"August Flower"

The Hon. J. W. Fennimore is the Sheriff of Kent Co., Del., and lives at Dover, the County Seat and Capital of the State. The sheriff is a gentleman fifty-nine years of age, and this is what he says: "I have used your August Flower for several years in my family and for my own use, and found it does me more good than any other remedy. I have been troubled with what I call Sick Headache. A pain comes in the back part of my head first, and then soon a general headache until I become sick and vomit. At times, too, I have a fullness after eating, a pressure after eating at the pit of the stomach, and soureess, when food seemed to rise up in my throat and mouth. When I feel this coming on I take a little August Flower. It relieves me, and is the best remedy I have ever taken for it. For this reason I take it and recommend it to others as a great remedy for Dyspepsia."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

SICK HEADACHE

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Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating, a specific for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Price 25 Cents.

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Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

ESTRANGEMENT.

When the eternal springtime throws
In skies from cloudlets free,
The silk-clad lover goes
Into the smiling sea.

But, faring on the shining sands,
From each caressing wave
Gathered into his beseeching hands
The pearls the ocean gave,

Diver and sea are still the same;
No change its seal has set,
Yet show he either where he came
Or what it came, and yet

The diver, now into the swirls
Of waters cold and grim,
Dives deep in vain, to seek the pearls
That once they gave to him.

"NUMBER TWENTY-NINE"

The vast, mud-colored building loomed out of the fog as the doctor's brougham drew up with a jerk under the portico. Against the dark lining of the carriage the set face of a man inside was visible by the light of a portable lamp. It was the face of a man whose mind is not at ease.

Sir Kenneth Brandon was one of the few London doctors whose name was familiar abroad. He had made one big discovery, he had done a great deal of useful work, and at 50 he was already making a big income. His patient knightHood was popular—not only among his patients but among his professional brethren—and his dinners were among the nicest in the town. And yet many people—who knew, perhaps Sir Kenneth himself—missed a hostess' smile, a woman's refining phrases, at his brilliant dinner tables in Wimpole street. Sometimes—if he had time to think—perhaps the great physician might have regretted the pretty, bad-tempered, foolish wife, who had died young and neglected in the old days; the child—for she was little more—who had finally left their dingy suburban villa for good; the girl he might have married before it was too late—for at last she had left his house after one of their miserable, sordid squabbles, and had gone back to her father; and it was only after a humiliating scene with her husband that she had finally disappeared, and she had never come back. The police had been unable to find a trace of her, beyond that she had first gone to Spain with some man who was unknown to him. After that, all was a blank. To all intents and purposes his wife was as one who is dead.

Inside the large hall a lady was already waiting for him—a fair, high-bred face, with something of the look of a student modernized by a slightly bored air. And he knew she was a cultivated woman of the world. Lady Silbthorpe was a widow of leisure, and was intermittently interested in a variety of questions. Just now, for instance, she was interested in the hospital question, and at a dinner party the night before Sir Kenneth had volunteered to explain the internal working of the "Witchcraft." The doctor never missed an opportunity of being useful to Lady Silbthorpe; she was just the woman he would have asked to be his wife, if only—

They met as people meet who are more than interested in each other. For some time past Lady Silbthorpe had known that he liked her, and for some time past she had almost made up her mind that she might accept him. But there was no hurry; they were both of a certain age; they both had their occupations; they were happy. And now they turned up the stone flair-case together, on their way to the woman's wards. Lady Silbthorpe paused for an instant as they passed the operating theater. The doors were closed. Outside, two porters were waiting with a stretcher. Lady Silbthorpe was sentimental, but she shivered a little as she passed on.

In the "Catherine ward" the fifty blue coverlets beds effaced themselves in the gloom of the long room. Here and there the firelight illumined the bland, unemotional features of a nurse under her smooth hair and with capuche sexless features of a woman who has learned to witness suffering without a sigh.

On seeing Sir Kenneth Brandon Sister Catherine hurried forward as superintendent of the ward.

The doctor introduced the two women to each other, and for a while Lady Silbthorpe, notebook in hand, was occupied with statistics.

"Now take me round to your patients, Sir Kenneth," she said when she had done.

