

WISE WOMEN.

Those Who Heed the First Symptoms of Nervous Derangement.

Special from Mrs. Pinkham.

A dull, aching pain at the lower part of the back and a sensation of little rills of heat, or chills running down the spine, are symptoms of general womb derangement.

If these symptoms are not accompanied by leucorrhoea, they are precursors of that weakness. It is worse than folly to neglect these symptoms. Any woman of common sense will take steps to cure herself.



She will realize that her generative system is in need of help, and that a good restorative medicine is a positive necessity. It must be a medicine with specific virtues. As a friend, a woman friend, let me advise the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If your case has progressed so that a troublesome discharge is already established, do not delay, take the Vegetable Compound at once, so as to tone up your whole nervous system; you can get it at any reliable drug store. You ought also to use a local application, or else the corrosive discharge will set up an inflammation and hardening of the parts. Mrs. Pinkham's Sanative Wash is put up in packets at 25 cents each. To relieve this painful condition this Sanative Wash is worth its weight in gold.

Mrs. GEORGE W. SHEPARD, Watervliet, N. Y., says: "I am glad to state that I am cured from the worst form of female weakness. I was troubled very much with leucorrhoea, bearing-down pains and backache. Before using Mrs. Pinkham's Remedies it seemed that I had no strength at all. I was in pain all over. I began to feel better after taking the first dose of Vegetable Compound. I have used five bottles, and I feel like a new woman. I know if other suffering women would only try it, it would help them."

If the eyes are dim, damp, ill-smelling, or if the vision is blurred, a piece of white paper or old hat to touch it with a pair of tongs.

SAVED BY ANITY

Hood's Sarsaparilla proved to be the Right Kind of Medicine.

The horrors which accompany a shattered nervous system are known only to those who suffer. No one else can comprehend them. Weak nerves, insufficiently nourished, strive to impure blood, lead to nervous prostration and insanity. Hood's Sarsaparilla restores the blood, strengthens the nerves and restores physical, mental, nervous and digestive strength. Just read this letter:

"Kalamazoo, Mich., April 6, 1897, 'C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:'

"I was sick for six months and in a terrible condition. I was not confined to my bed I was nearly able to go around. I was all run down and lost flesh so that I weighed only 100 pounds. I could not sleep and I had very bad spells with my heart. My stomach was also in a bad condition, and my head felt so that at times I could not see across the room. I was told that I had nervous prostration and that my blood was bad. I tried medicines with only temporary relief. One day I was told to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and I got six bottles. I began taking it and soon commenced to improve. This encouraged me to continue. I had found the right kind of medicine. I am now completely cured. I have gained in flesh and weigh 158 pounds. I can eat and sleep well. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all sufferers and believe it saved me from the insane asylum." Mrs. F. F. Tirrar, 1025 North Bondick street.

No Cause for It.

"Mamma, why should landladies object to children?"

"Mother—I'm sure I don't know; but go and see what baby is crying about and tell Johnny to stop throwing things at people on the street and make George and Kate cease fighting and tell Dick if he doesn't stop blowing that horn I'll take it away from him."—Frities.

Mother's Guide.

"Mother," said Mrs. Smarton, "says the smell of stale tobacco makes her sick."

"Ah," said Mr. Smarton, filling his pipe. "So she has concluded, she says, that she will stay until she gets used to it if it takes her all summer."—Indianapolis Journal.

There's Many a Slip.

"Is it settled, Mrs. Fly, that your daughter is to marry young Bullions?"

"Not at all. There's nothing more serious than an engagement between them."—Detroit Free Press.

When a person assures you that he never experiences fear in the dark you may be sure that he permits his wife to go ahead with the candle.

Labor and Industry.

Governor Hastings of Pennsylvania has signed the Welser bill to protect employees of corporation in their right to belong to labor organizations.

