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Special Notice.

Having purchased from Mr. F. J. Hornsby the stock and good will of his Book and Stationery Business in the Morris Block, we will continue the business in its various branches, selling at lowest prices for cash only. Miss B. Hornsby, who has managed the business in the past, will be in charge of the store, and will be pleased to attend to all old customers and many new ones.

A choice new stock of Wall Papers will be at once put on sale, and all departments of the business will be kept well stocked. A well supplied news stand will be a special feature of the business. The store will be known as "The Bazaar Bookstore."

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MORRIS BLOCK. . .
Ch'town, March 15, 1900.

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If you allow your watch to run too long without cleaning, or with damaged parts it may be worn so badly as to destroy its usefulness as a timepiece; better have it examined by your Watch Doctor and if in need of repairs he will advise you accordingly and perhaps save your watch.

WE BOAST on our repair department turning out first-class work only. WE GUARANTEE ALL OUR WORK; if you have not given us a trial it will pay you to do so and we will be pleased to see you at GREAT GEORGE STREET.

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For sale at Maple Grove Farm—Barred Plymouth Rock Fowl—6 Cockerels and 25 Hens.

WILLIAM CLARK,
NORTH WILTSHIRE

FLORABEL'S LOVER

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Author of "When Lovely Maiden Stoops to Folly," "A Broken Betrothal," "Parted by Fate," "Parted at the Altar," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS.

Florabel was a dependent of her stepfather, Squire Pemberton. His daughters hate Florabel, and when the Squire dies, order her out of the old home. Max Forrester a rich young man marries her and introduces her into his family the members of which disapprove of his marriage, as they wanted him to marry Miss Clavering, an heiress.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"This child is the link which will draw Max and Florabel together at last, she muttered; but for this child, Max might love her. His heart was bound up in this child.

Long hours Inez sat there, with only her thoughts for companions, and there was danger in that.

If this child died the tie would be dissolved which would one day draw him toward Florabel. Her heart beat strangely at the thought. Her terrible folly first commenced in not putting the thought from her. There was danger in ruminating over it—a peril so horrible that she should have shrunk from it.

Slowly the clock on the mantel ticked the hours away. It wanted five minutes now to the time she must give the child the life-giving cordial.

The doctor's words recurred to her with a strange thrill:

"The little one's danger is so great that if these drops I leave you should fail to be given her exactly on the stroke of the midnight hour, her young life would pay the forfeit ere the day dawned."

It wanted five minutes to that hour now. Inez reached out for the phial. Something seemed to clutch at the nerveless fingers, holding them spell-bound, and the same still, small voice whispered more boldly because she had listened to it:

"Why should you save your rival's child? She stands between you and the hopes of a lifetime. You have but to sit still and motionless in your chair, with your hands clasped together in your lap while the moments drag themselves by, and all will be over. Why should you save Florabel's child?"

The clock on the mantel was on the stroke of twelve now. With slow, measured chimes it tolled the midnight hour.

Inez Clavering grasped the phial with her white, death-cold hands, and slowly poured out the life-giving drops. Then, with a face pallid as marble, she approached the couch.

"Can you give up love, life, hope and happiness—doom yourself to a loveless life, then?" asked the tempting voice in her soul. "Remember.



The soldier who dies on the battlefield with the arrow of a savage enemy stinging in his vitals suffers horrible, untold agonies. Even the story of his sufferings as told by his surviving comrades causes the hearer to shudder with pity and horror. There are tens of thousands slowly dying every day with the arrow of some insidious disease poisoning their vitals, and no one stops to pity or to alleviate.

Where death comes to one man on the battlefield it comes to tens of thousands in their homes, through the agency of man's most relentless enemy—consumption. There is a widespread idea for which ignorant physicians are responsible, that consumption is an incurable disease. This is a mistake. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures 95 per cent. of all cases. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It gives zest to the appetite, makes the digestion and assimilation perfect, renders the liver active, makes the blood pure and fills it with life-giving elements of the food, and acts directly on the lungs, driving out all impurities and disease germs. Thousands who had been given up by doctors and lost all hope, are to-day healthy and robust as the result of the use of this great medicine. It is the discovery of an eminent and skillful physician, Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, N. Y. In writing to Dr. Pierce for advice the sufferer consults a physician whom his townspeople honored by making him their representative in congress but whose love for his profession caused him to resign that position that he might give his whole time to the sick and afflicted. He will personally answer all letters from sufferers without charge. His "Golden Medical Discovery" is sold by all good medicine dealers.

Stomach and liver troubles with sluggish action of the bowels are cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

GIRLS WANTED.—To learn the millinery. Apply to Miss McEachern at Jas. Paton & Co.

this child keeps the face and memory of Florabel ever in his heart.

Inez had listened too long. The terrible force of the mightiest temptation that ever sued for mastery over a human heart overcame her.