Sister Catherine moved forward. They stopped at every bed. Lady Silbthorpe asked questions in a business-like way, and Sir Kenneth, whose hospital manner was proverbial, addressed the patients in the same tone he would have employed to a duchess. His way with women was one of the things for which he was justly famous. They had come to the end of one line of beds, and were now turning up the other side of the room.

"We have a new patient there, Sir Kenneth," said the sister. "Number Twenty-nine. A hopeless case—the last stage of consumption, aggravated by want and dirt. They brought her in from one of the common lodging houses. Pneumonia, she was in a terrible state when she came."

"Indeed!" ejaculated the great physician in his sympathetic voice.

All three approached the bed. The patient's back was turned to them, but, as steps approached, she tossed over and lay on her back, her weakly, vicious face, with its pallid of color on each cheek bone, looking already emaciated against the whiteness of the pillow. There were streaks of gray in the dark hair, and the eyes—dull, slaty eyes, which had once been blue—were bloodshot and red-lidded.

Sir Kenneth leaned forward, and their eyes met in a long stare. . . . The young woman tried to pull away. . . . The doctor's heart stood still. Great God! Could this horrible wreck of womanhood be his wife?

"Can you ruling to speak?

But No. 29 only laughed—an unmirthful, coarse and empty laugh. "Oh Lord! Are you here?" she muttered, turning over.

The doctor drew a long breath; he had grown a little paler before he spoke. "Poor creature; she mistakes me for someone else! They often do, at the last," he whispered.

"Sister look after this case specially."

Lady Silbthorpe said something gracious and pausing on. Not a feature of the strange scene had escaped her. It was evident that something extraordinary had happened. That these two—the fashionable physician and the pitiable outcast on the bed—had met in times—knew each other she had now not the smallest doubt. But the three moved to the next bed, smiling and chatting as they went. Presently Sir Kenneth Brandon urged a consultation at the other end of London at 5 o'clock, and offered to drive Lady Silbthorpe back, as she had sent away her carriage. They were both rather silent as they were bowled along westward.

A few nights afterward, they met, by accident, at a dinner. It was a brilliant party. Sir Kenneth, in fact, was delighted, for he was deputed to take Lady Silbthorpe down to dinner. Sir Kenneth had never realized how devoted he was to her before. And yet there was an expression in Lady Silbthorpe's eyes to-night which he had never seen there, and which he could not quite understand.

"I see from the papers that you have been in Paris the last few days," she said, as they sat down to soup. "I hope you have saved Europe one of its ex-crowned heads?"

"To any one but you I am professionally indiscreet, dear," whispered the doctor, gallantly. "Her majesty is now out of danger. I was, in fact, able to leave Paris by the 11 train—just in time to dine here to-night. But I haven't opened a single letter or telegram."

"And your articles on the hospitals?" said the doctor, bending his head and smiling at the charming woman at his side. "I hope you're going to let us down easily."

"Ah! my article will be on quite another question," said Lady Silbthorpe. "I have been curiously interested in a case which is typical of one of the great problems of modern society. I have been three times to the Whitechapel workhouse lately—"

"I wish to heaven you would not run any such risk! We doctors are hardened, you know, but there is always the fear of infection for delicate women."

"But that poor creature—No. 29—"

"Ah!" sighed Sir Kenneth, frowning slightly, as he reached out his hand toward his champagne glass.

"Dear Lady Silbthorpe, those are terrible cases. They are cankerous evils, eating away the very life of our social system."

"My dear doctor," urged the lady in her most delightful drawl, "you forget what Mr. Lecky says. No. 29, on the contrary, is the martyr of civilization!"

"Possibly," replied the physician, dryly, "but meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile the woman has succumbed. She died last night."

There was a burst of laughter from each side of the table. A well known M. C. was telling the latest joke. In the pause that followed, Lady Silbthorpe studied the menu, and Sir Kenneth fingered some grapes on his plate. How much did she know? It seemed to him an eternity before she spoke again.

"I have taken 'No. 29' as a typical case. The woman seemed to be what we are now agreed to call a morally deficient' person. Let us say untrained and protected. 'No. 29' might now be alive, well, and a tolerably useful member of society. Think of her! That pitiable woman was barely forty."

