

## NORAH'S STRATEGY.

BY B. M. P.

From The New York Weekly.

### CHAPTER III. [CONCLUDED.]

They met frequently after that afternoon, at balls, dinners, and theatres. Every day found Lord Fairley more and more in love. He could not tell whether she cared for him or liked his society better than that of the other men with whom she was constantly surrounded or not; yet sometimes, when they were alone together, sitting out a dance in some dimly lighted recess, he caught her regarding him with a curious, half-sad, half-questioning gaze which puzzled him.

The season was just beginning to wane, when Lady Fitz James issued cards for a fancy-dress ball. Lord Fairley received an invitation.

The scene at Lady Fitz James' was gay and varied in the extreme. The lights shone on motley costumes, fair faces, and sparkling jewels. Fairley, attired in a handsome costume of the time of George the Third, could not see Miss Wynard anywhere in the throng, although he had looked anxiously for her.

He was dancing with a pretty little Normandy peasant, when he saw, standing near the door, regarding him with a sad, pleading gaze Norah! She was attired in the same red petticoat and cotton bodice, her hair was rolled back in just the same loose knot.

Lord Fairley started violently, and nearly stopped dancing. The next instant the girl had disappeared. For one moment he thought he had seen a ghost, and a feeling of half-superstitious awe thrilled him. His partner looked at him in astonishment, he had turned so pale.

When the dance was concluded he wandered out onto the terrace, his brain whirling, his pulses throbbing. Suddenly he caught sight of a figure seated at the far-end of the terrace, one arm resting on the balustrade, the head drooping listlessly. He hastened forward with an exclamation.

"Norah!" he whispered. "Is it Norah?"

"Yes!" she said. Then, turning quickly aside, she burst into tears. Fairley took her hands and held them in a close clasp.

"Oh, my darling, what does it mean? Who are you really?"

"I am Norah Wynard; but, Lord Fairley—"

"Oh, Norah, first let me tell you how I've loved you, how I've longed for you! And I am not worthy of you!"

"And did you love me, then, before—I mean in Ireland?"

"Yes; but it is all different. I loved you then, but not as I love you now. Norah, do you care for me, darling?"

"Yes, Richard," she answered, quietly. "I loved you in Ireland; but I didn't think you loved me then—much. You made me love you in spite of myself. But, supposing I had really been a peasant, would you have left me in the same way, without a word?"

"I—"

"Yes—I knew it must happen; but, if I had really been Norah Malone, you would have broken my heart, you know, and would that have been quite—quite generous?"

"I deserve all your reproaches," he murmured. "But surely you could make some allowance for me?"

"I could, of course, because I understood. But—"

"What else could I do?" he interrupted. "Supposing you had been a peasant as I thought you were, and I had stayed, how would it have ended? Heaven alone knows. I often thought of it afterward, and I was glad I went!"

"Perhaps you were right, after all," she murmured dreamily.

"What made you think of playing such a trick on me?" he asked.

"I don't know; a spirit of mischief prompted me to do so when the Misses Bradley told me you were coming to the dance, and I determined to dress up as a peasant. I chose the name of 'Malone' because there was a girl called Norah Malone working in the house I made my poor old Mousie, the last of a race of long suffering governesses, play the part of hostess for the occasion."

"And yet you never betrayed yourself when we met in town," he said.

"I had schooled myself too well. I knew we must meet some time. How odd it was, that first meeting in Ireland!" she went on. "The place was my mother's, and I was anxious to fix it up, and improve the lot of my poor Irish tenants. I am going over again this autumn."

"What an ass I was not to guess the truth!" cried Fairley.

"I thought you had found me out when you remarked my hands," she said laughing. "Don't you remember?"

"Those dear hands," replied Lord Fairley, kissing them passionately. "They are mine now, darling, aren't they?"

And Norah answered: "Yes."

## YOUR MIND

is compared with the appearance of your

## EVEN

## TOE

## LOOKS

times longer than  
times better than  
times cleaner than  
times cheaper than  
times handier than

er doesn't keep it,  
me with 10c and  
and a valuable  
old book free.

