "and I must look for aid."

He went direct to the Pavilion, and asked for Mrs. Dellamere.

She came to him smiling, radiant; it was lovely to see the peace and gladness in her eyes.

"Loveday is safe home," she murmured, yielding her hand willingly to the earnest grasp of the friend she trusted wholly; "Auberon and I went to Silverstream early this morning and brought her home before any of our acquaintances were astir. I really believe she will escape unharmed; and the wedding is to be soon. Squire Crecy and his wife are with us now; they always loved my girl."

Edgar caught at this opportunity when alone with Mrs Dellamere, to ask for the history of Miss Dellamere's adventure

As she told it he could easily trace the premeditated schemes of Accrington through the apparent accidents which had befallen the fair pair; and as he comprehended the strength of Accrington's passion, which had prompted him to commit such a piece of madness to gain possession of its object, he began to tremble for Miss Dellamere's future safety.

"The sooner the marriage is, the better it will be for Miss Dellamere," said he to her mother. "That man has not given her up yet. It is not in such a nature to accept defeat."

"I feel as you do about him," returned Mrs. Dellamere, anxiously. "To lose her would have been bitter enough, but to see her won by another will be unendurable. He may make another snatch at her. Ah! what can I do? I am alone save for my servants; I dare not be sure that I can protect her. And he is wily and strong. I am afraid, Mr. Arden, miserably afraid!"

"Does Miss Dellamere quite know the character of her fierce lover?" asked Edgar.

"I have never accused him," said she, with a gesture of repulsion. "Naturally, I have shrunk from the idea of revealing the vice of such a past as his to my white-souled girl. I must trust it now unnecessary to warn Loveday against him; even if she did not love Auberon, she would never again fancy Accrington, for she fears and distrusts him vehemently since the late revelation of his unscrupulous policy. And she loves Auberon deeply."

"Cannot you hasten the marriage?" suggested Edgar.

"I do not know how to do that without giving her explanations which would startle and distress her; and she is so happy! Oh, let us guard her from sorrow as well as from peril, if we can! Can I rely upon you, my friend, to help me to keep my treasure safely?"

"Dear lady, need you ask? I shall keep watch over Col. Accrington's movements; and be you vigilant in your care of your daughter. In a few days I trust that I can turn the tables upon the enemy and put him to flight. And now may I see Miss Dellamere?"

Mrs. Dellamere looked earnestly in his face, wondering what power he held over Col. Accrington; but as he did not explain, she led him to the room where Loveday was, in the midst of her future connections.

Arden had always been a favorite of hers, and she welcomed him home to Salford once more with a very pretty burst of enthusiasm; prophesying his victory over the rival candidate and his unanimous election by the people of Salford.

She was in radiant spirits; the grief which had oppressed her so long was all gone now; Auberon loved her, and they were betrothed. Mamma was delighted, and Mr. and Mrs. Crecy enchanted; how happy she was!

But though Edgar might smile at her saucy witticisms and sympathize with Auberon's cloudless joy, he often thought —with a gnawing thrill at the heart, —of a proud, shy Princess of the Seat who dwelt afar on lonely Sleat-na-Vrecken, and who wept because she deemed him dead.

CHAPTER XVII.

I WITNESS TO HER INNOCENCE!

Next evening, Edgar having just returned from canvassing his electors, was greeted with the news that Mr. Sircombe had arrived within the hour, and that Lord Inchcape desired to see Mr. Arden at once.

Edgar found my lord at home; he had not received his secretary until he could have Edgar to support him.

"I shall do whatever you please, my dear Edgar," said his lordship, and he showed him into his private sanctum, with the door ajar, that Edgar might hear the conversation and appear at his cue. Then he sent for his secretary.

Both men started when they met each other; Sircombe missed the hopeless look on the Earl's worn face, and Lord Inchcape was astonished at the haggard change on Sircombe's.

He could not guess that his secretary had incurred blood guiltiness since last he saw him.

Edgar could hardly recognize the husky, hesitating voice which answered Lord Inchcape's inquiries concern ng the ladies on Sleat-na-Vrecken.

"Neither of them as well as usual! What is the matter?" exclaimed Lord Inchcape, repeating Sircombe's words.

"A rather painful occurrence happened last week, which seems to have caused them great distress," returned Sircombe, turning away his face on confounding. "A young man who had been cast ashore from a yacht in a storm was received into the tower by my lady, and nursed back to health. He was a stranger, but a gentleman, and knew how to recommend himself to my ladies. Last week he chanced to go out alone in the skiff, and was drowned. This has afflicted the ladies greatly; they have been overwhelmed with grief."

