

A PRETTY COMPANION

By Louise Bedford.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)
 "If you mean it and can stick to it, I will think over what I can do to help you. No, you needn't thank me; it's for your sister's sake, not yours. She's a girl one cannot but respect."

They were nearing the Grange as he spoke. The moon was looming big on the horizon as it neared its setting, and a faint shadowy light rested on the horse and on the little town below, and the quiet gray sea beyond. The Doctor was walking his horse cautiously down the steep descent when he broke into a low, soft whistle.

"By Jove! there's something wrong there! I'm certain there's a man about the place! Hold hard for a minute, will you?" And he handed the reins to Neville.

"Let me come, too!" implored Neville.

"No, wait out here; and, if I shout, leave the horse and come after me. It may have been a policeman marching round."

Neville's ears strained to catch every sound; but there was nothing to be heard, for the Doctor was making his way noiselessly across the grass to the drawing room window, from which, sure enough, a man was cautiously descending with a bag in his hand.

He did not either see or hear the Doctor, for his back was turned towards him, so he was unprepared for the sudden, cat-like spring that the Doctor made upon him. With an oath he dropped his bag and turned furiously upon his assailant. They were unequally matched, for Doctor Drake was of slight build and small in stature, whilst the man whom he tried to hold was broad and proportionately strong.

The burglar's hand sought his pocket; but Doctor Drake was too quick for him. With one hand he kept a steady grip on the man's collar, with the other he sought and found the revolver that was concealed in his coat pocket, and threw it far away from him on the grass, and two rapid shots in quick succession showed that it had exploded.

With a desperate effort he freed himself, hurried the Doctor to the ground with stunning force, and made for the gate; but the shots had brought Neville rushing to the rescue. The horse, finding himself abandoned and frightened by the quick shots, trotted off towards home; whilst Neville drew back to let the man pass, and sprang upon him with the determination of a bulldog not to relax his hold until others came to the rescue.

His lithe arms clung tightly about the burglar's neck, and he was shouting at the top of his voice as he clung—"Help! help! murder!"

"The words reached the Doctor's ears as he rose to his feet, dazed but not dissatisfied by his fall, and he gave an answering shout.

"Hold on, Howard, I'm here!" But as he uttered the words there was a thud and a fall and heavy groan, and up the hill the sound of footsteps running as if life depended on it.

Neville lay a crumpled heap by the gate; and in the rapidly fading light the Doctor saw that the poor fellow was steeped in blood.

"Give chase—he's done for me!" said Neville, with clenched teeth. "He's made off up the hill!" And scarcely knowing what he did, the Doctor did so.

As a boy, he had been famous for his running, and his training stood him in good stead now. Even now he was conscious that he was gaining on the man whom he pursued. He could hear his heavy breathing. As he reached the top of the hill he saw the dark figure in front of him running along the dim, white line of road on top of the cliffs, and the Doctor thought with fierce delight that he had his prey safe enough. He could turn neither to the right nor left; he was committed to the road before him.

Doctor Drake would breathe himself a bit, and then he was pretty certain to prove the better man of the two, for he could see by the way the burglar swayed from side to side that he was getting spent. They must have run for a mile when the man gave a fearful glance behind him, like a hunted animal; and the Doctor answered the glance by a wild halloo of triumph. He was not more than a hundred paces from him.

Suddenly the burglar stopped, ran to the edge of the cliff, looked over it for an instant, and the next had thrown himself upon his hands and knees and was letting himself cautiously over the edge. As his head disappeared the Doctor came up to the spot, and, in horrified astonishment, looked down over the cliff. The burglar had evidently felt that his one chance of escape lay in making his way down its face.

could dimly see him, a dark speck, as he lay there a hundred feet below, and silence reigned supreme again—a silence that could be felt!

CHAPTER XI.
 Neville, meanwhile, lay where the Doctor left him; but not for long. The sound of the pistolshots and the shouts that followed had reached the ears of a policeman in the town below, who, whistling for one of his comrades, ran at full speed towards the spot from whence the sounds seemed to come.

At the bottom of the hill they were met by the Doctor's empty dogcart, which his fast-trotting horse was taking safely home. They stopped and turned its head in the direction from which it came.

"We'll need it very likely," said one; "there's an accident."

"With violence," replied the other, hurrying on his way; "or else what's the meaning of the shots?"

The sound of a groan close at hand arrested his steps, and the next moment both the men were kneeling by Neville's side.

"Bad business!" muttered one. "This is murder, or very like it."

Neville unclosed his eyes for a minute. "Doctor; burglar; follow on; he'll want you," he gasped faintly, moving his head slightly in the direction which the burglar had taken. But both men felt that their present task was to try and save the life of the poor fellow who was evidently so desperately wounded.

"We'd best carry him in there," said one of the men, glancing at the house. "That's where the burglar's been, and the family is aroused safe enough. I see lights moving to and fro."

Without more ado they lifted Neville as gently as they could in their strong arms, and made their way to the door, ringing loudly at the bell. It was Mrs. Mortimer who admitted them, and who, with quick presence of mind ordered them to carry Neville into the study, where she rapidly turned the couch into an extemporized bed.