No, no! she would not stretch out her hand to save this child—with lost Florabel's face.

With a cry of remorse pitiful in its struggling despair, Inez dashed the spoon and its contents from her.

The hour and the moment had come and gone. She threw up her hands with a wild, yet hushed cry, and sank down by the couch of the child whose doom she had decided, in a dead faint.

The swoon lasted long hours. The gray dawn was struggling through the clouds in the eastern sky when she opened her terrified eyes.

She sprang to her feet with a hoarse cry. Was it some terrible dream that clutched so terribly at her heart?

Her eyes encountered the spoon lying upon the carpet, then the face of the child, lying so still and white against the pillow.

How ghastly the little face looked in the gray, uncertain light of the early morning. She recoiled with a gasp of terror as she gazed.

"I am terrified at what I have done," she breathed, in an awful whisper.

When the doctor came and stood beside that couch, what would that ghastly, grayish face tell him? Would they discover the cause of death? That the drops had not been given? What could she say in her own defence? That sleep had overcome her, and the hours flew by unheeded?

Sleep! How could she say that she had dared to sleep when a human life was intrusted to her?

How the terrible moments passed she never knew. She heard the tread of feet in the corridor without. It was Max's step. Would he read guilt in her face? she wondered.

The door opened quietly, but Inez did not turn her head, although she knew Max was standing on the threshold, motionless. She could feel the magnetism of his eyes burning into her very soul.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Miss Clavering! Inez!"
The name rang out like a clarion through the room; but Inez did not turn her head. She covered upon her knees, burying her face in the bed clothes.

Max Forrester entered the room, came up to her, laying a heavy hand on her shoulder.

"Look up into my face, Miss Clavering," he said; "I have something to say to you."

Very slowly she raised her eyes to his face—those dark, stormy, slumberous eyes—that held in them such a world of terror.

"I did not mean to do it, Max," she murmured, with a bitter sob; "but I was terribly tempted. I thought she came between you and me, and I hated her. She is dead—dead!—and I—"

"Listen to what I have to say, Inez Clavering," said Max, sternly. "Get up from your knees and listen. Heaven has saved you from steeping your soul with an awful crime. A few words explain the situation: Having been strongly impressed by the physician as to how necessary it was that the medicine should be given the child just at midnight, and believing you worn out with watching, I came to take your place and see to it myself. The door was ajar, I heard the strange words: 'Shall I give the medicine or shall I not?' Those were the words that held me spellbound, rooted to the spot. I saw you dash the phial that held the life-giving drops upon the carpet. It was no wonder you fell to the floor in a deadly swoon. I wonder Heaven did not strike you dead! I stepped quickly forward, recovered the phial, and gave the little one the drops; otherwise her death would have lain at your door, Inez Clavering."

"Do you hate me now, Max?" she murmured, creeping nearer to him, and placing a little white, trembling hand on his arm. "Tell me, do you hate me now?"

He shrank back from her touch as though there was contamination in it. The look of abhorrence in his eyes assured her as no words could have done.

"Max! Max! you will kill me,"

she cried. "Say one word of forgiveness, for I repented even at the moment I flung the phial from me. I would have stooped and recovered it again had I not fainted. It was all for your sake, Max, all for love and jealousy of you," she wailed; "and you are the first to condemn me."

"It is not necessary to prolong this scene, Inez," he said. "Go, now; leave the child to me."

She held out her hand, wistfully, pleadingly towards him; but he turned away, affecting not to see it.

"I am going to say good-bye, Max," she said. "Do you think I could live under the same roof with you like this? No; it would kill me."

"Perhaps it is better for you to go away, Inez," he answered, "best for both you and me."

She turned away abruptly, and without another word quitted the room.

How long he sat by little Flora's couch, dozing the night hours away, he never knew. Despite the greatest efforts to keep awake sleep weighed down his eyelids, and he dropped off into a dreamless slumber.

The pink and gold of the early morning sunshine stealing in through the half-closed blinds awakened him.

He gave a sudden start, reaching forth his hand toward the curly head on the pillow.

"Flora, little Flora, you must take your medicine again," he said. "Are you feeling any better?"

There was no answer. Suddenly he became aware of the fact the child was not there. The little bed was empty. And in that moment a note pinned to the pillow caught his eye.

In an instant he had torn it open. "Max," it ran—"In accordance with your command, I am going, but not alone. The child goes with me."

"Now, listen, Max. The warmest love can turn to thoughts of revenge when spurned and slighted, as mine has been by you.

"You can never trace our whereabouts. All efforts to find us will be futile. Knowing this, I herewith make my startling revelation to you, that your heart may know one little part of the torture mine is enduring."

(To be continued.)

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The pale, sallow complexion and dull leaden color of the skin, dark circles under the eyes, dull headaches, pains in the back and sides, dull eyes, weakness, nervousness, despondency and low spirits are symptoms of weak, watery blood and improperly-nourished nerves.

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