Cuticura Remedies.

FRANTIC WITH BOILS

And Itching, Would Scratch Until Blood Ran Down His Limbs. Forced to Take to His Bed. Whole System Affected. Doctor after Doctor Without Cure. Instant Relief, Speedy Cure by Using Cuticura Remedies.

My sufferings might have been stopped if I had only known of your CUTICURA REMEDIES eighteen years ago. I contracted the fever and ague, and it effected my kidneys so badly that I had to have an operation, from which resulted blood poison, and I suffered untold agonies. To make my sufferings more, my left leg below the knee broke out in large blood boils, and commenced a scaly, itching irritation, so that at times I was almost frantic, and would scratch until the blood would trickle down my leg. In the summer these large boils would commence, during which time I would have three or four which were so painful that at times I was forced to take to my bed. Every winter a dry itching scaly mass would gather on my leg, which with the boils, seemed to effect my whole system. During all this time, a period of three to nine months, I had doctor after doctor, but they gave me only temporary relief. This last fall I commenced using your CUTICURA, CUTICURA SOAP, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and now the scales have all gone, the itching all gone, I have not felt sick, and have worked all winter. I would not suffer again as I have for the past eighteen years for anything. I had doctors from the west to the east, all to no purpose. I have not felt so well or been so long without a sick spell since taking your remedies. Thanks to them and to you, and the great Maker of mankind for my returning health.

DANIEL P. WOODWARD,
Warren, Washington County, Vt.

CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS

CUTICURA REMEDIES cleanse the system by external and internal medication of every eruption, impurity and disease, and constitute the most effective treatment of modern times.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, $1.50 POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Proprietors, Boston.

"How to Cure Skin Diseases," mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

WEAK, PAINFUL KIDNEYS

Backache, nervous and muscular pains, and weaknesses relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The only pain-killing plaster.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1894.

A MEXICAN BELLE.

An Intensely Interesting Tale of Life in Austria and Mexico.

(Continued from last week.)

After every ball dozens of little scenes are enacted at home in the privacy of people's chambers. Nobody ever goes to bed at once the instant they find themselves back in their room. Be your feet ever so stiff with dancing, nerves and imagination are too much excited to consent to the rapid transition from gaslights and music, to quietude and a night-light. Those little senses, joyful or sad, according to what the ball has brought, would be quite as interesting to watch as the ball itself, only nobody ever has the opportunity of watching them; every person has but their own little scene. No doubt there are dozens of these little scenes going on after this ball, too, like after any other: perhaps Fraulein Melanie, with her acorn wreath, is going through a little scene of her own. Why should she not? But we have not to do with her.

Halka is in her room, sitting before her glass; she has taken off her pearl-grey satin, and is wrapped in a long dressing-gown of pale blue. She is getting her hair gently brushed out of the semblance of tow into which it has been frizzled for the evening. There are two or three long curls, and a bunch of small frizzy ones, resposing on the toilet-table. Halka never makes any attempt at concealing these little accessories to her toilet from Otto, knowing well that he must find them out in time, and that it was wiser to take the initiative and accustomed him to accept these tings as a matter of course.

Otto is sitting on the sofa, and beginning slowly to pull off his gloves, one finger after another.

"What a very strange man that was at the ball—the one who was giving his arm to Frauleing Lackenegg after the second quadrille! did you notice him?"

The maid who is brushing out Halka's hair is a French woman, and does not unuderstand anything but her native tongue, so that her presence is no obstacle to conversation.

"No, I did not," said Otto, beginning to pull off his second glove.

"I never saw anything so dreadful in my life; such a costume!" and Halka shuddered delicately. "And such free-and easy manners! I wonder how Fraulein Lackenegg could stand him; she must surely have got used now to a different sort of society!"

No answer from Otto; he is very tired—fagged to death with the strain of the evening, and he has no energy remaining either for talking or thinking. Halka does not pursue this subject, although she had made a note in her mind of several little things concerning that stranger, which have excited her curiosity; but she begins another.

"It was a very good ball; don't you think so? So brilliant and animated, and so many pretty faces; but I think that Fraulein Lackenegg was quite the prettiest girl in the room."

