

A Stout Backbone
Is as essential to physical health as to political consistency. It is the backbone, the rheumatism, and disorders of the kidney, the tonic and dietic action of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the one thing needed. The stomach is the malady in every other disease, and by invigorating the digestion with this preparation, the spinal column, and all its dependences, are sympathetically strengthened. The dyspeptic and bilious will find it a pure vegetable stimulant and tonic.

Frills of Fashion.

A novel idea is to have one ruffle around the bottom of a skirt, nine inches wide, with three above three inches wide. When the ruffles are narrow they are absolutely tiny.

Apropos of the craze for ruffs, have a cluster of three two-inch-wide ones around the bottom of a skirt, again at the knee, and just below the hips. T-tin the bodice to carry out the same idea.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha and Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. One-fourth of the price of coffee. 15c and 25c per package, sold by all grocers.

For a Bad Cold.

Flaxseed lemonade is considered excellent for a cold. To a pint of water use three teaspoonsfuls of flaxseed. Squeeze in the juice of two lemons being careful not to let a single seed drop in. Simmer ten minutes, then add sugar to taste, boil up once, then strain and set away to cool. A good mouthful at a time is sufficient to stop coughing, and it should not be taken over once an hour.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It eases painful, swollen, smarting feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25 cents, in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A fact worth recording is that the female employees of many German factories are forbidden to wear corsets during working hours.

WOMEN! DON'T WAIT.

If You Have Any of These Symptoms Act at Once.

Do you know the reason why you will go to the hospital, my poor friend?

Because you have allowed yourself to go from bad to worse. You did not know that heat, swelling and tenderness in your left side were all signs of congestion of the ovary.

Any intelligent woman could have told you that congestion is fatal to the uterine system, and that an ovary congested leads to tumor formation, and that you were in awful danger. Now you will have

to undergo the operation of ovariotomy, the cutting out of the ovary. Yes, you will recover, at least I hope you will; but you will never be quite the same woman again. Congestion of the ovaries is fatal to health. If you have any such symptoms be advised in time; take a medicine of specific powers! You can find none better than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, prepared especially to meet the needs of woman's sexual system. You can get it at any good druggist's. Following we publish a letter from a woman in Milwaukee, which relates how she was cured of ovarian trouble: "Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I suffered with congestion of the ovaries and inflammation of the womb. Thad been troubled with suppressed and painful menstruation from a girl. The doctors told me the ovaries would have to be removed. I took treatment two years to escape an operation, but still remained in miserable health in both body and mind, excepting to part with my reason each coming month. After using one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and a package of Sanative Wash I was very much relieved. I continued to use your remedies until cured. The last nine months have been passed in perfect good health. This, I know, I owe entirely to the Vegetable Compound. My gratitude is great, indeed, to the one to whom so many women owe their health and happiness."—Mrs. F. M. Knapp, 563 Wentworth Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Fashionable Stationery.
Square sheets of paper are now used by fashionable women, especially when having invitations engraved. The reading matter is written more closely together than formerly and plain envelopes are in vogue. The address in white ink is now stamped on gray or dark blue paper. Monograms are surrounded by Louis XVI. roccoco frames. Ladies' visiting cards are now engraved with shaded letters, not unlike type printing.

SLEEPLESSNESS FROM RHEUMATISM

A MAN RECOVERS FROM THE MALADY WHICH HAD MADE LIFE A BURDEN.

From the *Democratic Message*, Mt. Sterling, Ill.

The ravages of rheumatism in this part of the country have long been a source of unfavorable comment by other localities less subject to this affliction. Indeed there are few adults in the Valley of the Mississippi who at some time in their lives may not expect to realize the direful effects of rheumatism in some one of its afflicting forms. The "Democratic Message" has several times been called to instances where the effects of this malady have rendered life almost unendurable.

In this connection it may not be out of place for this journal to refer to a recent incident. We refer to Mr. John J. Friday, who is a well-known man in many of our people as a young man of character and standing. Last spring Mr. Friday was attacked by rheumatism in its severest form, he like many others—probably inheriting a tendency to the disease. A reporter met him the other day and found him about as lively a looking young man as there is in town. Mr. Friday said: "In the spring of 1866 I was attacked by rheumatism. The disease progressed until I was past getting around. For a long time I was unable to lie down in bed and was forced to sit up as many as eight nights in a week to get enough sleep to bed at all. The leading physicians both in Mt. Sterling and Rushville, but obtained no relief. My condition was growing worse, and it seemed as if nothing could help me."

