

A Big Regular Army.
The mightiest host of this sort is the army of invalids whose bowels, liver and stomachs have been regulated by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. A regular host of body is brought about through the Bitters, which constantly agitating and griping the intestines, but by re-enforcing their energy and causing the bowels to bile into its proper channel. Maria is good, dyspepsia and tendency to inactivity of the kidneys, are conquered by the Bitters.

How to Go to Sleep.

At the recent meeting in Montreal of the British Medical Association, in the section of therapeutics, Dr. J. B. Learned, of Northampton, Mass., gave his experience with the many methods of inducing sleep without taking drugs. He sets the brain to work at once on retiring—it is to direct the respiratory process. It is to count respirations to see that they are fewer in number, regular, deep and somewhat protracted. In addition, certain groups of muscles are employed in routine order in silent contraction. By constant change other groups are brought into use. He has completed a systematized routine of contraction and relaxations. A slight elevation of the head from the pillow for a definite time by count of respirations is one of the many changes of position. All this without any commotion, and need not be recognized by a sleeping companion. Brain and muscle and all parts of the body soon come into the normal state that precedes and invites sleep. A sense of fatigue soon overtakes one while thus employed, and before he is aware the brain has forgotten its duty to regulate the breathing process, the muscles have ceased to expand to the call made upon them in the beginning, and sleep is in control of all the forces and all the organs.—New York Journal.

New Route to Health.

Little, fragrant, palatable tablets, in a dainty enameled metal box, just right for the vest pocket or the lady's purse. On the tablets are stamped the letters, "C. G. C." Cascarets, Candy Cathartic. Eat one like candy and the little tablet at once purifies and regulates the whole digestive canal. It destroys disease germs in the mouth and throat, stops souring of the stomach, stirs up the liver, and tones and strengthens the bowels, making them act healthily and naturally. They are well and widely advertised in the press, but the best advertisement for Cascarets is their wonderful, mild yet positive action, which makes a Cascaret convert of everyone that tries them. We recommend them to all our readers.

A scientific expedition has gone from Australia to the Ellice Islands, 700 miles north of Fiji, to test Darwin's theory that coral reefs are constructed on gradually sinking islands. The expedition will make deep borings into the reefs.

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cure sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

The number of sheep in the world is estimated to amount to 550,000,000. Of this number between one-third and one-half are believed to be merinos.

I shall recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption far and wide.—Mrs. Mulligan, Plumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 8, 1895.

When you are uncertain which way to go at the forks on the road to best way to do is to let go the right way.

De reason people won't go to church in rainy weather is kase dey religion ain't waterproof.

WHAT MAN DOES NOT LOVE BEAUTY?

Mrs. Pinkham Counsels Young Wives to Keep Their Attractiveness. A Letter From a Young Wife.

Seven-eighths of the men in this world marry a woman because she is beautiful in their eyes.

What a disappointment then to see the fair young wife's beauty fading away before a year passes over her head!

I feel as if I would like to say to every young woman who's about to be married—“Strengthen yourself in advance, so that you will not break down under the new strain on your powers.” Keep your beauty, it is a precious possession! Your husband loves your beauty, he is proud to be seen in public with you; try to keep it for his sake, and your own.

The pale cheeks, the dark shadows under the eyes, the general drooping of the young wife's form, what do they mean? They mean that her nerves are failing, that her strength is going and that something must be done to help her through the coming trials of maternity.

Build her up at once by a course of some tonic with specific powers. Such as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Following we publish by request a letter from a young wife—of her own accord she addresses it to her “suffering sisters,” and while from modesty she asks to withhold her name, she gives her initials and street number in Chambersburg, Pa., so she can easily be found personally or by letter:

To my Suffering Sisters—Let me write this for your benefit, telling you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I am but nineteen and suffered with painful menstruation, leucorrhœa, dizziness, burning sensation back of ears and on top of my head, nervousness, pain and soreness of muscles, bearing-down pains, could not sleep well, was unable to stand without pain, and oh! how I longed to be well!

One day I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham telling her all, knowing I could do so in perfect confidence.

She wrote me a lovely letter in reply, telling me exactly what to do. After taking nine bottles of the Compound, one box of Liver pills, and using one-half package of Sanative wash, I can say I am cured. I am so happy, and owe my happiness to none other than Mrs. Pinkham.

Why will women suffer when help is near? Let me, as one who has had some experience, urge all suffering women, especially young wives, to seek Mrs. Pinkham's advice.—Mrs. R. S. R., 118 E. Catherine St., Chambersburg, Pa.

