

# Aunt Diana

The Sunshine of the Family

## CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

The next few weeks passed happily for Alison; she had her dearest friend with her, and what more could she ask for? Aunt Diana had settled down quite comfortably in her niche, as though she were one of the family. Without making herself unduly prominent, or in any way trenching on the young housekeeper's privileges, she yet contrived, with quiet tact, to lighten Alison's burden and procure her the rest she so much needed.

Alison resumed her walks with Roger, while Aunt Diana amused Missie or read to Mr. Merle. During the day Alison was too much engaged to enjoy much of Aunt Diana's company, but Miss Carrington insisted that she should resume her painting lessons as soon as Missie was able to go with her father; and she also contrived that she and Alison should have one of their old refreshing talks as often as possible. Nothing rested Alison so much as intercourse with Miss Carrington's strong, vigorous mind.

Aunt Diana quickly found her way into Missie's wayward little heart, and she soon turned her influence to good account. One afternoon, when Alison had been spending some hours at Mapewood, she found on her return that Missie had gone back into her old room. All Alison's books and pictures had been moved; Aunt Diana's loving hands had evidently been employed in her service—no one else would have arranged the bowl of dark chrysanthemums on the little round table, and the pretty, fresh cretonne on the couch and easy chair spoke of the same taste.

Alison's voice trembled as she thanked Missie.

"You ought not to have done it, Mabel, dear; it is very good of you, but I would rather have waited until you were really well."

"I always meant to do it," returned Missie, solemnly. "I thought about it every night, and then I made up my mind to speak to Aunt Diana, and she said she would help me. Have you seen the beautiful illumination she has painted for you?"

Yes, Alison had seen it. "Be not weary in well-doing"—that was the text that Miss Carrington had chosen—"for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." Well, was not Alison reaping a rich harvest? Would she ever repent that she had come back to her own people for loving service and ministry, when she had won Missie's affection, and found her way to her father's heart? That she loved and trusted her, that she was growing daily dearer to him, Alison, with all her humility, could not doubt; but Missie was still his petted darling—the very suffering she had caused him brought them nearer together.

It was a lovely sight, Miss Carrington thought, to see Missie sitting for hours patiently beside her father's couch reading or talking to him. But for her aunt's vigilant care her health would have been permanently injured by her devotion to him; before she left she made Missie faithfully promise to take her daily walk and to resume her singing.

"You must leave something for Allie to do," she said, with a smile; "I can not sanction monopoly. We must watch against selfishness, dear child, even in our best actions; we must not be over-exacting in our affection—love sometimes compels one to efface one's self for love's sake."

Anna was a constant visitor to The Holms during Miss Carrington's stay; they had taken a great fancy to each other. Anna told Alison privately that she thought Miss Carrington was the most beautiful woman she had ever seen. "I don't know about her features," Alison had answered; "I don't think people consider her handsome, but it is a dear face, and that is all I care about."

"I am never tired of looking at her," returned Anna, with girlish enthusiasm; "one sees the thoughts coming before she speaks; her eyes talk to one, even when she is silent. There is something harmonious, too, in her voice, and even in her walk; she never jars on one; I am sure there are no discords in her nature."

Alison repeated this speech; she thought it so prettily worded, and so true. But Miss Carrington shook her head over it and let it pass; she knew much better how the chords of her being had once been jangled roughly out of tune. "No discords in her nature!" when every note had been dumb and tuneless until the Divine Hand had brought the jarred chords into harmony.

"When God's will is our will, then we shall know peace," she said to herself; "I have learned that now." But she spoke very kindly of Anna, and praised Alison's discernment in the choice of a friend. "She is a simple, lovable little soul," she said once; "it is quite a treat in this decided age to meet with a girl who distrusts her own judgment, and believes other people's experiences before her own."

"Anna is really very clever, Aunt Di." "I am sure of that, my dear; and she shows her cleverness by not advertising her best wares. In talking to her one is not dropping over buckets into empty wells—there is good sense and a clear knowledge of facts at the bottom. Living in an un congenial atmosphere has made her shy and awkward; she is like a poor little plant brought too suddenly into the light; in another year or so she will be less pallid and depressed; she will have learned to believe in herself a little."

