

Scrofula

Is the most ancient and most general of all diseases. Scarcely a family is entirely free from it, while thousands everywhere are its suffering slaves. Hood's Sarsaparilla has had remarkable success in curing every form of scrofula. The most severe and painful running sores, swellings in the neck or groin, humor in the eyes, causing partial or total blindness, yield to the powerful effects of this medicine. It thoroughly removes every impurity from the blood.

Scrofula

"My little daughter's life was saved, as we believe, by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before she was six months old she had running sores on her face. One physician advised the amputation of one of her fingers, to which she refused assent. When we began giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla, a marked improvement was noticed and by a continued use of it her recovery was complete. And she is now, being seven years old, healthy and happy." B. C. JONES, Alma, Lincoln County, Mo.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Under a much more successful treatment than Dr. Huntziger has been using for the past seven years, his practice has greatly increased. The doctor now treats many cases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Catarrh patients with Milder remedies and better and quicker cures than ever before. This treatment is especially successful to children and peculiarly sensitive persons.

Special attention to the Longest Standing and most difficult cases of Catarrh. Also all Surgical cases of Catarrh, Cross-Eyes, Deformities, etc. Operations on the Eye Ball performed without pain.

A neglected or badly treated Chronic Catarrh is the great cause of so much deafness in the middle-aged and elderly people, also of consumption. A chronic discharge from the ear is very dangerous to life, as it is liable to cause blood poison or brain disease. Consultation free.

Spectacles! People are so delighted with the Quality, Price and Elegant Sight giving properties of the Doctor's Perfect Fitting Spectacles and Eye Glasses that their sale is constantly increasing. Still selling at factory prices and fitting them Free of Charge. Special pains taken to rest the face and eyes, thus giving the greatest ease and comfort, as well as greatly improving the personal appearance of the wearer. Glasses successfully fitted where others fail. This ad. will appear every other week.

REFERENCES. Geo. D. Hurley, attorney at law, son Frank, discharge from ears and deafness; John R. Courtney, lawyer, son, bad eyes and ears; G. L. Mills, deafness, etc., twenty years standing; Guy Mayer, daughter confined nine months in dark room with violent eye disease, causing total blindness; Israel Paton, total blindness, from catarrh; Miss Clara Alston, violent ulceration of eye ball; E. K. Smith, wife, eye disease; A. R. Bayless, mother, eye disease; Dr. James Thompson, deafness, all of Crawfordville. Hon. Silas Peterson, wife, deafness, bad case, Fort Crook; Frank Powers, chronic catarrh, banker, Colfax; Congressman W. D. O. Evans, Loganport, discharge from ears and deafness; Judge Waugh, Tipkion, surgical operation on eyes that restored sight; Judge Terhune, Lebanon, Ind., deafness; Ex-Senator Kent, Frankfort, Ind., catarrh, total deafness; J. Linn, Mace, catarrh deafness, and numerous others in this vicinity equally bad.

Dr. Huntziger will be at Dr. C. L. Rankin's office in Crawfordville on THURSDAY, JAN. 3, and every two weeks thereafter.

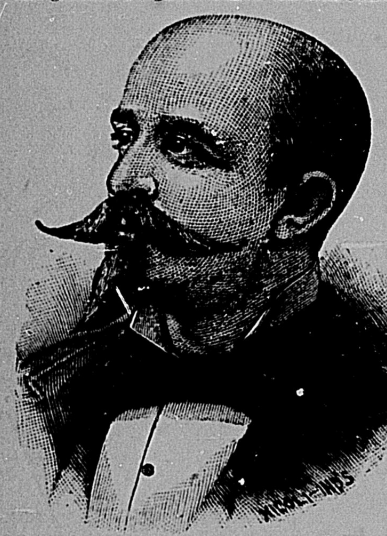
Will be at Dr. Kleiser's office at Waverland on Friday, January 23, and regularly every four weeks thereafter on Friday.

