RHEUMATISM RECIPE

PREPARE THIS SIMPLE HOME-MADE MIXTURE YOURSELF.

Buy the Ingredients from Any Druggist in Your Town and Shake Them in a Bottle to Mix This.

A well known authority on Rheumatism gives the readers of a large New York daily paper the following valuable, yet simple and harmless prescription, which any one can easily prepare at home:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces.

Mix by shaking well in a bottle, and take a teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

He states that the ingredients can be obtained from any good prescription pharmacy at small cost, and, being a vegetable extraction, are harmless to take.

This pleasant mixture, if taken regularly for a few days, is said to overcome almost any case of Rheumatism. The pain and swelling, if any, diminishe with each dose, until permanent results are obtained, and without injuring the stomach. While there are many so called Rheumatism remedies, patent medicines, etc., some of which do give relief, few really give permanent results, and the above will, no doubt, be greatly appreciated by many sufferers here at this time.

Inquiry at the drug stores of even the small towns elicits the information that these drugs are harmless and can be bought separately, or the druggists will mix the prescription if asked to.

Under the New Ruling.

His Lawyer—The trouble is that they've got half a dozen witnesses who saw you whipping your wife. It will be hard to establish an alibi in the face of that.

Prisoner—Gosh! I don't need any alibi. All you've got to do is to prove by me that I was drunk.

That Terrible Boy.

Mrs. Kerruthers (making a call)—Yes, indeed, Mrs. Kajones, I put in nearly the whole blessed day in the dentist's chair.

Mrs. Kajones—I can sympathize with you. I know how it hurts.

Mrs. Kerruthers—My dentist hardly ever hurts me, though. He's so careful and gentle that I don't mind it at all. I declare I slept half the time while he was at work.

Johnny Kajones—That dentist wouldn't never do for maw. When she goes to sleep she snores like a thrashin' machine.

Flower of the Family.

"Uncle 'Rastus, how old are you?"

"Pas' seventy-nine, boss. I'll soon be a octogeranium."—Chicago Tribune.

Wayside Communings.

Adam Zawfox—Ever ride on a street 'thout payin'?

Job Sturky—Wunst. The jigger on the front end o' the car picked me up an' kerried me mighty near a block 'fore the conductor found it out.

Looking in the Wrong Place.

Carrie—What a sweet, happy disposition Mabel has. She can see beauty in everything.

Ethel (jealous)—She can't see it in her mirror.—Boston Transcript.

Playing "Bridge."

"Do you remember before the wedding you used to call your wife a 'poem?'" said the bachelor caller.

"Yes," sighed the domestic man, as he twirled an alarm clock to amuse the baby, "and I still call her a 'poem.'"

"You do? What kind of a 'poem' is she now—a 'poem of beauty' or a 'poem of love?'"

"Neither! She is a 'poem of travel.' Always on the go and never at home."

Self-Protection.

"You say your wife is a poor cook?"

"The worst ever."

"And yet you say that you eat all of everything that she prepares for the table. How can you do that if she can't cook?"

"Great earth, man! If I don't she will use up the scraps in some of those how-to-utilize-left-overs dishes, and that will be my finish."—Judge.

What the Cloth Got in Boston.

If you go to San Francisco and meet a friend he will ask you to stay a week with him. In Omaha he will take you home overnight, in Chicago he will take you out to dinner, in New York he will hurry you off to lunch, in New Haven he will hand you a good cigar, and in Boston he will give you an apple.—Congregationalist.

Devotion to the Ideal.

The hero of the play had just died to slow, tremulous, wabbling music, but the audience insisted on his coming before the curtain and kept up the applause for the space of five minutes.

At last a supe came out and stepped forward.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced in a high-keyed voice, "he says he'll have the curtain raised and you can look again on his cold corpse if you want to, but he'll be d—d if he's going to vi'late the proprieties and degrade his art by coming to life again before to-morrow evening. Thanking you again, ladies and gentlemen, I will now retire."

AIKENSIDE

BY

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

Author of "Dora Deane," "The English Orphans," "Homestead on the Hillside," "Lena Rivers," "Meadowbrook," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Cousin Maude," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

Maddy could not explain why it was that she felt glad the doctor would tell Guy. She did not analyze any of her feelings, or stop to ask why she should care to have Guy Remington know the answer she had given Dr. Holbrook. He was going to him now, she was sure, for he rose to leave her, saying he might not see her again before she returned to New York. She did not mention his bill. That was among the bygones, a thing never again to be talked about, and offering him her hand, she looked for an instant earnestly into his face, then without a word, hurried from the room, while the doctor, with a sad, heavy heart, went in quest of Guy.