The International Longshoremen's union will meet in Cleveland. It consists of nearly sixty unions. One of the important questions to be discussed will be the admission of anybody of longshoremen along the lakes, because of the difference between American and Canadian laws regulating labor unions.



CHAPTER XX.

On an east-windy afternoon in March, three years later, Mary Nugent emerged from the School of Art, her well-worn portfolio under her arm, thinking how many successive generations of boys and girls she had drilled through "freehand," "perspective," and even "life," with an unvarying average of failure and very moderate success, and how little talent or originality had come to the front, though all might be the better for knowing how to use eyes and fingers.

One after another of the happy old society had dropped away. Her mother was dead, the vicar had received promotion, and she only remained of the former intimates, excepting Miss Headworth, who was no longer a companion, but whom affection forbade her to desert in feeble old age. Had her thoughts of the old times conjured up a figure belonging to them? There was the well-brushed hat, the natty silk umbrella, the perfect fit of garments, the precise turnout, nay, the curly hair-shaven head, with all his fringes, leaping on her in recognition, and there was that slightly French flourish of the hat, before—with a bounding heart—she met the hand in an English grasp.

"Miss Nugent!" "Mr. Dutton!" "I thought I should meet you here!" "When did you come?" "Half an hour ago. I came down with George Greenleaf, left my things at the Royal Hotel and came on to look for you."

"You will come and spend the evening with us?" "If you are so good as to ask me, how is Miss Headworth?"

"Very feeble, very deaf, but she will be delighted to see you. There is no fear of her not remembering you, though she was quite lost when Mrs. Egremont came in yesterday."

"Mrs. Egremont?" she repeated with a little start.

"Mrs. Mark. Ah! we have got used to the name—the Honorable Mrs. Egremont, as the community insist on calling her. What a sunny creature she is!"

"And Miss Egremont, what do you hear of her?"

"She writes long letters, poor child! I hope she is fairly happy. Are you come home for good, or is this only a visit?"

"I have no intention of returning. I have been winding up my good cousin's affairs at Melbourne."

Mary's heart bounded again with a sense of joy, comfort and protection, but she did not long keep Mr. Dutton to herself, for every third person they met greeted him, and they were long in getting to St. Ambrose's Road, now dominated by a tall and beautiful spire, accented by the original design. They turned and looked in at the pillared aisles, stained glass and handsome pinnacles.

"Very different from our struggling days," said Mr. Dutton.

"Yes," said Mary, with half a sigh. "There's the new vicar, as he passed with a civil nod. He has three new curates, and a house of Sisters, and works the parish excellently."

"You don't speak as if you were intimate."

"No. His womankind are rather grand—quite out of our beat, and in parish work I am only an estimable exercise. It is very well that I am not wanted, for Miss Headworth requires a good deal of attention, and it is only the old Adam that regrets the days of importance."

They were passing Mr. Dutton's old home. On the tiny strip of lawn in front was a slender black figure, with yellow hair, under a tiny black hat, dragging about a wooden horse whereon was mounted a sturdy boy of two, also yellow-haired and in deep mourning under his Holland blouse.

"Billy-boy is riding to meet his daddy?" "Billy-boy is riding out both by mother and son before they perceived the stranger."

"Mr. Dutton," said Mary.

"Ah, here he comes, the old fellow!" and he held out his hands; but the boy was intent on his own purpose.

"Where's the black doggie?" he asked in a silver-bell of a little voice, but hissing a good deal; "Wyn got penny for him?"

"Wynnie must be a good boy. Kiss papa first, and Alwyn obeyed so far as to submit to his father's embrace, and then raising those velvety eyes to the visitor's face, he repeated: "Where black doggie? Wyn want to see him buy bun."

"There! your fame has preceded you," said Mr. Egremont, "or rather your dog's."

"You shall see him," said Mr. Dutton, taking the pretty boy almost reverently on his knee, "but he is at home now. I could not leave him on the street, and I did not know if I might bring him in."