There was nothing to find fault with in the words; but all the same, they seem to imply some lowering to Reata, which was not definable exactly, and Otto was far too much worn out in mind and body to attempt defining it; he simply remained silent, and rolled up his gloves into a round hard ball.

"It struck me though, to-night," continues Halka, bending forward a little nearer to the glass,—"it struck me that it is rather imprudent of your father to have such a handsome girl stay at the house. Your brother is young, after all, and there might be danger in such constant intercourse."

"What do you mean?" asked Otto. "Arnold is so——" sensible, he might have said, or "so different from me;" but he did not—he finished his phrase differently. "Arnold is such a cut-and-dry fellow, and such a stiff-backed aristocrat in his ideas, he never would think of anything of the sort——"

"My dear Otto, how quickly your ideas travel! I never suggested the possibility of Arnold's ever thinking of marrying her; but I really think that he has been making an unnecessary display of his admiration to-night."

"And even if he should," Otto went on, hardly having heeded Halka's word's, and following only his own train of thought. "He is not at all the sort of man to attract a girl like her—I am sure of that."

"Oh, indeed," said Halka, quietly; and there the conversation dropped.

This was in the hotel where the young Bodenbach couple had their rooms; there was another conversation going on in the Swiss building, where the other portion of the party lodged.

Hermine was standing upright in her crushed ball-dress; she was wont to be very sleepy after balls, but she was not sleepy to-night. The flaxen plaits were rough and disordered, and the twenty-four bouquets of forget-me-knots—those bouquets which had all of them been sewed on for Arnold, but at which he had not even glanced—were flattened and ugly.

"Why did Count Stayn go away so early?" Madame Schwerendorf was asking. "He disappeared all of a sudden."

"I hope he will never come back," gasped Hermine.

"But, my dear child, pour l'amour de Dieu! what do you mean? Has he not spoken to you? I thought it was all as good as certain."

"Yes, he spoke to me—but—but I sent him away."

"Sent him away! Refused him! Quelle idee!" Madame de Schwerendorf almost screamed out; and then, seeing the expression of her daughter's face, she went on quickly: "Don't look so unhappy about it, dearest child—I am not going to scold you. Of course you must choose for yourself—and the ball has been such a success, and everybody admired you so much; I was told so ever so often, and your dress was so pretty——" But in the middle of this brilliant enumeration Madame Schwerendorf was stopped short by Hermine flinging herself suddenly and heavily into her mother's arms, and bursting into passionate sobs upon her neck. She was worn out, weary, sick at heart with waiting for something that was not coming, and which she knew would never come!

Two doors off, Reata, still in full ball state, is standing before her glass with clasped hands. Her red roses, still smelling sweetly, but no longer the fresh, glowing roses of last night, are tossed on the table beside her. Neither is she the same Reata she was last night—triumphant and joyous. Her eyes are burning deep and dark, and there is an expression of misery in her face.

"I had almost forgotten all about it," she is thinking, wretchedly. "And I remembered it all when I saw that man's face; it must have come sooner or later; but why could I not have been happy a little longer? But I cannot speak now, I cannot throw myself at his head—I will not speak." And she stamped her foot on the ground, and threw up her dark head, where the crow's wing still stood out in bold outline. She looked at her own image in the glass.

"And even if I were now to speak it would be of no use, I should lose him, I should lose him either way, and I deserve it for my folly."

And she turned away slowly from the looking-glass, dry-eyed but wretched. Everybody is talking of her triumph to-night, but to her it is no more than a miserable failure.

CHAPTER XL.—GUESS-WORK.

Back at Steinbuhl; out of the whirl, the movement, the gaity of D——bad, away from the frothy river and the pine woods; back in the quiet house with the green shutters, and the green-beaten wall, and the alley of horse-chestnut trees. It had all been very sudden and unlooked for, and done with little or no premeditation. They had not got through half of their projected stay; the lodgings were engaged for a fortnight longer when their unexpected exit had come to pass.

