

THE OLD WHITE HEN.

BY MARY R. P. HATCH.

From People's Home Journal.

CHAPTER II.

"But a moment later I changed my mind. I would rather die where I was, I said, savagely, as two of the most beautiful girls I ever saw alighted from the carriage. I had not thought to see such beauty in the country, or elsewhere, as I saw that day through the crack in my prison wall. And such toilets, neat, lady-like costumes which might have come from Worth, and such spirits! I could see it in the rosy cheeks, and laughing eyes and merry voices. How merry they would make over my situation, especially the tall one with the bewitching pose and independent turn of the head.

"Their hands were as small and delicate as any city girls, but they evidently knew how to use them, for they immediately began taking the horse from the carriage; and the tall one led him into the barn, or small building to the right of the house.

"Just then the other girl spied the hen and my letter, and she called out excitedly:

"Oh, Carrie, Carrie, come here quick."

"Carrie came out of the barn.

"What is it?" she asked.

"See old Whitey. What is that tied to her wing? It looks like a letter."

"It is a letter. Get some corn, Alice, and while you feed her I will catch her," said Carrie. And she did.

"In my shameful seclusion I could not fail to admire the address and strategy she exercised in getting possession of the letter, nor the lithe movement of her graceful figure.

"And then! What a merry laugh rang out from both the girls as Carrie read it. It was a musical peal that evoked an echo from somewhere in the neighborhood; and when I heard the mocking concatenation hal! ring out from the hills I felt angry and hurt that even nature should take a share in exulting over my condition.

"But the girls quieted their mirth, for Alice pointed to the fluttering rag behind which I was watching, and Carrie came quickly across the road, and standing up, tall, slim and graceful, her girlish call sped straight toward me.

"Are you up there and all right?"

"I am up here and all wrong, I answered a little pettishly.

"Poor fellow," said Alice. 'Imagine what he has suffered.' But Carrie was already speeding away. 'She has gone after some men to get you out,' hollared Alice, soothingly.

"All right, and a thousand thanks," I shouted back.

"Soon Carrie returned with a couple of herculean fellows, both in a broad grin at my mishap.

"They entered the barn and soon began a mighty rustling as they bent to their task of pitching off the hay.

"But now a new danger menaced me. I feared they would stick the tines of their pitch forks into me, and I drew as near to the boards as possible. But they did not,

They worked more carefully toward the close, and, at last, I looked up to see a good-natured face, steaming with perspiration, grinning at me through the hole he had made.

"How dye do?" he said. 'Rather close quarters you've got into. Why, if it ain't that bicycle feller we see go by the medder. Sho! Wall, wall! Help ye out?' extending a hand.

"But I climbed out unassisted, though weak and tottering till the fresh air revived me. Then I walked forth. My bicycle was still on the mow, but I said nothing about it then.

"The girls were all gentle sympathy, in words, but their eyes belied them somewhat, while all my native audacity was put to rout, as you can imagine.

"Mother will be so sorry," said Alice. 'We have often heard her speak of your mother. It was so unfortunate. How did it happen?'

"I explained the situation fully and was invited to enter the house, when I was given the opportunity to remove the hayseed from my face and clothes, and, otherwise, make myself more fit for decent companionship.

"Jane Seavey returned and I was introduced to her. She in turn introduced me properly to my rescuers. Tall, but not antiquated and thoroughly sensible I found her to be, and my idea of the undesirableness of country acquaintances met with an instant revulsion on the spot.

"Her husband, Hon. James G. Seavey, member of Congress, Judge of the District, and lots besides, came in from the hay-field in his shirt sleeves and shook my hand cordially. James Seavey Jr., home from Dartmouth College for the summer month's vacation, did likewise, and soon we all sat down to the table.

"To make a long story short, if it can be done at this advanced stage, I remained the guest of the Seaveys for several days, and in the course of time, persuaded Carrie to be my wife.

"The Seaveys are often with us. In fact, my wife and I would be glad if we could persuade them to live in Boston, to be near us all ways, but we cannot.

"The old white hen will abide with us always. Calm, immobile, sphinx-like, she vet-gazes down upon us, like a good fairy, for I can never forget that she rescued me from a great peril, and introduced me to my present happy wedded state."