"I am afraid you think her plain," observed Alison, anxiously; for her artistic taste made her lay rather an undue importance on beauty; "but really, when she talks and brightens up she is quite pretty."

"She has a lovely look sometimes. You are wrong, Allie, I do not think her plain. Missie's apple blossom face makes her a little colorless, but there is a delicate white rose bloom about her that is not without beauty. I like her face, my dear."

"Do you know, Aunt Di"—hesitating a

little, as though she feared how her words might be received, for Miss Carrington had a horror of gossip—"I am half afraid that there is a new trouble in store for poor Anna."

"You mean Eva's marriage. I think that will be a good thing for her; there is no real sympathy between the sisters." "No, I meant something quite different. I have been at Mapewood a great deal this week, and Dr. Forbes is always there. I am afraid, from what I see, that Anna will soon have a step-father, and, Aunt Di—in a voice of strong disgust—"Dr. Forbes is such an ugly, disagreeable man, I must say I do wonder at Mrs. Hardwick."

"Do you, Allie? Well, wonder sits well on young people. I hate to see them taking everything as a matter of course. You wonder will not hurt you, my dear." "But if it should be true, Aunt Di?" very solemnly.

"There are no fools like old fools," Allie, and there is certainly no accounting for tastes. Now, in my opinion, one husband is enough for any woman; but I do not pretend to regulate the world. Don't trouble your little head about it. I have a notion that, step-father or no step-father, Anna will have her share of Mrs. Carrington's sunshine." And Miss Carrington smiled a queer little smile that mystified Alison, but she said no more.

There were some things of which Miss Carrington never spoke to young people. She often said: "A girl's mind ought to be as clear as crystal and hold no secrets—a crystal reflects everything. I wish older people would remember that." And nothing displeased her more than the careless talk of some mothers. "They don't seem to care what they put into a girl's mind," she would say, indignantly, "and then they wonder that it is choked up with rubbish."

## CHAPTER XXI.

Miss Carrington took a great deal of notice of Roger, and sought every opportunity to be with him; she had a great respect for his character, which, she said, was a most uncommon one.

"Roger differs from the young men of his generation," she said once to Alison; "he cares little for other people's opinions, unless he knows them to be in the right—mere criticism does not influence him in the least."

She took a great interest in his work, and made herself acquainted with the details of the business. Roger wondered a little at the quiet pertinacity with which she questioned him; she even followed him to the mill, and sat in the timber yard watching the men at work.

After a few conversations with Roger she spoke very seriously to her brother-in-law; she told him Roger was very young for such a responsibility. "He is a good lad, and would wear himself out in your service, Ainslie, and that without a word of complaint, but he looks too old and careworn for his age; you must remember he is only two-and-twenty yet—he must have his play time, like other lads."

"But how am I to help him, Diana?" asked Mr. Merle, fretfully. "It is not my fault that I am lying here like a log. The boy must work, or what would become of us all?"

"My dear Ainslie, you misunderstand me," she replied, gently. "Of course Roger must work, but surely he needs help for so large a business. Have you put no one in your last manager's place?"

"No, not yet," he returned, evidently struck by her practical good sense. "Roger never proposed it, and I was too indolent to think about it; but there is Murdoch, a Scotchman—he has been with us a long time, and he is an honest fellow. I dare say he would be glad of a rise in his salary; he has a large young family. I will ask Roger what he thinks of putting Murdoch in the manager's place. I think he would watch over our interests."

"I wish you would do so," she returned earnestly; "Roger is rather too hard worked for his age. He tells me he has no time for cricket or tennis, or for skating in winter. I—I have set my heart, Ainslie, on his bringing Alison for a long visit to Moss-side in the spring. You will be better by that time, and if you have a manager Roger will be able to enjoy a holiday; he tells me he has not left Chesterton for two years."

"I am afraid I have been very remiss and neglected his interests," returned Mr. Merle, rather sadly. "You shall have your wish, Diana; I will manage to spare Roger for a month."

"Come, now, that is generous of you," she replied, brightly; "I shall owe you a good turn for that. Supposing I promise to come and spend my Christmas and New Year with you; shall you care to have me?"

"Try me," was his only reply. But he said it with one of his rare smiles, and Miss Carrington felt she would be welcome.