"My dear lady," said Sir Kenneth slowly, "you have probably only heard half her story."

"Do you really know anything about her?"

"Yes," said Lady Silbthorpe, abruptly. And, as she looked him straight between the eyes, the doctor knew that she had heard the whole story. "I'm not sentimental," she added, with a smile, "but I've taken a fancy to have the wretched creature decently buried—in some little country churchyard. She shall rest now—at good. Shall I undertake the necessary arrangements? or would you perhaps prefer—?"

The ladies were rising to go. Brandon bowed his head.

"I think I would rather see to this thing myself."

Nothing more was said. He sat down again when they were gone, staring blankly at the fruit-strewn plates and half-drained glasses. He remembered with a sudden sickness, and, as it fell, he saw with a shudder, a vision of a stiff, silent figure in the hospital mortuary. He could hear the ladies' silken trains and high-bred voices rustle up the carpeted upstairs. The doctor knew that when that suave, desirable, but unrelenting woman had passed out of the door, she had also passed finally out of his life.—London World.

A Railroad in the Arctic Circle.

In one respect, at least, the Swedish and Norwegian railroad between Lulea on the Gulf of Bothnia and Luffoden on the shores of the North Sea is the most remarkable engineering achievement of the present century. It has the unique distinction of being the only railroad in the world situated wholly or partially within the Arctic Circle. It being some 1,200 miles further north than any railroad in Canada. An interesting meteorological fact stated is in relation to this boreal railway, viz.: That snow falls much less frequently along the line and in far less quantities than at points on other roads 1,000 to 2,000 miles further south, the darkness of the dark winter nights being partly compensated by the light of the aurora. The object in view of constructing this "North Pole through line" is to tap the enormous deposits of iron ore in the Gellivara Mountains, the exhaustion of the ores in the Bilbao field making it absolutely necessary that the Iron-workers find a new locality for their supply, lest pole itself has to be undermined to get at the precious mineral.

The Dinner Hour.

In the fourteenth century the king of France dined at 9 a. m. and retired to rest at 8 p. m. In the time of Philip the Fair, a court verse said: "Rise at 5, dine at 9, sup at 5, go to bed at 8 and thou shalt live to be ninety-and-nine." In the reigns of Henry IV and Louis XIV the dinner hour was 11 a. m. Louis XV changed the dinner hour to 2 o'clock.

Two o'clock remained the usual dinner hour in France up to the time of the revolution, after which 6 o'clock became the fashionable time. In England the upper class breakfasted at 7 in the reign of Henry VIII, and dined at 10 a. m.

In Elizabeth's reign the dinner hour was 11 a. m. and supper was served at 5 o'clock. In Germany the fashionable hour for dinner up to the time of the French revolution was 12 o'clock; afterward it was fixed at 1 o'clock.

The Aims of Terror.

"It was as terrible as—as" said Bloomburper, in his exciting manner, "it was as terrible as—as—"

Again he paused for a simile.

"Was as bright with banners," suggested the clergyman.

"Oh, worse than that. It was as terrible as a woman with a sprinkling hose."

Couldn't Help Herself.

Watts—So she refused you, did she?"

Dumley—Yes, said she wouldn't even be a sister to me. That made me mad, and now she's got to belong to mad."

Watts—"How is that?"

Dumley—"I proposed to her sister and was accepted."—Boston Herald.

A Long Story.

"Just look at my horses tail; notice how long it is, how soft the hair, how glossy, how—"

"Look here, Tom, just cut that tail short will you?"

THE HUNTED HEIRESS.

A TALE OF FACTORY LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

By Major MacNamara.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Her heart wrestled mightily with her temptress—love, mighty, irresistible, love stepped in and buried aside her phantom guardian and she replied simply:

"Yes, Phillip; I love you! I cannot help it." She stopped, she could say no more, she was frightened at what she had already said.

"Oh, darling if you could only feel the joy that you give my life! I know you feel the rapture which fills my soul; you would then understand the delicious depth of the love I bear you."

