

The Caretaker.
Caretaker is a word adopted into modern use and means one who takes care of, and is very generally applied to those employed to take care of things committed to their keeping. The way some people have of taking care of themselves is very suggestive of the need of a caretaker. The human body to such is a mansion filled with precious things uncared for, where thieves may break in and rust doth corrupt. Pains and aches are thieves, and the body-left uncared for to their spoilage will be robbed of all its comforts and despoiled of its peace of mind and happiness. It is a happy thought to look upon St. Jacobs Oil as a caretaker, to employ it as a watchman against such intruders. There is hardly an ache, from a tooth-ache to a toothache, that it can't take care of and effect a cure, and pains the most violent are conquered by its use. Its office as a caretaker is to prevent the spread of aches and pains into a chronic stage. Keep a bottle of it in the easiest place and be assured of good care and comfort.

Has to Do It.
Mother—What are you doing with all those bits of card in your pocket?

Wissell—They are seat checks at different theaters. It says on each, "Retain this check." It's an awful bore, don't you know, to be obliged to carry so much pasteboard around. But then, what's a fellow to do?—Boston Transcript.

That Is It.
"Has Weyler left Cuba?" asked Mrs. Snags.

"All of it which he could not carry away with him," replied Mr. Snags.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Successful Business.
A proprietary medicine to be really successful must have some intrinsic worth. Without this, advertising, however extensive, availleth nothing. Among the most successful medicines that have been found worthy of all the merits claimed for them are Dr. Radway's Remedies, established and used for nearly half a century. They have become household medicines throughout the world. In some places, sparsely settled, where doctors are difficult to obtain, people, by the judicious use of Dr. Radway's medicines, keep themselves in health. Then, again, there are physicians who, in their practice, use Dr. Radway's Remedies, obtaining better results than when using their own prescriptions. Radway's Ready Relief, Radway's Pills and Radway's Sarsaparilla Resolvent, three different medicines, being a complete medicine chest in themselves, are used each for different phases of disease.—Chattanooga Times Nov. 14, 1897.

Qualified.
"Why do you think your oldest brother would have made his mark in politics?"

"He doesn't seem to know any more about business than a baby."

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured
With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of disease, Catarrh is a local or constitutional disease, and cannot be cured until you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the disease, and is the only true Catarrh Cure. It is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and has been used by thousands. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the internal organs. It is a pure combination of the two ingredients in which products such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

—CHENETY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

By Druggists, price 75¢.

It Wasn't Clear to Willie.
Willie—Pa, can any one see through glass?

Pa—Certainly, Willie.

Willie—Then why can't Uncle Henry see through his glass eye?

Do You Dance To-Night?

Shake in your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight of New Shoes feel easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Chilblains, Frost Bites and Sweating Feet. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y.

Quality vs. Quantity.

"Is young Howells a liberal writer?" "Yes, indeed! You can buy any of his books for a quarter and not one of them contains less than 300 pages."

Bonaparte's house at Longwood, St. Helena, is now a barn; and where the imperial body lay in state may be found a machine for grinding corn.

Lane's Family Medicine
Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

Queen Victoria is entitled by law to all whales and sturgeons captured by British fishermen, for they are known as "royal fish."

Complaints defens are eradicated, not hidden, by Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Ellis' air and Whisker, yellow, black or brown, 50c.

The young man who leads a sober, upright life is often overlooked by the world in its effort to encourage some drunken libertine.

New line to Tampa via Queen and Crescent Route from Cincinnati, 34 hours, through Prudens.

Scrofula and

All other blood

Diseases are promptly

And Permanently Cured

By Hood's Sarsaparilla.

If you suffer from

Any form of Blood

Disorder, you should

Take Hood's and

Only Hood's.

DO YOU COUGH

DON'T DELAY TAKE

KEMP'S BALSAM

THE BEST COUGH CURE

It cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Inflammation, Cough, Coughs, Coughs and All Diseases. It is a powerful medicine in all stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere, 50c and 25c per bottle.



CHAPTER XXIV.

Sir Wilfrid felt as if he could not leave Chelsea before he had an explanation with Jane. But, on second thoughts, he decided to go. The girl had had sufficient excitement for one day. She was totally unaware that Sir Wilfrid had overheard anything at a moment when she believed herself to be alone. And consequently she was quite unprepared for the searching catechism to which he subjected her as soon as they met.

