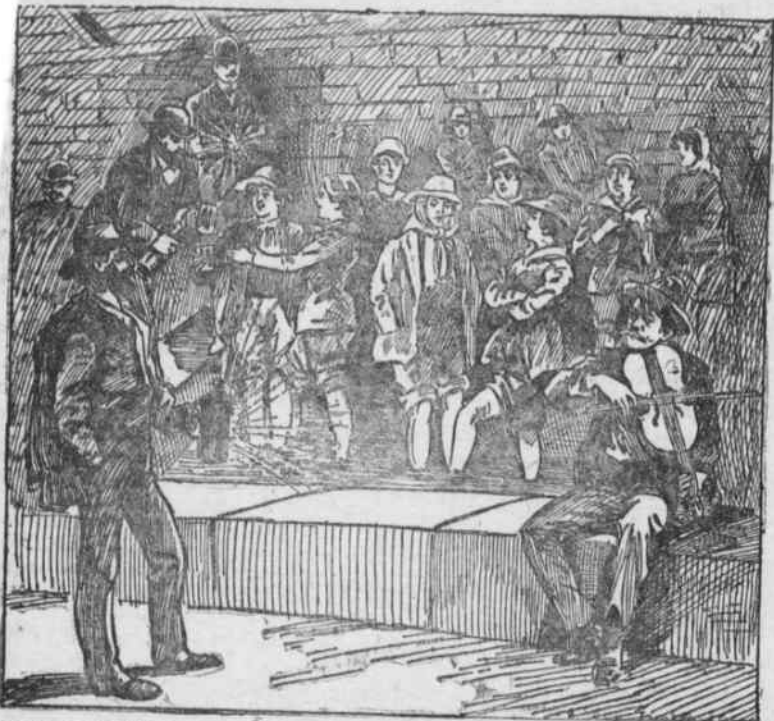






Lovely Women in the Lagar at the Quinto Cellerios, Portugal.

Girls treading grapes, to music, wearing short jackets and short linen pants, sit at a great variety of headgear. A violinist, seated on the edge of the vat, fiddles while one or two of the damsels join in with their voices, keeping time with their feet, treading the grapes.



Rubber Rollers are Used for Crushing the Grapes to Make Speer's Port, Burgundy, Claret and Other Wines.

Which, as is well known, rival the world in excellence, for invalids and aged persons, and are made from the Operto grape grown on vines imported from Portugal forty years ago. The soil of northern New Jersey, containing iron, is just suited for them.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS WHO DEAL IN WINES.

CARRISTON'S GIFT.

The Story of an Obedient and Loyal Servant.

The Danger to Which Its Possessor Was Subject, and How It Was Used to Discover the Lost—Evil Machines Thwarted.

By Hugh Conway, Author of "Dark Days," "Called Back," etc.

I must confess, in spite of my affection for Carriston, I felt inclined to rebel against the course which matters were taking. I was a prosaic, matter-of-fact medical man, doing my work to the best of my ability, and anxious when that work was done that my hours of leisure should be as free from worry and care as possible.

So it was that every hour that Carriston was out of my sight was fraught with anxiety. If Ralph Carriston was really as unscrupulous as my friend supposed; if he had really, as seemed almost probable, suborned our agent, he might by some crafty trick obtain the needful certificate, and some day I should come home and find Carriston had been removed.

Besides, after all that had occurred, it was as much as I could do to believe that Carriston was sane. Any doctor who knew what I knew would have given the verdict against him.

After dismissing his visions and hallucinations with the contempt which they deserved, the fact of a man who was madly, passionately in love with a woman, and who believed that she had been entrapped and still kept in restraint, sitting down quietly, and letting day after day pass without making an effort toward finding her, was in itself prima facie evidence of insanity.