The girl seemed strangely quiet—but there was a tone of fierce passion in her voice as she replied in a strange undemonstrative sort of way:

"Phillip; but the other day I loved my soul beyond all things this world contains—*Now* Phillip I love you better than my own soul—my life was dear to me; but you Phillip are far more precious to me than life without love. Do I love you, Phillip?"

The man by her side was startled at the awful solemnity of the passion he had awakened in the breast of the woman at his side. He shivered as he listened to the words which fell from her lips that was almost more than human! The cold tones of Barbara Glendon but covered a burning passion that consumed every other sentiment of heart and soul—with her it was *all or nothing*—it was idolatry!

It was surprising that Lady Glendon's daughter did not weigh the maudlin lovewords of this man; they weighed like feathers to gold in comparison to the fervid utterances coined in her own heart—but they were love-words, and the love was a passion so fierce was sweet music to her passionate soul.

Suddenly the tell struck nine—Barbara started—

"Heavens, Phillip, I must return—no one knows that I am out, nor do I wish them to—good night!"

"I will accompany you, Barbara!"

"No, indeed! I would much rather be alone—good night, dear—dear Phillip," and Barbara broke away from her lover and moved rapidly in the direction of her boarding-house.

Phillip Blake looked after her retreating form for a moment, whistled lowly to himself, ceased his whistling, and ejaculated:

"What a furnace of Love!" and moved on into the lights of the town.

CHAPTER III.

A RETROGRADE MOVEMENT IN WHICH WE LEARN SOMETHING OF OUR HEROINE.

We go back a few months earlier to the events already recorded, and to a lovely and enterprising town a few miles distant from the Capital of Boston, and about fifty miles distant from the community of spindles where the Corporation Boarding-house of the buxom Mrs. Moriarty is located.

We had determined in the original plan of this story, to introduce readers of our tale *incoto*, as many of our incidents have foundation in real life, and as a few of our characters are moving and living in—or, but the beautiful suburb of Brookline, just outside the city, is too enchanting a place for literary disguise, and it is there the present exigencies of our story calls us.

Snuggled among the trees, and far back from the wide and shady drives leading from the highway, is a stone mansion of architectural beauty, a magnificent lawn of velvet green, dotted with the fairest end by a splendid gravel driveway, rolls smoothly down to a low stone wall which crowns along the front, and stands for more than two hundred yards. Beautiful elms line the walks, and in the rear of the mansion are extensive and beautiful conservatory, the grounds about which are laid out with rare taste and excellence of the fragrance of a thousand species of flowers, verbenas, heliotropes, pansies, geraniums, and blushing carnations not a welcome lie the mansion, and yet it is a simple beauty to the place impossible almost for our pressic pen to describe.—Further back is a beautiful sheet of water with a boat-house on either bank, while a couple of gaily-painted boats float lightly there, and a beautiful sheet of water with a boat-house on either bank, while a couple of gaily-painted boats float lightly there, and a beautiful sheet of water exquisite taste is indicated on every hand. The very stables on the grounds, beautiful enough for a private residence, speaks of great wealth and lavish expenditure.

In this luxurious home resided Mr. Peter Dillon, together with his son Walter, and his neice, Kate Dillon, a young lady of great beauty and mistress of all the accomplishments which the fashionable finishing of Madam Devenant, many of whose pupils were among the leading belles and most accomplished of the Boston Belles. Madam had been a teacher of the *acme* fine arts at Hazelhead for nearly a quarter of a century—it is said of her that that Kate Dillon graduated at the age of twenty, to appreciate to the full, her accumulated fashionable finishing accomplishments.

The elder Dillon was about sixty years of age, and the legal appointed guardian of his nieces Kate, had taken up his residence at Windemere about four years prior to the opening of our story; about which time the father of Miss Kate, a very excellent man, and charitable withal, died leaving his daughter whom he loved with the fondest affection, under the guardianship of his brother Peter, a man who at the time of assuming his role of guardian was engaged in some kind of brokerage business. It was not known in the community whether or not he was a man of means—but one thing was soon found out, and that was that he was known as a selfish man—evinced in the fact that upon his arrival at the control of Simon Dillon's estate, he cut off all the charities the father had left, and which the latter delighted in assisting; discharged all the old servants, many of whom had been on the place for years, and even sent away Kate's maid, Madeline, who had grown up in her service.—He supplied the place of the latter with a person of his own selection, and with whom he seemed to be thoroughly acquainted.