A sudden change for the worse had taken place in Gabrielle's health and spirits. Little causes produce great effects, we are told in our copy-books, and it proved true here, if indeed it can be called a small cause, all the misery and irritation of nerves produced by noisy people overhead. The Swiss houses at D——bad, although they were very pretty to look at, were not supposed to do more than to lodge people during the summer months and were therefore not so solid of structure as might have been desired. The ceiling creaked under the tread of each of the six boisterous children overhead. The course of their games, usually leap-frog or nine-pins, and of their quarrels, could have been followed without difficulty by anybody who cared to do so. Arnold, of course, was told that he must do something; there were complaints made, and entreaties, and threats, and all to no purpose; the leap-frog and the nine-pins continued, and Gabrielle went from one fit of hysterical tears into another. Within the space of two days she lost all the little strength which she had been slowly gathering; she lost all her delight in D——bad, in the view from the window and the fir woods. Her father offered to take other rooms at once, but she would not hear of it. The whole place was horrible, she said; she was tired of it, and she wanted to be back at Steinbuhl.

The final climax was reached on the day after the ball, when Gabrielle, dozing on her sofa, was awakened by a noise of howling and rattling, and there came racing in by the half-opened door, mad with terror, and half wild with pain, Cheri harnessed with twine to a red-painted toy-cart, hung with bells, and dashing about upside down from side to side behind the terrified animal.

Gabrielle screamed, and had a fainting fit, and had to lie flat on her back with smelling-salts for the rest of that day.

Arnold was again told that he must do something, and he did do something, the more readily that his temper was decidedly short that day. He thrashed the first of the half dozen boys he met, eliciting such piercing yells that Gabrielle nearly had a second fainting fit. The doctor was sent for, and said the same thing as Dr. K—— had said, that the invalid's fancies must be humored. So packing up in all haste, the party turned their backs upon the hills and pine woods of D——bad; and two days after the ball-day the Bodenbachs and Schwerendorfs were back at their respective homes, while Otto and his wife went straight to Vienna, to establish themselves in their villa there.

It had been settled long before, and was ratified in the haste of parting, that Arnold and his father were to make a run to Vienna next month to enjoy a sight of the exhibition, and their friends the Schwerendorfs held out hopes of going there at the same time.

The departure of the young Bodenbach couple from D——bad had taken place about two hours earlier than the rest of the party; and during the ten minutes' interval, when Halka was waiting ready dressed for the carriage, while Otto had off to hurry it, there had been a little conversation between Arnold and his sister-in-law—Hermine, who had outwardly recovered her usual placidity, sitting in the room engaged in fitting up her travelling-bag for the journey. Reata was in her own room, probably going through some ceremony of the same sort. She had not shown much all yesterday; she said that the ball had tired her, and that she preferred being left alone. Once or twice, when she had joined the others, it had seemed to Reata that Arnold spoke less to her than usual, and her jealous fancy made her notice every word he said to Hermine. Very likely it was only the hurry and confusion and discomfort which affected him, and very likely he did not speak to Hermine oftener than usual; but her morbid imagination distorted everything, and made her more and more restless and dissatisfied. Was he angry with her on account of that unfortunate rencontre with Mr. Fadenhecht? What ought she to do? She could not see clearly, nor think clearly, in the midst of this bustle. She could not say or do anything till they were back at Steinbuhl, and then she would try to think, and see what was her best course, for there were many doubts and perplexities weighing on her mind just then. Should she tell everything, and be done with these hateful mysteries for ever? But no; again she trembled when she thought of what might be the possible effects of her confession—the surprise, probably the reproaches, she would have to endure. And how explain, how get anybody to believe that she is innocent of any moral consciousness of guilt? that she had done what was wrong thinking it was right, or at least allowable? It is not madness to expect others to place themselves in her place, see with her eyes, through the medium of her strangely trained mind, when at that moment even she herself has learned to regard it differently? There is a code of right and wrong which stands upright throughout the world, but the interpretation is modified according to classes and countries. How was she to have guessed that that which in her Mexican wilds would have seemed a trifle worth regarding was in Europe a heinous fault?

