

The woman who puts a setting of china eggs into an incubator expecting to get a new set of dishes knew the law of economy, even if she was ignorant of the law of nature.

If women would only read the market reports as closely as they do the bargains what a—but they won't, o what's the use of building up false hopes.

The man who wrote that woman is a composite of pads, patterns and patience must have had a wife who was never ready to go any place on time.

Words of Wisdom.

Westfield, Ill., Dec. 18th (Special)—All who are suffering with Bright's Disease, should read carefully the following letter from the Rev. G. L. Good of this place. He says:

"I feel it my duty to tell you of the wonderful benefit I have received from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I am a Minister of the Gospel, and in my work, I am frequently exposed to all weathers. Six years ago, I was laid up sick. I doctored with a number of physicians, and finally consulted a specialist, but without success. They all told me I had Bright's Disease. I was in a bad way and almost helpless when, thank God, I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They saved my life. I took sixteen boxes and now I am cured. The first day I took them I felt relief. When I began I weighed only one hundred and five pounds, now I weigh one hundred and sixty-five and I am the picture of health. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all my friends who have Kidney Trouble and I pray to God that other sufferers will read these words and be helped by them."

John Jacob Astor was the only man in New York in 1830 who was worth \$1,000,000. The entire Astor estate is now approaching the billion mark.

TORTURED BY ECZEMA

BODY MASS OF SORES.

Could Not Sleep, Spent Hundreds of Dollars on Doctors, but Grew Worse—Cured by Cuticura for \$8.

"Cuticura saved the life of my mother, Mrs. Wm. F. Davis, of Stony Creek Conn. Hers was the worst eczema I ever saw. She was hardly able to eat or sleep. Her head and body was a mass of sores, and she despaired of recovery. Finally, after spending hundreds of dollars on doctors, growing worse all the time, living in misery for years, with hair whitened from suffering and body terribly disfigured, she was completely cured by two cakes of Cuticura Soap, five boxes of Cuticura, and three bottles of Cuticura Resolvent.—Geo. C. Davis, 161 W. 36th Street, New York."

There are two sides to the divorce question—that which the public hear and that which it doesn't.

"Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy" is adapted to both sexes and all ages. Cures Croup and Liver complaint, and purifies the blood. \$1.00 all druggists.

Probably Adam left the Garden of Eden because there was no divorce courts there.

Is Disease a Crime?

Not very long ago, a popular magazine published an editorial article in which the writer asserted, in substance, that all disease should be regarded as criminal. Certain it is, that much of the sickness and suffering of mankind is due to the violation of certain of Nature's laws. But to say that all sickness should be regarded as criminal, must appeal to every reasonable individual as radically wrong.

It would be harsh, unsympathetic, cruel, yes criminal, to condemn the poor, weak, over-worked housewife who sinks under the heavy load of household cares and burdens, and suffers from weaknesses, various displacements of pelvic organs and other derangements peculiar to her sex.

Frequent bearing of children, with its exacting demands upon the system, coupled with the care, worry and labor of rearing a large family, is often the cause of weakness, derangements and debility which are aggravated by the many household cares, and the hard, and never-ending work which the mother is called upon to perform. Dr. Pierce's maker of that world-famous remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—says that one of the greatest obstacles to the cure of this class of maladies is the fact that the poor, over-worked housewife can not get the needed rest from her many household cares and labor to enable her to secure from the use of his "Prescription" its full benefits. It is a matter of frequent experience, he says, in his extensive practice in these cases, to meet with those in which his treatment fails by reason of the patient's inability to abstain from hard work long enough to be cured. With those suffering from prolapsus, anteversion and retroversion of the uterus or other displacement of the womanly organs, it is very necessary that, in addition to taking his "Favorite Prescription" they abstain from being very much, or for long periods, on their feet. All heavy lifting or straining of any kind should also be avoided. As much out-door air as possible, with moderate, light exercise is also very important. Let the patient observe these rules and the "Favorite Prescription" will do the rest.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound.

If sick consult the Doctor, free of charge by letter. All such communications are held sacredly confidential.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate and regulate stomach, liver and bowels.

