AN ALTERED PURPOSE

CHAPTER IV.

Sparle's information was only too correct. Rose was ill, was suffering from a virulent type of smallpox, and was even in this short time seriously altered for the worse. Again was the house cleared; again was the trained nurse sent for; and it was plain that each person who saw Rose took an unfavorable view of her case.

She was beginning to wander in her mind; but she never failed to know Rodbury, smiling after a sad, tearful fashion, when he came to her side, and kissing his hand, while she strove to say in broken words how sorry she was to find herself giving so much trouble—rather an incoherent speech, it may be; but she wished him to know it was upon his account, not her own, she was regretful.

Now, this was a terrible fix for Rodbury to quote his own reflection. He was for the second time ready to start upon his journey, was actually on the eve of departure, and again, as on the previous occasion, a serious hindrance cropped up. He—and the nurse had said as much—"did not like the look" of Rose, and, in fact, had at once made up his mind that she would die; and so, although he had resolved to leave her—had persuaded himself that he was entirely tired of her and her associations—yet how could he desert the girl, his own wife, just as she was dying? When she was gone, there would be no one to see to the poor children; and, besides, there came with an awful force and suddenness upon him the memory of all the devotion she had displayed during his illness. While thinking thus, it also swiftly flashed upon him that it might have been his illness which caused hers; another reason for showing a little more consideration for her.

A twinge of something like remorse pained him when he thought of this, and of the train of selfish, unfeeling plotting by which he had repaid her. Perhaps from that moment he was conscious of a tenderer feeling for his wife than he had hitherto believed to be possible. Come what might, he resolved he would not leave London just at once; he would stay to see that his children were properly disposed of; he would see the end of Rose; and—yes, he ought to do that—he would be kind and considerate to her while he was with her. It is possible, we repeat, that from that time Rodbury was less entirely wrapped up in selfishness, and his thoughts held more of tenderness for his wife than they had ever held before.

So day after day he postponed his departure, and day after day he was in the sick-room, full of contagion to all but those who, like himself, were hardened by having passed through the terrible ordeal. He was surprised after a week or so had elapsed, to find how attentive he had grown; how it seemed no trouble to him to hold the cooling drink to poor Rose's feverish lips, to moisten her burning brow, or to shift her painful position; and it was wonderful how the girl preferred his help to all other, and how, when at the worst, she brightened at the sound of his voice; yet more wonderful than this was the happiness it gave him to be able to render these services.

But it gave more pain than pleasure to hear her, in her scarcely audible accents, thanking him, and saying how she should never never be able to repay her dear husband for all his kindness—the best and most devoted husband in the world. It was impossible for any one who had nourished and matured such designs as had so lately been Rodbury's, to feel otherwise than guilty—a base guiltiness—on hearing language which was more touching than the keenest reproaches.

When she was quiet, too weak to speak, but not too weak to smile, as she held his hand while he sat by her side in the darkened room, she would recall the time when she was a bright, healthy girl, and afterwards a happy mother, devoted to her children and to her husband: all her faults and foibles sank to insignificance then, and he began to doubt whether among the fresh scenes he was to seek he would ever be happier. He doubted, too, whether he should ever find another so entirely earnest in her love for him, one who, to use a homely phrase, would go through fire and water for him; and following up this train of thought, he doubted if she would live when she found herself deserted by him. The shock might kill her; but beyond that there was a chance that so fiery a spirit as was hers, with all her love, would lead her to put an end to her own life if nothing still worse followed.

Sparle had gone back to his district, being unable to spare any more time, so he was not to be feared. To do Rodbury justice, he was hardly likely to hold Sparle or any one else in personal fear.

At last, after much deliberation, more painful than he had expected to find the task of decision to prove, he resolved to wait a day or two longer, so as to see her through the crisis, and then he would leave her. He was angry with himself for showing such hesitation, which, indeed, surprised as well as angered him. He did not dream that it was one of the best symptoms his careless selfish nature had ever shown; nor did he properly estimate the pains which the prospect of parting with his wife and children gave him.

