CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

The lawyer paused.

John Sand, a clerk at Pratt & Weeks', really was my informant about Weeks' proposed visit to my aunt. How did you find that out?" cried Stuart, in surprise.

"The young man told me himself. He has obtained a better situation, and left Pratt & Weeks. In short, John Sand has become my own clerk," replied the lawyer. "In support of your story, I shall produce Sand as a witness at the trial.

"And you think I will tell the deliberate falsehood, cunning as it is, which you have concocted in my behalf. No, sir, I will not lie; my innocence must be established without a resort to such a ruse," said Stuart, resolutely.

"You are mad. You must be guided by me, or you will be convicted of this terrible crime," said the attorney, sternly.

"My innocence must be proved without falsehood and deception," reiterated Stuart.

At that moment a turnkey opened the door of the cell, and admitted Edna Garrison.

Without, she had heard the conversation which had just passed between Stuart and the lawyer.

Edna was delighted with the plausible and ingenious defense invented by the lawyer, and hope sprang up in her heart as she listened.

Stuart's positive refusal to save himself, or to attempt to do so, by means of the story proposed by his attorney, dashed all of Edna's hopes to the ground.

But she was determined that Stuart should yield. He was innocent, and she believed that any means should be resorted to to prove him so.

"Yes; he must tell the lawyer's story," said Edna, mentally. And then at a signal from her the turnkey admitted her to the cell.

Stuart was surprised at Edna's sudden entrance, and one glance at her pale and anxious face assured him that she had heard all of the conversation which had just taken place between himself and the attorney.

"You here, Edna!" he cried, taking her hand.

"Yes. And I have been a listener at the door. Oh, Stuart, if you are lost I shall die. Will you kill me? Will you break my heart? You must consent to tell the story your attorney has proposed," said Edna.

But yet, despite her entreaties, Stuart would not yield at first.

Edna had resolved to conquer his objections, and she persisted.

She fell at his feet and in tears besought him to save himself for her sake.

"If you refuse you do not love me, and I shall die!" she cried wildly, carried away by emotion and excitement.

Stuart was conquered by the tears of the woman he loved.

He folded her in his arms, and while his noble face paled, he said at last:

"I consent. I will tell the story invented for me by our good friend, Mr. Saybrook."

Such was the attorney's name.

Edna believed that her victory would save Stuart, and she rejoiced accordingly.

Saybrook was delighted.

"Now, then, I can work with some heart. I will confess though, that public sentiment is against you, Mr. Harland, and the issue is still uncertain," he said.

Then he left the lovers in the cell, very well pleased with the result of the interview, and withdrew from the prison.

CHAPTER XVII.

The night following the evening on which Paxton had resolved to arrest Levi Kredge, the "shadow" who had followed the janitor since he became an object of suspicion, tracked his man to his boarding house.

According to instructions which he had previously received from Paxton, the "shadow" remained on the watch before Kredge's boarding house.

Presently, as had been arranged, the detective made his appearance.

Paxton had come to arrest Kredge.

He regarded the capture of the janitor as so very important that he did not care to delegate the task to any of his subordinates.

The detective's assistant informed him that Kredge had entered the house, and without delay he rang the bell.

In answer to the detective's summons the landlady opened the door, and when questioned, informed him that Kredge was in his room.

Thanks to his previous visit, Paxton knew the location of the janitor's room, and he ran up to it without a moment's delay.

The door of Kredge's room opened at the detective's touch, but Levi Kredge was not in his apartment.

Paxton recoiled as he saw that the room was empty.

He feared that the bird had taken the alarm, and flown.

Darting down stairs, he questioned the landlady again, but he soon satisfied himself that she was ignorant of Kredge's flight, if flight it was.

A female domestic was called by the landlady, and this woman stated that Kredge had hastily left the house by a rear route a few minutes previously.

Paxton's fears were realized. Levi Kredge had, so to say, slipped through his fingers.

He searched the house merely as an ordinary precaution to guard against deception on the part of his informant.

No trace of Kredge was discovered.

Paxton upbraided himself, saying:

"Why did I delay; I ought to have arrested him long ago."

Half an hour later the detective had returned to his office, and some of his shrewdest and most successful auxiliaries were instructed to seek for Kredge.

But for the time, at least, no trace of the fugitive was found.

Vain was every effort to trace him. Judith was shadowed, and all other precautions which suggested themselves to the detective were taken, but without result.

Meanwhile, Stuart Harland's trial commenced.