She was about forty years of age, sour but observant, and constantly watched over the outgoing and incomings of her beautiful Mistress; and, in fact, kept a very her such stringent guard, that Kate finally applied to her guardian for the woman's discharge.

She was frightened at the answer she received. Dillon was sitting with his son, Walter, in the library, when she came to make her complaints and pressed her request.

"You don't like Mrs. Markham, eh," said the old man cynically.

"I do not, sir; and further than that, I do not like her about me," replied the fair girl.

"Well, Miss, you will hereafter bear in mind that my wishes are to be complied here and not yours. As your guardian, I will have whom I please here, and particularly Mrs. Markham, a most excellent lady for whom I have a high respect. I desire you to further understand that I will hear no more complaints. See that my wishes are obeyed."

With these curt and insulting words the old tyrant dismissed the girl, resuming his conversation with his son, who stood leaning on the mantle quietly smoking a cigar.

Tears filled the eyes of poor Kate as she listened to the cruel words of her heartless guardian, and when they said: "Things have sadly changed since my dear father died!" and passed from the room.

As she opened the door she ran full against Mrs. Markham, and she knew she had been listening at the key-hole; that lady flushed hotly, though a smile of triumph gleamed in her eyes. Kate passed her with a look of contempt, and went immediately up to her room.

When the door closed behind her, Walter Dillon turned to his father and said:

"Then you think, sir, that the girl you are beginning your game a little too early. To my mind, in order to carry out the plot of strategy, it would be better card to play."

"You are wrong there Walter, she is a girl of strong will and acute sense, and rare self-dependence, and that must be broken. The work would be much easier were it not for the splendid reputation you have achieved. Remember you are scarcely twenty-four, and you are known in society as a fine man—good, that is not the word—a *rose* and a gentleman even Kate has learned of this, and I can assure you that she despises you! That is the word! You needn't cynic, and she would no more trust you than she would trust the devil, as she said so to her maid, Madeline, one day in her room, while they were talking of you when you came back from Baltimore. She thoroughly understands you my lad, and therefore your game is the only way to bring my plans to a successful consummation."

"While his father was speaking, the handsome face of the young man was disfigured by a black frown, and he was walking hurriedly up and down the room. He was quite a handsome fellow, this Walter Dillon; his complexion was very dark, he had a heavy black moustache across his forehead was a long red scar which he had managed to capture in one of his frequent duels—for he was of a hot and fiery temper—he was well built and very muscular, and carried about him the very air of what his father called him—a "fast man." One saw it in the big diamond on his shirt front, the rings on his fingers, the long gold chain which hung from his neck over his dark velvet vest, in the marks of dissipation which, though they could be hardly painted out, still seemed apparent in all about him.

Suddenly he paused in his walk—"I tell you Kate is my wife, and something must be done, and that soon to get on this marriage. From what you tell me, we have no time to lose—I love her, and I may as well be plain with you; I must have five thousand dollars, there is no need to argue *that point*," he continued, as his father interrupt him, "if I don't get it immediately then I must do the next best thing, and you know what that is. Come! will go a little farther and be plainer still!—*This marriage must take place, and that within three months.* It is for your interest as well as mine. If she were to fall in love she might marry at any time. *Where should you be?* Thrown over entirely! Whereas, should we succeed in this matter, you as well as myself, are made for life, and this mansion, or palace rather—for I have seen worse—and its rope—these grounds, and this multitude of beauties, and near a million besides, are our own in all our own."

The young man's eyes sparkled, his face flushed, and he gazed down upon the old man with a look of triumph—his whole being aglow with enthusiasm.

His father was no less excited than himself, and he rubbed his hands together, and gave forth a prolonged Ah-h-h-!

His cold, good sense however, soon came to the surface.