"Bandages, please! he's bleeding to death. The brute's stabbed him!" said one of the policemen. And as Mrs. Mortimer hastened off to obey the order, Janetia passed her on the way to the study. The girl's face was as white as the wall.

"Don't go in there! They've brought in a man wounded by a burglar, who has made his escape as far as I can make out. Don't go in! you've gone through too much already!" But Janetia, drawn by some unaccountably strong instinct, pushed open the door and entered.

An agony so intense as partially to paralyze all feeling possessed her as she recognized that the dying man before her was her own brother. She knelt down quietly beside him, putting her arm under his head.

"Neville," she said, with unutterable tenderness, "do you know me? It's I, Janetia!"

The eyelids unclosed for a moment and the glazing eyes rested upon her with a smile of recognition. "It's all up, Jennie! A bad lot!" he said faintly. And the policeman standing by thought that he spoke of the man who had murdered him; but Janetia knew that it was the lad's final confession of failure.

She bent and kissed him. A quarter of an hour later the Doctor, haggard and disheveled, entered the room, to see Janetia's beautiful head bent over her brother, and her arms clasped tightly about him; and the first glance showed him that the lad was dead.

A knot climbed into the Doctor's throat. "Come away, Miss Howard; I must see your brother alone," he said.

Janetia looked up with a quick shake of the head. Must he be the one to break it to her that her brother had passed beyond all human help? The door was pushed gently open, and Clarice came softly into the room. One look from Doctor Drake told her what had occurred. Her own weakness and helplessness seemed forgotten in her sympathy for her friend's overwhelming trouble. She knelt beside her, stroking her hair caressingly.

"I shall take her," Clarice had said. "I will have a serviceable maid; but Janetia will need some one she knows about her if she is to get well."

"You?" the Doctor had exclaimed, half incredulously. "Are you equal to the task?"

"I am equal to anything that will make Janetia well," Clarice had replied. And the Doctor went on his way, greatly wondering.

After all Clarice's improvement in health was only the fulfillment of his own prediction. The shock which bade fair to wreck Janetia's life, or deprive her of reason, had helped her friend to the better exercise of both. The need for exertion had come, and in her devotion to Janetia, Clarice had laid aside her own weakness.

So the two started off on their travels together, and by slow degrees Janetia began to rally from the awful mental shock she had undergone; and Clarice, in her loving care and watchfulness, had cast aside the last traces of invalidism, and had grown as pretty and animated as in the days before her accident.

To hear Janetia laugh was sufficient reward for an hour's amusing chatter, and the first day she could walk a mile the fact had to be duly chronicled in a long letter to Doctor Drake, who, from time to time, came out to see how his patient prospered.

Happily these days were passed, and Clarice, as she watched Janetia's beautiful face this afternoon, thought that her task was completed. Janetia was really as well and strong as ever again, only there was that touch of pathos about the curves of the mouth that told the tale of some great sorrow. Janetia turned, conscious that she was watched, and smiled at her companion.

"What are you thinking of, dear?" "That you are as beautiful as ever, that at last even I think you quite well—well enough to go home, Janetia. We've wandered about so many months that I'm homesick, and I believe I should welcome the sight of Mrs. Mortimer's grim but worthy countenance."

"Let us go," Janetia answered, after a moment's pause. "I have often thought that I should like to hear every detail of the night of the burglary. I wonder if you would tell me about it now as we sit here?"

Clarice glanced up quickly. By Doctor Drake's advice, everything that was painful had been kept away from Janetia.

(To be continued.)

QUEER FANCIES IN FOOD.
 Odd Dishes That Are Placed Before Guests at Fashionable Functions.

Odd food fancies are met at nearly every house. I know a hostess who uses rock candy for sweetening in her afternoon tea and maraschino cherries for flavor, one to each cup. Nobody else brews such delicious tea, her friends declare, and they never seem to understand why. The rock candy comes in neat packages of crystal, which are dipped up by an antique sugar spoon. Another young hostess made a specialty of cake and beverages in which she could serve whipped cream. She was under salary from the proprietors of flavoring extracts, which were continually booming, and was supplied with the material, which she demonstrated in her refreshments every afternoon. She was a popular girl and had instituted a tea hour before she became an advertising agent. She was devoted to cooking, and therein lay her value to her employers. She began with vanilla, made cakes flavored with it, and put it in her tea. It adds a most fascinating flavor to the favorite feminine beverage. The next day she changed to lemon flavoring, then to almond and orange and created such a degree of interest through her refreshments that questions began to be poured over her. "There was her chance to speak a good word for the makers of the flavors, and she used it in such a clever way that their popularity was established without anybody suspecting her interest in it. You can readily see how valuable an assistant she was.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Strange Wooling of Luck.
 Ever since the assassination of King Humbert hundreds of Italians have been trying to win prizes in the national lottery by playing those numbers which correspond with his age. These numbers are 56, 10 and 49, the king having lived for fifty-six years, ten hours and forty-nine minutes. If these three numbers should win the player would receive 4,250 times the amount of his stake. Some unusually optimistic gamblers have tried to win even more than this by playing a fourth number (73), which is the symbol of a regicide. If this combination, 56, 10, 49, and 73, were to win the government would have to pay 60,000 times the amount of the stake. The last drawing was held in Milan a few days ago, and, singularly enough, the winning numbers were 55, 10, 48 and 72. These came pretty close to the mark, and as a result Italian gamblers are more determined than ever to keep on playing their favorite combination until it brings them good fortune.