The case attracted the greatest attention, but a detailed report of the proceedings need not be given here. Suffice it to say, that it soon became evident that there was little hope of Stuart Harland's acquittal. Indeed, it seemed that he was doomed to be convicted of the terrible crime of which he was unjustly accused.

The explanation which the lawyer had composed for him, whereby he accounted for his secret journey on the night of the murder, and his statement regarding the exchange of overcoats, did not seem to make a favorable impression on the jury.

To Edna Garrison the days of Stuart Harland's trial were as years of agony and suspense.

On the evening before the last day of Stuart Harland's trial, Paxton, Mr. Saybrook, the lawyer, and Richard Stanmore were assembled at the office of the attorney, discussing the prospects of the accused.

"My only hope now is in the disagreement of the jury," said the attorney, at the conclusion of the conversation which took place between himself and his guests.

The same night Marian Oakburn, who had attended the trial from day to day and listened to all the proceedings with deepest interest, paced her room a prey to agony and remorse.

It seemed that the poor girl was fighting a desperate battle with herself—that contending emotions struggled for the mastery in her heart.

At last she knelt beside her couch as though she had resolved to supplicate the guidance of a wiser power than that of earth, and when she arose her features were transformed.

They were radiant with delight of a new resolution.

"My decision is taken," she said in self-communion. "To-morrow I will tell the whole truth, I will save Stuart Harland. Had I dreamed that an innocent man's life was to be imperiled, had I caught but a glimpse of the future, how different would my course have been. But, thank providence, it is not too late yet," she said.

That night Marian Oakburn slept sweetly for she had resolved to throw aside the burden which had weighed heavily upon her mind and heart since the night of her father's murder.

Judith Kredge still continued to play the part of a spy on Marion, and she had not relaxed her vigilance.

That night she had overheard her ear to the key-hole, while Marion unconsciously uttered her thoughts aloud. She heard the resolution which the young girl had made, and she trembled with excitement as she listened.

As she stole away from the door when she had heard Marion retire, Judith Kredge muttered:

"She means to confess. She will save Harland. She will tell how I have wrung her money from her, and I shall be compelled to return it. I must see Levi."

She crept out of the house.

The night was entirely dark, and if any emissary of the detective was on the watch, he failed to see Judith Kredge take her departure.

She knew where Levi was in hiding, and she reached his retreat in safety.

Judith related to Levi what she had overheard that night while she listened at Marion's door.

"So she would save Harland. That don't suit me. I want him convicted. That done, I am safe. They don't hang two men for the same crime. And besides, he used me like a dog, did that Harland," said Levi.

"I'll tell you what is to be done," Judith said.

Then she lowered her voice as though she feared she might possibly be overheard by some concealed listener, and made some statement which seemed to startle Levi.

They continued to converse earnestly for some moments, and then, when Judith was about to go, Levi said, in a resolute way:

"It sha'l be done to-night."

When Levi found himself alone after Judith had left him, he stealthily made his way to a resort where he knew he could always find desperate, dangerous men, who would undertake almost anything for money.

This night whereof we are writing was to Paxton almost a sleepless one. He reflected and considered regarding the various developments which his researches had evolved.

Since the life of an innocent man was now in positive peril, he did not mean to be deterred from doing his duty by any consideration whatsoever.

He believed it was his duty to cause Marion Oakburn to explain her conduct, and since she had declined to do this voluntarily, Paxton that night determined that she should explain, or he would arrest her.

At an early hour in the morning he visited Marion's home, and Judith Kredge admitted him.

"I wish to see Miss Oakburn," said Paxton.

"Very well; I will tell her," answered Judith, and she started up the stairs.

"I will go up with you and remain outside the young lady's room until she appears," said Paxton, and he ascended with Judith.

The woman knocked at Marion's door, but as there was no answer, she opened the door and entered.

A moment later she turned to the detective.

"Marion Oakburn has run away!" she cried.

"What! Marion fled? Impossible!"

"It is true, sir. She returned as usual; now her room is empty. I know she is not in the house."

Paxton pushed his way into Marion's room and found that the girl he sought was not there.

Judith followed Paxton into the apartment, and she said, as she glanced about it:

"She must have suddenly resolved upon flight, for she has not taken her clothing. Nothing, except the garment she wore, is missing."

Paxton regarded Judith with a suspicious, searching glance.

The woman seemed ill at ease, he noted.

Having satisfied himself that Marion was not in the house, Paxton left it and repaired to his office, where he found Stanmore awaiting his appearance.