The Doctor's Wife

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

Isabel still lingered by the picture. She was aghast at the fact that Mr. Raymond knew and was even familiar with these beings. Yes; beings—creatures of that remote sphere which she only knew in her dreams. Standing near the portrait, she ventured to look very timidly toward these radiant creatures.

What did she see? A young man half reclining in the deep embrasure of a window, with the summer sunshine behind him and the summer breezes fluttering his loose brown hair—that dark, rich brown which is only a warmer kind of black. She saw a man upon whom beneficent or capricious nature, in some fantastic moment, had lavished all the gifts that men most covet, that women most admire. She saw one of the handsomest faces ever seen since Napoleon, the young conqueror of Italy, first dazzled regenerated France; a kind of face that is only familiar to us in a few old Italian portraits; a beautiful, dreamy, perfect face, exquisite alike in form and color.

Yes, capricious nature had showered her gifts upon Roland Lansdell. She had made him handsome, and had attuned his voice to a low, melodious music, and had made him sufficiently clever, and beyond all this had bestowed upon him that subtle attitude of grace which she, and she alone, can bestow. He was always graceful, involuntarily and unconsciously he fell into harmonious attitudes.

The lady who was called Gwendoline put up her eyes to look at another picture, and in that attitude Isabel had time to contemplate her, and saw that she, too, was graceful, and that in every fold of her simple dress—it was only muslin, but quite a different fabric to Isabel's muslin—there was an indescribable harmony, which stamped her as the creature of that splendid sphere which the girl only knew in her books.

George came in while his wife was looking at Gwendoline, and Mr. Raymond suddenly remembered the young couple whom he had taken upon himself to chaperon.

"I must introduce you to some new friends of mine, Roland," he said; "and when you are ill you must send for Mr. Gilbert, of Graybridge, who, I am given to understand, is a very clever surgeon and whom I know to have the best moral region I ever had under my hand. Gilbert, my dear boy, this is Roland Lansdell. Miss Gwendoline, Mrs. Gilbert—Mr. Lansdell. But you know something about my friend Roland, I think; don't you, Isabel?"

Mrs. Gilbert bowed and smiled and blushed in a pleasant bewilderment. To be introduced to two beings in this off-hand manner was almost too much for Mr. Sleaford's daughter.

A faint perfume of jasmine and orange blossoms floated toward her from Gwendoline's handkerchief, and she seemed to see the fair-haired lady who smiled at her, and the dark-haired gentleman who had risen at her approach, through an odoriferous mist that confused her senses.

"I think you know something of my friend Roland," Mr. Raymond repeated; "oh, my dear?"

"Oh, no—no, indeed," Isabel stammered; "I never saw—"

"You never saw him before to-day," answered Mr. Raymond, laying his hand on the young man's shoulder with a kind of protecting tenderness in the gesture. "But you've read his verses; those pretty drawing room Byronic, refined and anglicized, that you told me you were so fond of—don't you remember asking me who wrote the verses, Mrs. Gilbert? I told you the Alien was a country squire; and here he is—a squire of high degree, as the old ballad has it."

Isabel's heart gave a great throb, and her pale face flushed all over with a faint carnation. To be introduced to a Being was something, but to be introduced to a Being who was also a poet, and the very poet whose rhapsodies were her last and favorite idolatry! She could not speak.

Before she could recover her confusion Mr. Raymond had hooked his arm through that of Roland Lansdell, and the two men had walked off together, talking with considerable animation. Isabel was left by the open window with Gwendoline and George, whose common sense preserved him serene and fearless in the presence of these superior creatures.

"You like my cousin's poetry, then, Mrs. Gilbert?" said Gwendoline.

Her cousin! The dark-haired being was cousin to this fair-haired being in the Parisian bonnet, a white chip bonnet with just one feathery sprig of mountain heather, and the broad, thick, white silk strings tied under an aristocratic chin—a determined chin, Mr. Raymond would have told Isabel.

Mrs. Gilbert took heart of grace, now that Roland Lansdell was out of hearing, and said, "Oh, yes; she was very, very fond of the 'Alien's Dreams;' they were so sweetly pretty."