She had been suffering all night from one of her nervous headaches, was still in her dressing gown, with her brown hair loose upon her shoulders, when Sir Wilfrid was announced.

"Why did you come over this morning?" said Jane, compassionately. "You should have stayed at home and rested your legs. I am afraid you must have been very ungrateful yesterday, not to have thanked you better for the great service you did me; but I had no idea that you were hurt."

"And I had no wish that you should know it," he answered, seating himself. "And, indeed, my bruises are not worth so much pity at your hands. My valet is an excellent nurse, and he rubbed in some liniment last night which has almost set me right again. Jane, when I first saw Nellie I asked you whom child was, and you said you did not know. Was that the truth?"

The woman looked as if she had been caught in a trap; but though taken utterly aback by the question, she made a gallant effort to escape.

"I told you that some one put her over our garden wall when she was a little baby, and we found her in the lily bed—least, mother did—and she had no idea to whom the child belonged. That is the truth."

"I don't want to hear anything about your mother. I want to hear you say that you do not know Nellie's parents. Jane's head dropped upon her bosom.

"Yes," she said in a low voice; "if you must know it, that is the truth. But no one else knows it. No one suspects it even, unless it is Miss Prosser. Nellie is my child."

"Dear little Nellie!" said Sir Wilfrid musingly. "My sweet child! There must have been some instinct in my heart to tell me she was mine; for I don't remember ever caring for an infant before. I shall love her doubly now. My own little girl!"

"I don't want to hear anything about your mother. I want to hear you say that you do not know Nellie's parents. Jane's head dropped upon her bosom.

"Yes," she said in a low voice; "if you must know it, that is the truth. But no one else knows it. No one suspects it even, unless it is Miss Prosser. Nellie is my child."

"No?"

"No—not glad to see me?" he repeated incredulously. "Oh, nonsense! I can't believe that. You are a great deal too good and too charming to be so cruel!"

"Captain Dorsay," said Rosie, raising her burning face to his, "please don't speak of that time. I hoped that you had forgotten it long ago."

"I beg your pardon," said Rosie bashfully, "but my brother is asleep."

The man at the window turned round quickly, and peered eagerly at her through the failing dusk.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed.

"I beg your pardon," said Rosie bashfully, "but my brother is asleep."

The woman looked as if she had been caught in a trap; but though taken utterly aback by the question, she made a gallant effort to escape.

"I told you that some one put her over our garden wall when she was a little baby, and we found her in the lily bed—least, mother did—and she had no idea to whom the child belonged. That is the truth."

"I don't want to hear anything about your mother. I want to hear you say that you do not know Nellie's parents. Jane's head dropped upon her bosom.

"Yes," she said in a low voice; "if you must know it, that is the truth. But no one else knows it. No one suspects it even, unless it is Miss Prosser. Nellie is my child."

"Dear little Nellie!" said Sir Wilfrid musingly. "My sweet child! There must have been some instinct in my heart to tell me she was mine; for I don't remember ever caring for an infant before. I shall love her doubly now. My own little girl!"

"I beg your pardon!" he repeated incredulously. "Oh, nonsense! I can't believe that. You are a great deal too good and too charming to be so cruel!"

"Captain Dorsay," said Rosie, raising her burning face to his, "please don't speak of that time. I hoped that you had forgotten it long ago."

"I beg your pardon," said Rosie bashfully, "but my brother is asleep."

The woman looked as if she had been caught in a trap; but though taken utterly aback by the question, she made a gallant effort to escape.

"I told you that some one put her over our garden wall when she was a little baby, and we found her in the lily bed—least, mother did—and she had no idea to whom the child belonged. That is the truth."

"I don't want to hear anything about your mother. I want to hear you say that you do not know Nellie's parents. Jane's head dropped upon her bosom.

"Yes," she said in a low voice; "if you must know it, that is the truth. But no one else knows it. No one suspects it even, unless it is Miss Prosser. Nellie is my child."

"No?"

"No—not glad to see me?" he repeated incredulously. "Oh, nonsense! I can't believe that. You are a great deal too good and too charming to be so cruel!"

"Captain Dorsay," said Rosie, raising her burning face to his, "please don't speak of that time. I hoped that you had forgotten it long ago."

"I beg your pardon," said Rosie bashfully, "but my brother is asleep."

The woman looked as if she had been caught in a trap; but though taken utterly aback by the question, she made a gallant effort to escape.