"Well, Marion Oakburn has disappeared," said the detective.

"Disappeared!" exclaimed Stanmore.

"Yes.

"Explain."

In a few words Paxton told his friend and employer why he had determined upon Marion's arrest.

He had proceeded thus far, when Stanmore interrupted him.

"But Marion Oakburn is innocent. Heavens! You would not subject her to the disgrace of an arrest?" Stanmore said.

"A human life is at state. I have resolved that she should explain her conduct or I would surely arrest her. You surely do not mean to ask me to stand idly by, and see an innocent man convicted while there is a chance to save him? You cannot mean to ask to do that?"

Stanmore was about to speak, but Paxton continued.

"If she is innocent it will do her no harm to tell the truth."

"That is true."

"Then why is she silent?"

"I cannot tell."

"That is what I meant she should explain."

Then Paxton went on to tell of his visit to Marion Oakburn's home, and of the discoveries he had made there.

"It seems that she has fled, and yet there is a doubt in my mind," he said in conclusion.

"What! You think it possible that she did not leave of her own free will?"

"Yes."

"Then you mean she may have been abducted?"

"That is my idea. It is possible that the safety of the real assassin or assassins demands Marion Oakburn's disappearance."

"I am sure you will learn when the truth is known that Marion has not voluntarily left her home. But I am in the dark as to how her absence can save the guilty."

"So at present I am. But Marion must be found."

"Yes, yes. At any cost she must be found—rescued. I have ammunition that she is in peril. Her very life may be endangered. Everything must give way to the quest for Marion. Spare no expense. My purse is open to pay any sum you may require," Stanmore said, excitedly.

"Marion Oakburn shall be found and the mystery of her disappearance solved. But I seem to be doomed to disappointment at every step in this case, and it may require time to locate the missing girl."

A few moments later Paxton hurried from his office. He had resolved to try a ruse.

In a very brief space of time he stood before Judith Kredge.

The woman had opened the door at his ring, and she seemed frightened at his appearance.

Paxton clutched her arm and said, sternly:

"I've found you out," and he produced a pair of handcuffs, as he added: "Tell me what you have done with Marion Oakburn, or I'll march you to prison."

Judith Kredge trembled from head to foot, and she involuntarily made an effort to free herself from the detective's grasp.

The attempt was useless.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Judith Kredge ceased to struggle almost instantly, for she comprehended that she was powerless to contend with the detective.

"I don't know what you mean. I don't understand. Release me, I say!" she cried, while her venomous eye flashed with the light of rage.

"You know what has become of Marion Oakburn. Tell me where to find her, or as I have said I shall place you under arrest, and take you to prison."

"It's a lie! I know nothing of Marion Oakburn," retorted Judith.

She was regaining her composure, and she had instantly decided upon the course she would pursue in dealing with the detective. She had resolved to be defiant.

Paxton read in the expression of her hardened, cruel face that she had determined upon silence at any cost, and he comprehended that his ruse had failed.

The detective had not estimated Judith Kredge's character quite correctly. She was a woman of more force and resolution than he had supposed, though he had given her credit for cunning and unscrupulousness.

The detective, of course had no authority to arrest Judith, and comprehending that it was useless to waste words with her, he suddenly released her and turned to go.

He paused in the door, and said in an intense voice:

"I give you one warning, Judith Kredge: If Marion Oakburn is harmed in any way, you shall suffer. Hear my words, and so inform your confederates."

Judith's answer was a mocking laugh. Paxton closed the door behind him with a spiteful bang, and ran down the steps to the street.

He had not walked a block when he came face to face with a man, at the sight of whom he started and involuntarily recoiled, while his hand dropped upon the butt of a pistol in his hip pocket.

In the man whom he had thus unexpectedly confronted Paxton recognized one Saul Hedden, a desperate burglar and safe-blower whom he had hunted down and sent to prison for a term of years.

In open court, at the time of his conviction and sentence to imprisonment, Saul Hedden had vowed that if he lived to regain his liberty, he would have his revenge—that he would kill Paxton on sight.

The detective remembered the desperado's oath, and he believed that the wretch would not hesitate to attack him. Paxton did not mean to be taken at a disadvantage, and he was ready to draw his pistol at the first hostile movement on the part of the other.

"Paxton, the detective!" exclaimed Saul Hedden.

"Yes, you have recognized me; but be warned, Saul Hedden, I am on my guard, and I have not forgotten your threat," answered the detective.