"That's all very well my son, all very well, but how are we to do this thing? Let me work on that girl's will. I'll bring it down! I'll bring it down" and the long hands were rubbed twisted and rubbed together," and in the meantime you must be with her as much as possible. Markham is keeping an eye on you, and has no fear of lovers coming in to upset our plans. How easily all this might have been arranged if you had only guarded your name and reputation. She might have loved you, and you might have married out of hand—without resort to traps or plans.

"Yes, there you go again, still harping on reproaches. Let bygones be bygones, let us work with the material we have, and if you do your part I haven't any doubt of success. Come in the meantime I must have money."

"You say you want money?"

"Yes, I need have five thousand dollars or—"

"Well, if you need, I suppose you must but it's hard Walter."

"Pshaw! What is the use of—it doesn't come from your pock—"

"She—be careful of your tongue, Walter—there's one one at the door—look and see!"

Walter Dillon opened the door and found himself face to face with Mrs. Markham, she looked slightly disturbed, but she was a very ready female, she only made a few bows, and handed a letter to Walter saying, "for Mr. Dillon," and passed on.

The young man took the letter without the slightest suspicion that Mrs. Markham had been listening at the door for some time during the foregoing conversation.

In the meantime Mr. Dillon had opened his check-book and filled out a draft for the amount his son had requested; this he gave to the young man saying: "that must last you some time Walter, for these continual pulls will soon complicate affairs."

Walter took the check; carefully folded it and put it away in his pocket-book, and left his honorable sire to the pursuit of his letter.

CHAPTER IV.

MORE OF WINDEMERE. THE CONSPIRATORS IN COUNCIL, AND THE PLOTTINGS OF THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Several days after the events related in the last chapter, Mr. Dillon senior, received a long letter from a young companion who had graduated with her from Madam Devenant, from Madam Devenant, containing an invitation to her home among the green hills of New Hampshire, and promising her a world of pleasures in the way of parties, picnics and drives among the mountain scenery for which the place is famous.

The reception of this letter filled the soul of Miss Kate with emotions of keen delight, and she determined to accept the alluring invitation of her young friend. The more joyously, as it would relieve, for a time, the unbearable monotony of the retired life she was then leading.

It is not too much to say that at this time Kate's existence at Windemere, as her beautiful home was called, was irksome almost beyond endurance.

She was completely under the *surveillance* of the woman Markham, who acted in the double capacity of housekeeper for Mr. Dillon, and paid to herself; though her duties in the latter capacity, were purely a sinecure, as Kate had long ago declined any personal assistance from her, preferring indeed, to do her own work and keep in order her own wardrobe, without the paying aid of the woman she so much detested.

From the first, Kate had known that Mrs. Markham was merely a spy in the interest of her uncle Peter, though, for some time, she could hardly comprehend the reason of this course of action on his part, and it was only by accident that she came into possession of the facts in the case, when she chanced to overhear a conversation between her uncle and Walter, and learned for the first time, to her horror and consternation, of the plot to inveigle her into a marriage with her cousin!

From that moment her life at Windemere had become a constant terror. She feared to move about the house fearing to encounter her cousin, feared to ramble in the grounds which had once been to her a source of exquisite pleasure. She feared to ride in the dread of young Dillon offering to drive her out, feared to walk down the pleasant sunny roads to the village, a walk in which she took great delight, and which always concluded in a visit of the little circulating library kept by little Miss Pinkleton, the pretty old maid, who was full of pleasant gossip, and at whose table, many a time Miss Kate had eaten the cake and drank her tea, to the vast delight of the little woman who loved the handsome Kate as if she were her own child.

Poor Miss Pinkleton had a romance in her life; and many of the old neighbors used to say that when she was young, many years ago, she was the prettiest girl in the country for miles around. They used to tell of handsome John Standish who courted little Miss Pinkleton—and indeed was engaged to be married to her—a brave manly fellow as tall again as the little girl, with hair—red—with blue eyes and yellow hair, which, little Miss Pinkleton used to say when she did speak of her romance "would be called 'golden' if it were on a young lady's head!" but John had gone to sea, as mate of the bark "Alabama," and John had never been heard of since; and that, said the patrons little circulating library woman "was nigh on thirty years ago!"