"Oh, Mr. Dutton, as if Monsieur would not be welcome," cried the Nuttie of old times. "I only wish I had stipulated for him, dear old fellow."

"Wyn want to see him," reiterated the child.

"May I take him to see the performance?" said Mr. Dutton. "I live only at the corner of Berkshire road, and there's a dairy just opposite where Monsieur has been allowed to keep up his accomplishment."

pride and pleasure the photographs of "Alice's dear little boy." She had a whole series of them, from the long-clothed babe on his sister's knee to the bright little fellow holding a drum—a very beautiful child, with a striking resemblance to his mother, quite startling to Mr. Dutton, especially in the last, which was colored, and showed the likeness of eyes and expression.

"Nuttie always sends me one whenever he is taken," said the old lady. "Dear Nuttie! It is very good of her. She is quite a little mother to him."

"I was sure it would be so," said Mr. Dutton.

CHAPTER XXI.

The agony of a firm like Greenleaf, Goodenough & Co. could not be a rapid thing, and Mr. Dutton lived between London and Micklethwaite for several weeks, having much to endure on all sides. The senior partners thought it an almost unendurable and decidedly ungrateful thing in him not to throw in his means, or at any rate, offer his guarantee to tide them over difficulties. Goodenough's tergiversations and concealments needed a practiced hand and acute head to unravel them, and often deceived Mr. Greenleaf himself; and when, for a time, he was convinced that the whole state was so rotten that a crash was inevitable, his wife's lamentations and complaints of Mr. Dutton would undo the whole, and it was as if he were doing them an injury that the pair accepted the comfortable prospect he was able to offer them in Australia.

He would have made the like proposal to the Egremonts, but found that Mark held himself bound by his promise to his father not to emigrate, and thought of some kind of emigration. Before trying to pressure this for him, however, Mr. Dutton intended to see his uncle, and try whether the agency of the home farm, which Mr. Egremont had once offered to his nephew but had been rejected, could still be obtained for him. Learning from Miss Nugent that the Egremonts were in town, he went up thither with the purpose of asking for an interview.

There was a new church in the immediate neighborhood of his house, and here Mr. Dutton, after old Micklethwaite custom, was attending the early matins, when, in the alternate verses of the psalm, he heard a fresh young voice that seemed to renew those days gone by, and looking across the central aisle his eyes met a pair of dark ones which gave a sudden glimpse of gladness at the encounter. They clasped hands in the porch, and in the old tones Nuttie exclaimed: "I've been hoping you would come to London."

"Do you think I may call on Mr. Egremont?"

"Oh, do! He is ready to be called on between two and three, and we always have Wynnie down stairs then, so that you will see him, too. And you have been at Micklethwaite, Aunt Ursel?"

"Yes, but she is very peaceful and happy."

"And things are really going badly with the dear old firm?"

"I am hoping to talk to Mr. Egremont about it."

"Ah!"

Mr. Egremont was in a gracious mood, and readily consented to see Mr. Dutton—the friend who had been so pleasant and helpful at Paris—and Nuttie gave her private instructions to the footman to insure his admittance.

His card was brought in just as the father and daughter were finishing luncheon, and he was received in Mr. Egremont's sitting room, where the first civilities had hardly passed before the door was opened, and in trotted the golden-haired boy, so beautiful a child that it would have been impossible not to look at him with delight, even for those to whom his dark eyes and sweet smile did not recall those that had once been so dear.

Mr. Egremont's voice took a fresh tone: "Ah, here he comes, the old fellow!" and he held out his hands; but the boy was intent on his own purpose.

"Where's the black doggie?" he asked in a silver-bell of a little voice, but hissing a good deal; "Wyn got penny for him?"

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"Oh, Mr. Dutton, as if Monsieur would not be welcome," cried the Nuttie of old times. "I only wish I had stipulated for him, dear old fellow."

"Wyn want to see him," reiterated the child.