AN AMBITIOUS GIRL.

From the New Era, Greensburg, Ind.

This paper recently received information that the ten-year-old daughter of Mr. M. Rybolt of Hartsville, Ind., had been cured of a severe illness. The case seemed more than an ordinary one, and consequently a special representative was sent to investigate.

The Rybols are well-to-do farmers living about two miles southwest of Hartsville. When the reporter called Mr. and Mrs. Rybolt and their daughter in question, Louise, were at home, also the other three children. Louise is the oldest. She had been going to school for four years, and was formerly in the good health that she is now. But she has been ill.

A year ago the present winter it was noticed that she was breaking down in health. For a time the cause could not be ascertained, but it was finally decided that it was due to overexertion. It has always been the opinion of Louise's parents that she was anxious to graduate from the common branches early, and to enter a college of music, which her parents promised she could do as soon as she should finish the common branches.

Lady Otto St. Blasie was waiting to receive her daughter at Lambscote, Hall. Sir Wilfrid would rather it had not been so, but there is no forbidding the entry of one's house to the mother of an only child. And since her daughter had been irrevocably taken off her hands, and all her designs for her and anxieties respecting her were at an end, Lady Otto had become pertinaciously affectionate. She never had been so filial a child as Lena before—there never had been so devoted a mother as herself—there never had been two people with so completely one mind, one thought, and one wish, as Lena and her precious girl. The loss she had sustained in Lena's marriage was of course irremediable, and she would not have foregone the happiness of welcoming her back to England for all the world. Rose soon afterwards arrived, brimful of chatter and overrunning with happiness at finding herself at the Hall.

“Wilfrid,” she exclaimed one morning at breakfast, “who do you think I saw the day after your wedding?”

“My dear child, it is impossible to guess! The Dean of Humbugdom, perhaps.”

“The dear—rubbish! What do you care for the dear? No; it was Jane Warner. Mamma and I were at Waterloo House shopping, and she passed the door. I saw her, and called her back,” continued Rose, “and told her you were married, and she had never heard it, Wilfrid, and she looked so uncomfortable, poor dear! I am sure she was disappointed because you never asked her to the wedding. Did you send her any wedding cake?”

“I don't know anything about it,” replied her brother confusedly.

“Who is Jane Warner?” demanded Lena.

“Oh, such a nice girl—the daughter of the people Wilfrid lodged with at Chapel.”

“A lodging house keeper's daughter!” exclaimed Lady Otto. “My dear Rose, you should not associate with such persons. They are not fit society for you.”

“You are quite right, Lady Otto, and I have told my sister so before,” said Sir Wilfrid in a tone of annoyance.

Rose looked up in amazement.

“But, Wilfrid, you took me there to sleep. And they were such good friends to you, and showed you so much attention for so many years. Surely there can be no harm in my speaking to Miss Warner when we meet.”

But Lady Ewell was not inclined to let this one drop. She was very cunning and keen witted, when it served her purpose to be so, and Sir Wilfrid's discomfiture had been too palpable to pass unnoticed.

“I wonder why he is angry?” said Rose, innocently: “he used to seem so fond of the Warner's. He was always praising them, and saying how kind they were to him. And he lived there four years, you know, and Jane cooked and did everything for him all that time. Poor Jane! She did look so sad. I think Wilfrid ought to have sent her a present when he was married.”

“Perhaps he did,” remarked Lady Ewell.

Lady Ewell and Lady Otto St. Blasie were not mystified upon the subject. They talked over together, and came to the conclusion that most women of the world would have done. Lady Otto laughed at the contretemps brought about by the sister's inexperience and the brother's indiscretion; and Lady Ewell laughed, too, as at an excellent jest, though she stored the supposed discovery up for future use all the same. And a few days after, when Sir Wilfrid, commenting on the fact that Captain Dorsay had accepted his invitation to Lambscote, remarked peevishly that he would like to be sure of the fellow's meaning in coming to stay with them, his wife turned round and answered quietly:

“Yes, and I should like to be sure of your meaning in refusing to let your sister discuss the sayings and doings of Jane Warner.”

From which moment Sir Wilfrid Ewell never again objected to any visitors whom his wife, or his wife's mother, thought fit to ask to Lambscote.



CHAPTER XII.