"I know Hedden's time had expired, and that he had been legally discharged from prison; therefore, he could not attempt his arrest.

Paxton expected every moment that the ex-convict would hurl himself upon him.

But he did not do so.

Instead, the desperado extended his hand in a friendly manner, and he said:

"I take back my threat, Paxton; I mean you no harm, and there's my hand on it—if you'll take it."

Paxton knew that there were reasons why the ex-convict should feel grateful to him, but he had not supposed the desperado capable of entertaining any of the finer feelings of humanity.

The detective gave Saul Hedden a searching look.

The other met his gaze squarely, and Paxton took his hand with him.

"I swore to kill you, Paxton, and I meant it at the time. But my wife has told me since I came out of prison, how she and the little one, the baby that was born while I was in the 'jug,' were starving, dying of misery and want, when you found them in the attic where they lay deserted by all mankind; you saved my wife and the baby, Paxton, and, criminal though I have been, I've got human feelings in my heart. I'll never forget what you did for these helpless ones, and if you can put me in the way of doing you a good turn, I'm your man. And mark you, I'm on the square now, and I mean to be honest. I did a heap of thinking in the prison, and I don't want my little boy to grow up and find out that his father is a criminal."

Thus spoke Saul Hedden.

There was a sort of rude eloquence in his words and manner that carried conviction with them.

Paxton was sure that the man was perfectly sincere in all he said.

He knew that previously to the time of his imprisonment Hedden had been familiar with all the resorts of the metropolitan bandits, and an idea suddenly entered his mind, that if this man would consent to serve him, he might succeed where his most skillful auxiliaries had met only with failure.

"Is it possible you can do me a great favor, and at the same time profit yourself. Come with me to my office, and I will explain my meaning.

Hedden hesitated.

"If it is in the way of betraying old friends, old pals of other days, it's no use for me to go with you. I can't sell out them as you know I used to be hand and glove with me. I've shook them, one and all, but I can't turn Judas," he said, resolutely.

"It is not that. You misapprehend me. Come with me, and permit me to explain," answered Paxton.

Hedden followed the detective as he moved forward thus speaking.

"All right, if it's anything I can do without betraying old friends," he said.

Paxton did not reply until his office was reached, and he knew there was no possibility of being overheard by any one who might make adverse use of his confidence.

Then he said:

"You have heard of John Oakburn's murder. Very good. I want to find the assassin, whom I suspect is hiding in the city. He is a novice in crime, unknown to the police, and therefore a stranger to you. Will you help me? You can go unquestioned into secret haunts of the dangerous classes where my men or myself could never penetrate. Through you the cowardly slayer of a poor old man may be brought to justice."

"I don't like the work, but I want to prove my gratitude to you and I'll undertake it," answered Saul Hedden after a moment of reflection.

"It's a bargain!" cried Paxton, and he reached his hand across the table and pressed that of the ex-convict.

Then he gave his new ally a minute description of the man whom he believed to be John Oakburn's murderer.

That same day the ex-convict began his task of exploring the slums of the great city in quest of the assassin.

Fortune seemed to have favored him in the undertaking beyond anything Paxton had hoped, and the light of a new day had not dawned before he reported to the detective that he believed he had stumbled upon the supposed assassin's hiding place at the very outset.

"He is in the den of an old female 'fence'—a receiver of stolen property—and at this hour we shall find no one in the place but the hag who is the keeper of the place, and our man," said Hedden, in conclusion.

Paxton was elated.

He hurriedly provided himself with a disguise, and when all his preparations were completed he said to his new assistant:

"Lead the way. I am determined to arrest the assassin without delay. We will go alone, as I do not wish to awaken the suspicion of our game, which there would be great risk of doing were we accompanied by a force."

"Right. The people in the locality into which I am about to lead you are suspicious, and most of them are in league with the old fence, whose customers they sometimes are. A force would surely arouse suspicion. Word of our approach would surely be passed to the old woman before we arrived, and we would have our trouble for our pains," said Hedden.

Then Paxton and the latter hastened from the office.

From the description which Hedden had given him of the female fence's secret quest, Paxton did not doubt that he was really the man he had so long unavailingly undertaken to capture.

The detective believed that success was now almost within his grasp.

He would hesitate at no danger now.

The house of the female fence was soon reached.

Saul Hedden rapped on the door in a peculiar way, and after sliding a panel, through which she saw the ex-convict, the old female admitted the detective and his companion.

Hedden vouched for the detective.