"Refused you, did you say?" and Guy's face certainly looked brighter than it had before since he left the doctor with Maddy Clyde.

"Yes, refused me, as I might have known she would," was the doctor's reply, spoken so naturally that Guy looked up quickly to see if he really did not care.

But the expression of the face belied the calmness of the voice; and, touched with genuine pity, Guy asked the cause of the refusal—"preference for anyone else, or what?"

"No, there was no one whom she preferred. She merely did not like me well enough to be my wife, that was all," the doctor said, and then he tried to talk of something else; but it would not do. The wound was yet too fresh and sore to be covered up, and in spite of himself the bearded chin quivered and the manly voice shook as he bade good-by to Guy, and then went galloping down the avenue.

Great was the consternation among the doctor's patients when it was known that their pet physician—the one in whose skill they had so much confidence—was going to Europe, where in Paris he could perfect himself in his profession. Some cried, and among them Agnes; some said he knew enough already; some tried to dissuade him from his purpose; some wondered at the sudden start, while only two knew exactly why he was going—Guy and Maddy; the former approving his decision and lending his influence to make his tour abroad as pleasant as possible; and the latter weeping bitterly as she thought how she had sent him away, and that if aught befell him on the sea or in that distant land, she would be held amenable. Once there came over her the wild impulse to bid him stay, to say that she would be his wife; but, ere the rash act was done, Guy came down to the cottage, and Maddy's resolution gave way at once.

Two weeks afterward, Aikenside presented again a desolate, shut-up appearance, for Agnes, Maddy and Jessie had returned to New York; Agnes to continue the siege which, in despair of winning the doctor, she had commenced against a rich old bachelor, who had a house on Madison Square; and Maddy to her books, which ere long obliterated, in a measure, the bitter memory of all that had transpired during her winter vacation.

CHAPTER XVII.

Two years pass quickly, particularly at school, and to Maddy Clyde, talking with her companions of the coming holidays, it seemed hardly possible that two whole years were gone since the eventful vacation when Dr. Holbrook had so startled her by offering her his hand. He was in Europe still, and another name than his was on the little office in Mrs. Conner's yard. To Maddy he now wrote frequently; friendly, familiar letters, such as a brother might write, never referring to the past, but telling her whatever he thought would interest and please her. Occasionally at first, and more frequently afterward, he spoke of Margaret Atherstone, Lucy's younger sister, a brilliant, beautiful girl who reminded him, he said, of Maddy, only she was saucier, and more of a tease; not at all like Lucy, whom he described as something perfectly angelic. Her twenty-fifth birthday found her on a sick bed, with Dr. Holbrook in attendance, and this was the reason given why the marriage between herself and Guy was again deferred. There had been many weeks of pain, succeeded by long, weary months of languor, and during all this time the doctor had been with her as the family physician, while Margaret also had been constantly in attendance. But Lucy was much better now. She could sit up all day, and even walk a little distance, assisted by the doctor and Margaret, whose name had come to be almost as familiar to Maddy as was that of Lucy. Maddy did not say much to Guy of Lucy, but she wondered why he did not go for her, and wanted to talk with him about it, but he was so changed that she dared not. He was not sociable, as of old, and Agnes did not hesitate to call him cross, while Jessie complained that he never romped or played with her now, but sat all day long in a deep reverie of some kind.

On this account Maddy did not look forward to the coming vacation as joyfully as she would otherwise have done. Still, it was always pleasant going home, and she sat talking with her young friends of all they expected to do, when a servant entered the room, and glancing over the group of girls, singled Maddy out, saying, as he placed an unsealed envelope in her hand, "A telegram for Miss Clyde."

There was a blur before Maddy's eyes, so that at first she could not see clearly, and Jessie, climbing on the bench beside her, read aloud:

"Your grandmother is dying. Come at once. Agnes and Jessie will stay till next week. GUY REMINGTON."

It was impossible to go that afternoon, but with the earliest dawn she was up, and unmindful of the snow falling so rapidly, started on that sad journey home. It was the first genuine storm of the season, and it seemed resolved on making amends for past neglect, sweeping in furious gusts against the windows, sifting down in thick masses from the leaden sky, and so impeding the progress of the train that the chill wintry night had closed gloomily in ere the Sommerville station was reached, and Maddy, weary and dispirited, stepped out upon the platform, glancing anxiously around for the usual omnibus, which she had little hope would be there on such a night. If not, what should she do? This had been the burden of her thoughts for the last few hours, for she could not expect Guy to send out his horses in this fearful storm, much less to be there himself. But Guy was there, and it was his voice which first greeted her as she stood half blinded by the snow, uncertain what she must do next.