"He was drowned!" echoed Lord Inchcape, amazedly, for of this portion of the story Edgar had said nothing.

The secretary gave an account of the stranger's sojourn at the island, and with obvious confusion narrated his melancholy end.

The Earl was puzzled, but presently dropped the subject and took up the business he had sent for Sircombe to discuss.

"Mr. Sircombe," said he, abruptly, looking him full in the face, "why have you deceived me?"

Sircombe turned pale as death, and waited for more, but the Earl, by Edgar's instructions, added not another word.

"—I am at a loss," stammered he. "To what can your lordship allude?"

"To what you shall tell me the truth at last," said Lord Inchcape, sternly.

Sircombe sank back in his chair half fainting. His only thought was that in some supernatural way Lord Inchcape had discovered the truth of the young stranger's di appearance.

For a moment he wish d that he had in his pocket a pinch of poison, that he might swallow it before his ruin fell upon him.

Utterly speechless, he could only glare at his patron and struggle for breath.

"I see you know too well to what I allude," cried Lord Inchcape, in sudden, fierce triumph. "Your very looks condemn you, and prove that a foul wrong has been done the innocent!"

"Mercy, mercy," my lord!" gasped Sircombe, far too bewildered to pick his words. "It was done on the impulse of a moment of madness, and bitterly repented after, with tears of torturing anguish."

"Strange repentance, that brought no reparation," cried Lord Inchcape, scornfully; "and that allowed you to live at ease in the very presence of your unhappy victim!"

"Oh, God forgive me!" groaned the wretched man, convinced that all was di closed by the Earl, and overwhelmed with shame and fear. "If my life could purchase his, I would yield it up gladly."

While Lord Inchcape was staring in astonishment at this incomprehensible speech, the door opposite Sircombe swung open and Edgar Arden stood before him.

He started up, glared, gave one scream, and fell in a dead faint

Lord Inchcape's eyes inquired of Edgar the meaning of all this.

"Leave him to me, now, my lord," whispered Edgar radiantly. "All is going on admirably. There is no surprise, only speak when I look at you."

A minute or two restored the secretary, he got up from the carpet with Edgar's help, and flung himself into his chair with a groan, covering his face with his hands.

He had never fainted in his life before; but he was not a strong man physically, and his recent distress of mind had reduced what strength he had; besides, the sudden apparition of the man he had supposed dead in the cell of the Southern Bastion, was enough to overcome any one.

And now, as he cowered there before the two gentlemen, he was thinking himself a ruined man; even the acute relief of finding his victim alive, and himself no murderer, was not enough to beguile him from his dread of consequences

"You see there was a mistake about my fate," said Edgar as soon as he thought Sircombe was able to follow his meaning. "I was saved from a cruel death, which would have left Lord Inchcape without his heir." Sircombe started and dropped his hands from his ghastly face. "Yes, I am Edgar Arden," continued Edgar, "and although I entered Dunraven Tower by accident, ignorant of Lady Inchcape's presence there, I soon recognized her and assumed my privilege as a relative to care for her welfare. I induced her to confide her sorrow to me; I learned the whole history; and I, Sleat-na-Vrecken, pledged myself to vindicate her as a true wife to my Lord Inchcape. He has summoned you to repair the foul wrong you have done Lady Inchcape by withholding testimony which would have proved her innocence. And, Mr. Sircombe, I advise you to do so," added Edgar significantly, and forcing the secretary to meet his eyes.

The whole situation was clear to Sircombe now.

By his agitation at first he had so criminated himself that he must confess to some wrong which he had committed; it was evident that Arden had not as yet exposed the attempt made on his life to Lord Inchcape, and that he meant to compel a confession on Lady Inchcape's behalf as the price of his silence. Anxiously reviewing what he had said in the interview, he believed that he had betrayed nothing that would not fit in as remose for his guilt toward Lady Inchcape; at all events, he was caught in a trap—he must confess to something.

"I am ready to do anything I can for Lady Inchcape," said he, humbly. "Indeed, I should have supplicated Lord Inchcape on her behalf long ago, had I supposed he wished to believe her innocent——"

"Hypocrite!" exclaimed the Earl indignantly. "Long ago I would have taken her back to my heart, even had she been guilty of loving another, but for your insidious whisperings! Oh, how I have been betrayed! And deservedly; how could I dare to doubt her!"

