

He declares it to be "the best remedy for cough and colds." Mr. D. T. Good, Columbia, Tenn., writes: "Dr. Bull's Balsam is the best remedy for colds in the house all the time. It is the best remedy for cough and colds I ever used."

AS A MAN GROWS OLD, he begins to look upon wretchedness in young folks as a sort of inextricability.

ASTHMA'S TROUBLES and sorrows of the Lungs or Throat are usually overcome by Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant—a sure curative for colds.

MARRYING a man to reform him is equal to putting your fingers on a fire to put it out.



CHAPTER VIII
ON THE THRESHOLD.

One thought had been dominant in the heart of Edna Dean since the moment that Raymond Marshall's discovery of her duplicity had crushed her with humiliation. A bitter, cruel resolve that, come what might, he should never again see the face of the woman he loved.

"I am yours!" her fierce heart had throbbed out. "He loves her yet, he knows her to be true. He despises me, but—he shall yet love me. I cannot lose him. He shall never find or wed Edna Dean."

Then, calming her fierce, resolute nature, the subtle minister regret of all the issues in the case in which mingled love and jealousy involved her. Beatrice Mercer fell to studying the chances in her favor.

She knew where Edna had gone; the letter that Edna had only half read, a moment ago, and again, had been torn over and over again by the plotting Beatrice.

Her thoughts gave her an insight of the character of the father who had sent for his beloved child, into his secrets as well, and knew that the secret of this child would have been with Edna's mother—her father would order her to forget all friends of the past, or, if any letter or word was sent to Raymond Marshall, it would be through her.

As the days passed by, however, and no word was received, she grew gradually disturbed, and finally anxious.

The evening preceding that upon which Raymond Marshall appeared at the Seminary to find her gone, however, she made a discovery that startled her into a fit of thought and action, unexpected.

A student living at quite a distance received regularly the weekly paper published at her home, and glancing over this, Beatrice felt the blood rush from her head through icy channels to her feet, as she had never before.

She knew she was safe in telling the secret she had framed, and that circumstances would carry her secret. She showed the letter she had stolen from Edna; she told how she and her guide had been overtaken by the storm at the broken bridge. He had perished, she had escaped, and she showed the newspaper clipping of the account of the accident, rapidly, unconsciously, reading what had really transpired, little dreaming that Edna Dean of the past, the real Alice Edna Marston, or Ralston, had not gone down in that whirlwind of waters.

But there was much to learn. Her mind was yet one of puzzle, and she must be secretive, and yet draw out the secrets of the unsuspecting old man who accepted her unreservedly as his own child, blinded by clever falsehoods, the changes of years, and her circumstances would have to be explained, as an atonement for the forced neglect of years, a royal fortune.

The next morning Beatrice Mercer's mind was made up. All night long she had plotted and—
"The Jealousy of the Lover" is a story that has become in a few brief hours a willful, wicked闹, imbued with schemes as bold and cruel as the hardest heart ever yet designed.

She went straight to the town where Edna and her companion had disappeared. Within twenty-four hours she was satisfied that both had met their fate in the turbulent torrent that flowed beneath the broken rustic bridge.

"Father, I do not understand," murmured the false daughter.

"Do not try to. An innocent man, I have yet been called upon to suffer the punishment of a crime unjustly laid on my charge. Now, I have turned down a reward from Justice. Turned down, a reward upon my recompence. I sought this school two years. You have the natural ability to do the best work, whereas you really do the worst. In two years you have not been able to discover that the trouble is not at the pointed end of your pencil. I think you may as well give the whole thing up."

"What do you mean?" the student stammered, taken aback.

"You know what I mean. The difficulty is not at that end of the pencil, but at the other. It is not the point but the pointer that needs correcting."—*YOUTH'S COMPANION*.

Caste Broken Down by Street Cars.

Street cars in Bombay are mostly of American manufacture, and the promoters of the street car lines are Americans. When it was proposed, not many years ago, to start such lines, Europeans prophesied their failure upon the ground that such common public conveyances could not be profitable in caste ruled community. It was believed that the high caste man, who will not eat or drink from the vessel used by a low caste man, would refuse to ride in a public conveyance beside his humble brother. In spite of these doleful prophecies the railways were built and equipped, and lo! the high caste man complacently pays his fare and rides untroubled by the size of any sort of man. The cheapness and convenience of the street cars were too much for even the hard and fast rules of caste.

"Fairly on the threshold!" she breathed wildly, yet exultantly, as she awaited a reply to her question, "One day, I shall be the mystery of 'what-is-it?' to the way to the heart of the man I love."—*RAYMOND MARSHALL*!

Success.

A grabbed-faced girl answered the ring at the iron gate after a lapse of several minutes, stared at the well figure without, first penetratively and then without suspicion, and asked, unceremoniously:

"Who are you—what do you want?"

"I am a housekeeper, and I have come prepared to feign a part, and she did it well.

All the fire and impetuosity of her passionate nature was subdued to the seemingly shrinking timidity of a shy young girl.

She staggered out a frightened agony and clung to the iron gate as if it were a weary weak.

"I have come a long ways," she murmured, "and I must make no mistake. The girl who lives here—Mr. Caleb Marston."

The servant or helper uttered a sharp ejaculation of surprise and renewed suspicion.

"Who told you that Mr. Caleb Marston lived here?" she demanded.

"I—I does not." Then I will go, if I am in error," and Beatrice retreated.

Quick as a flash the man unlocked the gate, seized her arm, dragged her inside the overgrown, ill-kept garden, and perched her with much the angry glare of an enemy.

"No, you don't!" he said. "Where did you get that name—Marston? Who told you? Speak! Have you guessed his hiding-place again?" the man half muttered to himself.

"I got the name from a letter—a letter from Mr. Marston himself," explained Beatrice.

"Oh!" muttered the man. "I'll guarantee he never told you to use that name hereabouts, all the same. I am a son, girl. Do you understand? Never again Marston again, if you're friends of ours."

"Can I see him?"

"Can you see who?"

"Mr. Mar—Mr. Ralston? He sent for me."

"Yes. Take me to him. He will tell you it is all right."

The man studied a bit. He relocked the gate and made sure that no one was lurking about the place. Then, taking an easel and some keys from his pocket, he led the way to the villa.

"You are getting wearied of the long journey, I fear," spoke Ralston, and took an evening.

"No father."

"Yes. Take me to him. He will tell you it is all right."

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