Lambcote was looking its very best when the newly married couple returned to England to take possession of it the following October. And Sir Wilfrid felt as if the world were at his feet, as he watched the enthusiasm with which his beautiful wife was hailed as mistress of the Hall, and the courteous ease with which she received her new acquaintances and their congratulations.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Captain Dorsay, after a fortnight of shooting, fishing and flirting, was preparing to return whence he came. But not before Sir Wilfrid overheard his wife earnestly entreating him to visit them again at Christmas.

“You know you have nothing else to do, Jack, and we shall be as dull as ditchwater down here without you.”

“You are very kind, Lady Ewell, and nothing would give me greater pleasure, use, once in a while. I have already pledged to spend Christmas at Castle Blasie, and am afraid the duke would be offended if I disappointed him.”

“I know grandpa numbers you amongst his best friends, but you owe something to mamma and me as well,” replied Captain Dorsay, bowing.

“But I thought we were to spend Christmas with Lord Martyrdom, Lena,” said Sir Wilfrid, joining in the conversation.

“I told you that my grandmother wished it,” Lady Ewell answered, pettishly; “but as you declared it was impossible we could leave your sister at Lambscote I naturally considered the idea was at an end. Only fancy, Jack,” she continued, turning her back upon her husband. “Sir Wilfrid actually proposed our taking that child to Castle Blasie. As if grandpa would ever consent to it. You know what he is. He detests children and animals, and anything that makes a noise. And I'm sure I don't wonder at it. I detect them myself.”

Captain Dorsay—who had looked upon Rose Ewell as anything but a child during his stay at Lambscote—had gallantly not wished to say a word in her defense, notwithstanding it was his hostess he spoke to.

“But, my dear Lady Ewell, Lord Martyrdom could scarcely call Miss Ewell a child. Old age is certainly made him marvelously indifferent to the beauties of nature, by which he is surrounded; but he would be insensible indeed if he could shut his eyes to the budding charms of your sister-in-law.”

“How dare you speak of such a thing in

CHAPTER XIV.

Captain Dorsay made this speech in order to conciliate Sir Wilfrid Ewell. He saw that the young man was hurt by the carelessness in which his wife was speaking, and he knew that on the feeling of the baronet toward him depended his future invitations to the Hall.

At that moment Rosalie, attired in her best and riding habit, appeared in the doorway. Glowing with health, with the figure of a woodland nymph, and the pure blood of youth mantling in her face, she looked very attractive, and Captain Dorsay's eyes, as they fell upon her, seemed to do so.

“Oh, Wilfrid!” she exclaimed, with a air of disappointment, “have you forgotten that you promised to ride with me?”

“My dear Rosalie, I am very sorry, but I must plead guilty. I had quite forgotten it. And what is worse, I have made another engagement. I am going to drive to Maple Grove.”

“May I be off myself?” interposed Captain Dorsay. “It is my last day at Lambscote, but I have never had the pleasure of riding with her before.”

“Will you trust her with me, Sir Wilfrid? I will take the utmost care of her. You may depend on me.”

At this proposal the girl's dark eyes beamed with expectation, and her cheeks glowed like a peony. She had already come to the conclusion that Captain Dorsay was quite the handsomest and finest man she had ever seen, and now she thought him the kindest. She glanced at her brother timidly, to hear what his decision would be, and was delighted to see him shake Captain Dorsay by the hand.

He led Rosalie from the room, without another word to his hostess, and Lena felt considerably offended. Indeed, so offended was she that Sir Wilfrid had the pleasure of a drive with her in perfect silence, and when Captain Dorsay met her again she treated him in exactly the same manner. But he was not so easily daunted as the baronet. He had arrived at that stage of indifference when he did not much care if Lady Ewell spoke to him or not, and the next morning he took his departure from the Hall.

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“Rosie, I entreat you, leave us!” he ejaculated; “go back to the house. This is no scene, no knowledge for you.”

“No, no! I will stay, and I will know all,” she answered.

“I mean you to know all,” said Lena, “all that man's treachery and falsehood. He has been my lover still; and if it had not been that he cannot marry me, I never should have married your brother. But other women shall have him. I stand by him to prevent it. He shall not deceive another as he did me. You are mine.” Jack! she continued fiercely, “and by virtue of that secret, and when you desert me the world shall know it as plainly as I do.”

“What is this secret?” demanded Rosalie.

“I must be off myself,” interposed Captain Dorsay, “and I will not call this gentleman by his Christian name in my presence. What has happened behind my back, I thank heaven for it.”

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