



There are men who imagine that out-door work is a sovereign cure for all ills. They work like slaves at their business, take insufficient time to rest and sleep, and abuse and neglect their health in every way. Then, when they break down, they keep on just as before, except that in addition to their usual work, they go out every day and spade a little in their gardens, or try to imitate Mr. Gladstone by cutting down a tree or chopping the family fire-wood.

A more ridiculous method of curing a man who is suffering from nervous exhaustion and is threatened with nervous prostration could not be well conceived. A man who has overworked does not need more work, but less work and more rest. The man who has lost his appetite needs something to restore it. The man whose nerves are shattered needs something to tone and strengthen them. Get the nerves right and sound, and refreshing sleep will follow. A man who sleeps well and eats well, and digests and assimilates his food will not remain ill.

In cases of this kind Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery goes to bed rock—to first causes. It creates a hearty appetite; it makes the digestion and assimilation perfect; it invigorates the liver; it purifies the blood and fills it with the life-giving elements of the food. It builds up new flesh, new muscle and new nerve fibres. It is an unfailing cure for nervous exhaustion and nervous prostration, and the best of all medicines for overworked men and women. An honest druggist won't urge an inferior substitute upon you, thereby insulting your intelligence.

It is a dealer's business to sell you what you ask for—not what he prefers for selfish profit's sake to sell.

A man or woman who neglects constipation suffers from slow poisoning. Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. All medicine dealers sell them.

APPALLING DEATH

From Kidney Disease Prevented by Dodd's Kidney Pills, Only.

"Kidney Disease." Do you know what it means? It means that the kidneys are either rotten, or rotting; the blood is full of poisonous, death-dealing corruption; that the Kidneys can't do their work; that the victim is a walking charnel-house; that his hours are numbered; that the victim must take Dodd's Kidney Pills if he does not want to die.

Have you Kidney Disease? Is your skin hot and dry; memory failing; breath short; urine, reddish, or pale colored; does it scald when passing; is your appetite changeable; do your ankles swell; have you bitter taste in the mouth on getting up mornings; is there a brick-dust deposit in your urine?

Any of these signs is proof positive of Kidney Disease. Will you be cured, or will you die? Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only means on earth that will cure you. They never fail.

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GRATEFUL COMFORTING Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour, Superior Quality, and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in 1-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

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Three Plymouth Rock one year old hens; two Plymouth Rock Pullets, four White Leghorn Cockerels and four White Leghorn Pullets. They are not the very best quality, but very good for farmers to mix with their common hens. The price is 35 cts each.

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Woman AGAINST Woman

BY MRS. MARY E. HOLMES.

Author of "A Woman's Love," "The Wife's Secret," "A Heartless Woman," "Her Fatal Sin," "A Wife's Peril," "A Desperate Woman."

(Continue.)

Valerie turned away and buried her face in her hands—in reality to hide the triumph that was gleaming on it. The earl approached her.

"Valerie, forgive me! I don't know what I am saying or doing. I think I am mad, but this is too horrible—it cannot be true!"

Question them further Roy," his mother murmured. The shock was so great to her pride and honor, she looked almost ill.

The earl hastily opened the door. "Mason, go at once, and see if he be correct about the count; there may be some mistake. Davis, come in here. Now tell me all that occurred when you were with the countess last night."

The maid complied, and went over all that had happened.

"You took all her jewels off you say?" Valerie interrupted quietly, though her hands were trembling, "and put them away?"

"No; her ladyship did that."

"Then you carried the diamonds back to the care of the butler?"

Davis looked round suddenly.

"No, miss; I left them here. My lady said she would put them away, and—"

"They are gone too," finished Valerie quietly. "Come, dear Lady Darrell, there is no more to be said; you know the worst now."

Lady Darrell put her hand on Valerie's arm, and turned away with bent head and drooping limbs.

The earl watched them go, then sank on to a couch and covered his face with his hands; all was too conclusive, the evidence was damning against Alice.

Alice, his sweet dream love, his wife, had fled—she was a thief, and a traitress! As yet he could not comprehend it, and strongest in his pain was the feeling that she was gone from him forever—yes, even though her guilt seemed so evident, he loved her still.

He sat for many minutes, then rose with a groan and strode down the corridor, unconscious that a woman's eyes were following him hungrily, and eagerly.

"All works well," murmured Valerie from her hiding-place. "She is lost now; their pride will condemn her a thief. It was a good thought on Jura's part to take the diamonds, but I don't quite understand about the plate; she had no share in that. Could Jura be indeed a—"

She stopped, then a thought came to her. "He mentioned Paul; now I see it clearly. Jura is no count; they are leagued together. What if the girl discovers Paul to be my brother. She may return and tell all. She threw a terrified glance around, then a smile came. "No, I am weak and foolish; he swore they should neither of them cross my path; he has the girl he loves. He will trouble me no more."

CHAPTER X.

"Going out again, Frank, in this weather?"

Frank Meredith laughed.

"I expect you think me mad, Geoff?" he answered his friend Geoffrey Armistead; "but I shall return so soon to dingy, smoky London, I want to get all the air I can."

The two young men were in the smoking-room of the Grange, Geoffrey Armistead's country house.

"I shall be sorry to lose you, old fellow."

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low," went on Mr. Armistead. "But I shall follow you soon, remember, so look out for me."

Frank nodded.

"Why are you not more sociable with your neighbors, Geoff?" he said after a pause. "You go nowhere."

"I don't care for any of them; the only people I like are the Darrells. But I don't see much of them now, because they have a woman staying with them I hate with all my heart—Valerie Ross."