"Yes, they are pretty," Lady Gwendoline said, seating herself by the window, and playing with her bonnet strings as she spoke; "they are very graceful. Do sit down, Mrs. Gilbert; these show places are so fatiguing. I am waiting for papa, who is talking politics with some people in the hall. I am very glad you like Roland's verses."

Lady Gwendoline's papa came in presently to look for his daughter. He was General Angus Pierrepont Pomphrey, but he wore a black coat and gray trousers,

just like other people, and had thick boots.

He said, "Haw, hum—yes, to be sure, my dear," when Gwendoline told him that she was ready to go home; "been talking to Witherston—very good fellow, Witherston, very gentlemanly young flier, the son;" and then he went to look for Roland, whom he found in the next room with Charles Raymond, and then Gwendoline wished Isabel good morning and said something very kind to the effect that they should most likely meet again before long. Lowlands being so near Graybridge; and then the General offered his arm to his daughter.

She took it, but she looked back at her cousin, who was talking to Mr. Raymond, and glancing every now and then in a half-amused, half-admiring way at Isabel.

"I am so glad to think you like my wretched scribble, Mrs. Gilbert," he said, going up to her presently.

Isabel blushed again, and said, "Oh, thank you; yes, they are very pretty."

"You are coming with us, I suppose, Roland?" Gwendoline said.

"Oh, yes—that is to say, I'll see you to the carriage."

"I thought you were coming to luncheon."

"No; I meant to come, but I must see that fellow Percival, the lawyer, you know, Gwendoline, and I want to have a little more talk with Raymond. You'll go on and show Mrs. Gilbert the Murillo in the next room, Raymond? And I'll run and look for my cousin's carriage, and then come back."

"We can find the carriage very well without you, Roland," Gwendoline answered quickly. "Come, papa."

The young man stopped, and a little shadow darkened over his face.

"Did you really ask me to luncheon?" he said.

"You really volunteered to come, after breakfast this morning, when you proposed bringing us here."

"Did I? Oh, very well; in that case I shall let the Percival business stand over, and I shall ride to Oakbank tomorrow morning, Raymond, and lie on the grass and talk to you all day long, if you'll let me waste your time for a week in a way. Good-by; good morning, Mrs. Gilbert. By the bye, how do you mean to finish the day, Raymond?"

"I'm going to take Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert to Hurstonleigh Grove; or rather they take me, for they've brought a basket that reminds me of the Derby day. We're going to picnic in the grove, and drink tea in a cottage in honor of Isabel's—Mrs. Gilbert's birthday."

"You must come and picnic at Mordred some day. It's not as pretty as Hurstonleigh, but we'll manage to find a rustic spot."

The young man put on his hat, and went after his cousin and her father. Isabel saw him walking along the bright vista of rooms, and disappear in a burst of sunshine that flooded the great hall when the door was opened. The Belings were gone. For a brief interval she had been breathing the poetry of life; but she fell back now into the sober prose, and thought that half the grandeur was gone with those aristocratic visitors.

"And how do you like my young kinsman?" Mr. Raymond asked presently.

Isabel looked at him with surprise.

"He is your relation, Mr. Lansdell?"

"Yes. My mother was a Lansdell. There's a sort of consinship between Roland and me. He's a good fellow, a very noble-hearted, high-minded young fellow, but—"

But what? Mr. Raymond broke off with so deep a sigh that Isabel imagined an entire romance upon the strength of the inspiration. Had he done anything wicked, that dark, beautiful creature, who only wanted the soul-harrowing memory of a crime to make him perfect? Had he fled his country, like Byron, or buried a fellow creature in a cave, like Mr. Aram? Isabel's eyes opened to their widest extent, and Charles Raymond answered that inquiring glance.

"I sigh when I speak of Roland," he said, "because I know the young man is not happy. He stands quite alone in the world, and has more money than he knows how to spend—two very bad things for a young man. He's handsome and fascinating—another disadvantage—and he's brilliant without being a genius. In short, he's just the sort of man to dawdle away the brightest years of his life in the drawing rooms of a lot of women, and take to writing cynical trash about better men in his old age. I can see only one hope of redemption for him, and that is a happy marriage, a marriage with a sensible woman, who would get the whip hand of him before he knew where he was. All the luckiest and happiest men have been henpecked. Depend upon it, Mrs. Gilbert, the men who lead happy lives, and do noble deeds, and die happy deaths, are married men who mind their wives. I'm a bachelor, so of course I speak without prejudice. I do most heartily wish that Roland Lansdell may marry a good and sensible woman."

