

THE BOOM OF THE CLARION.

BY BRET HARTE.

Continued from last week.

"I've come here to put an advertisement in your paper."

The editor heaved a sigh of relief, as once before. "Certainly," he said, briskly. "But that's another department of the paper, and the printers have gone home. Come to-morrow morning early."

"Tomorrow morning I shall be miles away," she said, decisively, "and what I want done has got to be done now! I don't want to see no printers; I don't want anybody to know I've been here but you. That's why I'm here at night, and rode all the way from Sawyer's station, and wouldn't take the stage-coach. And when we've settled about the advertisement, I'm going to mount my horse, out thar in the bushes, and scoot outer the settlement."

"Very good," said the editor, resignedly. "Of course I can deliver your instructions to the foreman. And now—let me see—I suppose you wish to intimate in a personal notice to your husband that you've returned."

"Nothin' o' the kind!" said Mrs. Dimmidge, coolly. "I want to placard him as he did me. I've got it all written out here. Sabe?"

She took from her pocket a folded paper, and spreading it out on the editor's desk, with a certain pride of authorship read as follows:—

"Whereas my husband, Micah J. Dimmidge, having given out that I have left his bed and board—the same being a bunk in a log cabin and pork and molasses three times a day—and having advertised that he'd pay no debts of my contractin'—which, as there ain't any, might be easier collected than debts of his own contractin'—this is to certify that unless he returns from Elkton Hill to his only home in Sonora in one week from date, payin the costs of this advertisement, I'll know the reason why. —Eliza Jane Dimmidge."

"Thar," she added, drawing a long breath, "put that in a column of the Clarion, same size as the last, and let it work, and that's all I want of you."

"A column?" repeated the editor. "Do you know the cost is very expensive, and I could put it in a single paragraph."

"I reckon I kin pay the same as Mr. Dimmidge did for his," said the lady, complacently. "I didn't see your paper myself, but the paper as copied it—one of them big New York dailies—said that it took up a whole column."

The editor breathed more freely; she had not seen the infamous woodcut which her husband had selected. At the same moment he was struck with a sense of retribution, justice, and compensation.

"Would you—" he asked, hesitatingly, "would you like it illustrated—by a cut?"

"With which?"

"Wait a moment, I'll show you."

He went into the dark composing-room, lit a candle, and rummaging in a drawer sacred to weather-beaten, old-fashioned electrotyped advertising symbols of various trades, finally selected one and brought it to Mrs. Dimmidge. It represented a bare and exceedingly stalwart man wielding a large hammer. "Your husband being a miner—a quartz

miner—would that do?" he asked. (It had been previously used to advertise a blacksmith, a gold-beater, and a stonemason.)

The lady examined it critically.

"It does look a little like Micah's arm," she said, meditatively. "Well,—your kid put it in."

The editor was so well pleased with his success that he must needs make another suggestion. "I suppose," he said, intenuously, "that you don't want to answer the 'Personal'?"

"Personal?" she repeated quickly, "what's that? I ain't seen no 'Personal.'"

The editor saw his blunder. She of course, had never seen Mr. Dimmidge's artful "Personal"; that the big dailies naturally had not noticed nor copied. But it was too late to withdraw now. He brought out a file of the Clarion, and snipping out the paragraph with his scissors, laid it before the lady.

She started at it with wrinkled brows and a darkening face.

And this was in the same paper?—put in by Mr. Dimmidge? she asked, breathlessly.

The editor, somewhat alarmed, stammered, "Yee." But the next moment he was reassured. The wrinkles disappeared, a dozen dimples broke out where they had been, and the determined, matter-of-fact Mrs. Dimmidge burst into a fit of rosy merriment. Again and again she laughed, shaking the building, starting the sedate, melancholy woods beyond, until the editor himself laughed in sheer vacant sympathy.

"Lord!" she said at last, gasping, and wiping the laughter from her wet eyes. "I never thought of that."

"No," explained the editor, smilingly; "of course you didn't. Don't you see the papers that copied the big advertisement never saw that little paragraph, or if they did they never connected the two together."