The prospect of having Aunt Diana for Christmas, and still more the promise of a long visit to Moss-side in the spring, went far to reconcile Alison to the parting when the day came for Miss Carrington to leave them, but when the last hour arrived Alison's heart failed her a little. "You must not look so pale over it, Allie," Miss Carrington said to her anxiously; "you know if I had the power I would willingly take you back with me."

"Yes, but I could not leave papa lying there. There can be no question now about my duty; it is a comfort to know that."

"Yes, dearest, your place must be here a little longer; they could not spare you to me yet. Do you know, I sometimes doubt whether the old days will ever come back."

"Oh, Aunt Di! Do you mean I shall never be able to live with you again?" asked Alison, in an alarmed voice.

Miss Carrington looked at her in a strangely moved way.

"I do not think you will live at The Holms always; Missie will replace you by and by. I am quite sure we shall be together, even if it be not in the old way. Don't look so perplexed, Allie, darling; in this life, with its manifold changes and chances, things are seldom quite the same."

"You and I will never be different—I am convinced of that," exclaimed Alison, not in the least understanding the drift of Aunt Diana's strange speech. "Oh, Aunt Di, how delicious the spring will be! To think that we shall be rowing on the river again to Long Island, to hunt for forget-me-nots, and that we shall hear the cuckoo in Aspy Woods, and I shall be sitting in the studio watching

you painting, and Roger will be with me." "That's right; look forward, Allie, darling; it is your birthday. The young must always look on to a happy future. Now say good-bye to me, for I hear the carriage coming round. Christmas will soon be here, and heaven willing, we shall meet again." And pressing her tenderly in her arms, Aunt Diana turned away.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Miss Carrington, indeed, spent her Christmas and the opening days of the new year at The Holms, to the mutual enjoyment of herself and Alison; but it was not until the end of June that Alison and Roger paid their promised visit to Moss-side—not until the sweet fresh days of spring had passed into the glory of summer. Miss Carrington had written again and again, pleading the compact she had made with Mr. Merle; but neither of the young people had found themselves free.

"When we come it must be with a quiet conscience, and not with a burden of unfulfilled duties, dear Aunt Di," wrote Alison at last. "Missie can do without me, but Roger can not leave at present—there is such a pressure of business at the mill; and if you do not mind, I would rather wait for him."

Miss Carrington's reply was curt, and to the point: "Wait for Roger, by all means. I am not young enough to fear deferring an unexpected pleasure, or old enough to dread that 'by and by' may mean never. There is danger in hurrying on things too much; we need not crowd our lives. I will have neither of you until you can put your cares in your pockets, and take the full meaning of these sweet, sunshiny days."

Aunt Diana's unselfishness and patience were rewarded when at last the desired letter from Alison arrived. Its bright sentences sounded to her like a ripple of soft laughter from youthful lips. "We are coming, coming, coming!" Could any repetition be sweeter than that?

It was one of the loveliest evenings in June when Alison and Roger arrived at the Riverston station, and stood for a moment looking round them in a pleased uncertainty whether any familiar face would greet them. Miss Carrington had hinted that she preferred receiving her guests in her own porch—she hated the bustle and noise of a railway station. But still Alison's dark eyes would scan the platform and the sunny station room, half in delightful recognition and half in girlish curiosity.

"Allie, who is that handsome fellow just getting down from the dog cart?" asked Roger. "What a neat little turnout! I like a chestnut mare. Hallo! do you know him?" as Alison smiled and bowed.

"It is Greville Moore," she said, hurriedly, and a bright look of pleasure crossed her face at the sight of her old friend, which was certainly reflected in the young man's countenance as he came forward and greeted them.

"You are punctual to a minute," he said, joyously, "rather before your time, for I have only just driven up. Miss Carrington told me I might bring the dog cart, and your luggage might go up by the omnibus. How are you, Miss Alison? You do not seem at all fagged by your long journey. I expected to find a pair of dusty, jaded travelers."

"Alison is as fresh as a lark," returned Roger; "she has been chirping like a whole nestful all the way up. It is a good many years since we met, Moore. I should hardly have identified you; the first minute but for my sister's recognition."