"Is that why you refused to go to that dinner the night before last?"

Mr. Armistead nodded.

"She is no good. I cannot bear her. I knew her brother, though it is a secret, Frank, that she has such a relative. He is an awful scamp—was convicted and sentenced to penal servitude for seven years for forgery. He is out somewhere on ticket-of-leave. The proud Valerie here thinks no one knows of it. Well, I shall never say anything. You are safe too, I know."

"Why should I speak of it?"

Frank Meredith relapsed into silence. He recalled Valerie's face the day he had seen her at the ruins, then his mind went to Alice, and his cheek flushed as he remembered her loveliness.

"I wish I could see her again," he murmured as he turned from the window to go out. "She looked so unhappy, and now I know her story I understand what she meant about being friendless. I do not care to see her at the Castle. I should like to be able to do something for her."

"Well, you are off," exclaimed Geoffrey Armistead, "to the Abbey again. Why, Frank, I believe there is some siren hidden in the ruins. Don't blush, old man!"

Frank smiled and at that instant Sir Robert Carlyle was announced.

"Have you heard the news?" he said hurriedly.

They both answered in the negative.

"The Castle has been robbed, the celebrated Darrell diamonds are stolen, and who do you think is the thief? No less than the young Countess Darrell!"

Frank uttered an exclamation.

"I could not have believed it," went on Sir Robert; "at the dinner the other night she was charming, and yet they discovered yesterday morning she had eloped with a guest staying in the house—a Count Jura—taking the diamonds and a quantity of plate with her."

"Jura!" repeated Geoffrey Armistead.

"Where have I heard that name?"

"She is in trouble," thought Frank Meredith hurriedly; "there is some mystery here, I am sure. She may let me know. Well, let her summon me when she will, I shall be ready."

The cart with its strange burden was driven rapidly by Paul Ross along the deserted lanes.

Count Jura sat silent beside his companion.

The smock-frocks and slouched hats were complete disguises. Anyone meeting them would have taken them for honest farmers returning to their homes from a distant market-town.

The count was thinking and planning. It was not the first time by many he had robbed a host of heirlooms and valuables; but never before had he carried away, or attempted to induce a woman to come to his secret and hazardous life.

His reason and good common-sense had fled before the passion that Alice had inspired within him. His wild, lawless heart bowed down before her fair, sweet beauty. He had thrust all fear from his mind, and with Valerie's aid had got the girl into his hands.

He determined as they approached the Abbey to make speedy arrangements with Paul about disposing of the plate and jewels, and then to start at once from England, taking Alice with him.

When the cart drew up outside the ruins, Count Jura bent over the girl's lifeless form, and lifted her easily from her hard resting-place.

"Show a light, Paul," he said sharply.

Paul Ross at once opened his dark lantern and shot a ray of light on to the broken steps that led to the vaults of the Abbey.

"Wait here; I will return in an instant. You are sure Dame Burden is here all right?" said the count.

"Yes," answered Paul shortly, as he held the lantern high over his head and threw the light on his companion's path.

The count moved down the steps carefully and entered a dark passage. He traversed this for a few seconds, then a glimmer of light at the farther end told him he was in the right direction.

He whistled softly, and a figure came towards him.

"Dame Burden?" he asked quickly.

"Yes; George. What is it? The swag's safe?"

"Yes—yes, outside. Lead the way in. I have got something here for you to look after."

In another moment he stood in a large stone chamber. It was a curious scene. On the rough walls, stained and wrecked by time, were hung rich curtains caught on great rusty nails.

The stone floor was lined with rugs

and skins thrown carelessly down; a pile of cushions were flung on one end of a mattress, over which was stretched a rich, silken coverlet.

The light came from two tallow-candles stuck into most beautiful old silver vases. A profusion of strange and costly silver and glass stood on the ground at the extreme end of the vault.

The old woman addressed as Dame Burden proved to be a stout, comfortable-looking person, dressed in a simple brown gown and apron, but with a string of costly pearls clasped round her thick throat.

"Something for me, George?" she repeated.

"Yes, something for you to look after," he said quietly, as he laid his burden on the mattress, and drew back the cloak.

The old woman's face dropped.

"A girl!" she exclaimed.

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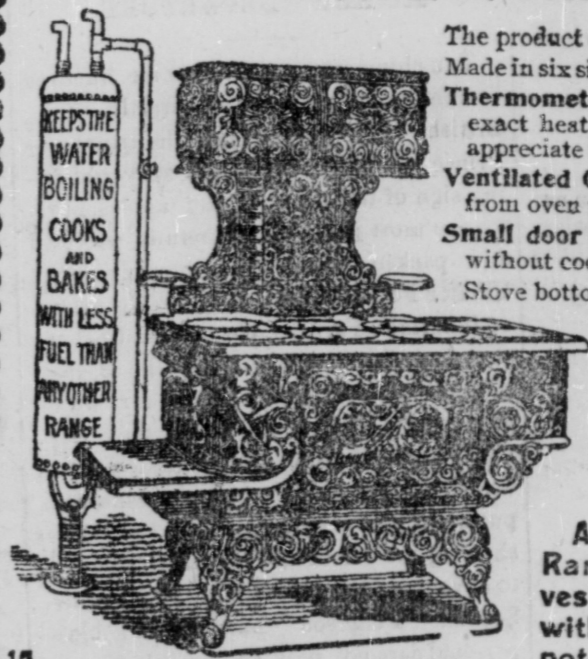
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