He turned away with clenched hands and scowling brow; grief, shame and anger gnawed at his heart.

"What we require of you," said Edgar, "is that you will endeavor to recall a certain conversation which took place between Lady Inchcape and Colonel Accrington the night when a duel was fought in consequence. The position of your room rendered it impossible for you to avoid hearing every word that was spoken by Lady Inchcape, who stood on the balcony above your open window, and by Col nel Accrington, who stood in the garden before it.

"Your testimony will prove her innocence, and show how hopeless was Accrington's pursuit of her. Be careful, then, that you do not falsify one syllable. This, sir, is the only reparation you can offer for the grievous wrong you have done."

Sircombe writhed in humiliation. How solemnly he had affirmed that he had heard nothing, in those days when Lord Inchcape's faith in his wife hung upon his testimony.

And now he must stultify himself; he must expose his crooked policy, and show that his object in making a confidential ascendency in his patron's house he had done his best to keep husband and wife sundered for years! Pain would he have refused to recollect a word of the conversation in question, but the resolute expression of Edgar Arden's face routed that idea.

He must either confess to hypocrisy or be denounced for a crime as odious as murder. He was conquered.

"I am willing to do what you desire," said he, "but how am I to recall a conversation heard five years ago? My mental could. The sense remains with me, but if my life depended on it I could not quote the exact phrases employed by the two speakers."

"I shall not leave you that excuse," said Lord Inchcape, who had, unseen by Sircombe spread my lady's manuscript before him at the page in question. "When Colonel Accrington saw Lady Inchcape standing on the balcony ready above your window, did he not caution her to speak softly because of your pro imity?"

"That I believe, was what was said," stammered the secretary in astonishment, and then he saw the paper before the Earl and crimsoned with shame.

Some other witnesses had come forward, then, with his testimony which the Earl had noted down, and which was to be a test of his own truth now. Assisted by these notes there could be no more shamming forgetfulness; he must speak out.

"In what terms did the Colonel mention you?" proceeded Lord Inchcape.

"Insolently," answered Sircombe, who had never forgotten or forgiven the impertinence. "And coupled with an odious insinuation. He implied that my lord's secretary would not hesitate to trade on my lady's secrets if he could see his advantage in it. Lady Inchcape refused the answer to pass unquestioned, which injustice naturally irritated me, for my attachment to my patron's interest had been most devoted."

"And this is your excuse for the injury you did her?" said Inchcape, contemptuously. "How blind I have trusted a creature to proceed What was Lady Inchcape's reply?"

"She asked why he had deserted his post, or some such reproach The Colonel, I think, excused himself by quoting his desire for a reconciliation before they should part; he spoke as a lover would speak."

"You give a very free translation, sir," exclaimed Lord Inchcape, sternly; "remember that I have the truth before me, and be more exact. I shall suffer no distortions. Richard Accrington spoke as a lover, true, but was it not as a scorned and rejected lover? Answer me."

"He did sue for more mercy, I now remember," reluctantly owned Sircombe, whose stubborn pride revolted at every self-condemning admission he was obliged to make.

"Well, and the lady's answer?"

"She reproached him for writing her a clandestine letter, and for the impudence of paying her a compromising visit at such an hour——" He stopped short, gnawing his lip.

"Continue!" thundered Lord Inchcape.

"My lord, I can recall no more," protested Sircombe, enjoying the equivocal light he had put the lady's words in.

"Was it anything like th s?" demanded the Earl, who read as follows: 'There can be no amity between you and me. You have dared to write me a clandestine letter; well, listen to me—I have not read it. You have come back to pay me a compromising visit; you shall gain nothing by that but a disgraceful exposure: for I am about to call my household to protect me from the insults of a midnight intruder.' Well, Mr. Sircombe, do you recollect these words?"

Sircombe bowed in silence. What use to rebel any longer? He saw that Lord Inchcape was in possession of the truth, and that Edgar Arden was ready to denounce him if he evaded it.

"Can you recall Colonel Accrington's response?" demanded my lord.

"It was a menace, fiercely delivered. He spoke of his life as being to hatred and revenge. My lady then defied him, and the Colonel taunted her with delivering over your lordship to his vengeance, and promised to work his will upon you. At that moment, if I am not mistaken, they heard the approach of your lordship, and Colonel Accrington amused himself by painting the sp cious appearance th ir situation must have in a jealous husband's eyes, and by prophesying the scandal which would ensue. There was no answer from Lady Inchcape; when next I heard her voice she was at my door, ordering me to follow you and Colonel Accrington."