The proposed time elapsed; his wife seemed duly passing through the necessary stages to convalescence; she certainly was growing stronger. Her eyes, it was true, were covered by a bandage; but this, Rodbury knew, or thought he knew, was a very common incident, in this terrible disease. Thus the days went on, until once again, for the third time, the eve of his departure had come. "And I wonder," he muttered as, after a short saunter in the fresh open air, he came in sight of his house, "what will happen to-night? There has been the worst of luck about them at present."

He was conscious, while persuading himself that he was anxious for a final success, that his heart was not so much in the scheme as it had been, and that its completion would cause in him but a moderate exultation.

He went into the house and into his wife's room. It was now the early twilight of an August evening. Everything, even in that crowded neighbourhood, happened, as he remembered many and many a day afterwards, to be hushed. No vehicles were passing; the vendors of street goods had not come out for the night, while those who plied during the day had ceased their calling; even the children on the street were quiet. How well Rodbury afterwards recalled the unaccustomed peace and hush of that moment!

The room had hitherto been kept darkened, but the blind was now drawn up, and it was light enough; yet Rose still wore a shade over her eyes. The window was open, and the soft balmy air of summer's last days made pleasant even the confined apartment.

Rose turned to her husband as she heard his step, with a smile. He had grown used to see in her smile something very sad; but as the light fell upon her face this evening, there was then an expression which it pained him to see, and the same light showed how terribly she was disfigured by the disease. Hitherto, this unsightliness—such a dreadful calamity for Rose, and her bright pretty face—had been used by her husband in his attempts to steel himself for his task; but now, he could not understand why, although he had never seen the disfigurement so plainly, and though her features had never appeared so seamed and unattractive, he yet felt nothing of the repulsion such a change might have been expected to produce.

He sat down by his wife and spoke to her. She smiled again, but this time her lips quivered strangely; then, as had been her habit of late, she felt for his hand, pressed it in her own, clasped it to her for an instant, then kissed it passionately, and burst into a rain of hysterical tears, striving through her wild sobbing to say something which she could not render intelligible.

Rodbury threw his arm round her, and drawing her head down upon his shoulder, spoke soothingly to her and asked with a solicitude he had no need to feign, the cause of this outburst—lying her, too, on the folly of thus giving way, now that she was getting well so fast, and had passed all the dangers of her fearful illness.

"O Frank! my own, my dear husband!" at last exclaimed the girl, "do not speak like that, or you will kill me! I have never been fit to be your wife, I know, and have always known it; you have borne with me because you were kind, and I had, perhaps, some common prettiness.—No! do not interrupt me," she said, as Rodbury began to speak; "all that is true; but do not argue upon it, for you do not know what is coming. My face, even such as it was, is utterly disfigured—I can feel it is; my mere touch tells me how I must look. I shall only know it thus, for I am now less fit than ever to be your wife. I am blind, Frank! completely and hopelessly blind! I shall never see the light of day again; and worse than that, far, far worse! I shall never more look on the kind face of my dear husband, or see my darling children.—Ah! you draw from me! I knew you would. Why should a sightless, disfigured"—

"Draw from you, Rose!—shrink from my dearest wife!" exclaimed Rodbury. He had involuntarily pushed back his chair at the first shock; but now he clasped the girl in his arms and spoke with an earnestness which had the ring of truth in it. "I will hope for better than you tell me. With time"—

Poor Rose's tears burst into a fresh flood at this, and she gasped: "No, no! —never! Dr. Berge told me so to-day."

"Then I will always stay with you, Rose!" cried her husband. His words had a deeper meaning than was dreamt of by their hearer; "and you shall not miss even your eyes while using mine. I have news also; but I will say only this at present: we shall always be above any need for toil, above all fear of want. You shall have no care for our living or the comfort and well-being of our children, and I need never again go out with John. My circumstances are greatly changed.—Now, dry your tears, and tell me where you should like to live with the children, and what they shall have to please them."