"May I take him to see the performance?" said Mr. Dutton. "I live only at the corner of Berkshire road, and there's a dairy just opposite where Monsieur has been allowed to keep up his accomplishment."

Alwyn's legs, arms and voice were all excitement and entreaty, and Mr. Egremont himself proposed that they should all come and witness the feat; so Nuttie, in great glee, climbed the stairs with her little brother to get ready, and when she came down again found the gentlemen deep, not in Mark Egremont's umbrellas, but in the gas and smoke grievances which had arisen since the lease of the house had been taken, and in which sympathy might be expected from a fellow-inhabitant of the district. Little Alwyn was, however, plainly the lord of the ascend-

ant, and unused to see anything else attended to in his presence. He took possession of Mr. Dutton's hand, and his tongue went fast, nor did his father or sister seem to desire any better music. They reached an old-walled garden, with filice and laburnum and horse-chestnuts blossoming above, and showing a mass of greenery through the iron railing that surmounted the low wall on the street side, where Dutton halted, and took out his key.

"Is this yours?" exclaimed Nuttie. "I have so often wondered whose it could be."

"Yes; it was a country house when I was of the age of this little man, though you might not think it."

"The increase of London had not been on that side," said Mr. Egremont. "This must be a very valuable property."

And Nuttie perceived that such an inheritance made Mr. Dutton much more in his eyes than an ex-umbrella monger; but no sooner was the tall iron gate opened than Monsieur, beautifully shaved, with all his curly tufts in perfection, came bounding to meet his master, and Alwyn had his arms round his neck in a moment. Monsieur had in his time been introduced to too many children not to understand the situation, and respond politely; and he also recognized Ursula, and gave unmistakable proofs of being glad to see her.

Then the halfpenny was presented to him. He wagged his queer tail, smiled with his intelligent brown eyes, took it between his teeth, and trotted across the street in the most business-like way, the others following, but detaining the boy from keeping too close. They found the creature sitting upright, tapping the floor with his tail, the center of rapturous admiration to all the customers already in the dairy shop. He received his bun, and demurely dropping on his front legs, walked back with it to his master, and crossed the road with it unheeded, rather to Alwyn's disappointment, but Mr. Dutton said he would probably dispose of it in some hiding place in the garden until his evening appetite came on. It was well he was a dog of moderation, for there was great temptation to repeat the entertainment more than was wholesome for him.

"There, Wynnie," said Nuttie in a voice of merriment, "Monsieur isn't eat all his goodies at once; he keeps them for bedtime."

Mr. Dutton made them sit and rest, for this had been a good deal of exercise for Mr. Egremont; coffee was brought in, having been ordered on their arrival, and therewith Mr. Dutton entered on an exposition of the affairs of Greenleaf & Goodenough, which was listened to with a good deal of interest, though Nuttie could not quite detect whether it were altogether friendly interest in Mark's misfortunes, or if there were not a certain triumph in the young man having run into trouble by rejecting his offer.

Mr. Dutton explained that his present object was to induce the friends of the family to prevent annoyance by preserving the furniture and personal at a valuation; and Mr. Egremont readily agreed to contribute to doing this, though he had said the sisters and stepmother were well able also to do their share.

"And then to give the young people a fresh start," added Mr. Dutton.

CHAPTER XXII.

Mr. Egremont had not seemed disinclined to consider the giving the agency to Mark, and Nuttie had begun to think with great satisfaction of May Condamine's delight in welcoming him, and of the good influence that would be brought to bear on the dependents, when suddenly there came a coolness. She could trace the moment, and was sure that it was when Gregoria became aware of what was intended. He had reason to dread Mark as an enemy, and was likely to wish to keep him at a distance. Nuttie only detected the turn of the tide by the want of cordiality, the hums and haws, and by and by the resumption of the unkind ironical tone when Mark and Annapie were mentioned, and at last, when she had been reading to her father a letter from Mrs. William Egremont full of anxiety for the young people, and yet of trust in his kindness to them, he exclaimed, "You've not been writing to her about this absurd proposal?"