No, she tells herself over and over again, she cannot do it while she is alone; she must have somebody to stand by her, and take he part against everybody. In a few weeks she will have somebody, she hopes; but even then she still trembles at what she must go through. Arnold, with his stern sense of justice, his withering contempt for any conceit, will he not spurn and despise her? She felt sure he would; in seemed to her that she could see the way in which he would knit his eyebrows together, and draw himself up to his fullest height, and turn away and never speak to her again. He might have cared for her otherwise—he had begun to care for her already, she had seen that—but his love would die in contempt when she lifted that veil which she had wilfully woven with her own hands. He had begun to care for her already—yes, she told herself repeatedly; but would he ever have gone further? Would he have sacrificed his prejudices of caste by selecting a low-born girl for his wife? Thousands of thoughts as confused and harrassing as these had been circling round and round in Reata's brain, ever since that moment when she turned away from her mirror with dry eyes but a sinking heart; and hour by hour her doubts, by dint of brooding over them in a state of mind highly strung, and with an imagination always prone to excitement, had gained in dimensions, till now, a few hours before the departure from D——bad, she literally does not know which way to turn, in order to escape from the perplexities which she sees on all sides.

While Arnold and Halka are talking in the drawing-room, and Hermine is fitting up her travelling-bag for the journey, Reata is pacing up and down room feverish and disturbed.

"If only there was one person whose advice I could ask, or I think I shall go mad! My head is acheing wildly already. I ought to speak, I know. Oh, why am I such a coward? But I cannot bear to be spurned and despised by him. In three weeks, perhaps a fortnight, she must be here, and then I will go away, far away, not to Mexico, perhaps that is too far (with an unconscious afterthought), and then they shall know everything; but I shall not be here to see it." And so on and on in a restless round. She is rapidly working herself into the state of mind which makes women commit follies to be repented of ever afterwards.

"I am sorry not to have seen Fraulein Laekenegg to say good-bye to," Halka was saying to Arnold, while she pulled on her gloves for the journey. "But I had really quite forgotten all about her; she has kept herself so hidden these last two days. Perhaps Hermine," turning towards her, "will be kind enough to make my adieus for me. She is not ill, I suppose?"

"I don't think she is quite well," answered Hermine from over her travelling-bag. "She complains of a fearful headache."

"Oh, indeed! It would be a nuisance if she were to knock up just now when Gabrielle is in such need of care."

"Gabrielle has got her maid to look after her," said Arnold, with a little temper. "She cannot always expect Reata to be attendant on her."

Arnold's relations towards his sister-in-law were of a somewhat distant nature, and the conversations between them were few and far between. In theory he approved of her thoroughly; she was just the lady-like, aristocratic, quiet woman best qualified to have become a member of the Bodenbach family; but in practice, somehow or other, she was not as thoroughly congenial to him as all these qualifications might have been supposed to make her. Perceiving the shade of temper in Arnold's manner now, Halka changed her drift imperceptibly.

"Well, Gabrielle will have to get accustomed to doing without her; she will not be staying with you always, I suppose?"

"I suppose not," Arnold replied shortly, as the possibility of Reata's departure occurred to him for the first time.

"You don't know whether she has any relations to whom she intends to go ultimately? or do you think she intends taking another situation?" Halka would have preferred working up the point with more nicety, but the time was short, and the carriage might appear any minute.

"I don't know anything about her relations," he answered, ignoring the latter part of the speech. "She has no relations in this country, I know; but there seems to be some quarrel or a misunderstanding which prevents her being received by them at present. In any case, she is perfectly aware that she can have a home in my father's house for as long as she chooses to avail herself of it."

"But that is just it, my dear Arnold; for how long will she choose to avail herself of it? No delicate-minded person would be content with that peculiar sort of position for long, and I am sure Fraulein Lackenegg would not. Have you any notion how she has been left by your aunt?"

"No, I have no notion about how my aunt has disposed of her money. I don't think she had even the power of disposing of any of it in favor of her friends; she certainly had not the power to leave any to us."

"And do you really mean to say"—with a little feigned surprise—"that you have not heard anything further from Mexico? That is just what I was asking Otto about the other day. Have you never received any further intimation of the death?"

"Never any," answered Arnold, with a guilty feeling of having forgotten all about the matter lately, and of having completely overlooked the fact that the reply to his letter to Mexico was now more than due.

"How very strange! And is Fraule Lackenegg not able to throw any light upon this extraordinary silence? Have you never asked her?"

"Oh, but Reata does not like to talk about Miss Bodenbach's death," explained Hermine, innocently. "We never ask her about it, because it makes her so unhappy."

Halka made a slight movement with her head, which for her was as much as pricking up her ears.

"How very strange!" she said again, reflectively. "So that actually you have got no further evidence of your aunt's death than that certificate of burial which was sent you by Fraulein Lackenegg?"