I felt that if once Ralph Carriston obtained possession of him he could make out a strong case in his own favor. First of all, the proposed marriage out of the defendant's own sphere of life, the passing under a false name; the ridiculous, or apparently ridiculous, accusation made against his kinsman; the murderous threats; the chastisement of his own paid agent who brought him a report which might not seem at all untrue to any one who knew not Madeline Rowan.

Leaving out of the question what might be wrung from me in cross-examination, Ralph Carriston had a strong case, and I knew that, once in his power, my friend might possibly be doomed to pass years, if not his whole life, under restraint. So I was anxious, very anxious.

And I felt an anxiety, scarcely second to that which prevailed on Carriston's account, as to the fate of Madeline Rowan. Granting, for sake of argument, that Carriston's absurd conviction that no bodily harm had as yet been done her was true, I felt sure that she, with her scarcely less sensitive nature, must feel the separation from her lover as much as he himself felt the separation from her.

Once or twice I tried to comfort myself with cynicism—tried to persuade myself that a young woman could not in our days be spirited away—that she had gone by her own free-will—that there was a man who had at the eleventh hour alienated her affections from Carriston. But I could not bring myself to believe this.

So I was placed between the horns of a dilemma. If Madeline had not fled of her own free-will, some one must have taken her away, and if so, our agent's report was a coined one, and, if a coined one, issued at Ralph's instance; therefore, Ralph must be the prime actor in the mystery.

But in sober moments such a deduction seemed an utter absurdity. Although I have said that Carriston was doing nothing toward clearing up the mystery, I wrong him in so saying. After his own erratic way, he was at work. At such work, too! I really lost all patience with him.

He shut himself up in his room, out of which he scarcely stirred for three days. By that time he had completed a large and beautiful drawing of his imaginary man. This he took to a well-known photographer's and ordered several hundred small photographs of it to be prepared as soon as possible. The minute description which he had given me of his fanciful creation was printed at the foot of each copy. As soon as the first batch of these precious photographs was sent home, to my great joy, he did what he should have done days ago; yielded to the hands of the police.

I was glad to find that in giving details of what had happened he said nothing about the advisability of keeping a watch on Ralph Carriston's proceedings. He did, indeed, offer an absurdly large reward for the discovery of the missing girl, and, moreover, gave the officer in charge of the case a packet of photographs of his phantom man, telling him in the gravest manner that he knew the original of that likeness had something to do with the disappearance of Miss Rowan. The officer, who thought the portrait was that of a natural being, took his instructions in good faith, although he seemed greatly surprised when he heard that Carriston knew neither the name nor the occupation, in fact, knew nothing concerning the man who was to be sought for.

However, as Carriston assured him that finding this man would insure the reward as much as if he found Madeline, the officer readily promised to combine the two tasks, little knowing what waste of time any attempt to perform the latter must be.

Two days after this, Carriston came to me. "I shall leave you to-morrow," he said. "Where are you going?" I asked. "Why do you leave?" "I am going to travel about. I have no intention of letting Ralph get hold of me. So I mean to go from place to place until I find Madeline." "Be careful," I urged. "I shall be careful enough. I'll take care that no doctors, surgeons, or even apothecaries get on my track. I shan't go just as it seizes me. If I can't say one day where I shall be the next, it is impossible for that villain to

fact, as was carried out his resolve of passing quickly from place to place. I did not see how he could plan anything more likely to defeat the intentions with which we credited cousin. As to his finding Madeline by so doing, that was another matter.

His idea seemed to be that chance would favor or later bring him in contact with the man of his dream. However, now that the search had been entrusted to the proper person, his own action in the matter was not worth troubling about. I gave him many cautions. He was to be quiet and guarded in words and manner. He was not to converse with strangers. If he found himself dogged or watched by any, he was to communicate at once with me.

But, above all, I begged him not to yield again to his mental infirmity. The folly of a man, who could avoid it throwing himself into such a state ought to be apparent to him. "Not oftener than I can help," was all the promise I could get from him. "But see her I must sometimes, or I shall die."