DR BRUBAKER.

King of Specialists.

Locates all diseases without asking a question

The greatest Diagnostician of this 19th Century



Late of the Medical Department, University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia and the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York City. Treats successfully all diseases.

Ague, Abscesses, Asthma, Barrenness, Bladder, Blisters, Bronchitis, Chronic, Diarrhea, Crook ed Limbs, Club Feet, Constipation, Cancer, Cancer, Catarrh, Deafness, Debility, Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Dysentery, Eczema, Erysipelas, Erysipelas, Female Weakness, Fever, Sores, Fits, Erysipelas, Gonorrhea, Gleet, Gravel, Hip Joint Disease, Headache, Hysteria, Hemorrhoids, Hemorrhoids, Impotency, Joint Diseases, Kidneys, Liver, Leucorrhoea, Nervousness, Ovaries, Piles, Prostration, Pimples, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Rupture, Spine, Skin Swellings, Skin Diseases, Stricture, Scrofula, St. Vitus Dance, Syphilis, Spermatorrhea, Tame women, Tonsils, Enlargements, Tumors, Uterus, Uterus, Wombs.

OFFICE HOURS:

7 a. m. to 12 m., 1 p. m. to 5 p. m., 7 p. m. to 9 p. m. Sundays, 9 a. m. to 12 m.

Consultation in English and German Free.

Those at a distance who are unable to call should send for a question blank.

RECEPTION AND CONSULTATION PARLORS

No. 1 and 3 PAIR BLOCK,

Corner Illinois street and Jackson Block,

209 2d St. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

But One Sure Aid.

Clogged kidneys, sluggish liver and inactive bowels speedily manifested in the vitiated and inartificial blood show how far impaired are the vital organs, each of which, while seriously affecting the others, is in itself reacted upon disastrously, either directly or through the blood, by all the rest. Medical science is infinitely richer in the nomenclature of the diseases thus induced than in medicines for their cure. There is indeed but one preparation that can be relied upon to act certainly and speedily for the restoration to health and that is Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. In a vast number of cases it has effected cures—more obstinate and dangerous diseases—particularly those of the kidneys and liver—where all other treatment has proved valueless.

You get your money's worth, when you buy Old Saul's Catarrh Cure. It never fails. 25

THE REVIEW.

BY T. LUSE.

A Binder and Reeper Trust.

The announcement that there has been a consolidation, or rather an absolute selling out of all the reaper and binder concerns in the United States to one mammoth institution, brings consternation to a small army of men distributed all over the country. On Jan. 1 several hundred Indiana men who have been in the employ of some one of the great reaper and binder companies, will have to seek new positions. They have been given notice that after that date their services will not be needed by the trust.

The understanding is that the trust will establish one house in Indianapolis, and the entire state will be supplied with reapers and binders from that headquarters. The hundreds of salesmen who have canvassed the state thoroughly every year will nearly all have to look for new jobs.

But few people know what a large force of men has been employed in selling, setting up and setting for binders all over the country. When one considers that the companies have scores of distributing points all over the country, and at each point from ten to one hundred travelers, one can get an idea of a part of the expense that is in putting out these great labor saving machines. There are over twenty concerns in the United States engaged in the making of binders on a large scale, the largest of these being the McCormick and Deering companies of Chicago; the Warder, Bushnell & Gleason company, and the Whitley Reaper company, of Springfield, O., and the Walter A. Wood company, of Hossick Falls, N. Y. Each of these establishments employ from 2,500 to 3,000 men, and turn out annually over 150,000 machines. Then comes the Buckeye Reaper company, of Akron, with an annual output of 10,000 to 12,000 binders, the D. M. Osborne company, of Auburn, N. Y., and the Plano Manufacturing company, of Plano, Ill., about the same number. The strife for business among these giants has become so great that it looked as if a part or all had to quit business.

