

FERN COTTAGE.



AND Fern Cottage is leased for two years to a widow lady, Mrs. Raynor.

Her dreary smile confirmed my opinion that sleep was a rare visitor at her pillow, but she did not say so.

And to Susan I turned at last for counsel. She had come to my house for some medicine I had brought from Paris—an opiate not yet in use in this country.

It was after twilight on a warm April evening that, passing the cottage, I saw through open windows my new tenant.

A figure slender and graceful, with hands as white and perfect as if carved in marble. A face purely oval, colorless and fair, with regular features.

I am a physician, though I have practiced little, preferring to write for the use of younger students; but I love my profession, and cannot quite keep its instincts quiet, when I study a new face.

"Will you never cease working?" she said, fretfully. "When the daylight is gone, and you cannot sort your colors, you take up that drawing that is ruining your eyes. Rest, child!"

Then the voice I knew must belong to that face, full, rich, melodious, but freighted with sadness, answered her: "Rest! You know I cannot rest!"

The old servant took out her knitting, seemingly satisfied to have driven her mistress from actual work, and the darkness fell around me, making still clearer the bright circle of light upon the table, and the soft, shadowy gloom of the corner where Mrs. Raynor, with her deep, sad eyes and breaking heart, poured out something of her pain in music.

A soft rain drove me home, but I mused long and deeply over my tenant. I called several times, and received courteous welcome, was entertained by strictly conventional conversation, heard the piano in some fashionable, showy music, and found the surface society of Mrs. Raynor, a gentle, refined lady, attractive and agreeable—no more.

"Oh, Doctor Wilton," she said, "she has fainted over those horrid pictures! Will you come?"

"I must work," she said, "as long as I can hold a brush."

"Die!" she said, quietly, not as if there was any terror in the thought but as if it was a new possibility in some problem of life. "No, I must not die yet!"

"Then you must obey me," I answered. "I will send a carriage every afternoon with a careful driver and you must go with Susan for a drive. You must be outdoors as much as possible, excepting during the heat of the day, and then, if possible, sleep."

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And to Susan I turned at last for counsel. She had come to my house for some medicine I had brought from Paris—an opiate not yet in use in this country.

"Thank the Lord, he is dead this time!" I scarcely expected Fern Cottage to be occupied soon again, but Mrs. Raynor returned in a few weeks, working again busily, for her boy, she told me, content to bear some further separation, as he was gaining greatly by the German treatment.

A year passed, and one evening, just before the Christmas time, I opened the cottage door. Upon my startled ears fell the sounds of song. Never had I heard Mrs. Raynor's rich, melodious voice in song before, and I paused, astonished, as Susan whispered:

"Her boy is coming home for Christmas. Mr. Duchesne is bringing him, and we expect them any day. And Harold is perfectly cured."

I did not go in. Such joy as that I felt should have no witness. They came, these eagerly expected travelers, just before the Christmas bells rang out their joyful peals.

"But he is not living now?" "Yes, he is, sir; the more's the pity! Mr. Duchesne is in Germany with Harold, and my poor dear is working her precious life away to pay for the baths for the boy, and to keep Mr. Raynor away. She says him so much a month to leave her in peace."

"And this delicate woman supports a husband and child?" I said. "Yes, sir, and lives upon the meanness of everything for the sake of being alone! It's awful, doctor, to think of those two loving hearts, one in Germany, one fretting here, and a bad man between them. They won't even write to each other, but we hear from Harold how kind Mr. Duchesne is to him. It is like him to try to comfort her by being so good to her crippled boy!"

"It is a sad story," I said. "And I was too hasty in thinking I might help Mrs. Raynor if I knew it. We have no medicines, Susan, for such misery as this."

But yet I was glad to have heard the story. I sent books to the cottage, and I went over frequently, trying to win the heavy-hearted woman away from her own troubled thoughts, and amazed at her rare patience and courage. I had done but little in my efforts to restore her health, when Susan came hastily to summon me one heavy August day.