& Co., Agts.,  
ERY ST., S. F., CAL.

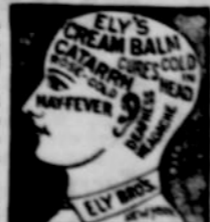
## CATARRH

is a LOCAL DISEASE

and is the result of colds and sudden climatic changes. It can be cured by a pleasant remedy which is applied directly into the nostrils. Being quickly absorbed it gives relief at once.

Ely's Cream Balm

is acknowledged to be the most thorough cure for Nasal Catarrh, Cold in Head and Hay Fever of all remedies. It opens and cleanses the nasal passages, allays pain and inflammation, lessens the action of the membrane from colds, restores the senses of taste and smell. Price 50c. at Druggists or by mail, ELY BROTHERS, 64 Warren Street, New York.



## 2 GOOD Journals 2

FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.

## Our Premiums

FOR THIS YEAR.

—THIS PAPER—

## Weekly Call!

PRICE \$1.25 PER YEAR.

—OR—

## Morning Call!

PRICE \$6.00 PER YEAR.

THE SAN FRANCISCO

WEEKLY CALL

Is a handsome eight-page paper. It is issued every Thursday, and contains all of the important news of the week, gleaned from every quarter of the globe, complete up to date of publication. It furnishes the latest and most reliable financial news and market quotations, and gives special attention to horticultural and agricultural news, and is in every respect a first-class family paper, appealing to the interest of every member of the household.

THE MORNING CALL

(SEVEN ISSUES A WEEK)

Is a live metropolitan daily. It is the MOST RELIABLE, and is recognized as being the LEADING NEWS-PAPER of the Pacific Coast. Either of the above papers we will send postpaid as a premium on receipt of the following subscription prices for the combination:

## DAILY CALL

AND THIS PAPER, PER YEAR,

\$6.00

IN ADVANCE.

## WEEKLY CALL

And This Paper, Per Year,

\$2.50

IN ADVANCE.

## Rich Red Blood

Is the Foundation of the Wonderful Cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

That is Why the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla are CURES.

That is Why Hood's Sarsaparilla cures the sorest cases of Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other blood diseases.

That is Why it overcomes That Tired Feeling, strengthens the nerves, gives energy in place of exhaustion.

That is Why the sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla have increased year after year, until it now requires for its production the largest Laboratory in the world.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only True Blood Purifier prominently in the public eye today. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25 cents.

JOHN F. STRATTON, CHICAGO.

WARRANTED.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Hood, Lowell, Mass.

SOLELY BY THE MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY WHO UNANIMOUSLY DECLARED IN THE PRESENCE

## BUCKS! BUCKS!!

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

Will sell Grades from \$3.50 to \$6 per head. Thoroughbreds \$6 to \$10.

## ST. VITUS' DANCE

A Nervous Disease Characterized by Involuntary and Purposeless Spasms.

It Occurs Most often in Girls; is Often Hereditary, but Articular Rheumatism and Scarlet Fever Predispose to it.

From the Chronicle, Chicago, Ill.

Notwithstanding the poor are always with us, Thanksgiving is none the less a day of rejoicing. Many charities have been dispensed and through numerous instrumentalities the necessities and sufferings of many a worthy person have been relieved. Absent members of households reunite at the old homestead and gathered around the festal board recount the incidents that have taken place and the various blessings that have been vouchsafed them, since they assembled at the last annual meeting by the same fireside. It is a time for memory and for joy. Among the countless families of Chicago there is perhaps, not one to-day that feels a deeper sense of gratitude to the Giver of all good and perfect gifts than Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Collier, of 4904 Armour Avenue.

Mr. Collier, who is the electrician at the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad shops in this city came here from Hamilton, Canada, a little more than nine years ago accompanied by his wife and little daughter, their only child Eta, then aged four. Little Eta was a bright and beautiful girl, but not a very robust one.