Binders that a few years ago were sold for \$250 have been sold during the past season for \$125, and payment, made by farmer's notes, running sometimes two or three years without interest. At the close of the season, if there was a prospect of any binders being unsold, orders were sent out from the makers to their agents to sell at all hazards, "as next season a new machine will come out, and they could not sell old ones at any price;" and so another cut was made, binders frequently selling at the end of the season for \$75, a figure that only showed heavy loss to the manufacturers.

The consolidation of these twenty big concerns of these twenty big concerns will work temporary loss to thousands of men.—Lafayette Journal.

A Horse Story. The following clipped from the American Field, a sporting paper published at Chicago, is good enough to repeat: About thirteen miles northwest of Crawfordville, Indiana, lives a farmer by the name of Boswell Clough. Mr. Clough is one of those large-hearted, broad-gauge fellows whose liberality is not confined to the wire fence—the limits of his four hundred acre farm. He is an ardent admirer of shooting, although no shot himself. There are two things on which Mr. Clough prides himself. One, his equine pointer; the other, his skill as a pedro player. An invitation to spend a day with him found us at his farm one Sunday evening, and the next morning we were to be shown a case of equine vanity. Early Monday morning my two friends and I left the house for a day's quest, to be joined at a given point later on by Mr. Clough and his saddle mare. Our three dogs began the work mapped out for them early, and time passed rapidly. About the time we were to join Mr. Clough we heard a vigorous "hello!" about two hundred yards off in a corn field, and we knew it was our host. Calling our dogs up we hastened to him, and were rewarded by the information that "about forty yards up that row boys, is a bevy." Well, this was an experience. What I had expected to be a joke was an actual fact. Sending the dogs in, the bevy was pointed, and worked nicely by my two friends while I followed this old game finder. Mr. Clough's plan is to ride up and down corn rows about ten or fifteen rows apart until a field is thoroughly worked. As the mare approaches a bevy she will throw her head up and down, and on nearer approach will snort gently. This is the time Mr. Clough calls in the shooters. He often sees the bevy a few yards ahead of him, but as a rule is only guided by the skillful work of the mare, never thinking of looking for birds until the mare begins to show signs of game. From ten o'clock that morning until three in the afternoon the mare located five bevy of birds.

The Putnam County Institute. The Putnam county Farmers' institute held sessions this week at Greencastle. The attendance was good and the meeting interesting and profitable to all who were present. Visitors were in attendance from Lafayette, Ellettsville, Cloverdale, Whitesville, Peeksburg, Shawnee Mound and New Albany. J. P. Applegate of the New Albany League delivered an address. Subject: "Farmer Jefferson." This was one of the most interesting topics of the session. The following program was observed:

10 a. m.—Invocation, Elder O. P. Badger.

Welcome—O. B. Case.

Response—President W. H. Ragan.

11 a. m.—Prof. W. C. Latta, Purdue University. "Why Educate the Boy who Expects to Farm."

1 p. m.—J. W. Robe, Greencastle. "What Sheep Can Do for the Farm and for the Pocket."

2 p. m.—J. P. Applegate. New Albany, "Farmer Jefferson."

7:30 p. m., Maharry Hall—John C. Ridpath, L. L. D., "Indiana Original," by a citizen.

Joseph Y. Takasugi—"Japanese Agriculture and Agriculture Products."

Sitting Bull's Wives.

Sitting Bull had three wives two of whom survive him. The name of one of them is The-Old-That-Had-Four-Robes. The others seem to have distinguished herself by doing more than a wife's share toward keeping the name of the Bull family upon the census roll and is called The-Old-That-Had-Twice-Twice.—St. Joseph Gazette.