"Oh, it ain't that," said Mrs. Dimmidge, trying to regain her composure and holding her sides. It's that blessed dear old dunder-head of a Dimmidge I'm thinking of. That gets me. I see it all now. Only, sakes alive, I never thought that of him. Oh, it's just too much!" and she again relapsed behind her handkerchief.

"Then I suppose you don't want to reply to it," said the editor.

Her laughter instantly ceased. "Don't I?" she said, wiping her face into its previous complacent determination. "Well, young man, I reckon that's just what I want to do! Now, wait a moment; let's see what he said," she went on, taking up and re-perusing the "Personal" paragraph. "Well, then," she went on, after a moment's silent composition with moving lips, "you just put these lines in."

The editor took up his pencil.

"To Mr J. D. Dimmidge.—Hope your still on R. B.'s track. Keep there!—E. J. D."

The editor wrote down the line, and then, remembering Mr. Dimmidge's voluntary explanation of his "Personal," waited with some confidence for a like frankness from Mrs. Dimmidge. But he was mistaken.

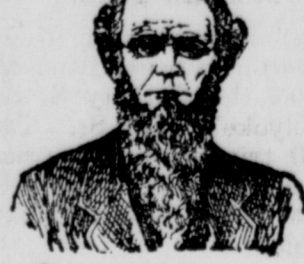
"You think that he—R. B.—or Mr. Dimmidge will understand this?" he at last asked, tentatively. "Is it enough?"

"Quite enough," said Mrs. Dimmidge, emphatically. She took a roll of greenbacks from her pocket, selected a hundred dollar bill and then a five, and laid them before the editor. "Young man," she said, with a certain demure gravity, "you've done me a heap o' good. I never spent money with more

DR. A. W. CHASE'S REMEDIES.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder and Bowels. One pill a dose; 25c. a box.

Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, for Cold in the Head, Catarrh, Drooping in the Throat, and Hay Fever. 25c. a box, blower free.



Dr. Chase's Ointment for Eczema, Salt Rheum, Piles and all itching skin diseases. 60 cents a box.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, for exhausted, worn-out nerves and thin, watery, diseased blood. 50c. a large box.

Dr. Chase's Liver Cure, for diseases of the Liver, Jaundice and Biliousness. 50c. a bottle.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, a positive cure for Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis and all Coughs and Colds. 25c. a large bottle. At all dealers.

satisfaction than this. I never thought much o' the 'power o' the Press,' as you call it, afore. But this has been a right comfortable visit, and I'm glad I ketched you alone. But you understand one thing; this yer visit, and who I am, is betwixt you and me only."

(Concluded next week.)

HORRIBLE AGONY.

Suffered by Mr. Thomas Harrison of St. Mary's, N. B.

Stone in the Bladder Brought Him to the Point of Death—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him After All Else had Failed.

FREDERICTON, N. B., May 15th.—All residents of the village of St. Mary's, a suburb of this city, will remember the recent narrow escape of Mr. Thomas Harrison, who was so seriously ill with Stone in the Bladder.

It will be remembered that Mr. Harrison had become so ill that many of his friends thought he could never recover. All medical treatment failed to relieve him; his urine was thick and bloody, and his chances seemed gone.

At this period Mr. Harrison was persuaded to give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial.

He had no faith in them, nor hope that they would afford him either relief or cure, but he nevertheless agreed to give them a trial.

After having used one box he passed a large stone that had formed in his bladder as a result of defective kidney action.

All his pain vanished with the passing of this stone. He "mended" rapidly, gaining health, strength and flesh, rapidly.

Mr. Harrison continued the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills for a time, till his kidneys were perfectly restored and all danger of another stone forming had passed.

Today he is strong and healthy, and no man in Canada is louder in praise of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dodd's Kidney Pills have had the same result in every case of Kidney Disease for which they have ever been used. They have always cured.

Victims of Kidney Disease—in any form—may be absolutely certain of a thorough and permanent cure, if they use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

His First Score.

Magistrate—"You have not been convicted before?"

Prisoner—"No, sir."

Magistrate—"Then you are going to be." (Proceeds to adjust his spectacles.)—Tid Bits.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE.

A Four Years' Cripple From Acute Rheumatism. South American Rheumatic Cure was the True Physician.

