

Plain Speaking.

The amount of plain speaking that will bear from one of whose good will they are assured is sometimes a surprise to others. In "Recollections of My Mother," Susan Lesley says that her mother had the greatest affection for both David Lee Child and his wife, the gifted Lydia Maria, but was often much tried with the amount of time, hard labor and money, which Mr. Child expended on schemes after scheme, none of which ever succeeded.

One day Mrs. Child came in to spend a quiet afternoon with my mother. They sat with their sewing and knitting at the west window, while I sat with one or two friends in the hall near the open door. There had been a long silence, when we heard my mother say:

"Mrs. Child, can you tell me what is the last thing that your husband is engaged in?"

An amused smile played over Mrs. Child's face.

"Yes, Mrs. Lyman: he is carting stone for the new railroad."

"O-o-h!" said my mother. Another pause, then, "Mrs. Child, how much do you suppose your husband loses on every load of stone he carts to the railroad?"

Another amused look on the dear Lydia Maria's face, and she answered cheerily, "Well, Mrs. Lyman, as near as I can compute it, he must lose about 10 cents on every load."

"Oh—well—now—Mrs. Child," said my mother, in the bravest and most cheerful tone, "if your husband has got hold of any innocent occupation by which he only loses 10 cents on a load, for heaven's sake encourage him in it."

She had little patience with people who backed down in emergencies, and considered it her duty to stiffen them up a little. She never had to go far to find an illustration "to point her moral and adorn her tale." Some good neighbor's example would instantly come to mind.

"Look over the way at my neighbor Hunt's front yard," she would say; "see that he builds his hydriantes, that elegant smoke house, that oak chestnut hedge all in the most perfect order, and all kept so by her own hands. Always she has sickness, sorrow, death; at every turn something sad and unexpected. But who ever dreamed of Mrs. Hunt's abdicating? She couldn't do it."

In Torment.

Surely if there are unhappy sufferers on earth upon whom the angels look down in pity it is the people agonized with rheumatism. They are in torment the year round, with little or no respite. Now, there is no evidence to which publicity has been given in behalf of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, more concurrent and convincing than that in behalf of its efficacy in the treatment of rheumatism and rheumatic and simple gout, as among the most obstinate complaints to which this admirable remedy is adapted, and since they all have a fatal tendency to attack the vital organs, the advisability of an early use of the Bitters, when they manifest themselves, must be apparent. Efficacious and most safely so, are the Bitters, too, in malady distinction and biliary inactivity, constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint and nervous ailments.

Photography.

A distinguished person, who has long and seriously devoted himself to photography, has succeeded in making paper so sensitive that it immediately takes a photograph of that which is placed before it. It is indelible, and can be used at once for engraving purposes.

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SHILTON'S Consumption Cure is sold on a guaranteed basis. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. 25 cents and \$1.00.

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IT FILLS THE BILL.

A dose of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, one of the best Bitters, Cures Consumption, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are promptly and permanently cured.

Dr. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—Two years ago I was filled with food retained in my stomach. A physician pronounced me a case of paralysis of the Stomach. I could not help myself. I lived a month without food and water, and tried to eat it would vomit. At this time I began taking Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and in two weeks I was decidedly better, and in a month I was in perfect health, and never felt better in my life. I have a better color, eat more, and have no distress after eating—having passed thirteen pounds since I began taking them. Yours truly, MARY ANGUSH.

The Plan of Selling Medicines Through Dealers, ON TRIAL, PIERCE'S IS PECULIAR TO DR. KILMER'S

SWAMP-ROOT CURED ME.

Dropsical Swelling, Cold as Ice.

LIFE WAS A BURDEN.

"Swamp-Root" saved my life after I had suffered everything but death. I send you my photograph and a full description of my case and you can use it if you want to.

My hands were as cold as ice; fire would not warm them. I had dropsical swellings of the lower limbs; I could not button my shoes. Exertion completely fatigued me; death seemed so very near. The swellings have gone, and all my trouble has disappeared. My health is better now than it has been for years.

"SWAMP-ROOT CURED ME."