"Come, please," she urged. "He's there, hurt!" "Who?" I asked. "Mr. Raynor! He came cursing and swearing, because his money was not sent last month, and this morning he went over to Crawford and got drunk. He was coming home again, when he stumbled, somehow, and fell under a hay cart. He's badly hurt. I think the wheels went over his breast. I suppose, bad as he is, we'll have to nurse him."

And bad as he was, tyrant, tormentor and traitor, the new patient thus thrown upon my hands was nursed as tenderly as if he had been both loving and beloved. Out of her heavy dependency, throwing self aside, Mrs. Raynor developed her charitable, forgiving nature in the weeks of illness that followed her husband's injuries, fatal from the first. I believe she would have kept him in life if by any self-sacrifice it had been possible, but she could only make smoother the passage to the grave.

I had thought her own tenure of life but frail, but in her devotion she grew stronger. She gained sleep by actual physical exhaustion, and calmness by the consciousness of duty performed. Susan, by my advice, provided food that was nourishing in small quantities and as the injured man passed toward the portals of eternity, we kept his wife from throwing her own life away by our united efforts.

I would like, for humanity's sake, to write that the reprobate reformed, or even showed common gratitude for the care lavished upon him, but he died as he had lived, sinking into stupor for days before the end came, and never, Susan assured me, bestowing one word of thanks upon his gentle, tender nurse.

It was a small funeral cortege that left Fern Cottage to take the remains of John Raynor to his New York home. I insisted upon escorting the widow, and left her with an aunt, who was sympathizing and kind, but evidently spoke from her heart when she said to me:

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A New Through Passenger Route for Colorado, Utah and California. The Chicago Times-Herald of August 27, says that on September 12 the new traffic alliance between the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway and the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railway goes into effect, and on that date the former will send its first Denver sleeper out of Chicago. This will be attached to its regular night train for Omaha, and will be delivered there to the Rock Island. On October 2 the tourist car route over these two lines, the Colorado Midland and Southern Pacific will be inaugurated. Tourist cars will be run once a week between Chicago and San Francisco. For further details regarding this new route call on or address Geo. H. Headford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. & St. P. Ry., 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

Scotty's Remarkable Apple Tree. Oil City Blizzard: "Scotty," of the Oil Well Supply company, who resides on a farm in close proximity to the fair grounds, owns an apple tree which can be considered a sort of novelty. A few years ago it was known as a "wild" apple tree, but Mr. Scott had it grafted and it now produces seven different kinds of apples, some of which grow to an immense size and have a delicious taste.

Try Grain-O. Ask your grocer today to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1/4 the price of coffee. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers. Tastes like coffee. Looks like coffee.

A Bargain. She—"How nicely you did that! And would—would you care to always repair my punctures?" He—"Darling, it would be the greatest joy of my life for me to do so; if you would promise to darn my socks in return." So they rode along in search of a person.—Cleveland Leader.

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm.

There has not been a New York speaker of the house of representatives since 1827. Wild birds do not sing more than eight or ten weeks in the year.

Half's Catarrh Cure. Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c. Caution is often wasted, but it is a very good risk to take.

Only nine per cent of cases of amputation are fatal. Educate Your Bowels with Cascarets. Cascarets constitute a cure for constipation forever. New Orleans complains of an invasion of rats.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS. WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Byannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher on every bear the fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher wrapper.

Do Not Be Deceived. Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought" BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF Chas. H. Fletcher. Insist on Having The Kind That Never Failed You.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER. Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing.

CURE YOURSELF! Use Big 45 for uncurable discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of the mucous membranes. Pills and capsules, 25c. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, express prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles, \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

FREE TO ANY ADDRESS, MY BOOK, GIVING full information about a never-failing, harmless and permanent home cure for the OTCIS, SCALDS, BRUISES, CHILBLAINS, WOUNDS and other skin troubles. DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, 46 Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE HEAT PLAGUE OF AUGUST, 1896.