"A good and sensible woman."

Isabel gave an involuntary shudder. Surely, of all the creatures upon this over-populated earth, a sensible woman was the very last whom Roland Lansdell ought to marry. He should marry some lovely being in perpetual white muslin, with long, shimmering, golden hair—the dark men always married fair women in Isabel's novels—a creature who would sit at his feet, and watch with him till dismal hours in the silent

night; and who should be consumptive, and die some evening with flowers upon her breast, and a smile upon her face.

The picnic seemed quite a tame thing after these reveries in the carriage. The orphans met their uncle at the gate, and they all went across the grass, just as they had gone before, to the little low iron gate which Mr. Raymond was privileged to open with a special key, and into the grove, where the wonderful beeches and oaks make a faint summer darkness.

Was it the same grove? To Isabel it looked as if it had been made smaller since that other picnic; and the waterfall, and the woodland vistas, and the winding paths, and the arbor where they were to dine—it was all very well for the orphans to clap their hands, and dart off at a tangent every now and then to gather inconvenient wild flowers; but, after all, there was nothing so very beautiful in Hurstonleigh Grove.

Isabel wandered a little away by herself while Mr. Raymond and George and the orphans unpacked the basket.

She was walking slowly along the woodland pathway when she was startled by a rustling of the branches a few paces further on, and looking up, with a sudden, half-frightened glance, she saw the tall figure of a man between her and the sunlight. The man was Mr. Roland Lansdell, the author of "An Alien's Dreams."

"I'm afraid I startled you, Mrs. Gilbert," he said, taking off his hat and standing bareheaded, with the shadows of the leaves flickering and trembling about him like living things. "I thought I should find Mr. Raymond here, as he said you were going to the picnic, and I want so much to talk to the dear old boy. So, as they know me at the lodge, I got them to let me go in."

Isabel tried to say something. She could not talk to this grand and beautiful creature, who possessed in his own person all the attributes of her favorite heroes.

She had a painful sense of her own deficiency; she knew all at once that she had no power to play the part she had so often fancied herself performing, to the admiration of supernumerary beholders. But with all this pain and mortification there mingled a vague, delicious happiness. The dream had come true at last. This was romance—this was life.

What did it matter, then, if she was flustered and dazed and intoxicated by his presence? What did it signify if the solid earth became empyrean air under this foolish girl's footsteps? Mrs. Gilbert did not even ask herself these questions. She knew nothing, she thought nothing, except that a modern Lord Byron was walking by her side, and that it was but a very little way to the arbor.

CHAPTER X.

Roland Lansdell dined with his uncle and cousin at Lowlands upon the day after the picnic, but he said very little about his afternoon ramble in Hurstonleigh Grove.

The Lansdells of Mordred were not a long lived race, and Roland's father had died suddenly while the boy was away at school; but his mother, Anna Lansdell, only sister of the General, lived to be her son's companion and friend in the best and brightest years of his life. His life seemed to lose its brightness when he lost her, and this one great grief, acting on a naturally pensive temperament, must have done much to confirm that morbid melancholy which overshadowed Mr. Lansdell's mind.

His mother died, and the grand inducement to do something good and great which might have made her proud and happy died with her. Roland said that he left the purest half of his heart behind him in the cemetery. Alas! the great misery of his life afflicted him most terribly here. He did not believe. For him there was no sweet whisper of the hope and the tempest of despair. In vain—in vain he strove to look beyond the grave. He prayed, but it may be that he prayed amiss, for the light never came to him. He was not too proud to seek for sympathy and consolation from the person whom he loved next best to her whom he had lost. That person was Gwendoline Pomphrey, his betrothed wife, the beloved niece of his dead mother.