Mrs. J. H. Harte, of 223 Church street, Toronto, wife of Dr. Harte, suffered severely from rheumatism for five years. For four years she could not walk without the use of a cane. At times the pains were intense, and she suffered tortures. No remedy or treatment gave any relief. She was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure. She used four bottles and today is free from pain, and she closes her signed testimony by saying: "I am entirely cured and can move about as blithely as ever in my life." Sold by Garden Bros.

A young bachelor, who was beset by a sewing machine agent, told the latter that his machine would not answer his purpose. "Why," said the agent, with voluble praise, "it is the best on the market in every respect." "That may be," replied the supposed customer; "but the sewing machine that I am looking for must have flaxen hair and blue eyes."

HEART DISEASE.

Has become frightfully prevalent of late. If your heart palpitates, throbs, skips beats or is weak, do not fail to use Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. They strengthen the heart, steady and regulate its beat, and restore it to a healthy, normal action.

Teacher: "Now, leather comes from the cow, and wool from the sheep, and is made into cloth, and cloth into coats. Now, what is your coat made of—yours, Tommy?" Tommy (with hesitation): "Out o' feyther's."

YOU WILL FIND

THE BEST LINE OF

EATING CHOCOLATES!

In town at the CENTRAL GROCERY.

C. M. SHERWOOD & BRO. WOODSTOCK.

Ask your grocer for EDDY'S

| | | |
|----------------|----------------|------|
| "EAGLE" | PARLOR MATCHES | 200s |
| do | do | 100s |
| "VICTORIA" | do | 65s |
| "LITTLE COMET" | do | |

The finest in the world. No brimstone.

The E. B. EDDY CO. Limited. Hull, P. Q.

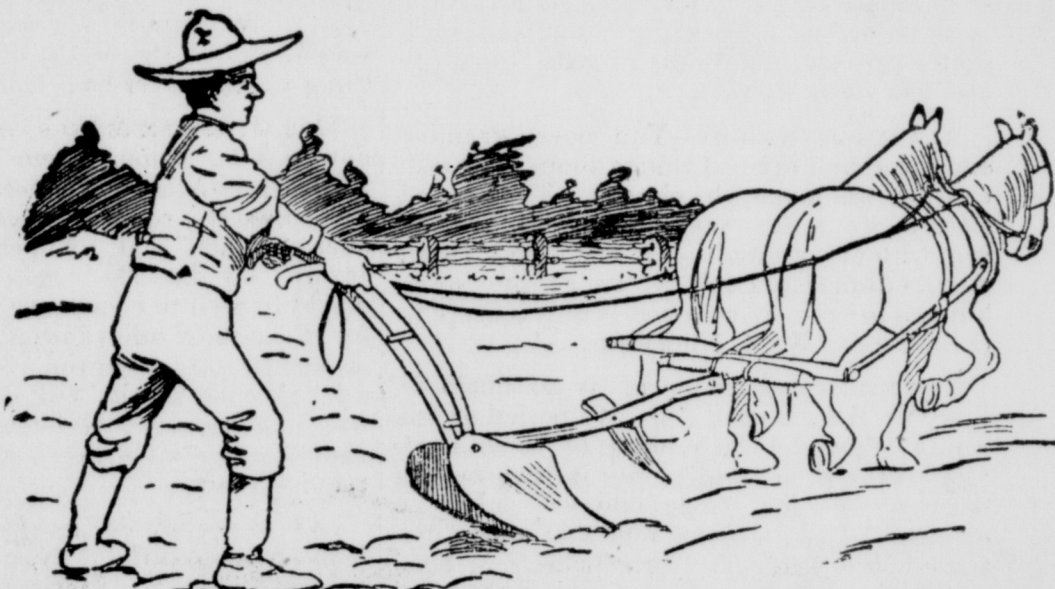
CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION. OF TORONTO.

Established 1871. Income \$1,200,000.

Policies Unconditional. Extended Insurance and Paid Up Policy after TEN years. Low Rates. Profits Unexcelled.

WENDELL P. JONES, Special Agent.

