



There is a popular misconception to the effect that corpulent people are healthy people. In a large percentage of cases this is a mistake. Corpulent people suffer from ill-health just as much, and sometimes more than thin people. Like thin people they suffer from illnesses and disorders that are caused by indigestion and torpidity of the liver.

Discovery. Thousands of corpulent people who need this medicine have failed to take it because of its world-wide reputation as a blood-maker and flesh-builder. They imagine because it has an established reputation for building up the flesh and strengthening emaciated people, that it will make corpulent people more corpulent. This is a misconception. The "Golden Medical Discovery" builds firm, healthy flesh but does not raise the weight above a natural normal figure. Unlike cod liver oil, it does not make soft, flabby flesh. It builds solid, healthy flesh but tears down and excretes the weak, half-dead tissues that constitute corpulency. It makes the appetite keen, the digestion perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and the nerves steady. It cures all blood and skin diseases. An honest dealer will not offer a worthless substitute for the sake of extra profit.

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AUCTION.

To be sold by public auction at Winsloe Hall, on Saturday, 10th inst, at 10 o'clock a. m. 108 boxes of cheese, steam boiler and other articles saved from the late fire.

By Order of DIRECTORS
Winsloe, Sept 6, '98.
208—dyli wli

A MEMORABLE NIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

I am a young physician of limited practice and great ambition. At the time of the incidents I am about to relate, my office was in a respectable house in 24th Street, New York City, and was shared, greatly to my own pleasure and convenience, by a clever young German whose acquaintance I had made in the hospital, and to whom I had become, in the one short year in which we had practiced together, most unreasonably attached.

As our specialties were the same, and as moreover, they were of a nature which did not call for night work, we usually spent the evening together. But once I failed to join him at the office, and it is of this night I have to tell.

I had been over to Orange, for my heart was sore over a quarrel I had had with Dora, and I was resolved to make one final effort towards reconciliation. But alas for my hopes, she was not at home; and, what was worse, I soon learned that she was going to sail the next morning for Europe. This news, coming as it did without warning, affected me seriously; for I knew if she escaped from my influence at this time I should certainly lose her forever; for the gentleman concerning whom we had quarreled was a much better match for her than I, and almost equally in love. However, her father, who had always been my friend, did not look upon this gentleman's advantages with as favorable an eye as she did, and when he heard I was in the house, he came hurrying into my presence, with excitement written in every line of his fine face.

"Ah, Dick, my boy," he exclaimed joyfully, "how opportune this is! I was wishing you would come, for, do you know, Appley has taken passage on board the same steamer as Dora, and if he and she cross together, they will come to an understanding and that will not be fair to you, or pleasing to me; and I do not care who knows it!"

I gave him one look and sank, quite overwhelmed, into the seat nearest me. Appley was the name of my rival, and I quite agreed with her father that the tete-a-tetes afforded by an ocean voyage would surely put an end to the hopes which I had so long and secretly cherished.

"Does she know he is going? Did she encourage him?" I stammered.

But the old man answered generally, "O she knows, but I cannot say anything positive about her having encouraged him. The fact is, Dick, she still holds a soft place in her heart for you, and if you were going to be of the party—"

"Well?"

"I think you would come off conqueror yet."

"Then I will be of the party," I cried. "It is only six now and I can be in New York by seven. That gives me five hours before midnight, time enough in which to arrange my plans, see Richter, and make everything ready for sailing in the morning."

"Dick, you are a trump!" exclaimed the gratified father. "You have a spirit I like, and if Dora does not like it, too, then I am mistaken in her good sense. But can you leave your patients?"

"Just now I have but one patient who is in anything like a critical condition," I replied, "and her case Richter understands almost as well as I do myself. I will have to see her this evening, of course, and explain, but there is time for that if I go now. The steamer sails at nine?"

"Precisely."

"Do not tell Dora that I expect to be



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WILL I SUICIDE?

While There's Life and Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure There's Hope.

I had suffered so many years from catarrh that I don't know that I will ever get it out of my remembrance. One day, when I took one of the endless prescriptions given me by the medical man to a druggist, I asked him bluntly, "Will this cure me, or will it not? Or will it be like the rest?" I was nearly desperate, I can tell you. The druggist said:—"No, nothing can cure catarrh. I have it myself until I often think of suicide. I take opium usually to sleep it off." I took the prescription away unfiled and went home, thinking of what the druggist had said about suicide, and I was utterly disheartened. I have that prescription yet. One day my deliverance came. A lady told me she had suffered just as I had, and was nearly insane, and that a remedy known as Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure had actually cured her. I had read a lot about Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, but I felt toward it as I did toward other medicines; had no faith. I tried it as a last resort. I used two boxes of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and found it a complete cure.