He was engaged, and he was very much in love with his cousin. A two years' interval between their ages gave Gwendoline an immense advantage over her lover; she practiced a thousand feminine coquetries upon the simple, generous lad, and was proud of her power over him and very fond of him after her own fashion, which was not a very warm one. Her father had told her all about Roland's circumstances, and that the settlements would be very handsome.

Roland went abroad with his dying mother. He came back alone, six weeks after his mother's death, and went straight to Gwendoline for consolation. He found her in deep mourning, all aglitter with bracelets and necklaces of shining jet, looking very fair and stately in her trailing black robes; but he found her drawing room filled with callers, and he left her, wounded and angry. He thought her so much a part of himself that he had expected to find her grief equal to his own. He went to her again in a passionate outbreak of grief and anger; told her she was cold-hearted and ungrateful, and that she had never loved the aunt who had been almost a mother to her! Gwendoline was the last woman in the world to submit to any such reproach. She was astounded by her lover's temerity.

(To be continued.)

New Use for Lightning. Extraordinary things happen at the other end of the telegraph wire. A story, for instance, comes from a small town in Minnesota about lightning striking an electric automobile whose batteries had run out. The stroke recharged the batteries and the occupants of the machine ran it home.—Detroit Free Press.

A woman is terribly shocked when she tells a friend something that has been told her in confidence to learn that the friend knows all about it.

Jones—I tell you what you ought to do if you suffer from sea-sickness; drink half a bottle of champagne at starting. Brown—Oh, I don't know. champagne's such expensive stuff—to risk.

London has never had a death rate of less than 20 per 1,000 prior to the year 1880. Since 1894 it has never had one above the figures, and last year it was absolutely the lowest on record for that city, being 15.2.

It is said that oil or fat will destroy Portland cement, causing cracks and even disintegration in a few months time.

New South Wales was recently overrun with mice. Ten thousand were caught in one day in a store in the town of Merriion.

In six seconds the cotton factories in Lancashire England spin enough thread to go around the world.

Alabaster derives its name from Alabastron, a place in Egypt, where it was found in great abundance.

New Guinea, which covers 306,000 square miles is the largest island in the world.

A pair of curtains made of champagne each cork being still covered with the gilt paper associated with the brands, is a curiosity to be seen at Berlin.

Both Generals Kuroki and Nogi are members of the Presbyterian church, as is also Field Marshal Dyama's wife. Admiral Togo is a Roman Catholic.

SEVEN YEARS AGO

A Rochester Chemist Found a Singularly Effective Medicine.

William A. Franklin, of the Franklin & Palmer Chemical Co., Rochester,

N. Y., writes:

"Seven years ago I was suffering very much through the failure of the kidneys to eliminate the uric acid from my system. My back was very lame and ached if I overexerted myself in the least degree. At times I was weighed down with a feeling of languor and depression and suffered continually from annoying irregularities of the kidney secretions. I procured a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. I found prompt relief from the aching and lameness in my back, and by the time I had taken three boxes I was cured of all irregularities."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Women always know how to ask one of their sex to stay to dinner in a way that she won't accept, but they are afraid to try it on a man for fear he will.

Have used Piso's Cure for Consumption nearly two years, and find nothing to compare with it.—Mrs. Morgan, Berkeley, Cal., Sept. 2, 1901.

There was visible in a big mass of clear amber dredged up out of the Baltic Sea recently a small squirrel, with fur teeth and claws intact.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

And another objection to the Wall-st. lambs is that he so frequently develops into a black sheep.—Puck.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures colic. Price 25c

When girls do not know anything else to do they generally know enough to do something foolish—and lose no time in doing it.

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\$16.00 AN ACRE OF Western Canada

25 BUSHELS TO THE ACRE

will be the average yield of wheat

The land that this was grown on cost many of the farmers absolutely nothing, while those who wished to add to the 160 acres the Government grants, can buy land adjoining at FROM \$6 TO \$10 AN ACRE. Climate splendid, schools convenient, railways close at hand, taxes low. For "20th Century Canada" pamphlet and full particulars regarding rates, etc. Apply for information to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to W. V. Bennett, 811 New York Life Building, Omaha, Neb., Authorized Government Agents. Please say where you saw this advertisement.

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