"In talking with George Riggles, a friend of mine, he said that he had been completely cured by using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He told me that before he began using this medicine he could scarcely bend his knee and could walk only with great difficulty. I knew that he had, shortly before that time, been affected as I was, and therefore concluded that he had been better off than I, and that they might help me. I also heard that Mr. James Stout, a prominent farmer near Ripley, had been cured of rheumatism by the same means. I made some inquiries of him and he confirmed what I had been told. It was about all I could do for him, but I managed to make the short trip. I bought two boxes of the pills and used them as directed. After I had taken half a box I felt wonderfully better. I kept on and used six or seven boxes. My improvement continued until I was entirely relieved, and could consider myself cured, and have no more feelings of rheumatism than if I had never had it."

"I believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are entirely responsible for my recovery, as before I began their use my condition was steadily growing worse. If you care to purchase what I have said about this medicine, you can perfectly well do so. I believe it will benefit others who suffer from this disease. I took six boxes and consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best investment I ever made."

There are probably many other instances of the fact that Illinois rheumatism and stomach disease has been cured by the use of this remedy, and we will from time to time publish further accounts as they may be brought to our notice.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a combined form, all the ingredients necessary to give new life and vigor to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or physical exertion.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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Popular with Hunters.

The most popular hunting rifles are made by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Ct. Their light, modern, high-powered shot gun models have won the favor of gun makers and dealers, supplanting all other makes. The Winchester Models '94 and '95 do terrific execution. They will kill at distances where big bore guns would not injure. They are very popular with the most successful gunners on account of their accuracy at short and long distances and their tremendous killing power. Send for a large illustrated catalogue describing them.

Gibbs—What are you loafing about town at this time of night for? Dobbs! "Fraid to go home. Wife told me to be sure and remember something, and I've forgotten what it was. Gibbs—It wasn't groceries, was it? Dobbs—No. Gibbs—Baby food, tacks or theater tickets? Dobbs—No; but I have just thought of it. Gibbs—What was it? Dobbs—She wanted me to remember and come home early—Tid-Bits.

What's the best distasteful and remedy for skin irritations and defects? Glen's Sulphur Soap, Hill's Hair and Whisker lye, black or brown, 5 c.

A stable in New York City has the following sign displayed: "For sale, a good second-hand mule, acquainted with the ice wagon business."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children treatment: sooths the gums, relieves inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

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 Hyannis, 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 and has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought on the and has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897.

Chas. H. Fletcher

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.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



"Correspondence!" I gasped, turning cold and faint.

"Yes," he said. "A few moments ago she passed me in one of the corridors. She constantly is passing me in one of the corridors. For a housekeeper she seems a singularly ubiquitous person. But to return. As she passed me I heard her dress brushed against me; she hurried into one of the rooms, and I—half curiously—looked back. As I did so, I saw lying on the carpet a white square packet. I walked back and picked it up. Here"—and he took something from his pocket and handed it to me—"here it is."

I looked at it. It was a letter, directed to Sir Ralph.

For a moment I stared stupidly at the packet, turning it round and round. Then I looked up.

"This," I said, "is not her writing."

"She dropped it—that I swear!" he cried, impetuously. "Even if it is not, what business has she with your husband's letter?"

"I will ask him," I said, calmly, rising and putting the letter on a table close beside me. "I can't say," I continued, "that I ever liked Mrs. March; but Sir Ralph spoke of her as a lady in distress, and well connected, I believe. As far as the performance of her duties goes, she is admirable, and it seems foolish to harbor prejudices."

In the warm summer days the feelings of lassitude and fatigue grew greater the hours for which Darby served as excuse were generally spent by me lying on the sofa in utter prostration of mind and body. Now and then Sir Ralph looked at me anxiously. "Are you not doing too much?" he would say; but I only laughed, and affirmed afresh my enjoyment and my strength. It seemed to me that I could not give up now. Bad as this life was, the other would be ten thousand times worse.