"No other," answered Arnold, provoked at the catechism he was getting put through. Halka was silent for a minute, and apparently engaged in the contemplation of the ivory handle of her parasol. Hermine, having completed the arrangement of her bag, had gone over to the other side of the room, and was collecting various small trifles from off the table.

"I suppose you are quite sure that your aunt is dead?" Halka said suddenly, in a lower voice, looking up at Arnold.

He started violently, and returned her look of enquiry by one of haughty surprise.

"What do you mean?"

(To be continued.)

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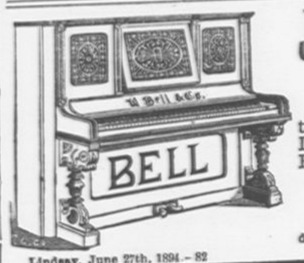

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The Canadian Post.

DSAY, FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1894.

EWS OF THE WEEK

ME AND FOREIGN ITEMS OF INTEREST.

thered from the Telegraph and Exchanges.

The anti-anarchist bill was passed by nch chamber of deputies Friday by of 298 to 163.

H. Booth, of Ottawa, was sand-Friday morning last in his store, 00 taken from his pocket.

umber of men were dismissed New York police force Friday ring money for "protection."

province of Guadalajar, Spain, has ted by fierce hurricanes, accom-y heavy rain and hail storms. The to vineyards is great.

ty-one head of cattle on the ex-l farm at Brandon, Man., have ghtered, owing to the existence ptic cholera among the herd.

ew cradle has been presented to e of Berwick, Scotland. There 72 mayors of Berwick, and no ve had an increase in his family

n has caught a sturgeon off n, which weighed 200 pounds ured eight feet in length. It sold d is called the largest sturgeon out of Lake Erie.

largest cities in the world Paris pest in debt, in proportion to ation, the indebtedness per head 1 22. Antwerp is a close second, 0 08 per head. New York's rate and Chicago $9.06.

ts Koch, of St. Louis, Mo., 71 , wearied by her nearly three-of a century on earth, on t wrapped herself in a coal oil-sheet as a shroud, set fire to it bed. Her remains were fright-ed.

stables in Washington, and oming houses, were destroyed day. Three firemen were killed wal's and four others were seri-ed. About two hundred heavy ses were burned, and the ll exceed a quarter of a million

r Lilienthal, of Lichterfelde, recently constructed a flying ch which he has succeeded in considerable heights. While n Sunday week the wings of e collapsed at an altitude of he fell to the ground. His fal somewhat, but he was badly

ncest casket ever made by the d), Casket company was man-Thursday on a special order d to Allen County. It measures and six inches, and was for the 14-year-old girl who died of n. She was seven feet and tall. The casket is eight ger than any other ever made by

W. Doe, a farmer living eight of Burlington, Ia., was burned n his house last Thursday night. ears of age, weighed 300 lbs, confined to his bed. His son-Devault, attempted to assist the house, but the sick man to walk. Devault dragged oor, when the flames swept d drove Devault out. Doe's s terribly burned.

John Everley, Frank Jones and were engaged in running a three miles south of War-Friday night, it broke Black was repairing it. Jones, who had lost several sitting up with a sick friend lves down in front of the a nap. Black, not knowing mpanions were, started the ing both instantly.

Indian Peninsular Railway is reported, recently drew a London and County Bank for this might well be thought er drawn, but such is said ase, as at the Clearing House equal, if not larger, sums are seen. In 1879 a cheque for 000 was paid through the House. It was drawn on Messrs. & Co., and was paid to the Bank of

and 2 o'clock Friday morn-reek Coffeyville, Kansas, ex-bterranean explosion which citizens for miles around and damage. Just north of town e mentioned several distinct pidly following each other, gens, who jumped up to find minated. The earth trembled aking buildings and caus-attle, while showers of rocks bursting from the gas well a of town. The showers kept s. Huge rocks were hurled air, and, descending, crashed ses in the neighborhood of rock, weighing fully 30 lbs, he roof of a house and barely occupants. As far as known one was hurt. Daylight dis-al sight. For 30 acres around he earth was torn up as with Huge boulders lay about, holes, many of them 15 to 30 red from where they came.