Mrs. Woodworth's Wonders. Mrs. Hiram Baxter, Anderson, is 63 years old, and has walked on crutches for two years, as a result of being run over by a bicycle. She is pious and God fearing; Monday she hobbled to Merla Woodworth's revival, went to the altar and prayed to be restored to health. During this time Mrs. Woodworth sat by her, placed her hands on her limbs and gently stroked them; presently she rose to her feet, held her hands over the prostrate Mrs. Baxter, and in loud tones exclaimed: "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, arise and walk." Mrs. Baxter, with wild, delirious joy, arose and leaped over the railing in front of her, sailed up and down the aisles of the church, shouting and singing. Then she went home and her crutches are in that church yet.

Forged a Money Order.

"Julius Ayers, a young traveling man, son of a prominent ex-city official, was arrested at Evansville this evening on a warrant sworn out by Postoffice Inspector Vickery, on a charge of collecting money on a forged post-office order. The forger was committed by J. W. Bowers, also a traveling man, who was recently discharged by J. R. Goodwin, & Co., of Evansville. Bowers has fled, but secret-service officers have a clew to his whereabouts. Bowers also collected considerable money belonging to Goodwin & Co., which he appropriated to his own use."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mr. Ayers is well known in this city, having lived on east Main street in this city for more than a year, at which time he was married, but since removing from here his wife has secured a divorce.

An Installation at Waveland.

The Masonic Lodge of this place held a public installation of officers and served a grand supper in their lodge room here last Saturday night. It was quite an enjoyable affair. Following is a list of the officers installed: W. M., John L. Dietrich; S. W., G. C. Durham; J. W., K. K. Stranghan; Treas., J. T. Scott; Sec., Fred Smith; S. D., R. C. Foster; Jr. D., J. A. Spruhan; Stewards, Davis Moore and E. E. Crooks; Chaplain, P. M. Conner; Tyler, J. F. Clark.

Arrested and Acquitted.

Col. John S. Williams, ex-third auditor of the treasury, and his son, Fredrick S. Williams, proprietors of the Lafayette Sunday Times, and George E. Jenkins, the business manager of the Times, were arrested on Tuesday for publishing a lottery advertisement a week ago. They were arraigned before W. F. Severson, U. S. commissioner, Tuesday afternoon and acquitted, the defendants swearing that they were ignorant of the nature of the advertisement. The affidavit leading to the arrest was made by an attaché of the post office.

Bold Train Robbery.

At 5 o'clock Tuesday evening, as the fast train from Chicago to Louisville, on the P. & C. & St. L. railroad, was standing at the depot at Columbus, Ind., three unknown men entered the passenger coach and held up and robbed Frank Burton, of Indianapolis, of \$1,200 and tried to get his diamond pin, but failed. Several passengers were in the coach, but before they could realize what was being done the robbers left the coach and disappeared in the darkness.

FIRE OPALS IN IDAHO.

Only Two Other Mines on the American Continent.

A deposit of fire opals has been discovered four miles northwest of Moscow, Idaho. This discovery is a very important one, as the stones are very valuable, and are found in but two other places on the American continent—Mexico having one mine and the State of Georgia the other. The opals were thrown out with the dirt drawn up from a well which was being dug, and were noticed by a jeweler of Moscow who chanced to be hunting in that vicinity. All the country adjacent to the farm on which the discovery was made has been staked out into claims and prospecting is going on at a rapid pace. A company has been organized and is now pushing the work of development.

What Lupus Is.

Lupus vulgaris, of which we are now hearing so much, is an extremely chronic disease of the skin, attacking persons between the ages of 20 and 50. It is characterized by the appearance of reddish brown nodules of granulation tissue upon the skin, usually of the face. The mucous membranes are rarely affected. The nodules start in the corium, but penetrate the connective tissue beneath and the papillary layer above. The disease spreads by the formation of fresh nodules at the periphery of the original lesion. New nodules are found, covered with yellowish and brownish crusts. Unlike ordinary tubercle, the lupus nodules are rather vascular.