He said a great deal more, certainly in a strain which he had not intended to fall into when he entered the house; but without thoroughly knowing it, Frank Rodbury, so to call him still, had been undergoing an improving discipline for some time. He had, until that hour, persuaded himself that he was as determined to carry out his plans of emancipation as ever; that is, he thought he was as selfish as ever, but his churlishness had been greatly undermined, and he was an altered man. Now, the terrible announcement made by his wife; the sight of her seamed and pitted face, which the poor girl knew was disfigured, but which she would never see; the picture which arose constantly in his mind of the children, his children, soothing and clinging to their blind, unsightly, and deserted mother, was too much for him.

He was sincere in what he said; and despite the shocking circumstances which surrounded them, he passed an hour or two by his wife's side more happily than he had passed any interval for months. After a day or two, all fear of contagion being gone, Rose was moved to a healthy northern suburb of London, and her children were brought to see her. These were in robust health. The girl could toddle about freely and talk with a very pretty tongue; while a finer little fellow than the boy never greeted a father's eyes.

Rodbury groaned when he reflected that the poor mother would never again look upon their blooming features or see their pretty curls; and then, with a still keener pang, he thought: "What could I have been dreaming of, to plan the leaving such beautiful creatures as these? children that many a lord would give half his lands to own."

This was a great change from his previous lines of reflection; but Rodbury was not conscious of any inconsistency; he only knew that his heart now seemed bound to his wife and children, and felt that he could not be happy apart from them.

It need merely be said here that the subsequent reports of the doctor and the condition of the patient herself only too strongly confirmed the painful announcement Rose had made. She was blind, hopelessly blind. Yet, as it so often happens with us in our worst afflictions, there was even with this some alleviating power, for in the increased attention of her husband—the softened tone and tenderness which she so soon recognized—Rose had an undercurrent of happiness despite of her blindness; and the sad smile which was familiar to her lips was changed for a brighter if still a subdued one.

As soon as it was safe to do so, Rodbury went to his friend Ashwell and consulted him as to the best plan to be pursued under his altered views. These views considerably astonished Mr. Ashwell, who was greatly affected by poor Rose's story, and honestly reproached himself for having given counsel to her husband which involved so much pain to her. He had no doubt as to the counsel he should give, and this exactly chiming wih his friend's own views, it was immediately adopted.

A great deal might be said about the important changes which took place; but as the result must be plainly foreseen, it will not be worth while to postpone the close of our story. Rodbury—he never changed his assumed name—decided upon going to the Far West, to California, indeed; and revealing to some extent his altered position, he asked Mr. Sparle to go with him, seeing many ways in which the sound practical sense and business habits of his brother-in-law would be valuable; but Sparle's reply was a decided negative, and—as his last utterance in our chronicle—shall be recorded.

"No, Mr. Rodbury," he said. "I am much obliged to you, but it won't do. I am not half so surprised about your money as you may expect, for I have always seen you was of a different stamp from ourselves; and if I could have stopped her, Rose should not have married you—that's straight. I can see why you are taking her and the young ones to America; you will not meet any of your friends in California; and I dessay you will manage well there, and bring up the girl and boy like a lady and gentleman. But you could not make a gentleman of me; and after a time I should be in the way, and be always reminding you, if it was only by my being there, of these view he sailed for New York, Rose and would be miserable. No; we are best apart, and we both feel it." In his heart, Rodbury was probably pleased at this decision.

Within a fortnight from this interview he sailed foor New York, Rose and the children travelling in such state—with four servants or nurses, these not so much for the journey as for help in their new life—as almost frightened her. This, of course, she soon got over; and her unfortunate blindness shielded her in her intercourse with the other passengers, who might otherwise have marvelled at the manners of their fellow-voyager.