"He's all right, Gamar; only Hedden and a friend!" called out the old woman, and thereupon the interior door opened and a man came forth.

Despite the fact that he was slightly disguised, the detective recognized the man whom he believed to be John Oakburn's assassin.

"Up with your hands! you are my prisoner."

But even as the detective spoke, the stranger bounded backward through the door, and as Paxton leveled his pistol at his vanishing form, a young girl suddenly appeared in the place left vacant on the threshold.

At the sight of the girl who so unexpectedly confronted him, Paxton reeled back as though he believed he beheld an apparition.

The girl in the door was Marian Oakburn!

Only for a second did Paxton lose his presence of mind.

Then he dashed forward to prevent the escape of the man who had disapeared, but Marion barred his way.

A pistol appeared in her hand, and as she leveled the deadly weapon full at the detective, she cried in ringing tones:

"Halt, or I fire! Back for your life!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ON COUNTRY HIGHWAYS

URGENT NEED OF IMPROVEMENT IN ILLINOIS.

With the State Out of Debt, No Excuse for Delay Exists—Money Enough Spent Now, But Not Intelligently Applied—The Remedy.

Our System Is Faulty.

The recent convention of gentlemen interested in providing a system of better roads for the State was an important gathering, and its object should enlist the support and co-operation of every public-spirited citizen. The condition which the movement is designed to better was not over-drawn by the secretary of the convention when he said: "It is one of the anomalies of our civilization that the State of Illinois, which ranks first, in many respects, of all the States in the Union, yet is fourth in population, should owe that misfortune to the one cause of having the vilest system of farm roads of any civilized community in the world."

Many reasons can be assigned for the fact that there are in the State to-day only about 6,000 miles of passable farm roads, but none of these reasons are satisfactory. There can certainly no valid excuse for further delay in beginning the improvement of the country roads. The State is out of debt, the people are thoroughly alive to the necessity for improved highways, and all that is lacking is a grant from the Legislature authorizing the work and directing how it shall be done.

Hard roads will not only increase the business of the farmers and add materially to their comfort, but will also largely augment the value of farm lands. Much land that is not now available for agricultural purposes would become so with better roads.

The system to be adopted must vary, necessarily, with the locality. In Macon County it is shown that gravel roads which have proved durable and satisfactory have been constructed at a minimum cost of $1,000 per mile. Wherever gravel can be obtained it should undoubtedly be utilized, as it makes the best road at the smallest cost. Burnt clay is highly regarded, though there are some who object to it.

But it is not the manner of improvement that is now so important as is the power to make any improvement at all. The very able and interesting report prepared by Secretary Howard, of the Permanent State Road Association, and read at the Springfield meeting, states that enough money has been taken from the taxpayers within the past fifteen years under the pretense of making public improvements to build "a first-class stone, gravel or macadam road east and west, north and south through every township in the State."

The subject of using the convict labor of the State in the construction of country roads and bridges has been agitated for many years. It seems to suggest, in many respects, the least objectionable way in which such labor can be employed. But that and all other matters connected with the establishment of good roads for the people are primarily within the province of the General Assembly.

It is evident that the next Legislature will be compelled to give considerable attention to the road question.

D. A. Moffitt, of Decatur, recommended ditches on both sides of the road, fifteen inches below the center and twelve inches on the side being the proper thing. The people of Macon County, Mr. Moffitt said, were entirely satisfied with these roads, which had a great deal of hard wear on them. The only trouble was that under the existing laws it was impossible to raise the necessary means for the building of such roads. Considerable money had been raised by private subscription, and in this way much work was being done. T. F. Sheridan, of Springfield, spoke of the work of the League of American Wheelmen in getting better roads, and mentioned the fact that the organization, 3,000 strong, had spent $20,000 in circulating good road literature.

L. T. Prime, of Dwight, a newspaper man of prominence, spoke in favor of tiling roads to right and left, and instanced cases where tiling alone had produced good country roads without any more expensive methods. R. F. Sheridan advocated the appointment of a commission by the State, just as New Jersey had done, whose province it would be to look after the condition of the highroads. He said that from $10,000 to $15,000 annually would be required for the purpose, and that the members of this commission, if possible, should be practical engineers.

H. W. Thornton, of Millersburg, Mercer County, who in 1840 was a member of the State Legislature, read a paper on his patented method of road building. His idea is to dig a drain canal, or rather well, in the center of the road, filling it up with sand and have a layer of tiles at the bottom. This, he claims, will keep any road in a perfectly dry state. Papers were also read by Prof. Talbott on the general subject of good roads, and by J. H. Burnham, of Bloomington, on "Roads and Road Laws."