And so ended my friend's story, which seemed to me both curious and interesting.

THE END.

HOW SHE FOOLED HIM.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

From New York Weekly.

CHAPTER I.

The momentous interview between Mrs. Jefferson Wayland and Mr. Hopkins was over at last—and the lady was heartily glad that it was so. All her smiles and suavity were needed—all her slender stock of patience was exhausted.

"Of all intolerable creatures, I do think an old bachelor is the most intolerable," thought Mrs. Wayland to herself, looking at Mr. Hopkins with the sweetest and

most interested of expression. "I wonder if he really means to stay here all day—and I have an engagement at two!"

But Mr. Hopkins had risen to his feet at last, with an "ahem," and a manifest intention of going, and Mrs. Wayland rose, too, with a soft rustle of silken robes and expensive laces.

"Then you think, madame, that circumstances are tolerably auspicious as regards the consumation of my matrimonial happiness within a very brief period of time?" was Mr. Hopkins' final query.

"My dear sir, I am quite sure of it," answered Mrs. Wayland, emphatically, as she followed Noah Hopkins, Esquire, to her front door.

Noah was a tall, portly gentleman, something on the shady side of fifty, with massive gold eyeglasses, and scanty hair, brushed carefully to hide the bald spot on the crown of his respectable head—a gentleman who pronounced his words slowly and sententiously, and somehow seemed to carry in his very presence the auriferous idea of bank stock, railroad bonds, and productive coupons!

"Yes, but, madame, Miss Wayland is so very—ahem!—so remarkably undemonstrative—I might even say so decidedly cold in her manner—"

"Oh, my dear sir," smoothly interrupted Mrs. Wayland, "that is the way with all girls at this interesting period of their lives. Nothing on earth but maidenly shyness—natural girlish timidity, I assure you!"

Mr. Hopkins looked gratified, but still doubtful.

"You are quite certain, then, that she really loves me?"

"There cannot possibly be a doubt of it, Mr. Hopkins!"

And Noah Hopkins departed treading gleefully over the ringing pavements as his thoughts reverted ever and anon to the pretty eighteen-year-old damsel who was, cupid willing, so soon to become Mrs. Hopkins.

But what did Bessie Wayland herself think of it? And how did she contemplate the near approach of orange-blossoms and wedding-rings?

She sat there by the window, as her mother returned from bidding a ceremonious adieu to Mr. Hopkins, a modern edition of Niobe, "all in tears."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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W. D. HUFFMAN will be in Burns again this fall with Grades and Thoroughbred Bucks.

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A 19th CENTURY MIRACLE.

A Newspaper Man Relates a Marvellous Story.

An Interesting Chapter in His Own Life—Some, We Hope, May Profit by Reading Same.

From the Herald, Columbia, Tenn.

Maury County is one of the richest and biggest and best counties in Tennessee. It would be an exaggeration to say that any one man knew every other man in this county, but it may safely be said that few, if any, can come nearer to it than Mr. Joe M. Foster, whose home is at Carter's Creek, and who is most connected with the Herald. In the interest of the Herald he has visited nearly every home in the county. Upon "social" occasions—that is, the Herald's annual picnic reunion he is the "Master of Ceremonies." There are few men better known, few better liked, none more trusted, and what he says the Herald, unconditionally and unequivocally, will vouch for.

To see him now in perfect health and energy, one would not think that two and a half years ago he was a bed-ridden invalid, a physical wreck, whose family physician, loved ones at home and friends all thought was soon to be called hence. But such is the case, and not only he but his family and a hundred friends will testify to it.

It was a peculiar affliction he had, and his cure was marvellous, his recovery a nineteenth century miracle. And that others may enjoy the blessings of the wonderful medicine which beyond the peradventure of a doubt—under God's blessing—saving his life, Mr. Foster—not desiring publicity but with the hope of doing good—has consented to tell of his sickness and his cure.

It was in the fall of 1892 he was taken ill. He was a farmer then, and had spent the day exposed to the weather and working in the field, and for five hours was in the mud, in a standing position. In a few days thereafter he had a peculiar feeling in his feet and hands; they became numb and felt as if asleep.