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there; let her be surprised. Dear girl, she is quite well, I hope?"

"Yes, very well; only going over with her aunt to do some shopping. A poor outlook for a struggling physician, you think. Well, I don't know about that; she is just the kind of girl to go from one extreme to another. If she once loves you she will not care any longer about Paris fashions."

"She shall love me," I cried, and left him in a great hurry, to catch the first train for Hoboken.

It seemed wild, this scheme, but I determined to pursue it. I loved Dora too much to lose her, and if three weeks' absence would procure me the happiness of my life, why should I hesitate to avail myself of the proffered opportunity. I rode on air as the express I had taken shot from station to station, and by the time I had arrived at Christopher-street ferry my plans were all laid and my time disposed of till midnight.

It was therefore with no laggard step that I hurried to my office, nor was it with any ordinary feelings of impatience that I found Richter out; for this was not his usual hour for absenting himself and I had much to tell him and many advices to give. It was my first balk and I was fuming over it, when I saw what looked like a package of books lying on the table before me, and though it was addressed to my partner, I was about to take it up when I heard my name uttered in a tremulous tone, and turning, saw a man standing in the door-way, who, the moment I met his eye, advanced into the room and said:

"O, doctor, I have been waiting for you an hour. Mrs. Warner has been taken very bad, sir, and she prays that you will not delay a moment before coming to her. It is something serious, I fear, and she may have died already, for she would have no one else but you, and it is now an hour since I left her."

"And who are you?" I asked, for though I knew Mrs. Warner well—she is the patient to whom I have already referred—I did not know her messenger.

"I am a servant in the house where she was taken ill."

"Then she is not at home?"

"No, sir, she is in Second Avenue."

"I am very sorry," I began, "but I have not the time—"

But he interrupted eagerly: "There is a carriage at the door; we thought you might not have your phaeton ready."

I had noticed the carriage.

"Very well," said I. "I will go, but first let me write a line."

"O sir," the man broke in pleadingly, "do not wait for anything. She is really very bad and I heard her calling for you as I ran out of the house."

"She had her voice then," I ventured, somewhat distrustful of the whole thing and yet not knowing how to refuse the man, especially as it was absolutely necessary to see Mrs. Warner that night and get her consent to my departure before I could think of making further plans.

So, leaving word for Richter to be sure and wait for me if he came home before I did, I signified to Mrs. Warner's messenger that I was ready to go with him and immediately took a seat in the carriage which had been provided for me. The man at once jumped up on the box beside the driver, and before I could close the carriage door we were off, riding rapidly down Seventh Avenue.

As we went the thought came, "What if Mrs. Warner will not let me off?" But I dismissed the fear at once, for this patient of mine is an extremely unselfish woman, and if she were not too ill to grasp the situation, would certainly sympathize with the strait I was in and consent to accept Richter's services in place of my own, especially as she knows and trusts him.

When the carriage stopped, it was already dark and I could distinguish little of the house I entered, save that it was large and old and did not look like an establishment where a man servant would be likely to be kept.

"Is Mrs. Warner here?" I asked, of the man who was slowly getting down from the box.

"Yes, sir," he answered quickly; and I was about to ring the bell before me, when the door opened and a young German girl, courtesying slightly, welcomed me in saying:

"Mrs. Warner is up stairs, sir; in the front room, if you please."

Not doubting her, but greatly astonished at the barren aspect of the place I was in, I stumbled up the faintly-lighted stairs before me and entered the great front room. It was empty, but through an open door at the other end I heard a voice saying: "He has come, madam;" and anxious to see my patient, whose presence in this desolate house I found it harder and harder to understand, I stepped into the room where she presumably lay.

Alas! for my temerity in doing so; for no sooner had I crossed the threshold than the door by which I had entered closed with a click unlike any I had ever heard before, and when I turned to see what it meant, another click came from the opposite side of the room, and I perceived with a benumbed sense of wonder, that the one person whose somewhat shadowy figure I had encountered on entering had vanished from the place and that I was shut up alone in a room without visible means of egress.