Tubercle bacilli are found in the tissue, but they are very infrequent, and often many examinations are required to detect them. Inoculation of lupus nodules will, it is asserted, cause tuberculosis in rabbits and guinea pigs, but inoculation of the skin with tubercle will not produce lupus. For this and other reasons so distinguished an authority as Kaposi denies that lupus is a cutaneous tuberculosis, although that view is held positively by Koch and his pupils. Lupus, chronic as it is in its tendencies, often disappears for a time under treatment, only to reappear later. Dermatologists generally give a favorable prognosis, provided treatment is persisted in.—Medical Record.

How Dolls' Heads Are Made.

"I wonder whether my little girl and other little girls know how Santa Claus makes the beautiful dolls he brings them?" said a down town manufacturer of children's novelties. "The making of a wax doll is quite a long process. The legs are filled out with moss and sawdust. So are the arms and body. The head is more difficult to make. First comes the molding from a white brown paste. The head is molded in halves—the back and the front—and then the two parts are joined together by the same sort of paste.

"Heads are made by the thousand of all shapes and sizes and left for the moment unpolished. Then they are dipped into boiling wax. After this the head is provided with a pair of eyes. Sometimes Santa Claus does not select two eyes, but only one. Then comes the eyelashes and the hair. Santa Claus always makes up his dolls' hair in the newest fashion. Sometimes he puts teeth into the mouth. When the head is finished he easily fastens on the rest of the body."—New York Telegram.

THE SONG OF THE GOLDEN HELEN.

Who wins his love shall lose her,
Who loses her shall gain her,
For still the spirit woe her,
A soul without a stain,
And memory still pursues her
With longings not in vain!

He loses her who gains her,
Who watches day by day
The dust of time that stains her,
The griefs that leave her gray,
The flesh that yet enchains her,
Whose grace hath passed away.

Oh, happier he who gains not
The love some seem to gain;
The joy that custom stains not
Shall still with him remain,
The loveliness that wanes not,
The love that never can wane.

In dreams she grows not older
The lands of dream among,
Though all the world was colder,
In dreams doth he behold her,
Still fair and kind and young,
—The World's Desire.

MRS. WILVERTON'S BALL.

Mrs. Alison sat in her easy chair and tapped her foot impatiently as she worked. Mr. Alison paced the floor uneasily and frowned darkly. It was evident there was a storm brewing in the domestic atmosphere. Indeed, the first faint drops of the coming shower were already pattering down on the dainty dress Mrs. Alison was embroidering for her beloved baby.

"For pity's sake, Maud," broke forth her liege lord, "don't begin crying. Why can't you be sensible and look at the matter in a sensible way? It ought not to be so hard for you to yield to my wishes, when I have good reasons for asking you to do it besides."

"I don't know what you call good reasons," sobbed Maud Alison. "You don't know the Wilvertons that you should wish me to give up attending their ball—such a magnificent affair as it's going to be, too."

"That's the chief of my reasons—because I don't know anything about the family—neither for nor against them. But the man's face is enough to condemn him. I wouldn't trust him an inch out of my sight."

"You're as unjust as you can be," cried Mrs. Alison indignantly. "To say such unkind things about a stranger of whom you know nothing. I do believe you are jealous of him because he was so attentive to me at Mrs. Fitzgerald's party."

Mr. Alison whistled.

"Jealous! I should hope I wasn't quite such a fool. But I do think you are altogether too careless in taking up with people so rashly. You haven't known the man a month, and yet Mrs. Wilverton is as much at home here as if she had been as long to her. I don't like it, and I expressly desire that you will see as little of either her or her husband as is possible until something more is known of both of them. Especially do I wish you to decline their invitation to this ball. I don't want my wife known as the chosen friend of a pair of adventurers."

And having delivered this decision Mr. Alison walked out of the room.

There his pretty wife was justly indignant as well as what he had said. Anger had dried the tears upon her cheeks as she muttered: "Adventurers, indeed; as if that were possible! I am sure that Mr. and Mrs. Wilverton are as elegant and refined as any people of our acquaintance, and everybody says the ball will be magnificent, and everybody is going, too, and—so am I. I will not be deprived of every little pleasure I chance to care for because Fred chooses to dictate in that lordly manner. I shall go to the ball in spite of him; so, there!"