I had now given up the combat with his peculiar idiosyncrasy as hopeless. So, with many expressions of gratitude on his part, we bade each other farewell. During his absence he wrote me nearly every day, so that I might know his whereabouts in case I had any news to communicate. But I had none. The police failed to find the slightest clue. I had been called upon by them once or twice in order that they might have every grain of information I could give.

I took the liberty of advising them not to waste their time in looking for the man, as he had but what after hearing 'twas they did not think the whole affair was an imagined one, and so relaxed their efforts.

Once or twice Carriston, happening to be in the neighborhood of London, came to see me, and slept the night at my house. He also had no news to report. Still, he seemed hopeful as ever. The weeks went by till Christmas was over and the New Year began; but no sign, word or trace of Madeline Rowan. "I have seen her," wrote Carriston.

"Several times. She is in the same place, unhappy, but not ill-treated." Evidently his hallucinations were still in full force.

At first I intended that the whole of this tale should be told by myself; but upon getting so far it struck me that the evidence of another actor, who played an important part in the drama, would give certain occurrences to the reader at first instead of at second hand, so I wrote to my friend Dick Fenton, of Frenchay, Gloucestershire, and begged him, if he found himself capable of doing so, to put in simple narrative form his impressions of certain events which happened in January, 1866—events in which we two were concerned. He has been good enough to comply with my request. His communication follows.

PART II. TOLD BY RICHARD FENTON, ESQUIRE, OF FRENCHAY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

As my old friend Phil Brand has asked me to do this, I suppose I must—Brand is a right good fellow, and a clever fellow, but has plenty of catches of his own. The worst I know of him is that he insists upon having his own way with people. With those who differ from him he is as obstinate as a mule.

Anyhow, he has had his own way with me. This custom, so far as I am concerned, commenced years ago when we were boys at school together, and I have never been able to shake off the bad habit of giving in to him. He has promised to see that my Queen's English is presentable; for, to tell the truth, I am more at home across country than across footscap, and my fingers know the feel of the reins or the trigger better than that of the pen.

All the same I hope he won't take too many liberties with my style, but though it may be; for old Brand at times is apt to get—well, a bit prosy. To hear him on the subject of hard work and the sanctity thereof approaches the sublime!

What freak took me to the little God-forsaken village of Midcombe in the depth of winter is entirely between myself and my conscience. The cause, having no bearing upon the matters I am asked to tell you about, is no one's business but mine. I will only say that now I would not stay in such a place at such a time of the year for the sake of the prettiest girl in the world, let alone the mere chance of meeting her once or twice.

But one's ideas change. I am now a good bit older, ride some two stone heavier, and have been married ever so many years. Perhaps, after all, as I look back I can find some excuse for being such an ass as to endure for more than a fortnight all the discomforts heaped upon me in that village inn.

A man who sojourns in such a hole as Midcombe must give some good reason for doing so. My ostensible reason was for hunting. I had a horse with me, and a second-rate subscription pack of slow-going mongrels did not meet where in the neighborhood, so no one could gainsay my explanation. But if hunting was my object, I got preelons little of it. A few days after my arrival a bit of biting frost set in—a frost as black as your hat, and as hard as nails. Yet still I staid on.

From private information received—no matter how, when, or where—I know that some people in the neighborhood had organied a party to go skating on a certain day at Lilymere, a fine sheet of water some distance from Midcombe. I guessed that some one whom I particularly desired to meet, would be there, and as the skating at Lilymere was free to any one who chose to take the trouble of getting to such an out-of-the-way place, I hired a horse and an apology for a dog-cart, and at ten in the morning started to drive the twelve miles to the pond. I took no one with

me. I had been to Lilymere once before, in bright summer weather, so fancied I knew the way well enough.

The sky when I started was cloudy; the wind was chopping round in a way which made the effect rustic old hostler predict a change of weather. He was right; before I had driven two miles light snow began to fall; and by the time I reached a wretched little wayside inn, about a mile from the mere, a film of white covered the whole country. I started my horse as well as I could, then, taking my skates with me, walked down to the pond.