"Ah, Mr. Remington, I didn't expect this. I am so glad, and how kind it was of you to wait for me!" she exclaimed, her voice expressing her delight, and amply repaying the young man, who had not been very patient or happy through the six long hours waiting he had endured.

But he was both happy and patient now with Maddy's hand in his, and pressing it very gently he led her into the ladies' room; then making her sit down before the fire, he brushed her snowy garments himself, and dashing a few flakes from her disordered hair, told her what she so eagerly asked to know. Her grandmother had had a paralytic stroke, and the only word she had uttered since was "Maddy." Guy had not been down himself, but had sent Mrs. Noah as soon as Farmer Green had brought the news. She was there yet, he said, the storm having detained her.

"And grandma?" Maddy gasped, fixing her eyes wistfully on him. "She is not dead?"

No, Guy answered, and asked if he should not remove from the dainty little feet resting on the stove hearth the overshoes, so full of melting snow. Maddy cared little for her shoes, or herself, just then. She hardly knew that Guy was taking them off, much less that, as he bent beside her, her hand lay lightly upon his shoulder as she continued her questionings.

"She is not dead, you say; but do you think—does anybody think she'll die? Your telegram said 'dying.'"

Maddy was not to be deceived, and thinking it best to be frank with her, Guy told her that the physician, whom he had taken pains to see on his way to the depot, had said there was no hope. Old age and an impaired constitution precluded the possibility of recovery, but he trusted she might live till the young lady came.

"She must—she will! Oh, grandma, why did I ever leave her?" and burying her face in her hands, Maddy cried passionately, while the last three years of her life passed in rapid review before her mind—years which she had spent in luxurious ease, leaving her grandmother to toil in the humble cottage, and die at the last, it might be, without one parting word for her.

The feeling that perhaps she had been guilty of neglect was the bitterest of all, and Maddy wept on, unmindful of Guy's attempts to soothe and quiet her. At last, as she heard a clock in the adjoining room strike eight, she started up, exclaiming, "I have stayed too long. I must go now. Is there any conveyance here?"

"But, Maddy," Guy rejoined "you cannot go to-night. The roads between here and Honedale are one unbroken snowbank. It would take hours to break through; besides, you are too tired. You need rest, and must come with me to Aikenside, where you are expected, for when I found how late the train would be, I sent back word to have your room and parlors warmed, and a nice hot supper to be ready for us. You'll surely go with me, if I think best."

Guy's manner was more like a lover than a friend, but Maddy was in no state to remark it. She only felt an intense desire to go home, and turning a deaf ear to all he could urge, replied:

"You don't know how dear grandma is to me, or you would not ask me to stay. She's all the mother I ever knew, and I must go. Would you stay if the one you loved best was dying?"

"But the one I love best is not dying, so I can reason clearly, Maddy."

Here Guy checked himself, and listened while Maddy asked again if there was no conveyance there as usual.

"None but mine," said Guy, while Maddy continued faintly:

"And you are afraid it will kill your horses?"

"No, it would only fatigue them greatly; it's for you I fear. You've borne enough to-day."

"Then, Mr. Remington, oh, please send me. I shall die at Aikenside. John will drive me, I know. He used to like me. I'll ask him," and Maddy was going in quest of the Aikenside coachman, when Guy held her back, and said:

"John will go if I bid him. But you, Maddy, if I thought it was safe."

"It is. Oh, let me go," and Maddy grasped both his hands beseechingly.

If there was a man who could resist the eloquent appeal of Maddy's eyes at that moment, the man was not Guy Remington, and leaving her alone, he sought out John, asking if it would be possible to get through to Honedale that night.

John shook his head decidedly, but when Guy explained Maddy's distress and anxiety, the negro began to relent, particularly as he saw his young master, too, was interested.

"It'll kill them horses," he said, "but mabby that's nothin' to please the girl."

"If we only had runners now, instead of wheels, John," Guy said, after a moment's reflection. "Drive back to Aikenside as fast as possible, and change the carriage for a covered sleigh. Leave the grays at home and drive a pair of farm horses. They can endure more. Tell Flora to send my traveling shawl. Miss Clyde may need it, and an extra buffalo, and my buckskin gloves, and take Tom on with you, and a snow shovel; we may have to dig."

"Yes, yes, I know," and tying his muffler about his throat, John started off through the storm, his mind a confused medley of ideas, the main points of which were, snow shovels, and the fact that his master was either crazy or in love.