G. W. PARKER, Gen. Agent.



I am a farmer located near Stony Brook, one of the most malarious districts in this State, and was bothered with malaria for years, at times so I could not work, and was always very constipated as well. For years I had malaria so bad in the spring, when engaged in plowing, that I could do nothing but shake. I must have taken about a barrel of quinine pills besides dozens of other remedies, but never obtained any permanent benefit. Last fall, in peach time, I had a most serious attack of chills and then commenced to take Ripans Tabules, upon a friend's advice, and the first box made me all right and I have never been without them since. I take one Tabule each morning and night and sometimes when I feel more than usually exhausted I take three in a day. They have kept my stomach sweet, my bowels regular and I have not had the least touch of malaria nor splitting headache since I commenced using them. I know also that I sleep better and wake up more refreshed than formerly. I don't know how many complaints Ripans Tabules will help, but I do know they will cure any one in the condition I was and I would not be without them at any price. I honestly consider them the cheapest-priced medicine in the world, as they are also the most beneficial and the most convenient to take. I am twenty-seven years of age and have worked hard all my life, the same as most farmers, both early and late and in all kinds of weather, and I have never enjoyed such good health as I have since last fall; in fact, my neighbors have all remarked my improved condition and have said, "Say, John, what are you doing to look so healthy?"

WANTED.—A case of bad health that R.I.P.A.N.S. will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word R.I.P.A.N.S. on the package and accept no substitute. R.I.P.A.N.S. 10 for 5 cents or twelve packets for 48 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., 21 Spruce St., New York.

In Spring Cleaning

You will require

Whiting, Paints, Kalsomine, Oils, Alabastine, Leads.

I HAVE THEM ALL.

General Builders Hardware.

M. S. SUTTON, Andover.

"She Carries Her Heart on Her Sleeve"

What a boon to many a man or woman if this were literally so—How many spirits are broken because this particular organ is shackled by disease—and yet how many times has Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart brushed against the grim reaper and robbed him of his victim.

Diseases of the heart are by far the most treacherous of ailments which afflict humanity—ruthless to old and young alike—not insidious but violent, for when the heart fails the whole system suffers violence. Discussing causes here will not console the suffering one. The one great yearning of the heart-sickened patient is how to get relief and a cure. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart stands pre-eminently to-day as the star of hope to sufferers from heart trouble, and so far past the experimental period that thousands to-day proclaim, in no uncertain sound, the belief that were it not for this great remedy they would have long ago passed into the great beyond.

Most eminent doctors, whom heart cases have baffled, have tested Dr. Agnew's claims, and to-day they prescribe it in their practice as the quickest and safest heart remedy known to medical science. What are the symptoms? Palpitation, fluttering, shortness of breath, weak and irregular pulse, swelling of feet and ankles, pain in the left side, chilly sensations, fainting spells, uneasiness in sleeping, dropsical tendency and as many more indications that the heart is deranged. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a heart specific; and no case too acute to find relief from it inside of thirty minutes—a powerful cure.

Mrs. Jno. Fitzpatrick, of Gananoque, Ont., after having been treated by eminent physicians for heart disease of five years' standing, was discharged from the hospital as a hopeless incurable. She suffered from acute pain and palpitation, her feet and ankles swollen, and there was every tendency to the dropsical form of heart disease, but the lady procured Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart as she declared, as a last hope. One dose relieved her of a very acute spasm in less than thirty minutes, and three bottles cured her—not a symptom of the trouble remaining.

CONDUCTOR WILLIAM G. LUCAS, of the N. & W.R.R., and living at Hagarstown, Md., suffered for years with acute valvular form of heart disease—cost him many a "lay off" from his daily duties on the road, and he spent a small fortune in remedies and treating with heart specialists in promise of a cure, and all ended in disappointment, until a good friend, who had been benefited, recommended Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. He tried it, and found it gave him relief and comfort almost immediately. He continued its use until a few bottles were taken, and to-day he's well and strong, and says, "Tell all heart sufferers that I can highly recommend this great remedy."

DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT cures eczema, salt rheum, tetter, scald head and all itching skin diseases: cures piles in three to five nights. 35 cents.

DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER relieves cold in the head or hay fever in ten minutes—will cure most stubborn and long standing catarrh cases quickly and permanently.

DR. AGNEW'S LIVER PILLS cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache, torpid liver—clear the skin. 40 doses, 20 cents.

FOR SALE BY GARDEN BROS.