Now, whether I had mistaken the day, or whether the threatening fall of snow had made certain people change their minds, I don't know; but, to my annoyance and vexation, no skaters were to be seen, and, moreover, the uncut, white surface told me that none had been on the pond that morning. Still, hoping, they might come in spite of the weather, I put on my skates and went outside edging and grape-vining all over the place. But as there was no person in particular—in fact, no one at all—to note my powers, I soon got tired. It was, indeed, dreary, dreary work. But I waited and hoped until the snow came down so fast and furiously that I felt sure that waiting was in vain, and that I had driven to Lilymere for nothing.

Back I went to the little inn, utterly disgusted with things in general, and wondering what to break some one's heart with for a relief to me in my present state of mind. Of course I got a sensible man would at once have driven home. But whatever I may be now, in those days I was not a sensible man—Brand will, I know, cordially endorse this remark. The accommodation of the inn was not such as to induce one to linger within its precincts; but the fire was a right good one, and a drink, which I had skillfully manufactured out of some hot beer, not to be despised, and proved to the ruffled temper. So I lingered over the big fire until I began to feel hungry, and upon the landlady assuring me that she could cook a rasher, decided it would be wiser to stay where I was until the violence of the snow-storm was over; for coming down it was, and no mistake!

And it kept on coming down. About half past three, when I sorrowfully decided to be bound to make a move, it was snowing faster than ever. I harassed my horse, and laughing that I old woman's dismal prophecy that I should never get to Midcombe in such weather, gathered up the reins, and away I went along the white road.

I thought I knew the way well enough. In fact, I had always prided myself upon remembering any road once driven over by me; but does any one who has not tried it really know how a heavy fall of snow changes the aspect of the country, and makes landmarks snares and delusions? I learnt all about it then, once and for all. I found, also, the snow lay much deeper than I thought could possibly be in so short a time, and it fell in a manner almost blinding. Yet I went on bravely and merrily for some miles. Then came a bit of uncertainty.

Which of those two roads was the right one? This one, of course—no, the other. There was no house near; no one was likely to be passing in such weather, so I was left to exercise my free, unbiased choice—a privilege I would willingly have dispensed with. However, I made the best selection I could, and followed it for some two miles. Then I began to grow doubtful, and soon persuading myself that I was on the wrong track, retraced my steps.

I was by this time something like a dog with the plaster-of-Paris figure, and the snow which had accumulated on the old dog-cart made it heavier by half a ton, more or less. By the time I came to that unlucky juncture of the ways at which my misfortunes began, it was almost dark; the sky as black as a tarpaulin, yet sending down the white feathery flakes thicker and faster than ever. I felt inclined to curse my folly in attempting such a drive, at any rate I blamed myself for not having started two or three hours earlier. I'll warrant that steady-going old Brand never had to accuse himself of such foolishness as mine.

Well, I took the other road; went on some way; came to a turning which I seemed to remember, and, not without misgivings, followed it. My misgivings increased when, after a little while, I found the road grew full of ruts, which the snow and the darkness quite concealed from me until the wheels got into them. Evidently I was wrong again. I was just thinking of making the best of my way out of this rough and unfrequented road, when—there, I don't know how it happened, such things seldom occur to me—stumble, a fall on the part of my tired horse sent me flying over the dashboard, with the only consoling thought that the reins were still in my hand.

Luckily, the snow had made the falling pretty soft. I soon picked myself up and set about estimating damages. With some difficulty I got the horse out of the harness and then felt free to inspect the two-wheeled kind when over a horse thinks fit to fall, one shaft had snapped off like a carrot; so here it was, I five miles apparently from anywhere, in the thick of a blinding snow-storm, left standing helpless beside a jaded horse and a broken cart—I should like to know what Brand would have done under the circumstances.