Lord Inchcape laid down the manuscript, and rose with a long breath.

He fixed his quiet gaze upon his treacherous secretary.

"You have strugg ed hard to maintain the appearance of having suspected Lady Inchcape," he said, sternly; "and of course I understand why. It was the only excuse for the part you have since played between her and me.

"But now, in the fa e of this testimony, corroborated as it has been by yourself, dare you still harbor the faintest shade of suspicion against that guiltless lady? Speak, sir; I will be answered."

Raging and sickening with shame, the secretary was forced to part with this, his last, poor rag of defense; for Edgar's fierce eye blazed upon him as he hesitated, and the withering scorn of Inchcape's utterance convinced him that he was not to be deluded.

"I believe in her innocence," muttered he, with bowed head and ashen lip.

"And always have?" pursued the Earl.

"And always have!" whispered Sircombe; and he buried his face in his hands with a groan of heartfelt degradation.

But my lord and his young kinsman turned toward each other with outstretched hands; eye sought eye in unspeakable emotion. Forgotten was the crushed wretch behind them: the last faint doubt of my unfortunate Inchcape was cleared away—her husband's heart trusted in her as of yore.

One strong hand clasp, and a momentary paling of the majestic face, and my lord was himself again.

"And this I owe to you, Edgar!" he said gratefully.

"Well, my boy, I cannot fitly thank you; but I trust the time may come when I may possess the power to give you the desire of your heart, as you have this day given me the desire of mine."

He was interrupted by a sudden movement of Sircombe's; he was groping blindly for the door, his face pale as death, and convulsed with despair.

The two men regarded him in dismay; no mortal spending sickness could have turned the man more haggard, old, or broken, than had the into erable exposure of his baseness. Ay, but was there not something more intolerable?

Had not the last blow fallen, when my Lord Inchcape vowed to give Edgar Arden the desire of his heart, if it ever should be in his power to do so?

And did not Edgar Arden love sweet Ulva, daughter of this gratful Inchcape?

Could it be possible, in this strange world, that the old, grave, bookish secretary had dared to feel sweet Ulva's fascination with a man's perception? Dared he love her?

Thus flashed Edgar's thoughts, turning all his compassion to scorn; but, my lord, who had not the key to Sircombe's secret, spoke out of the nobility of his spirit.

"In my own moment, Mr. Sircombe; you have wronged me greatly; that I might have forgotten, if you had not wronged my beloved wife far worse.

"Still, in consideration of the many years which you have given to my service, I shall not be unmerciful. I am obliged to dismiss you; yet I cannot contemplate you suffering in mere temporal matters. I shall provide you with a home and means to support it honorably, but it must be far away from me and mine. Farewell, sir; I desire to see you never more."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ILLINOIS INCIDENTS.

SOBER OR STARTLING, FAITHFULLY RECORDED.

Laughable Episode at Effingham—Mystery Connected with a Woman's Death—Fatal Quarrel Between Brothers—Couldn't Get Away from the Grip.

From Far and Near.

MRS. SOPHIE MUMENRICH was found dead at her home, near Freeburg. The woman lived alone, and there is some mystery about her death. The husband of the deceased woman disappeared twenty-three years ago, and has not been heard of since that time.

AT Springfield Charles Loomis, aged 14, and his brother William, aged 27, colored, quarreled in their mother's house, and stepped into the yard to "fight it out." Charles armed himself with a large knife, while William rushed into a neighbor's house, and emerging with a double-barreled shotgun, fired both barrels into the breast of Charles, who instantly fell dead. When William was arrested, soon afterward, it was found that his throat was badly gashed. It is not known whether he was cut by his brother or did the cutting himself. It is thought he will recover.

A MONTH ago E. P. Reynolds and John Boyer, two of the pioneers of Rock Island County, went to California to spend the winter in hopes of escaping the grip. Two weeks ago Mr. Boyer died, and his remains were brought back for interment. Next came the news of Mr. Reynolds' death. He had been a resident of Rock Island County since 1839, having constructed most of the great railroads of the West, and was the senior member of the contracting firm of E. P. Reynolds & Co., of Rock Island and Wymore, Neb. He was ex-mayor of the city, President of the Rock Island Savings Bank, and one of the wealthiest citizens of Western Illinois. His age was 74.