And the little foot came down with emphasis upon the soft carpet beneath it.

Thus it was that Mr. and Mrs. Alison so nearly quarreled this bright morning in early December. The Wilvertons had issued cards for a grand reception and ball, to which nearly all the elite of the town had responded favorably. Could Mrs. Alison decline? She did not intend to, at all events.

Yes, it was with rather a failing heart that she penned her acceptance of the invitation and commenced her preparation for the great event. She had never yet in their pleasant married life acted so willfully in opposition to her husband's wishes. But this time she felt herself in part excusable.

"If he had asked me not to go," she said, half penitently, "I might have thought better of it, but I won't be commanded. I didn't marry to become my husband's slave, and I'll go to this ball if only to show him that I can think for myself and shall act as I choose, whether he objects or not."

You see, the little lady was fast working herself up to a very high pitch of virtuous indignation, and she was scarcely disposed to pay any attention to the faint murmurings of conscience, especially when it dared to whisper that she was wrong.

The night of the ball came around at last, as all things do when patiently waited for. At breakfast that day Mrs. Alison found her pretty wife in a state of agitation of attending the ball.

"You are not in earnest?" he said.

"Indeed, I am," was the defiant reply. "My preparations are all completed, and Mrs. Leighton has offered me a seat in her carriage in case you persist in not escorting me yourself."

"Certainly shall not go," her husband answered firmly. "And I cannot believe my little wife will go without me," he added pleasantly. "Give me a kiss, please, and when I come home this evening I trust you will have put all this nonsense out of your head. By, by."

But his wife would not look at him when he kissed her, and stamped her foot angrily as the door closed behind him and she heard his careless whistle as he ran down the steps.

"I'm not a baby," she said to herself, "and I won't be treated like one. He shall find out that I can go without him."

And he did come to a realizing sense of the fact when he came to dinner that evening. Running lightly upstairs to their room, the first sight that met his amazed eyes was his pretty wife in full festive robes.

"Well, dear," she said with a slight affectation of unconsciousness that she was vexing him in the least, "you see I have decided to go, after all. How do you like my dress? I dressed early on purpose for you to see it."

Mr. Alison had stopped short as she spoke, with hands uplifted.

"Maud," he said in a vexed way, "what does this mean?"

"Have you forgotten so quick?" she answered lightly. "It is the Wilvertons' ball, you know. I told you this morning Mrs. Leighton had offered to call for me and bring me home again. Don't you remember?"

"I remember something you seem to have forgotten," was the cold reply; "that is that I did not and do not want you to go to this ball. Those Wilvertons are not fit people for you to associate with; of that I am certain. The town is full of rumors against them, and I predict that you will find but few decent people there to-night."

"What nonsense you are talking!" she said, genuinely surprised now. "Why, I know there are plenty of the best people going. I have scarcely met one who has declined the invitation."

"That may be," was the quiet reply, "but many men who have heard as much and more than I have will change their minds to-night, and keep themselves and their families away. Those who do go will be sorry for it, I am very sure."

"What terrible things have you heard, I should like to know?" she asked, half convinced.

"Only rumors, I own," he answered, "but they are bad enough. There was never so much smoke without a little fire. I"

Mrs. Alison interrupted him with blazing eyes. "Rumors, indeed! You need say no more. I do not believe one word of it at all, and I shall go. That is decided."

"But, Maud!"

"I don't wish to hear any more. I am going."

And she went—went with Mrs. Leighton when she called for her—went with a smiling face and an angry, rebellious heart.

The Wilvertons greeted her with effusion. But there were very few of her set present; somehow the atmosphere seemed a different one from what she had been accustomed to. There were a number of strangers present, ladies and gentlemen. The former did not impress her favorably, and the latter seemed rather demonstrative in their devotion to the fairer sex. Mr. Wilverton made her uncomfortable, moreover, with his persistent attentions, and altogether she was not sorry when Mrs. Leighton proposed returning home. They went early, and most of their particular set followed in their wake—those, at least, who had not gone before.