Meanwhile, with the prospect of going home, Maddy had grown quiet, and did not refuse the temporary supper of buttered toast, muffins, steak, and hot coffee, which Guy ordered from the small hotel just in the rear of the depot. It was after nine ere John appeared, his crisp wool powdered with snow which clung to his outer garments, and literally covered his cap.

"'Twas mighty deep," he said, bowing to Maddy, "and the wind was getting colder. 'Twas a hard time Miss Clyde would have, and hadn't she better wait?"

No, Maddy could not wait, and standing up she suffered Guy to wrap her cloak about her, and fasten more securely the long, warm scarf she wore around her neck.

"Drive close to the platform," he said to John, and the covered sleigh was soon brought to the point designated. "Now, then, Maddy, I won't let you run the risk of covering your feet with snow. I shall carry you myself," Guy said, and ere Maddy was fully aware of his intentions, he was bearing her to the sleigh.

Very carefully he drew the soft, warm robe about her, shielding her as well as he could from the cold; then pulling his own fur collar about his ears, he sprang in beside her, and, closing the door behind him, bade John drive on.

"But, Mr. Remington," Maddy exclaimed in much surprise, "surely you are not going too? You must not. It is asking too much. It is more than I expected. Please don't go."

"Would you rather I should not—that is, aside from any inconvenience it may be to me—would you rather go alone?" Guy asked, and Maddy replied:

"Oh, no. I was dreading the long ride, but did not dream of your going. You will shorten it so much."

"Then I shall be paid for going," was Guy's response, as he drew still more closely around her the fancy buffalo robe.

The roads, though badly drifted in some places, were not as bad as Guy had feared, and the strong horses kept steadily on; while Maddy, growing more and more fatigued, at last fell away to sleep, and ceased to answer Guy. For a time he watched her drooping head, and then carefully drawing it to him, made it rest upon his shoulder, while he wound his arm around her slight figure, and so supported her.

Occasionally there flitted across Guy's mind a vague, uneasy consciousness that though the act was, under the circumstances, well enough, the feelings which prompted it were not such as either the doctor or Lucy would approve. But they were far away; they would never know unless he told them, as he probably should, of this ride on that wintry night; this ride, which seemed to him so short that he scarcely believed his senses when, without once having been overturned or called upon to use the shovels so thoughtfully provided, the carriage suddenly came to a halt, and he knew by the dim light shining through the low window that the red cottage was reached.

Grandma Markham was dying, but she knew Maddy, and the palsied lips worked painfully as they attempted to utter the loved name; while her wasted face lighted up with eager joy as Maddy's arms were twined about her neck, and she felt Maddy's kisses on her cheek and brow. Could she not speak? Would she never speak again? Maddy asked despairingly, and her grandfather replied: "Never, most likely. The only thing she's said since the shock was to call your name. She's missed you despatly this winter back, more than ever before, I think. So have we all, but we would not send for you—Mr. Guy said you was learning so fast."

"Oh, grandpa, why didn't you? I would have come so willingly," and for an instant Maddy's eyes flashed reproachfully upon the recreant Guy, standing aloof from the little group gathered about the bed, his arms folded together, and a moody look upon his face.

He was thinking of what had not yet entered Maddy's mind, thinking of the future—Maddy's future, when the aged form upon the bed should be gone, and the two comparatively helpless men be left alone.

"But it shall not be. The sacrifice is far too great. I can prevent it, and I will," he muttered to himself, as he turned to watch the gray dawn breaking in the east.

(To be continued.)

Strong Indication.

"Do you think the intentions of young Gotrox are serious?" asked the anxious mother.

"I'm sure they are, mamma," replied the pretty daughter. "Why, only last night he laughed heartily at one of papa's alleged jokes."—Chicago News.

New Method.

Do you wish to choose a wife?
Flip a coin.
Or select your lot in life?
Flip a coin.
Of two evils make no choice,
Save your time, and strength, and voice,
There's a better way! Rejoice!
Flip a coin.

Peat briquettes are now being made at Norfolk, Mass., with a machine. The peat is cut up by revolving knives like a meat chopper and then pressed through a die in a continuous bar, which is sliced into briquettes by a knife operated automatically.

Speed.

"It takes you a long time to pass a given point," said the minute hand, en passant.

"I may be slow," answered the hour hand; "but it takes you all of sixty-six minutes to catch up with me."

Blest Is He.

There is no nobler monument
Than rises from a life well spent;
And blest is he of whom they tell
"He did his work and did it well!"
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Poor Cat.

A young wife called her husband on the telephone to tell him a tale of woe. In tear-choked accents she said: "That you, dearie? Well, you know that lovely chicken pie I made you—that horrid old cat came in and ate it up before I could stop it?"

He answered: "Never mind, darling; I'll get you another cat."