Make yourself necessary to somebody.—Emerson.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.
 LUCAS COUNTY.
 Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every copy of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
 FRANK J. CHENEY.
 Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.
 [SEAL.]
 A. W. GLEASON,
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 Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
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 Sold by Druggists, 75c.
 Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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 The Hague, as well as every other city, town and hamlet throughout Holland, has assumed gala attire for the celebrations and festivities in honor of the queen's marriage.

Don't Get Footsore! Get FOOT-EASE.
 A certain cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. Cures Frost-bites and Chilblains. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Job was willing to serve God for naught but God would not let him. Time is money and both are scarce.

A Remedy for the Grippe.
 Physicians recommend KEMP'S BALMSAM for patients afflicted with the grippe, as it is especially adapted for the throat and lungs. Don't wait for the first symptoms, but get a bottle today and keep it on hand for use the moment it is needed. If neglected, the grippe brings on pneumonia. KEMP'S BALMSAM prevents this by keeping the cough loose and the lungs free from inflammation. All druggists, 25c and 50c.

Every man for himself is synonymous with the devil for us all.

What Do the Children Drink?
 Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourishing, and takes the place of coffee. The more Grain-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. Grain-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choicest grades of coffee, but costs about 1/2 as much. All grocers sell it, 15c and 25c.

Your light may be kindled in prayer but it must shine in practice.

The Herb Cure for Grip.
 Grip and colds may be avoided by keeping the system cleansed, the blood pure and the digestion good. Take Garfield Tea.

A raffle is not redeemed by being run for religion.

WHAT IS OVARITIS?
 A dull, throbbing pain, accompanied by a sense of tenderness and heat low down in the side, with an occasional shooting pain, indicates inflammation. An examination it will be found that the region of pain shows some swelling. This is the first stage of ovaritis, inflammation of the ovary. If the roof of your house leaks, my sister, you have it fixed at once; why not pay the same respect to your own body?
 You need not, you ought not to let yourself go, when one of your own sex holds out the helping hand to you, and will advise you without money, and without price. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and tell her all your symptoms.



MRS. ANNIE ASTON.
 Her experience in treating female ills is greater than any other living person. Following is a letter from a woman who is thankful for avoiding a terrible operation.
 "I was suffering to such an extent from ovarian trouble that my physician thought an operation would be necessary."
 "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound having been recommended to me, I decided to try it. After using several bottles I found that I was cured. My entire system was toned up, and I suffered no more with my ovaries."—MRS. ANNA ASTON, Troy, Mo.

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 Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1/2 the price of coffee, 15c and 25c per package. Sold by all grocers.

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 Write to-day to Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures sweating, damp, swollen, aching feet. Makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Chilblains and Frost-bites. At all druggists and shoe stores; 25c.

The fruits by which the heart is known drops from the lips.

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 Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.

Remedy for Grip Sufferers!
 Garfield Tea cleanses the system, purifies the blood, aids digestion and helps nature throw off disease. It is made from Herbs.

True freedom is the power to choose the best.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
 Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on the box. 25c.

The feet will go where the heart is inclined.

Each package of PUTNAM FADE-LESS DYE colors more goods than any other dye and colors them better, too.

Long prayers are not always tall ones.

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I WAS troubled with hands so sore that when I put them in water the pain would near set me crazy, the skin would peel off, and the flesh would get hard and break, then the blood would flow from at least fifty places on each hand. Words never can tell the suffering I endured for three years. I tried at least eight doctors, but my hands were worse than when I commenced doctoring. I tried every old granny remedy that was ever thought of without our cent's worth of good and could not even get relief. I would feel so badly mornings when I got up, to think that I had to go to work and stand pain for eight or nine hours, that I often felt like giving up my job, which was in the bottling works of Mr. E. L. Kerns, the leading bottler of Trenton, N. J., who will vouch for the truth of my sufferings. Before I could start to work, I would have to wrap each finger on both hands, and then wear gloves, which I hated to do, for when I came to take them off, it would take two hours and the flesh would break and bleed. Some of my friends who had seen my hands would say, "If they had such hands they would have them amputated"; others would say "they would never work," and more would turn away in disgust. But thanks to Cuticura, the greatest of skin cures, it ended all my sufferings. Just to think, after doctoring three years, and spending dollar after dollar during that time, Cuticura cured me. It has now been two years since I used it and I do not know what sore hands are. I never lost a day's work while I was using it or since, and I have been working at the same business, and in acids, etc. THOS. A. CLANCY, 310 Montgomery St., Trenton, N. J.

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