"I believe I should not have known you," replied Greville, with a quick, scrutinizing glance. "You don't look first-rate—does he, Miss Alison? He has an overworked appearance. We must give him plenty of tennis and boating, and make him look younger."

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," laughed Roger. "Two of three weeks of idleness and fresh air will make a different fellow of me. I mean to forget that there are such things as sawmills in existence."

"Come, that is sensible," returned Greville, heartily. "Miss Alison, will you take the front seat? Merle, the room is going to look after the luggage, so you need not trouble your head about it." And, springing lightly to his place, he touched the mare, and in a moment they were driving rapidly down the shady road.

(To be continued.)

## Fair Lesson in Spelling.

Students in a London school were recently asked to write this from dictation: "A glutinous sibil with her glutinous hand complacently seized a soive, a phitusal lichenium, a noticeable supercilious irascible and cynical sergeant, an embarrassed and harassed chrysalis, a shrieking sheik, a complaisant proselyte and an anonymous chrysolite. These all suddenly disappeared down her receptive esophagus. She simply said: 'Pugh! not saccharine!'"

"She then transferred a billion of bilious mosquitoes, an unsalable bouquet of fuchias, lilies, dahlias, hyacinths and plox, a liquefied bellidium, an indelible defamatory inflammatory synchronism and a debatable syllogism to the same capacious receptacle. Peaceably surrendering her dagger-receptacle to the ecstatic aeronaut, she descended with her parachute—a synonym for barouche—and grievously terrified the stolid, squallid yeomanry already tormented by the heat, 101 Fahrenheit."

## The English Language.

Mrs. Weeks (during storm)—"Gracious! that was an awful clap of thunder; it frightened me terribly." Weeks—Nonsense, my dear. Thunder can't hurt you. Mrs. Weeks—Indeed! Didn't you ever hear of people being thunder-struck?"

## A Slight Jolt.

He (boastfully)—It takes six generations to make a gentleman, you know. She (calmly)—Yes, and what a pity that it only takes on generation to unmake him.

In Russia an unmarried woman remains under the absolute sway of her parents until her death, regardless of her age

## Old Favorites

### How Betsy and I Made Up.

Give me your hand, Mr. Lawyer; how do you do to-day? You drew up that agreement—I s'pose you want your pay; Don't cut down your figures; make it an X or a Y; For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin' of me.

Go in' home that evenin', I tell you I was blue.

Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin' to do; And, if my hosses hadn't been the steadiest team alive, They'd 've tipp'd me over, certain, for I couldn't see where to drive.

No—for I was laborin' under a heavy load; No—for I was travelin' an entirely different road;

For I was a-travin' over the path of our lives ag'in, And seein' where we mis'd the way, and where we might have been.

And many a corner we'd turn'd that just to a quarrel led, When I ought to've held my temper, and driven straight ahead; And the more I thought it over the more these memories came, And the more I struck the opinion that I was the most to blame.

And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my mind, Of little matters betwix us, where Betsy was good and kind;

And these things they flash'd all through me, as you know things sometimes will, When a feller's alone in the darkness, and everything is still.

"But," says I, "we're too far along to take another track, And when I put my hand to the plough I do not oft turn back;

And 'tain't an uncommon thing now for couples to smash in two, And so I set my teeth together, and yow'd I'd see it through.

When I came in sight of the house 'twas some't in the night, And just as I turn'd a hill-top I see the kitchen's light;

Which often a han'some pictur' to a hungry person makes, But it don't interest a feller much that's goin' to pull up stakes.

And when I went in the house the table was set for me— As good a supper's I ever saw, or ever want to see;

And I cram'd the agreement down in my pocket as well as I could, And fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow didn't taste good.

And Betsy she pretended to look about the house, But she watch'd my side coat pocket like a cat would watch a mouse;

And then she went to foolin' a little with her cup, And intently readin' a newspaper, a-holdin' it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper I draw'd the agreement out, And give it to her without a word, for she know'd what 'twas about,

And then I humm'd a little tune, but now and then a note Was busted by some animal that hopp'd up in my throat.

Then Betsy she got her specs from off the mantel shelf, And read the article over quite softly to herself;

Read it little and little, for her eyes is gettin' old, And lawyers' writin' ain't no print, especially when it's cold.