As for me, I reflected for some minutes—reflected in a snow-storm in wreny work. I reasoned, I believe, logically, and at last came to this decision: I would follow the road. If as I suspected, it was but a cart track, it would probably soon lead to a habitation of some kind. Anyway, I had better try a bit farther. I took hold of the weary horse, and, with snow under my feet, snow-flakes whirling round me, and a wind blowing right into my teeth, struggled on.

It was a journey! I think I must have been a quarter of an hour going about a quarter of a mile. I was just beginning to despair, when I saw a welcome gleam of light. I steered toward it, fondly hoping that my troubles were at an end. I found the light stole through the ill-fitting window-shutters of what seemed, so far as I could make out in the darkness, to be a small farm-house. Trying to a gate the knotted reins by which I had been leading the horse, I staggered up to the door and held loudly. Upon my horse, until I knew against that door-post I had no idea how tired I was until that moment I never suspected that the finding of speedy shelter meant absolutely saving my life. Covered from head to foot with snow, my hat crushed in, I must have been a pitiable object.

No answer came to my summons. It was only after a second and more importunate application of my heel that the door yielded to give way a few inches. Through the aperture a woman's voice asked who was there.

"Let me in," I said.

"My way to Mid-

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YOU MUST GIVE ME SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT. Shelter! You can't get sheltered here, Mister! said a man's gruff voice. 'This ain't an inn, so you'd best be off, and go elsewhere.' 'But I must come in,' I said, astounded at such inhospitality; I can't go a step farther. Open the door at once! 'You be cursed,' said the man. 'It's my house, not yours.'

Accident Insurance. Fidelity Mutual. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. The sooner a cough or cold is cured without harm to the sufferer the better.

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The First National Bank of Conshohocken. ESTABLISHED 1873. TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS. DISCOUNT DAY—SATURDAY. OFFICERS: Michael O'Brien, President; W. D. Zimmerman, Cashier; Elbridge McFarland, Vice President.

CONSTIPATION. I have gone 14 days at a time without a movement of the bowels, not being able to move them except by using hot water injections. CANDY CATHARTIC. REGULATE THE LIVER.

AKS

The Falcon Kodak at the Exhibition of by held by the Y. M. They excelled all economic Kodaks generally the best? It is the stock all sizes of every paraphernalia.

ER, OPTICIAN

10 St., Norristown.

10 St., Norristown.

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during 1897 will be devoted to Fiction, Travel, and Sport, and will be the best all-around boy's paper published.

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Forward, March! By KIRK MUNROE. A story of a young hero with Roosevelt's Rough Riders.

SOME SHORT STORIES SCOUTING ON THE PLAINS. WOLVES vs. DISCIPLINE. A DANDY AT HIS BEST.

STORIES OF THE WAR THE RESCUE OF REDWAY. A SCARED FIGHTER. A WAR CORRESPONDENT AFLOAT.

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THEIR SILVER-WEDDING JOURNEY By William Dean Howells A serial story—to appear—containing all that characteristic charm that has endeared Mr. Howells to the reading public.

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White Man's Asia Republics of South America By POULTNEY BIGELOW. By JULIAN RALPH.

Look At Our Derbies Dont you think one would make a nice present, or we can give you a soft hat just as stylish if you desire it. Caps for Men and Boys are acceptable presents.

HARRISBURG LETTER

Harrisburg, Dec. 27.—There is going to be a great crowd here at the organization of the legislature next Tuesday. The widespread belief that action on the United States senatorship will be taken by the Republicans about the same time will draw many to the city.

"There is enough evidence of a political motive behind the prosecution to cause all fair-minded men to hesitate. Why should Senator Quay withdraw from the contest, then? He is content of his ability to prove his innocence when given a fair trial, and under these circumstances shall he suddenly enter the trap which his enemies have laid?"