THE billing of a vaudeville company at Effingham created a tremendous tempest in a teapot. The ladies of the W. C. T. U. called upon the Mayor and demanded that he refuse license to the company, and also cause alleged indecent lithographs and posters to be removed or covered up. The Town Marshal was accordingly armed with a paste pail, brush, and about a ream of yellow paper, and in a short time the bill boards, while not as artistic as before, were far better mediums of advertising, for the whole town was talking of it. Then came Mr. Curry, manager of the opera house, and he laid before the Mayor a petition for license, indorsed by all the best business men in the place. Mayor Walker was between the devil and the deep sea. But he found a way out; he had caused the gaudy show-bills to be covered up, as the ladies requested, so that they could no longer offend the sensibilities of any one. He would now be equally obliging to those who wished to see the show, and grant a license. "For," argued the Mayor, "if the ladies don't want to go, they don't have to." So, with the stipulation that the programme should be free from word, action or situation in the least suggestive, the license was granted; and because of the tremendous social row that had been kicked up the alleged show received the most effective advertising possible, and played to an audience that hardly had winking room. Many attended because they anticipated something racy; the W. C. T. U. had agents there to note anything that could be made the basis of a prosecution; and the balance of the audience were there to watch the antics of the warring elements. And all were disappointed. The show was entirely free from anything startling, but it took away more of Effingham's money than ever before went into any one-night-stand combination's coffers; and now each half of the town is engaged in the amusing occupation of making faces at the other half.

MME. ADALINE BONNE, of Paris, France, has been making inquiries by letter of Mascoutah parties concerning her sister, Mrs. Exstein, from whom she had not heard for twenty five years. George Exstein was the son of a German nobleman, and married his wife, a young German peasant girl, against the wishes of his parents. He was disowned, and came to America, without means and a stranger, and settled upon a farm near Mascoutah. He was prosperous from the start. The outcasts were happy in their comfortable home in the land of their adopted country. A letter came from the fatherland for George Exstein, bearing the official seal of a prominent man in Germany. It was said that forgiveness had at last been offered to the disobedient son, and he was his family as it was before. He could not learn the news of the farm house, and he also heard the stock calling loudly for food. The farmer became satisfied that something was wrong, and alighted to investigate. The sight that met his eyes when he opened the door was terrible. There upon the floor was the corpse of the woman for whom George Exstein gave up his people and his inheritance. Near her was the daughter, also cold and rigid in death. Upon the bed in the same room was found George Exstein, the once petted son of a German nobleman, dying a terrible death. The cause of the sudden death of father, mother, and daughter is not positively known, but it was thought at the time that the family was poisoned in some unknown manner. There are three modest tombstones side by side in the graveyard near Mascoutah that mark the last resting places of the outcast Exstein family, and the sister in Paris has but just learned of the tragedy.

THE state board of live stock commissioners have ordered eight glandered horses to be killed, four being in Iroquois County, two in Livingston County and two in Union. The resignation of William Graham as assistant veterinarian has been accepted

SIX aged people near Jacksonville died of the grip in one day. Dr. Richard F. Canningham, of Lebanon, one of the oldest physicians in Illinois, also died of the same disease. Over 100 cases of grip are reported in Morgan County.

AUGUST INDAL, of Belleville, has received information of the death at his home in Austria of his father, who threatened him with disinheritance five years ago because of his displeasing matrimonial alliance, and drove the young man, who had married a poor maiden, to America with his bride. The elder Indal, notwithstanding his threat, left them $75,000.

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Strange cases cured by my Medical Discovery come to me every day. Here is one of Pure Yiddishness and the Grip. Now, how does my Medical Discovery cure all these? I don't know, unless it takes hold of the Hidden Poison that makes all Humors.

VIRGINIA CITY, Nevada, Sept. 9, 1891.

DONALD KENNEDY—Dear Sir: I will state my case to you: About nine years ago I was paralyzed in my left side and the best doctors gave me no relief for two years, and I was advised to try your Discovery, which did its duty, and in a few months I was restored to health. About four years ago I became blind in my left eye by a spotted cataract. Last March I was taken with La Grippe, and was confined to my bed for three months. At the end of that time, as luck, or fate, would have it, I read that your Discovery was the thing for me; so I got a bottle, and before it was half gone I was able to go to my work in the mines. Now in regard to my eyes; as I lost my left eye, and about six months ago my right eye became affected with black spots over the sight as did the left eye—perhaps some twenty of them—but since I have been using your Discovery they all left my right eye but one; and, thank God, the bright light of heaven is once more making its appearance in my left eye. I am wonderfully astonished at it, and thank God and your Medical Discovery. Yours truly, HANK WHITE.

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