But these little *tete-a-tetes* were over for poor Kate now, and she pined at home, from morning to evening, and she was greatly astonished one morning to learn that Mrs. Markham, that Walter Dillon had taken up his residence altogether at the mansion, and thereafter Kate was almost entirely confined to her room.

This kind of life began to tell on the fair girl—the roses fled from her cheeks, her step grew gradually listless—she lived among her books and her flowers, she was an excellent musician and a painter of no mean ordinary talent—in either department Madam Devenant used to say that she could make a fine living if the fairies of her father took unto themselves wings and flew away.

But was this seclusion the only cause of Kate Dillon's pallid cheeks, or listless very sleepy eyes? Was there not something more potent at work to create the strange languor and lassitude that was gradually taking terrible hold of her?

Indeed there was.

Something totally unsuspected by the environing world, thoroughly understood by two of the inmates of Windemere.

Mrs. Markham knew the cause of the gradual wasting of the young girl's appearance of the poor girl, and she was patiently expecting another change, and one more terrible still.

What was it?

TO BE CONTINUED.

Gray Hairs and Baldness.

The advent of gray hair is one of those epochs which we would be very glad to avoid. All the philosophizing in the world will not change the color back to the original, yet this will not quite reconcile us to this mark of advancing age. Some other causes, however, which induce gray hairs, such as severe illness, exaustive brain-work and hereditary tendency. It would doubtless be well for every one to view the change with complacency, and allow nature to take its course, only giving the proper care and treatment above indicated; but as this is a good thing to avoid patent nostrums, which are mostly worthless, and sometimes injurious. A druggist can generally compound a remedy superior than any of them. One of the simplest, and as good as any, is made of equal parts of Bay Rum, Castor and olive oil, and of course, is entirely harmless.

More annoying and quite as difficult of treatment is baldness. This, fortunately, is far less common among women than among men. Still, it is sufficiently common to become a matter of interest. When a tendency to falling of the hair is noticed, it is quite customary to cut the hair short; but this is as absurd as it is, as it seldom grows to any desirable length later, cannot be dressed in any presentable manner, and the falling out is very rarely checked. Dandruff is undoubtedly sometimes the cause of baldness, and in this case, of course, treatment for the dandruff will do the suit. An unhealthy condition of the scalp, accompanied with undue perspiration is very general cause, and it may be noted that baldness and perspire freely are almost invariably baldheaded. When this tendency is noticed it should be the first effort to restore the scalp to a healthy condition. The use of a brush or the fingers, as previously indicated, will be found of great value in the treatment and continuous, however, since a few days or even a few weeks will produce little perceptible growth. Quinine tonic is an excellent application, and should be persisted in when the scalp shows an unhealthy condition and the hair begins to fall. Dandruff and dryness of the hair, an oily lotion is a necessity, but it should never be used in excess, such as one is furnished by an eminent medical authority as follows: Take a litre of cantharides, three ounces; oil of rosemary, one ounce; bay rum, six ounces; olive oil, one ounce. If there are symptoms of gray-ness, add one ounce of rock sulphur, but do not powder it, and place this in the lotion. Working the lotion well into the light is a cause of baldness, and general debility of the system often manifests itself through the falling of the hair almost before it is recalled otherwise. Contagious affectations of the scalp are also more numerous than is suspected, though more frequent in the barber shops, to suffer from them.

Many times the brush, properly used, will give the needed vitality and vigor to the healthy scalp. There are cases, however, when some application seems a necessity, either to furnish stimulant through the scalp to the hair, to modify its normal condition or to change the color. There are many objections to oils and pomades, since they not only soil the head and clog the pores, but in the hair stickiness entails oils, give to the hair stickiness an unpleasant-odor. One of the simplest application is a quinine wash made with bay rum to which small quantities of oil of rosemary and cantharides have been added. The amount of oil to be used must be varied at pleasure, or it may be omitted altogether when other tonics or wash are used in connection. The effect of this simple application is to strengthen the growth and darken the color of the hair, sometimes in cases of grayness it will restore the color.—*Good House-keeping.*

Written Work.