W. L. Eaton, of Rockford, delegate to the Illinois Press Association, delivered an address on the financial aspects of the proposed thorough improvement of our State and county roads. His scheme is to impose a graduated tax for roads, both for building and maintaining them. This tax would have to be paid partly direct by communities to be benefited, partly out of the State funds. The State is to advance the sums needed for the purpose, taking ample security in each case, and thus a much lower rate of interest on the money loaned could be had than if each township, county, or city was to borrow the money on its own responsibility.

The following permanent officers were elected: D. W. Smith, President, Springfield; J. H. Hackett, Vice President, Jacksonville; Phocion Howard, Secretary, Danville; Edwin Cleveland, Treasurer, Quincy; Executive Committee, Isaac Reynolds, S. T. K. Prime, J. F. Donovan, D. A. Moffit, A. H. Bates.

ALABASTER figures are cleaned with the following mixture: One ounce of borax and a quart of boiling water. When cool, wash the figures gently, and dry with a silk handkerchief. If badly stained, try a paste of quicklime and water, and let it remain on for a day; then wash off in soap and water. Olive oil occasionally applied with a soft woolen cloth keeps buhl cabinets and ormolu ornaments bright; first clean off all of the dust.

A FOOL is like a sheep; his fleece is worth more than his carcass.

The Flea of Insanity

Cannot be urged in extenuation of the conduct of hosts of people who constantly inflict injury upon themselves, and lay the foundation for serious and disastrous bodily trouble by the use, in season and out of season, upon slight necessity, and without discrimination, of drastic vegetable cathartics and poisonous mineral cholagogues—notably the various forms of mercury—to relieve simply constipation, a complaint remediable at any stage by the persistent use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This famous remedy never gripes, evacuates too copiously, or weakens the bowels. If there is any other tonic aperient in or out of the pharmacopœia of which this can truthfully be said, we are unaware of it. Abandon the fatuous habit of dosing and use this benign regulator, which also sets right weakened stomachs and disordered livers. Rheumatism, neuralgia, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, malaria, debility, and kidney complaints are troubles all conquerable by the Bitters.

Lightning-Proof Ships.

It is a curious fact that the iron ships of the present time are not damaged nearly so frequently as are wooden ships. The German government has been collecting some statistics relating to the effect of lightning on ships and the reasons given by the commission appointed to collect the figures for the immunity of iron ships from damage is, that wire rope is used for rigging purposes and that the vessels are constructed either of iron or steel. In this way it is believed that the whole ship becomes a continuous conductor, leading the lightning to the sea before it can do much damage. The commission reports that no case has been recorded of a shipped rigged with wire rigging sustaining damage from lightning, except in a few instances where a continuous connection had not been made with the hull.

Wooden ships, on the contrary, still show the same percentage of casualties as formerly, when they are not fitted with lightning-rods.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

The British Are Great Users of Tea.

The people of Great Britain consume about five times as much tea per head as do the inhabitants of this country, and the consumption there is steadily increasing every year. In 1889 the consumption in Great Britain per head was 4.99 pounds; in 1890, 5.18 pounds, and last year it was 5.35 pounds. Americans only consume about one and a quarter pounds of tea per head yearly. But we use from seven to nine pounds of coffee per head to make up for it.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3-inch display advertisement in this paper this week which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word, and they will return you BOOK, BEAUTIFUL LITHOGRAPHS, OR SAMPLES FREE.

TO PREVENT hair from becoming permanently gray, take one ounce glycerine, one ounce bay rum, and one pint strong sage tea. Mix and add a few drops of the oil of bergamot.

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Fryeburg (Me.) academy will celebrate its centenary this year. The academy was once taught by Daniel Webster.

IF you suffer from sick, nervous, neuralgic, spinal, bilious, or dyspeptic headaches, Bradycrotine will cure you promptly. Of all Druggists. Fifty cents.

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But if you wish to meet him, come and take a look at our Refrigerators. We handle nothing good in this description that any one house in the United States. This is the reason why our prices are correct. Our cold dry air Refrigerators are gaining a reputation. Our line of Safety Bicycles, Baby Carriages, Reclining and Invalid Rolling Chairs, Office Desks, &c., are the very latest patterns. Name goods wanted and Catalogue will be sent. Special discounts to the trade.

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