California was duly reached, and a farm, which they soon learned to call a "ranche," purchased. If Sparle's prediction about bringing up the children as ladies and gentlemen was not literally fulfilled, yet all five, of which number his family eventually consisted, were brought up by Rodbury in a befitting manner, and he was as happy as a man can well be.

We close this history by telling how a friend of Mr. Ashwell, having been on a sporting tour out West, called upon that gentleman on his return, and in the course of his narrative said: "While in California, whom do you suppose I came across? Why, Cy Launceston! You remember him? A fellow down in Leicestershire, whom everybody expected would drop into penal servitude some day, even if he escaped the gallows. Well, there he is, quite an influential settler, and a most successful one. He has a great estate, and calls himself Rodbury. I understand his name is now legally this in the States. Anyhow, there he lives with his wife. Poor creature, she is blind; from the smallpox, I believe, and certainly I never saw any one more marked with it. However, in spite of this, she is a bright cheerful little woman, and seems to worship the very ground her husband walks on; at least so I heard from the neighbours. He has five of the finest children I ever saw—three sons and two daughters. You should see them ride their ponies! It took away my breath—and I am a pretty fair hand across country. I flatter myself—to see some of the ground they went over! There he is, as I tell you, a regular Yankee citizen, and some day, for all I know, he will be in Congress, so high does his character stand. Only think! Cyrus Launceston, of all persons in the world being presented as an embodiment of the moral, social, and in fact general virtues!"

It was strange, no doubt, to one who, like the speaker, knew some of the antecedents of the person in question; but it is never too late to mend.

(The End.)

STICKLER FOR FORM.

How an Uncommercial Traveler Failed to Eat a Meal.

"Madam," he said in accents of sweetness, "I suppose you will give me some supper if I split that wood."

"Yes," she answered promptly, "I will."

"That would of course, make it a business transaction, and not an act of charity."

"I haven't anything to say about what you call it. If you split the wood you can eat."

"But you recognize the fact that I am purchasing this supper with my brawn and skill?"

"I don't see any objection to expressing it in that manner, if it pleases you."

"All right. If you will let me have anything to eat you happen to have handy I'll fulfill my part of the transaction in accordance with the usual methods of the mercantile world."

"What I propose is that you shall split the wood and then come in and sit down and help yourself to all you want."

"I'm sorry, madam, but my early training has made me business like. In commerce, you know, 30 days is allowed for payment. That is for the protection of the purchaser, in which relationship I stand in this transaction."

"If you mean that you'll come back inside of a month and do the work, I can tell you right here that I have nothing for you."

"I'd like to split that wood right now and take my chances on getting the supper, but in the eyes of the world that would be an unwarranted procedure on my part. If I were to go ahead and turn that into stovewood for you, there would be no way on earth of my putting it back into its original shape. And then I'd be completely at your mercy so far as the fulfillment of a verbal contract without witnesses is concerned."

"You split the wood or go hungry," she responded.

"No, ma'am. I'd like to turn in and make that woodpile fairly dizzy, and I don't want you to think I have the slightest suspicion of your honesty, but it wouldn't be business-like."

A CIRCULAR RAINBOW.

Its Centre a Beautiful Vision of Light and Color.

Some circular rainbows, which, by the way, are meteorological phenomena of rare occurrence, have been described in "Notes for the Curious" during the past seven or eight years. The one now under consideration, however, was so unique that we would certainly give room for a description of it, even though the department had recently been overcrowded with circular rainbow lore.

It was observed in India by Lieut. Wheelock, about the middle of August. Mr. Wheelock was climbing a mountain spur at sunrise. As the sun rose, a rainbow, round as a circus ring, was seen in the fog, which all but obscured one of the beautiful lakes which are so common in India. Mr. Wheelock is a trained meteorologist and was not at all astonished, to see a circular rainbow, knowing, as he did, the conditions under which it was found. But what attracted his attention in particular was the presence of a bright spot in the exact center of the beautiful variegated band composing the circular "bow."