The value of written work is no longer questioned, and if teachers are errors, it is because they do not feel in having too little oral work. The correction of written work puzzles teach ever more than the relative importance of oral and written work. In the olden time teachers were made to feel that they must not only personally in perfect, but must do all the mistakes of all the pupils in all the written work. The real value of corrections consists in giving the child a correct for an incorrect expression, and in rectifying the correct form, sinking it into the automatic.

(1) Pupils make corrections with a class. A variety of methods are employed for this purpose. (1) Pass about among the pupils as they write, and note an error made by pupils as they write, and note an error made and give a correct form there. By the time they have finished writing a large number of the mistakes will have been corrected. (2) Have the pupils read their own work and the work of one another. As they read, the teacher will note the errors need more practice in reading and writing, as well as the written work. (3) Have the work of the pupils transfer their, written work to the blackboard, and let the pupils correct mistakes in class, and make corrections. Do not attempt to correct all the errors of every lesson. Take one class of mistakes, or those common to the class, and dwell upon them until they are no longer made. Let the pupils supply punctuation and give it the undivided force of your corrections until the pupils punctuate correctly. Treat capitalization, paragraphing, spelling, penmanship, and correct forms of expression in the same way. These are the mechanics of written work and should be become automatic, as they should, the first aim of the mind is reserved for the thoughts to be expressed.—*Supt. Will S. Monroe, Pueblo, Col.*

Vegetation Eaten by Fish.

The Sutter County (Cal.) *Farmer* says that during a flood in Feather river, an orchard was submerged, and the manager declares that the young peach trees were eaten by the fish, and the tops of trees where the water covered the ground for fish have eaten the grass in many places to a considerable extent as it makes it unfit for pasture.

The greatest known depth that oceans have been sounded is over 4,600 fathoms, in the Japan sea.

The great telescope of Lord Rosse has a speculum six feet in diameter, with a fifty-five-foot focus.

A fly-wheel weighing over twenty tons, and twenty feet in diameter, with a forty-two-inch face, is a casting of no mean measurement, and such a one was recently cast in Massachusetts.

Molds for casting iron can only be made in sand. Iron or other metallic molds chill the iron, and it will not fill well. The great heat at which iron melts will burn any other material, or will stick so as to break the mold.

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The way to speak with power is to speak honestly.

"Hassan's Magic Cure Salve." Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

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FITS. All Fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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Mothers should carefully chose signs of ill health in their daughters, and at the first sign, use L. E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It will prove a lasting blessing.

An evil intendom perverts the best actions and makes them sin.

We will give $100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured with Dr. Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.
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It is vanity to wish to live long, and to be careless to live well.

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KIRWAN & TYLER, Baltimore, Md.

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It is not an example in arithmetic, neither is it a problem in geometry, but it is simply this, that in figuring out a room for your summer vacation the delightfully cool summer and fishing resorts located along the line of the Milwaukee Wisconsin Central, among which are Fox Lake, Ill., Lake Villa, Ill., Waukesha, Cedar Lake, Neenah, Menasha, and Ashland, Wis., come vividly to your mind. Wisconsin has within the last five years made great strides in the attraction for more pleasure seekers, invalids, hunters and fishermen than any other section of the union, and each visit increases the desire to spend some of the charming landscapes, breathe the balmy fragrance that is a part of the invigorating atmosphere, wander through the cathedrals of stately pines, and look the speckled beauties with a hook and line.

Pamphlets entitled "Fox Lake" and "Summer Outings" may be obtained from any agent of the line, or address
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Wisconsin Central Lines,
Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Geo. R. Thompson,
City Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
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W. N. U. D.—9—30.

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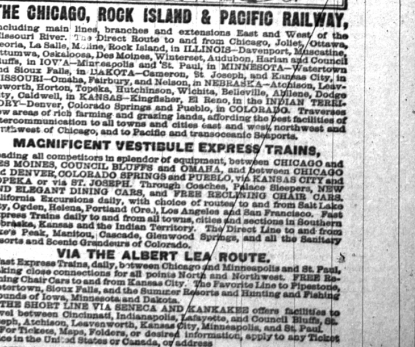

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