In August we went back to Monk's Hall. I was glad to be home once more, glad to see the old familiar places, glad to run over to Templeton and hear of my father's literary successes; glad, but yet with little of the old gladness, to gather the boys around me once again, from school and college, and hear the merry voices, and listen to the chaff and bullying and tormenting that still were part and parcel of themselves. They left at last, and then some male visitors came, and among them Yorke Ferrers. Sir Ralph had suggested it, and I had listlessly agreed. Nettle, of course, came over, too, and the September days brought the unfailing dogs and guns and game-bags.

I had opportunity for rest then. The strain and tax of entertaining were lifted off my mind, and no one, even Nettle, knew that half my days were passed lying passively in my dressing room, too weary even to read or speak.

I am wrong, though. Some one else knew. It was Mrs. March. She had found me in this listless fashion so many times that I had remarked it and I excused myself by saying that the fatigues of the season had been too much for me, and that I only wanted rest. The next day afterwards I was surprised by Nettle bringing her visit in an abrupt and end. The usual pica was given—her grand and mother's wish. I did not combat it.

I remembered afterwards that Mrs. March had been in the room when Nettle spoke, and as I made that remark she half turned and flashed a strange, eager look in her direction.

"I will do you the justice," he said, "to suppose you were ignorant of the contents of this production. But at all events, you shall judge for yourself of the result."

He rang the bell. The footman answered it.

"Ask Mrs. March to come here," he said.

I clasped my hands with sudden joy.

"Oh," I cried, "I hope you are going to send her away. I have always disliked her."

He looked at me with such a flame of anger in his eyes as I had never dreamed could light in their kindly depths.

"Have you good cause?" he said.

"Not safe, dear?" I said in surprise.

"What do you mean?"

"Will you excuse me, my lady?" she said abruptly. "If I venture to ask you a question? Is Miss Croft engaged?"

"I don't see how Miss Croft's affairs can possibly interest you," I said coldly, and took up a book to show that I did not mean to discuss the subject.

She said no more, but left the room.

"Joan," said Darby, a few moments afterward, creeping up to my side. "I don't like Mrs. March. I have always had a feeling that she is not safe."

"Not safe, dear?" I said in surprise.

"What do you mean?"

"I—I can't tell more than that. She

isn't like you and she is so often with Sir Ralph. I have heard the servants say so."

"You mustn't listen to servants' gossip," I said coldly. "And what does it matter whether she likes me or not as long as she does her duty?"

"I wish," the child persisted, "you could send her away, Jo. I have been thinking that, ever since she came, you have changed. And why does Sir Ralph never come to us as he used to do? And oh, Jo!"

"Unhappy!" I said. "What makes you fancy that? Only low-spirited and tired, I think. I am not as—as strong as I used to be."

"You used to be strong," she said wistfully; "nothing ever tired you once. Don't you," she added suddenly, "don't you like being married?"

I tried to laugh. I think it surprised me a little that the laugh ended in a sob, and that the incisive question brought tears to my eyes.

"I am very weak and foolish," I said hurriedly. "It is my own fault that I am not as—as happy as I might be."

There came a knock at my door at that moment, and the next instant it opened at my permission and admitted Yorke Ferrers.

"Is—Is Nettle here?" he asked. Then his eyes rested on my agitated face, and his own changed suddenly.

He closed the door and came into the room.

"Nettie is packing," I said, calmly.

"You know she is leaving this morning?"

"Yes," he said. "I am going to drive her over. I wanted to know what time she would want the carriage."

"I will ask her," said Darby, eagerly, and slipped away from my side, and was out of the room in a moment.

Yorke stood by the fireplace, idly fingering the ornaments and figures on the mantel-board.

I had risen from the couch, but now reseated myself. It was a long, long time since we had had a tête-à-tête. We had been conventional and friendly for so long that I felt no dread or embarrassment in his presence.

Presently he raised his head. He did not look at me, but straight into the glass before him. He could see my face there.

"As a lady," she said, abruptly, "how do you come to engage that woman as housekeeper?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

I was so staggered by the unexpected question that I could find for moment no words to answer it.

"I did not engage her at all," I said at last. "It was Sir Ralph."

Then he turned and looked at me, and something in his face sent the blood flying to my own.

"Oh!" he said significantly. "Perhaps that accounts for it!"

"Accounts for what?" I faltered.

"For her familiarity," he said, "and the correspondence."

White as death, panting like a hunted

hare, I sank back in my seat, my eyes turned in faint appeal to Sir Ralph's face.</p