This spot was so intensely luminous that the observer thought that it might be a bush fire some distance away, but this supposition was soon dispelled by further developments. Slowly and regularly, and from all sides at once, the bright center spot became surrounded by circles of radiating light, each containing all of the primary colors, in fact, each was a perfect miniature circle rainbow. This wonderful phenomenon lasted for about two hours, or until the sun had arisen to such a height that the reflection sank back against the mountain-side. Mr. Wheelock watched it until it faded away, pronouncing it the most beautiful and wonderful sight he had ever beheld.

A FEARFUL EXAMPLE.

A great many people go beyond their means trying to make a show, declared the sage philosopher.

That's right, assented Chumpley; I blew in $10,000 trying to make a show and it busted the third week out.

MILES' CANADIAN VEGETABLE

No. 1

Every Woman

Should Enjoy Life.

How Many do?

Many are miserable, weak and sickly, and suffer untold miseries through ailments peculiar to their sex.

IT IS WRONG. The cause of most all these ills is easily reached, and effectively removed by the great woman's medicines,

COMPOUND

MILES' (Can.) VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Miles' Sanative Wash.

Prices 75c and 25c. They impart vitality and energy, and make the life of the "Mother Sex" worth living. For sale by all Druggists. Explanatory pamphlet, "Woman's Triumph," sent free on application.

"A. M. C." MEDICINE CO., 578 St. Paul St., Montreal.

TO SOLVE A VEXED PROBLEM.

Captain Deasy's Expedition to Thibet, and Its Object.

Captain H. H. P. Deasy, of the Sixteenth Queen's Lancers, left England some time ago for a journey across Thibet, from west to east, says the London Times. He intends on the way to throw soldered-up tins containing parchment notices in English and French into the tributaries of the Tsanpo and into the other large rivers which he may meet with, in the hope that some of them may be picked up far down the stream, possibly in the Brahmaputra, Salween, and Mekong, and thus help to solve the vexed problem of the origin and connections of these rivers. The notices will be consecutively numbered, and the tins in which they will be inclosed will have a brass label soldered on the outside, bearing the words "Please open this," in English and French, and Captain Deasy's name. The parchment inside bears the request that it be forwarded without delay to the Royal Geographical Society, London, with as accurate a statement as possible as to where it was picked up. Captain Deasy is trying to render an important service to geographical knowledge, and it is hoped that the officials, English and French, in the neighborhood of the rivers alluded to may be able to arrange for a look-out, so that the tins may be secured and the parchment delivered to the proper quarter.

LYNCHED.

Bronco Pete—Yes, lady; I wuz wid yer son w'en he died. He looked jes' like an angel, too, w'en he wuz dyin'.

Mrs. Brown, weeping.—He did?

Bronco Pete—Oh, yes; indeed, he did—swingin' back an' forth in de air, ye know, almost ez if he had wings.

THE POWER OF ELECTRICITY.

By this agency Nerviline is made to penetrate to the most remote nerve—every bone, muscle and ligament is made to feel its beneficent power. Nerviline in a wonderful remedy, pleasant to even the youngest child, yet so powerfully far reaching in its work that the most agonizing internal or external pain yields as if by magic.

ONE OF THE DRAWBACKS.

Now, Johnny, said Miss Spriggins, the schoolmistress, as she poised the gad above the boy's back for a moment, I want you to remember that when I whip you, it is not because I enjoy bestowing punishment on you, but because I honestly desire to do you good.

Huh! retorted Johnny Squanch, in the weary tone of a blase man of the world; that is what comes of a feller's allowin' a woman to get dead stuck on him.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Two Instances of Many Where They Effected Cures.

MEN AND WOMEN MADE WELL

Gratitude Compels them to Testify to the Curative Value of Dodd's Kidney Pills—The Greatest Discovery of the 19th Century.