Mrs. Pinkham's Explanation of the Unusual Number of Deaths and Prostrations Among Women.

The great heat plague of August, 1896, was not without its lesson. One could not fail to notice in the long lists of the dead throughout this country, that so many of the victims were women in their thirties, and women between forty-five and fifty.

The women who succumbed to the protracted heat were women whose energies were exhausted by sufferings peculiar to their sex; women who, taking no thought of themselves, or who, attaching no importance to first symptoms, allowed their female system to become run down.

Constipation, capricious appetite, restlessness, forebodings of evil, vertigo, languor, and weakness, especially in the morning, an itching sensation which suddenly attacks one at night, or whenever the blood becomes overheated, are all warnings. Don't wait too long to build up your strength, that is now a positive necessity! Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has specific curative powers. You cannot do better than to commence a course of this grand medicine. By the neglect

of first symptoms you will see by the following letter what terrible suffering came to Mrs. Craig, and how she was cured: "I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and think it is the best medicine for women in the world. I was so weak and nervous that I thought I could not live from one day to the next. I had prostrated uteri and leucorrhoea and thought I was going into consumption. I would get so faint I thought I would die. I had dragging pains in my back, burning sensation down to my feet, and so many miserable feelings. People said that I looked like a dead woman. Doctors tried to cure me, but failed. I had given up when I heard of the Pinkham medicine. I got a bottle. I did not have much faith in it, but thought I would try it, and it made a new woman of me. I wish I could get every lady in the land to try it, for it did for me what doctors could not do."—MRS. SALLIE CRAIG, Baker's Landing, Pa.



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1897 Columbia Bicycles

STANDARD OF THE WORLD. \$75 to all alike. We have not seen a spoke broken through defect in any 1897 Columbia or Hartford bicycle. What could better show their superior quality and strength!

RACINE FEET

Can be sewed to the legs of children's stockings, making them good as new. Just the foot of a stocking, strong cotton, fast black, triple heel and toe; shaper than ordinary and gives the foot the wear. Sold direct to the consumer, 15 cents per pair or 4 pairs for 50 cents, postpaid. Sizes 4 to 12. Send from 5 to 10 cents for catalogue. Also see our Children's Stockings 15c per pair, three pairs for 40c. Racine Knitting Works, Racine, Wis.

ILLINOIS PEOPLE

All of Whom Are Known Through-out the State Highly Endorse Dr. Kay's Revolver and Dr. Kay's Lung Balm. Rev. J. S. Smith, Tipton, Ill.; Pastor E. S. Church, Peoria, Ill.; Rev. J. F. Wadsworth, Elgin, Ill.; Pastor E. S. Church, Decatur, Ill.; Rev. W. W. Eberhart, Quincy, Ill.; Pastor E. S. Church, St. Louis, Mo.; Rev. F. P. Piersen, Camp Springs, Ill.; Pastor E. S. Church, St. Louis, Mo.; Rev. J. W. Eckman, Waverly, Ill.; Pastor E. S. Church, St. Louis, Mo.; Rev. C. B. Brewer, Rogers, Ill.; Pastor E. S. Church, St. Louis, Mo.; Rev. M. L. Browning, Quincy, Ill.; Pastor E. S. Church, St. Louis, Mo.; Rev. W. M. Davidson, Quincy, Ill.; Captain of Soldiers' Team, Rev. W. H. McGhee, Sibley, Ill.; Pastor E. S. Church, St. Louis, Mo.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO NEBRASKA. September 21, October 5, 19. On these dates round-trip tickets, good for 31 days, will be sold by all Burlington Route agents and by those of many eastern railroads at Plus \$2.00.

FOUR HUNDRED AND TWENTY NILES VIA CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RAILROAD. CHICAGO TO ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS. CITY OFFICE: 116 ABRAHAM ST., CHICAGO.

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