Very little conversation passed between Mr. and Mrs. Alison that night—very little for some days thereafter. He considered himself justly aggrieved, and was indignant accordingly. She felt herself in the wrong, was too proud to own it, and was miserable in consequence.

Meanwhile the whispers against the Wilvertons increased in number and importance. It began to be generally conceded that there was something wrong about them, and people who had taken them up on trust were gradually dropping their acquaintance. Mrs. Alison, however, prided herself on being no summer friend, and her intimacy with the Wilvertons seemed in no wise diminished; seemed, I say, for she was growing to dislike them both, as she saw more and more of them. Mrs. Wilverton's dashing ways seemed coarse now, and no words could tell how she was growing to loathe the man who grew more bold and outspoken in his admiration of her each day.

But the end was very near.

Mr. Alison came up to dinner one evening in a half subdued tremor of excitement.

"Maud, dear, I have news for you," he said, striving to speak calmly, but failing slightly in the attempt.

Mrs. Alison looked up a little surprised at the "dear" which had fallen from his lips but rarely since that unfortunate ball, but, truth to tell, rather glad to hear it again.

"What is it?"

"It's about the Wilvertons. You see," he went on hurriedly, "there's been, as you know, a great deal of talk about them lately—more, perhaps, than you are aware of—and people haven't scrupled to call them adventurers, if not swindlers. It seems that they are even worse than that."

"What?" cried Mrs. Alison sharply.

"Criminals! At least the man is. He was arrested this morning by a detective from London, who has been on his track for some time. His boldness in coming here and launching out in the style he has under an assumed name, and with all the appearance of great wealth, had thrown the police off the scent for a little while, but they have got him now, and he's safe for twenty years' term at Portland island, at least."

"What has he done?" asked Mrs. Alison.

"Perhaps you will recognize his real name—it is Willis."

"The notorious bank robber?"

"The same."

Mrs. Alison did not speak for many minutes. Then she remembered that she had been, or had tried to be, a friend to Mrs. Wilverton. She could not desert her now that so terrible a sorrow had fallen upon her.

"Will you ring the bell for Lucy?" she said to her husband very quietly. "I want my bonnet and shawl. I am going to see Mrs. Wilverton. She ought not to be left to bear this trouble alone, and I know of no one who will go to her now."

Mr. Alison stared, amazed. Even he had never realized half the real nobility that despite her faults was inherent in his wife's nature. She had risen now, and was standing very pale and still by the table. He went to her and put his arms around her and drew her head down to his breast.

"My noble Maud," was all he said.

She clung to him sobbing.

"Oh, Fred, you do forgive me for treating you so badly the other night?" she pleaded. "I'm so sorry now."

"I need forgiveness, too, darling, for having been so selfish," he answered earnestly, "and we will both forget and forgive. Shall it not be so?"

She lifted her face and kissed him softly.

"And poor Mrs. Wilverton, Fred! Will you not go with me to see her? I do not like her really, though I have tried to, but I cannot leave her to bear this alone."

Mr. Alison held his wife in a close clasp.

"I had not told you all, dear," he said. "There is no Mrs. Wilverton, or Willis, as her name would be if she had any right to bear the name of the man she has lived with all these months, and who, it reports say true, ruined himself and committed the robbery to gratify her extravagant demands."

"Fred!" and Mrs. Alison's face grew very pale, "you don't mean that she?"

"Was not his wife," he answered sternly. It was a severe lesson, not only to Mrs. Alison, but to the people of Bolton who had admitted these persons into their society without question, simply because of the lavish display of wealth they made, and it is safe to say a thoroughly effectual one.

Moreover, there are few differences of opinion between Mr. and Mrs.