Smith's Falls, Ont., Dec. 14.—This village can produce evidence indisputable that the diseases most feared by men and women are curable. Two well-known citizens gratefully testify to the efficacy of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They have been cured.

No kidney disease is so far advanced or so severe that these Pills will not effect a cure. Bright's disease disappears, diabetes is conquered, gout subsides, calculi are dissolved, weak backs are made strong, rheumatism vanishes, through the agency of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Thousands of Canadians who have suffered from some form or other of kidney complaint, to-day enjoy perfect health—thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the cure. They cure backacke, weak back, bearing-down sensations of women, rheumatic pains whereever located. They cure Bright's disease. They cure diabetes. They cure them for all time. They have cured others. They will cure you.

Don't take our word for it, if you don't wish to. Inquire of those who have been cured. Let those who have tried Dodd's Kidney Pills speak in their behalf.

For example, read this statement from a well-known citizen of a town in Eastern Ontario:—

Almonte, Ont., Dec. 2.—Harry Grace, of this town, has been troubled with Lumbago, for over a year. Doctors could give him no relief. He is now cured. He says:—"I heard of the wonderful cures effected by Dodd's Kidney Pills. I thought I would try them. I have tried one box, and I must say they have cured me. I have no objection to allowing you to publish this as you see fit, so it may help others.

"Harry Grace, Ottawa St."

PNEUMATIC PAINTING.

A Machine Invented Which Will Do Ten Times the Work of the Brush.

A special plant, including portable engine, boiler and compressor, has been devised for painting by pneumatic pressure. The engine indicates five horse power at 150 revolutions per minute at 100 pounds steam pressure, and the compressor is capable of discharging 29 cubic feet per minute of free air. The engine and boiler are so arranged that they can be used for any other purpose than that of compressing, such as pumping, driving coke or coal breaker, working lift to purifier house, or other operations incident to gas manufacture, in connection with which the plant was especially designed. Until recently the pneumatic painter had been used almost entirely for light hand-power work, such as enameling over mantels, painting and stenciling walls of residences, etc., in which air pressure of only some five or six pounds was required to work the spray; but a gas superintendent, who wanted to repaint his gas holder, thought he could save money by employing the pneumatic paint brush, if he could only get an apparatus carrying sufficient pressure. The construction of the plant already mentioned followed. After timing the machine he found that one spray painted 130 square yards per hour. On putting a good man to work alongside the machine, he noted that the latter got over at least 10 times the work done by the brush; while, of course, it followed that with a pressure of 20 pounds the paint was forced into the seams of the sheeting and around the rivets very much more efficiently than when laid on simply with the hand brush. In the nine days that the machine was kept in operation at the gas works it painted a sixty-foot and an eighty-five-foot holder; each having two lifts of 25 feet, the horizontal condensers, vertical washer, tower scrubbers, liquor tanks, etc., without needing the removal of the compressor or boiler, and the finish of the work was all that could be desired.

JOSH BILLING SAID,

Next to a clear conscience for solid comfort give me an old shoe. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes the worst corns in twenty-four hours. Putnam's is the only sure, safe and painless corn extractor.

Weary Walker—Say, were you ever tarred and feathered?

Johnny Restful—Yes; once.

Weary Walker—How did you feel?

Johnny Restful—Like a bird!

HEALTHY DIGESTION.

A BOON AND A BLESSING TO MANKIND.

The Life of a Dyspeptic one of Constant Misery—One Who Has Suffered From Its pangs Points the Way to Renewed Health.

From the Cornwall Freeholder.