"I have not mentioned my proposal at all. What do you mean?"

"Why, this ridiculous idea about the agency. As if I was going to put my affairs into the hands of a man who has made such a mull of his own."

"But that was not Mark's fault, papa. He was junior, you know, and had no power over that Goodenough, and, papa, you almost promised!"

"Almost!" he repeated with his ironical tone; "that's a word capable of a good deal of stretching. This is what you add that umbrella fellow have made out of my not giving him a direct refusal on the spot. He may meddle with Mark's affairs if he chooses, but not with mine."

Nuttie had learned a certain amount of wisdom, and knew that to argue a point only made her father more determined, so she merely answered, "Very well," adding in a meek voice, "Their furniture, poor things!"

"Oh, ay. Their umbrella friend is making a collection for them. Yes, I believe I said I would contribute."

Hot blood surged up within Nuttie at the contemptuous tone, and she bit her lip to keep down the answer, for she knew Mr. Dutton intended to call the next afternoon for her father's ultimatum before going down to Micklethwaite, where the crisis was fast approaching. Alas, Gregoria must have been on his guard, for though Nuttie was sure she heard her friend's ring at the usual time, no entrance followed. She went up to put on her habit to ride with her father, and when she came down Mr. Egremont held out a card with the name "Philip Dutton," and the pencilled request below to be allowed to see Mr. Egremont later in the day.

"He has been denied!" exclaimed she in consternation.

"Before we go out, sit down and write a note for me. And he dictated:

"Dear Sir—I will not trouble you to call again this afternoon, as I have decided on reflection that there is no employment on my estate suited to my nephew, Mark Egremont."

"As I understand that you are raising a family subscription for rescuing his furniture from the creditors, I enclose a check for £50 for the purpose. I remain, Sir, with a trembling voice, full of tears, yours, etc., of course. Quite intimate enough for an ex-umbrella monger. Here, give it to me, and I'll sign it while you fill up the check for me."

(To be continued.)

Charlemagne had an ulcer in his leg which troubled him for many years.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

Advice haz allwuss been a drug in the market, the grate supply has killed the demand.

"Be sure you are right, and then go ahead"—but in case of doubt, go ahead, anyhow.

It is often the case that the shrewdest men are unable to correctly advise others.

Virtue and vice are so adroitly mingled in sun constitutions that the man himself ken't tell which iz who.

Barbaric Chinese Music.

Chinese music is described by a writer in Lippincott's Magazine as composed of almost unheard-of sounds to European ears. Chinese music has a sort of softness and melancholy in its tones that sometimes pleases, but it is so intolerably monotonous that if prolonged it becomes exceedingly irritating to the nerves. They have no semitones indeed, they seem only to blow into the instrument or twang strings at random from the inspiration of the moment. However, it appears they have notes, though their compositions are not of much scientific value. You sometimes hear something like simple melody, not unlike that which runs through the chants of savages.

Shirt-Collar Holder.

A device to keep in position the points of flannel or unbleached shirts consists of a circular wire passing under the turn-down collar, and provided at the front ends with V-shaped loops which clasp and retain the corners in position.

When you give one a piece of your mind be sure it is not the last piece.

If the fool roose had not laid a gold egg she would not have lost her life.

Never allow ridicule to interfere with your idea of what is right.

Economy is a virtue that consists more in selection than in saving.

Parents should always have tender but firm control of their children.

Nothing hurts a man more than to seem small and ignoble in his own eyes.

Laughter is an enemy to malice, a foe to scandal, and a friend to virtue.

Wise and patient effort will make home the most attractive place on earth.

Close observation is formed by the united action of the brain and the eye.

No one can abuse you but yourself. Slander can never rob you of manhood.

Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

We can tell a school teacher as far off as we can see her, and if she marries, she has to be married at least twenty years before the trade marks are effaced.

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

Extravagance is the mother of debt, and consequently the grandmother of crime.