Tell doubting ones to write me. I will tell them all about it." Mrs. R. J. CUTTINGER, Jan. 15, 1888. Marietta, Shelly Co., Ind.

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Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

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For over two years my little girl's life was made miserable by a case of Catarrh.

The discharge from the nose was large,

constant and very offensive. Her eyes

became inflamed, the lids swollen and

very painful. After trying various reme-

des, I gave her SSS. The first bot-

tle seemed to SSS. aggravate the

disease, but the symptoms soon abated,

and in a short time she was cured.

DR. L. B. RITCHIE, Mackey, Ind.

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CHURSES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

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CONSUMPTION.

AT WAR WITH HERSELF.

The Story of a Woman's Atonement, by Charlotte M. Braeme.

CHAPTER XXV—Continued.

All preparations were completed then, and Crown Leighton had never looked so magnificent, never even in those days when kings and queens had held high revel in the most sumptuous apartments.

Lady Charnleigh was allowed to riot; every beautiful combination of flowers, lights, velvet hangings, and marble statuary which it was possible to imagine was there. Nothing was wanting. There were endless vistas of light and blossom; fountains, the silvery spray of which reflected manifold hues; perfume so sweet that it seemed to fill one with ecstasy; music so clear, so harmonious, all assiduous and attentive, rejoiced in this return of olden times.

All the elite of the country had been invited, and Lady Charnleigh remarked with pleasure that scarcely one invitation had been declined. As she went up-stairs to dress, satisfied with the tour of inspection she had made, she met Lady Fanshawe.

"I must express my surprise, Leonie," said that lady, with an amiable smile.

"I have never seen anything better than the decorations prepared for your dear child, where have learned to go some at ease," said Lady Charnleigh.

"I do not think my lady, with all due submission, that any of them will dare to follow me. I will go myself the instant I have finished here."

"I cannot wait. Why will no one dare to go, Mrs. Fearn?"

"There is a belief, my lady, that the chamber is haunted; none of the servants will enter it. I am obliged to attend to it myself."

Patience was certainly not one of Lady Charnleigh's virtues. The color flushed in her beautiful face, and the white, jeweled fingers flung back the violet velvet train.

"I will go myself. If I wait until you find a sensible maid-servant, or until you have given me Lord Holden's will and testament, I will have no buckles to-night—that is certain."

The housekeeper was far too wise ever to contradict her imperious young mistress.

"As you please, my lady. Shall some one carry a taper for you?"

"No, I will carry it myself. The next time you engage any maids, Mrs. Fearn, take care they have no absurd fancies."

Sir Bertram had stood by, an amused spectator of the little scene; he admired Leonie's impetuosity, spirited manner, and thought her more beautiful than ever when she was impatient. Mrs. Fearn provided a silver candlestick and a wax taper.

"Pray, let me go with you, my lady, to carry this," she said.

"No, I will not take you from your employment. Is this the key?" For the housekeeper with great solemnity had unlocked a small iron-chest and taken from it an antique key.

"This dress was of fresh white, glistening silk, covered with silver net, and studded with green leaves; with this she wore the Charnleigh diamonds, known by connoisseurs as the finest stones in England. She was a marvel of beauty, light and brightness.

As she descended the stairs she saw Sir Bertram; he approached her very humbly.

"Do not be angry because I have waylaid you," he said. "I could not rest until I had seen my queen. Oh, Leonie, how lovely you are! Your beauty dazzles me."

"If it pleases you, Bertram, be beautiful."

His response was one that brought a vivid flush to her face, and sent Lady Charnleigh into the drawing-room looking more radiant than ever.

"Divide those flowers," she said to her maid; "I shall wear some of each. If Bertram had brought me only a bunch of wild bluebells," she added to herself.

"I would rather have them than exotics from a king's garden, but I cannot make Paul unhappy to-night."

A magnificent toilet, in which was to receive her guests, had been prepared; it could be changed afterward for the charade costumes.

"I have never seen you look so well, my lady," said the maid, when the arduous duties of the toilet were completed; and Lady Charnleigh, looking in the glass, felt satisfied.

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