The life of a dyspeptic is proverbially a miserable one, eliciting universal commiseration. Not so much because of the actual painfulness of the ailment, but largely because it projects its pessimistic shadows upon all the concerns of life, and here they sit like a deadly incubus upon every enterprise. An impaired digestion gives rise to an irritability that exposes the person to much annoyance, besides being extremely trying upon others. We are all aware of the value of cheerfulness in life. It is a flower of the rarest worth and strongest attractions. It is a tonic to the sick and a disinfectant to the healthy. Those things that destroy a man's habitual cheerfulness, lessen his usefulness, and ought therefore to be resisted by some drastic and efficient remedy. The duties that devolve upon the average man and woman are invested in so much difficulty as to put a premium on hopefulness. The relation between the prevailing moods of the mind, and the health of the digestive apparatus is close and vital. Hence it is not surprising that many would-be-benefactors have caught the patronage of sufferers from indigestion. Judging by results, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is a remedy unique in its success, therefore it is confidently recommended as a safe and adequate cure for acute dyspepsia. This claim is substantiated by experience as the following facts will show.

Mrs. D. McCrimmon, of Williamstown, Glengarry Co., suffered untold misery from a severe attack of dyspepsia, which manifested itself in those many unpleasant ways for which dyspepsia is notorious. Every attempt to take food was a menace to every feeling of comfort, until the stomach was relieved of its burden by vomiting. When not suffering from the presence of food in the stomach, there were other symptoms more or less disagreeable consequent to the functional disturbance of the stomach, such an impaired taste and appetite, unwonted languor, increasing apathy, and failing ambition. Such an aggregation of the symptoms produced a trying state of affairs, and relief was eagerly sought. One of the best physicians of the neighborhood was consulted. He prescribed. His medicine was taken and his directions followed, but unfortunately three months of the treatment brought no substantial relief. When Mrs. McCrimmon expressed her intention of trying Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the doctor laughed and held the thought in derision. However Mrs. McCrimmon decided she could not afford to leave untried such a well recommended remedy as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Hence she took a course of this medicine, which after a fair trial was eminently successful. From being only able to take stale bread and milk or soda biscuits, she became able to take a hearty meal of any variety, without the painful effects that once asserted themselves after every meal. It only remains to be said that Mrs. McCrimmon improved in flesh and general comfort from the first taking of the pills, and almost anything going she could eat with impunity. Dyspepsia became a thing less dreaded, and largely belonging to the past. It is little wonder therefore that she urges the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills upon others similarly afflicted.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

THE FUTURE SUMMER MONTHS.

According to the methods which is now adopted for reckoning leapyears, December, January and February will be summer months about 720,000 years hence.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

DISTANCES.

We marvel that the silence can divide
The living from the dead; yet more apart
Are they who all life long dwell side by side,
But never heart by heart.
—Florence D. Snelling in The Century.

THE GOLDEN CUPID.

I love thee dearly, O, my sweet—
This is no dictum rash:
The man who plunks gifts at thy feet
Must have a pile of cash.

Those two things, contradictory as they may seem, must go together, manly dependence and manly independence, manly reliance and manly self-reliance.
—Wordsworth.

WPC 847

OUR ENEMY STOLE IN

An enemy stole into your house one day last week and touched you lightly in passing. You thought little of the matter at the time, for the enemy was only a vagrant current of air. But now you are beginning to learn what mischief the little intruder did, for your back is stiff and painful. Your head aches, and at times you feel dizzy. What has happened?.. Simply this: the cold has settled on your kidneys. They are overcharged with blood and inflamed. Instead of passing the waste matter out of the body they are damming it up in the blood. Every minute, yes, every heart beat adds to the poison in you.

Normal action of the kidneys will purify the blood. Nothing else will.

Normalin Safe Cure

is the friend in need. It will reduce the inflammation, so that the grip on the tissues of the blood-vessels is relaxed, and the uric acid is sent on its way out of the body.

Thus You Overcome Your Enemy

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is the best warmth-food. Thin people, people with poor blood, who are easily shaken by a cold wind, take Scott's Emulsion. It makes good blood, improves the appetite, increases flesh, furnishes bodily warmth, and prevents the ill results from colds, coughs, and exposures.

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