Advertisement for Cascarets Candy Cathartic, Pommel Slicker, Tower's Fish Brand, Cure Yourself!, Roofing, Pensions Double Quick!, Patents, and Bicycle Free.

Prejudice does Truth more harm than direct falsehood. Education polishes good disposition and corrects bad ones. Kind thoughts are wings which bear us on to kinder deeds. You will never hear a rich man complain of fortune's bad eye-sight. An assertion which has to be supported by an oath or two is a poor cripple on an unreliable pair of crutches very apt to halt before it reaches any conclusion. Tobacco Farming. In Connecticut there is hardly a farmer who does not raise tobacco. The Connecticut leaf is particularly valuable for wrapping purposes, and also excels in flavor. In Ohio the growers say that the total expenses of their crop averages \$85 per acre, but they find tobacco growing profitable even at those figures. There is said to be a growing belief among American tobacco consumers that home-grown tobacco equals the imported article. Tobacco is grown in at least a dozen States, Pennsylvania leading in the amount of production, while Ohio has 50,000 acres given up to the culture, and an average crop of 3,000,000 pounds. California Have a Horse Thief in Jail in Clayton, Cal. Some time ago he stole a black horse at Big Bend. A few days later the owner recognized the animal, although the hair was to be a deeper black, but a bright serrol. The thief had blondened the horse and tied solid it to a farmer. The equine had been taught various tricks by its owner and by then its identity was established. Try Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures and prevents swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. We prefer our cherries boiled; we have a notion that a boiled worm wouldn't be as apt to cause trouble as a live one. The scales must drop from one's eyes before he can weigh anything fairly. I shall recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption far and wide.—Mrs. Mulligan, Plumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 8, 1885. A woman really has no good luck in marrying unless she marries a man on his deathbed, and he leaves her his life insurance. Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers can be applied when at home, and is uniformly successful in coloring a brown or black. Hence its great popularity. All men begin life as suckers, and many make the finish in the same capacity.

ALL AGES Hail with delight the coming of the most wonderful, meritorious preparation that will lighten the ills of humanity and will do away with the taking of obnoxious, violent purges, inconvenient liquids, and pills that tear your life out. Simple, because in

Cascarets CANDY CATHARTIC. You find just what you want, convenient in form, pleasant of taste (just like candy), and of never-failing remedial action. Although made of the most costly ingredients, they are sold at a price within the reach of all. ALL DRUGGISTS. 10c, 25c, 50c. From Baby to Dear Old Grandpa.

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TOWER'S FISH BRAND POMMEL SLICKER. The Best Saddle Coat. Keeps both rider and saddle perfectly dry in the hardest storms. Substitutes will disappoint. Ask for Fish Brand Pommel Slicker—it is entirely new. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

CURE YOURSELF! The Big O for unusual discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes, female, and not attributed to gonorrhoea. Sold by Druggists. 10c per bottle. 25c per bottle. 50c per bottle. 75c per bottle. 1.00 per bottle. 1.25 per bottle. 1.50 per bottle. 1.75 per bottle. 2.00 per bottle. 2.25 per bottle. 2.50 per bottle. 2.75 per bottle. 3.00 per bottle. 3.25 per bottle. 3.50 per bottle. 3.75 per bottle. 4.00 per bottle. 4.25 per bottle. 4.50 per bottle. 4.75 per bottle. 5.00 per bottle. 5.25 per bottle. 5.50 per bottle. 5.75 per bottle. 6.00 per bottle. 6.25 per bottle. 6.50 per bottle. 6.75 per bottle. 7.00 per bottle. 7.25 per bottle. 7.50 per bottle. 7.75 per bottle. 8.00 per bottle. 8.25 per bottle. 8.50 per bottle. 8.75 per bottle. 9.00 per bottle. 9.25 per bottle. 9.50 per bottle. 9.75 per bottle. 10.00 per bottle.

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