This was startling, and hard to believe at first, but after I had tried the door by which I had entered and found it securely locked, and then bounding to the other side of the room, tried the opposite one with the same result, I could not but acknowledge I was caught, caught! What did it mean? Caught, and I was in haste, mad haste. Filling the room with my cries, I shouted for help and a quick release, but my efforts were naturally fruitless and after exhausting myself in vain I stood still and surveyed, with what equanimity was left me, the appearance of the dreary place in which I had thus suddenly become entrapped.

CHAPTER II.

It was a small square room, and I shall not soon forget with what a foreboding shudder I observed that its four blank walls were literally unbroken by a single window, for this told me that I was in no communication with the street and that it would be impossible for men to summon help from the outside world. The single gas jet burning in a fixture hanging from the ceiling was the only relief given to the eye in the blank expanse of white wall that surrounded me.

MACKAY
Mid Summer Sale.

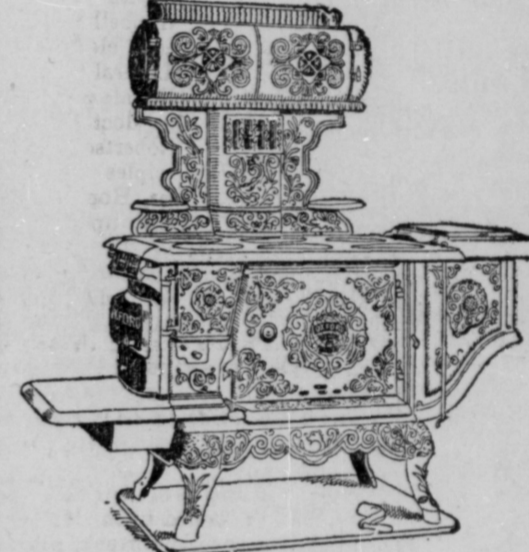
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- Fancy black braid for dress trimming 1c, 3c, 5c per yard, worth from 10 to 25c
- Ladies undervests, 10, 18, 22, good values 50c for 25c yard, 75c for 25c yard, 1.00 for 50c yard, 1.65 for 80c yard
- Hooks and eyes 1c card
- Silk dress laces worth 10c, now 2c
- Table doyles worth 10c, now 5c
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my whole future happiness, were flying by like the wind. As I realized this, and my own utter helplessness, I fell into one of the chairs before me in a state of perfect despair. Not that any fears for my life were disturbing me, though one in my situation might well question if he would ever again breathe the open air from which he had been so ingeniously lured. I did not in that first moment of utter downheartedness so much as inquire the reason for the trick which had been played upon me. No, for my heart was full of Dora and I was asking myself if I were destined to lose her after all, and that through no lack of effort on my part, but just because a party of thieves or black-mailers had thought fit to play a game with my liberty.

It could not be; there must be some mistake about it; it was some great joke, or I was the victim of a dream, or suffering from some hideous nightmare. Why, only a half hour before I was in my own office, among my own familiar belongings, and now—But alas, it was no delusion. Only for blank, whitewashed walls met my inquiring eyes, and though I knocked and knocked again upon the two doors which guarded me on either side, hollow echoes continued to be the only answer I received.

Had the carriage then taken away the two persons I had seen in the house, and was I indeed alone in its great emptiness? The thought made me desperate, but notwithstanding this I was resolved to continue my efforts, for I might be mistaken; there might yet be some being left who would yield to my entreaties if they were backed by something substantial.

Taking out my watch, I laid it on the table; it was just a quarter to eight. Then I emptied my trousers pockets of whatever money they held, and when all was heaped up before me, I could count but twelve dollars, which, together with my studs and a seal ring which I wore, seemed a paltry pittance with which to barter for the liberty of which I had been robbed. But it was all I had with me, and I was willing to part with it at once if only some one would unlock the door and let me go. But how to make known my wishes even if there was anyone to listen to them? I had already called in vain, and there was no bell—yes, there was; why had I not seen it before?

There was a bell and I sprang to ring it. But just as my hand fell on the cord, I heard a gentle voice behind my back saying in good English, but with a strong foreign accent:

"Put up your money, Mr. Atwater; we do not want your money, only your society. Allow me to beg you to replace both watch and money."

Wheeling about in my double surprise at the presence of this intruder and his unexpected acquaintance with my name, I encountered the smiling glance of a middle aged man of genteel appearance and courteous manners. He was bowing almost to the ground, and was, as I instantly detected, of German birth and education, a gentleman, and not the black-leg I had every reason to expect to see.

"You have made a slight mistake," he was saying; "it is your society, only your society, that we want."

(To be Continued.)

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