And after she'd read a little she give my arm a touch, And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin' her too much;

But when she was through she went for me, her face a-streamin' with tears, And kiss'd me for the first time in over twenty years.

I don't know what you'll think, Sir—I didn't come to inquire— But I picked up that agreement and stuff'd it in the fire;

And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside of the cow; And we struck an agreement never to have another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak crabs or rash, If half the crockery in the house was broken all to smash;

And she said in regard to Heaven, we'd startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on earth.

And so we sat a-talkin' three-quarters of the night, And open'd our hearts to each other until they both grew light;

And the days when I was winnin' her away from so many men Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted her over again.

Next mornin' an ancient virgin took pains to call on us, Her lamp all trimm'd and a-burnin' to kindle another fuss;

But, when she went to pryin' and openin' of old sores, My Betsy rose politely, and show'd her out-of-doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been a word or two; But we've got our eyes wide open, and know just what to do;

When one speaks cross the other just meets it with a laugh, And the first one's ready to give up considerable more than half.

Maybe you'll think me soft, Sir, a-talkin' in this style,

But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it once in a while; And I do it for a compliment—'tis so that you can see That that there written agreement of yours was just the makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer; don't stop short of an X; Make it more if you want to, for I have got the checks; I'm richer than a National bank, with all its treasures told, For I've got a wife at home now that's worth her weight in gold.

—Will Carleton.

## STRENGTH OF SILK.

### How the Yarn is Weakened by the Modern Method of Treatment.

Silk science is changing. If the silk dresses of fifty years ago are compared with many of the silk articles manufactured at the present day it requires no elaborate tests to show the superiority in strength of the older materials.

This usually is due to the fact that silk yarns now are frequently treated with metallic salts, such as tin chloride, which are readily absorbed, forming insoluble compounds and thus increasing the weight of the fiber. So prevalent did this practice become some years ago that even the manufacturers recognized the necessity of putting some limit to it.

Apart from the fact that one is buying a compound of silk with a metal instead of pure silk this treatment frequently causes the fibers to become tender, especially after exposure to direct sunlight.

From Herr Streblener's experiments it was found that taking the strength of genuine silk as 50 to 53 the strength of a sample of loaded French silk containing 140 per cent of added material was only 7.9. Not only does the weighting process reduce the tenacity of the fiber and often destroy the dye stuff but also is a frequent cause of the appearance of mysterious spots.

Often bright red spots appear on a fabric after exposure to the sunlight. It has been found that even a diluted solution of common salt acts upon loaded silk in the presence of air and moisture and produces stains and complete disintegration of fiber within twelve months. The action of stronger solutions of salt is still more rapid, and the "tendency" of the fiber is marked after treatment for seven days with a 2 per cent solution.

The presence of salt in stained and weakened silk may be accounted for readily by the fact that salt is a constituent of human perspiration and thus may have been introduced during the handling of the yarns by the workmen.

Special precautions are now taken to eliminate this source of injury, and the disintegrating action of the tin salts upon the fibers also is reduced by a subsequent chemical treatment of the yarn. So the weighted silks of to-day are stronger than their predecessors of a few years back.—Chicago Tribune.

## THE CHEROKEE ROSE.

### Romantic Indian Legend of This Beautiful Flower.

There is a beautiful romance connected with the Cherokee rose. A young Indian chief of the Seminole tribe was taken prisoner by his enemies, the Cherokees, and doomed to torture, but fell so seriously ill that it became necessary to wait for his restoration to health before committing him to the fire.

As he lay prostrated by disease in the cabin of the Cherokee warrior the daughter of the latter, a young, dark faced maid, was his nurse. She fell in love with the young chieftain and, wishing to save his life, urged him to escape. But he would not do so unless she would flee with him.

She consented. Before they had gone far, impelled by regret at leaving home, she asked permission of her lover to return for the purpose of bearing away some memento of it. So, retracing her footsteps, she broke a sprig from the white rose which climbed up the poles of her father's tent and, preserving it during her flight through the wilderness, planted it by the door of her new home in the land of the Seminoles. And from that day this beautiful flower has always been known throughout the southern states by the name of the Cherokee rose.—Philadelphia North American.