"For many years I was afflicted with a milk leg, and a few years ago it broke out in a sore and spread from my foot to my knee. I suffered for ages. It would burn and itch all the time and discharge a great deal. My health was good with the exception of this sore, but it came to irritate the sore so that I could hardly stand the pain."

Dr. Bull's Mothers! This wonderful remedy will save your child's life when attacked by Croup or Whooping Cough.

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are men who have bitterly contested Senator Quay's leadership in Pennsylvania for years past. Add to this the fact that although the alleged evidence upon which the prosecution is based was in possession of these men for months, it was not until on the eve of an election in which Senator Quay was interested that he was arrested, and that the prosecution is now being waged with intense partisan spirit in anticipation of the approaching meeting of the legislature which will elect Senator Quay's successor.

"There is enough evidence of a political motive behind the prosecution to cause all fair-minded men to hesitate. Why should Senator Quay withdraw from the contest, then? He is content of his ability to prove his innocence when given a fair trial, and under these circumstances shall he suddenly enter the trap which his enemies have laid?"

FROM FOOT TO KNEE Ohio Woman Suffered Great Agony From a Terrible Sore—Her Story of the Case, and Her Cure.

"For many years I was afflicted with a milk leg, and a few years ago it broke out in a sore and spread from my foot to my knee. I suffered for ages. It would burn and itch all the time and discharge a great deal. My health was good with the exception of this sore, but it came to irritate the sore so that I could hardly stand the pain."

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REPRESENTATIVE MEN

Montgomery County Gentlemen Who have Been Elected to Fill Positions of Trust. A Series of Articles Prepared for the Record by William Henry.

OF the five Assemblymen who represented Montgomery county in the last Legislature, Jason Sexton, of Springhouse, Lower Gwynedd Township, was the only one chosen at the last election to again appear upon the floor of the House at the next session.

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between the North and South, Mr. Sexton returned to the vicinity of his old home and resumed farming, and is still plying that vocation. In the spring of 1876 Mr. Sexton left New York and came to Montgomery county, locating at his present home in Lower Gwynedd.

In November, 1896, he was elected to the Assembly, receiving 16,921 votes as against 10,109 received by John Lerzler, the highest Democratic vote or a majority of 6812.

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RELIEF FROM PAIN

Women Everywhere Express Gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham. Mrs. T. A. WALDEN, Gibson, Ga., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before my medicine, life was a burden to me. I never saw a well day my monthly period I suffered miserably, and a great deal of the time was troubled with a severe pain in the side.

"Before finishing the first bottle of your Vegetable Compound I felt it was doing me good. I omitted its use, also used the Liver Pills and Sannative Wash, and have been greatly helped. I would like to have you my letter for the benefit of others."

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For two years I was troubled with what the local physicians told me was inflammation of the womb. Every month I suffered terribly. I had taken enough medicine from the doctors to cure anyone, but obtained relief for a short time only. At last I concluded to write to you in regard to my case, and can say that by following your advice I am now perfectly well."

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before writing to you I suffered dreadfully from painful menstruation, leucorrhoea and sore feeling; the lower part of the bowels. Now my friends want to know what makes me look so well. I do not hesitate one minute in telling them what has brought about this great change. I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough. It is the greatest remedy of the age."

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like grandma. That is one way to provide for the future. It suits old age. To put it into an educational form is the proper depository for a young man or woman with a future of bread winning. That education if practical and thorough will bring many returns on the original investment.

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Early in youth Mr. Sexton acquired a love for reading, and at an early age showed a particular leaning towards literature relating to the abolitionist movement.

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The feeling of unrest within him could not be tolerated, however, and in September, 1862, at the age of twenty-seven years, he left his father's farm and enlisted in the Forty-fourth New York Volunteers, at that time serving under General George B. McClellan, in the Army of the Potomac.

Early in youth Mr. Sexton acquired a love for reading, and at an early age showed a particular leaning towards literature relating to the abolitionist movement.

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