But, perhaps, it would be better to let Mr. Foster tell his own experience, and this is what he says: "Following the numbness of my feet and hands, that numbness spread until my whole body was paralyzed. I had a dreadful constriction around my body, and as I grew worse this extended up, cutting off my breathing; it finally got within a few inches of my throat and it was with difficulty that I breathed at all. At irregular intervals I had lightning pains throughout my entire body and limbs, and for at least five months I was perfectly helpless, and a man servant was kept in my room day and night to turn me in bed and wait upon me.

"In the earlier part of my illness my feet felt as if I was walking bare-footed on a stiff carpet. Soon I could not walk at all in the dark, and could not even stand alone with my eyes shut. I rapidly grew worse, and soon my limbs refused to carry me. Finally I lost my sense of feeling or touch, and could not tell when my feet were against each other, but felt all the while as if they were being pulled apart.

"In the beginning I had called in my family physician, a very successful practitioner. He put me on a treatment, with instructions to keep very quiet. But I continued to grow worse, and in about six weeks he told me, candidly and honestly, that he had done his best, that he had also advised with some of Columbia's leading physicians, giving them my symptoms, but that he could do nothing for me and it was useless for him to try any further. He and the physicians with whom he advised pronounced my disease locomotor ataxia, and incurable.

"He told my friends they could try anything they wished, and then I began trying every one that was suggested. I tried diet, fresh air, massage, electricity, with such other kinds of medicine, but I internally and externally, but all to no effect, until about April 4, 1893, a cousin, Mr. L. N. Allen,

of Columbia (who is now clerk and Master of the Chancery Court of this county), recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I began using them as per directions for locomotor ataxia, and in about one week some of my friends thought I was better; but it was two weeks before the improvement was plain to all and satisfactory to myself. Then, however, I knew the pills were doing their grand and glorious work, and I kept taking them until I could hobble about on crutches.

"It was suggested to me then that nature would do the rest, and I left off the pills. In about ten days I saw that I was going down hill again; I promptly resumed the pills, and again I began to improve, a second time I tried to leave the pills, but good constitution, but found it still to be weak, so I commenced on the pills again and kept taking them until I was well.

"I was in my fifty-first year when I was taken sick. It is now about two years since I discarded stick and crutch and found my legs strong enough to carry me. I am enjoying splendid health, which may be had better than for years, and attribute my health and my recovery and life to the magic of Pink Pills for Pale People, and the blessing of God.

"I have recommended these pills to a number of people, and many I know have been cured by them. I wish in any letter that every person on earth who is suffering as I was could get them and would try them.

"To those who know me, I here make it necessary for me to add that I make no statement of my own free will, without money and without price. But if there are any who are inclined to doubt, I will refer them to Dr. J. H. Hill, J. M. Hunter, D. Lockridge, Joe Terrell, Andrew Nichols, S. B. and G. W. Nichols, and of Carter's Creek, Maury County, Tenn., and if they will call upon me I will give them the names of a hundred witnesses of as good men and women as the sun ever shone upon.

"Hoping some poor sufferer may read and believe and be raised from a bed of pain, I am Very respectfully,

JOE M. FOSTER.

Care of the Herald, Columbia, Tenn. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are an unfailing remedy for all diseases arising from a poor and watery condition of the blood, such as pale and sallow complexion, general muscular weakness, loss of appetite, depression of spirits, lack of ambition, anemia, chlorosis or green sickness, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath on slight exertion, coldness of hands or feet, swelling of the feet and limbs, pain in the back, nervous headache, dizziness, loss of memory, feebleness of will, ringing in the ears, early decay, all forms of female weakness, leucorrhoea, tardy or irregular periods, suppression of menses, hysteria, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, sciatica, all diseases depending on vitiated humors in the blood, causing senility, swollen glands, fever sores, rickets, hip-joint diseases, lameness, neuritis, deformities, decayed bones, chronic erysipelas, catarrh, consumption of the bowels and lungs, and also for invigorating the blood and system when broken down by overwork, worry, disease, excesses and in fluctuations of living, recovery from acute diseases, such as fevers, etc., loss of vital powers, spermatorrhoea, early decay, premature old age. They act directly on the blood, supplying to the blood its life-giving qualities by assisting it to absorb oxygen, that great supporter of all organic life. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.