"I told you that some one put her over our garden wall when she was a little baby, and we found her in the lily bed—least, mother did—and she had no idea to whom the child belonged. That is the truth."

"I don't want to hear anything about your mother. I want to hear you say that you do not know Nellie's parents. Jane's head dropped upon her bosom.

"Yes," she said in a low voice; "if you must know it, that is the truth. But no one else knows it. No one suspects it even, unless it is Miss Prosser. Nellie is my child."

"No?"

"No—not glad to see me?" he repeated incredulously. "Oh, nonsense! I can't believe that. You are a great deal too good and too charming to be so cruel!"

"Captain Dorsay," said Rosie, raising her burning face to his, "please don't speak of that time. I hoped that you had forgotten it long ago."

"I beg your pardon," said Rosie bashfully, "but my brother is asleep."

The woman looked as if she had been caught in a trap; but though taken utterly aback by the question, she made a gallant effort to escape.

"I told you that some one put her over our garden wall when she was a little baby, and we found her in the lily bed—least, mother did—and she had no idea to whom the child belonged. That is the truth."

"I don't want to hear anything about your mother. I want to hear you say that you do not know Nellie's parents. Jane's head dropped upon her bosom.

"Yes," she said in a low voice; "if you must know it, that is the truth. But no one else knows it. No one suspects it even, unless it is Miss Prosser. Nellie is my child."

"No?"

"No—not glad to see me?" he repeated incredulously. "Oh, nonsense! I can't believe that. You are a great deal too good and too charming to be so cruel!"

"Captain Dorsay," said Rosie, raising her burning face to his, "please don't speak of that time. I hoped that you had forgotten it long ago."

"I beg your pardon," said Rosie bashfully, "but my brother is asleep."

The woman looked as if she had been caught in a trap; but though taken utterly aback by the question, she made a gallant effort to escape.

"I told you that some one put her over our garden wall when she was a little baby, and we found her in the lily bed—least, mother did—and she had no idea to whom the child belonged. That is the truth."

"I don't want to hear anything about your mother. I want to hear you say that you do not know Nellie's parents. Jane's head dropped upon her bosom.

"Yes," she said in a low voice; "if you must know it, that is the truth. But no one else knows it. No one suspects it even, unless it is Miss Prosser. Nellie is my child."

"No?"

"No—not glad to see me?" he repeated incredulously. "Oh, nonsense! I can't believe that. You are a great deal too good and too charming to be so cruel!"

"Captain Dorsay," said Rosie, raising her burning face to his, "please don't speak of that time. I hoped that you had forgotten it long ago."

"I beg your pardon," said Rosie bashfully, "but my brother is asleep."

The woman looked as if she had been caught in a trap; but though taken utterly aback by the question, she made a gallant effort to escape.

"I told you that some one put her over our garden wall when she was a little baby, and we found her in the lily bed—least, mother did—and she had no idea to whom the child belonged. That is the truth."

"I don't want to hear anything about your mother. I want to hear you say that you do not know Nellie's parents. Jane's head dropped upon her bosom.

"Yes," she said in a low voice; "if you must know it, that is the truth. But no one else knows it. No one suspects it even, unless it is Miss Prosser. Nellie is my child."

"No?"

"No—not glad to see me?" he repeated incredulously. "Oh, nonsense! I can't believe that. You are a great deal too good and too charming to be so cruel!"

"Captain Dorsay," said Rosie, raising her burning face to his, "please don't speak of that time. I hoped that you had forgotten it long ago."

"I beg your pardon," said Rosie bashfully, "but my brother is asleep."

The woman looked as if she had been caught in a trap; but though taken utterly aback by the question, she made a gallant effort to escape.

"I told you that some one put her over our garden wall when she was a little baby, and we found her in the lily bed—least, mother did—and she had no idea to whom the child belonged. That is the truth."

"I don't want to hear anything about your mother. I want to hear you say that you do not know Nellie's parents. Jane's head dropped upon her bosom.

"Yes," she said in a low voice; "if you must know it, that is the truth. But no one else knows it. No one suspects it even, unless it is Miss Prosser. Nellie is my child."

"No?"

"No—not glad to see me?" he repeated incredulously. "Oh, nonsense! I can't believe that. You are a great deal too good and too charming to be so cruel!"

"Captain Dorsay," said Rosie, raising her burning face to his, "please don't speak of that time. I hoped that you had forgotten it long ago."