## A London Term.

"Where will I find the bloozes?" asked the woman who had just returned from London.

"De bloozes!" exclaimed the elevator man, staring pop-eyed and vague. "De bloozes—w-y, dey mus' be on de—scuse me, madam, you'd better ask de floorwalker."

"Certainly, madam, second floor, James, take the lady to the second floor—blowses—lawngery waiats, y' know."

## The Most Dangerous Capital.

London, which used to boast of being the quietest and safest capital of the world, has become noisier than Paris and more dangerous than New York. Nearly 300 persons are now killed annually by street accidents, and how many more just escape with their lives cannot be computed.—Outlook.

## A Real Strain.

A land agent in the great Northwest had just described the incredible riches of the region. Some one protested, and he defended himself, says a writer in the Outlook, with a paradox: "The truth is so wonderful that it takes a whooper to express it!"

Don't feel sorry for a man because he is cheap. He doesn't know he is cheap; he thinks he is superior.

## ONE OF THE OLDEST MEN IN AMERICA.

Says: "Peruna Has Been My Standard For Many Years."



ISAAC BROCK, 120 YEARS OF AGE. Mr. Isaac Brock, of McLennan county, Tex., is an ardent friend to Peruna and speaks of it in the following terms: "Dr. Hartman's remedy, Peruna, I have found to be the best, if not the only reliable remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, CATARRH and diarrhoea. "Peruna has been my standard for many years, and I attribute my good health and my extreme age to this remedy. It easily meets all my requirements. "I have come to rely upon it almost entirely for the many little things for which I need medicine. I believe it to be especially valuable to old people." Isaac Brock.

Out of the Dim Past. Erostratus had fired the Ephesus dome.

"They may expunge that from the record," he chuckled, "but my name will go thundering down the ages, just the same!"

Still, this doesn't prove that posterity will remember the much more common place name of Willett.—Chicago Tribune.

## Partially Returned.

Police Justice—I ought to send you to a year. You are a hopeless case. Old Vagabond—With all due respect, y'r honor, that ain't so. I'm bad enough, but I ain't as bad as I used to be. I'm twenty-seven years, y' honor, I was a baggage smasher on a railroad!

## To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, powder. It cures hot, sweating, itching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores, etc. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

## After a Fashion.

Rivers—Are you on speaking terms with Ruggles? Brooks—O, yes; whenever we meet I tell him he's a sneaking ascold, and he tells me I'm a liar and a scoundrel.—Chicago Tribune.

## Wanted a Best.

Wife—Would it please you, dear, if I learned another language? Husband—Yes, it would delight me infinitely.

Wife—Well, which one shall I study? Husband—The sign language.—Smart Set.

## Recipe for Lame Back.

To one-half pint good whiskey, add one ounce syrup sassafras and one ounce Toris compound, which can be procured at any druggist. Take in teaspoonful doses before each meal and before retiring. This recipe is said to be the best known to medical science.

## Length.

Excited Caller—Sir, in the Toledo bolt this morning you said my speech at the banquet last night was "about 2,000 yards long." I want to know what?

Reporter (with a gasp)—Colonel, as help me, I wrote it "2,000 words."

## Nature's Instruction.

"Papa can swim like a fish, can't he, mamma?" "No, dear; he swims like a sea lion or a muskrat. He has to come to the surface to breathe."

## FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure all cases of Itching, Blind, Hooded, or Prolapsing Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. Dr. J. H. Kline, Ltd., 211 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## Growing Suspicious.

"You should remember that a public official is but a servant of his country."

"Yes," answered young Mrs. Tutin, "but aren't a few of them a little like the servant we used to have who used to come every night with a market basket on her arm?"—Washington Star.

## FITS.

St. Vith's Disease and Epilepsy cured by Dr. J. H. Kline's Great Epilepsy Cure. Send for FREE 25-cent trial bottle and booklet. Dr. J. H. Kline, Ltd., 211 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## Blind Diet.

A certain father, who is fond of putting his boys through natural history examinations, is often surprised by their mental agility. He recently asked them to tell him "what animal is satisfied with the least nourishment."

"The moth!" one of them shouted confidently. "It eats nothing but holes."—Acheson Globe.

## Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's

Syrup the best remedy to