For the last few years she had been somewhat ailing, but her condition was not such as to create any uneasiness in the minds of her parents, who almost idolized her. In the school she was regarded as one of the brightest scholars of her class and was the envy of her class-mates. Although but a little over twelve years of age, her intellect was phenomenal. She was possessed, however, of a very nervous temperament which is frequently the case with children of her advanced intelligence. Early in the month of June last, owing to a sudden fright, she was thrown into violent spasms, to recover only to be afflicted with St. Vitus' dance in the worst form. The consternation of her parents may well be imagined.

Of course the best physicians were summoned at once but their efforts to restore her to her normal condition were devoid of results. She continued to grow worse, her appetite wholly failed and commencing with her right arm her whole right side and lower limb became limp, numb, and useless and what little nourishment she was able to take had to be administered by others. To add to the seriousness of the case she was unable to obtain any sleep whatever.

It was while in this deplorable condition hovering between life and death with all the prospects of a premature grave before her, that one day on returning home from his duties Mr. Collier found awaiting him a newspaper, which an old acquaintance in Hamilton, his former place of residence, had sent to him by mail.

In the local columns he read of the case of a certain person he had known years before having been permanently cured of the complaint of which his own daughter was now suffering, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He had often heard and read before marvellous accounts of the efficacy of this remedy but as no names with which he was personally familiar appeared, he not only doubted but positively disbelieved the statements. But here before his eyes was apparent evidence from one he knew. He therefore lost no time in making assurance doubly sure and as soon as he learned that the story was absolutely true, he lost no time in procuring the Pink Pills for his suffering daughter. This was on the 15th of September. Prior to this date and after consulting doctors of different schools of medicine, he had taken her to the Homeopathic Dispensary where her case was discussed by all the members of the faculty who unanimously declared in the presence

of the class that there was no longer any hope to be held out as it was a malady which in this instance at least was incurable. It was therefore with a feeling of utter despair that Mrs. Collier first began to administer the Pink Pills.

She says a perceptible change came over the little one before even the second box had been emptied and low after having used six boxes her health is entirely restored. In the early part of her illness her intellect was very much clouded. She had become extremely dull of comprehension hardly realizing the meaning of words when addressed. Seen to-day in the cheerful home of the Colliers on Armour Avenue, she is the personification of health. Her nervousness has entirely disappeared, her intellect is bright, keen and active, her strength has returned and the roses in her cheeks attest to the complete recovery of her bodily health.

She is now ready to resume her music lessons and as soon as the schools open after the holidays she will again take up the studies which she so stably left off on that eventful June day. The sister-in-law of Mrs. Collier, Mrs. Lewis, who was present at the interview emphatically confirmed all that Mrs. Collier has said regarding the past and present condition of little Eta, adding that a famous physician in Hamilton invariably recommends Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in such cases as this and many others.

Mrs. Collier herself has for a number of years been a constant sufferer from a female complaint which so far has baffled the skill of the doctors, and during a period of less than six months her husband has expended over two hundred dollars in fees for medicines. She has now begun the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and while it is as yet too early to announce a cure in her case she feels so much improved as to express the belief that her physical troubles will shortly be of the past. These are some of the reasons why the Collier family return thanks on this our national day of praise and festivity.

The above is a correct statement of facts concerning my little daughter and myself.

MRS. A. COLLIER.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 22nd day of December, 1895.

DAN GREENE, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all druggists. Thousands of boxes have been disposed of. This was one of the few remedies which was not cut in price during the recent druggists war.

This fact shows that the price is within the reach of all. Their cures are positive and permanent. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, vertigo, palpitation, rheumatism, nervous headache, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, nervous prostration and "that tired feeling," which is a result of the latter. It also is a permanent cure for all diseases resulting from vitiated humors of the blood, such as scrofula, erysipelas and like diseases; diseases peculiar to women, such as suppression, irregularities and all forms of weakness. The pills build up the general health, thicken the blood and send it coursing through the veins with renewed life. And through the veins with renewed life. And one very peculiar thing about this remedy is that there are no unpleasant after effects. Thousands of former sufferers are now rejoicing to know that they are cured. Children may take them with perfect safety.

These pills are manufactured by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade-mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and are never sold in bulk. The public should beware of fraudulent imitations, as many unscrupulous medicine companies have been making far inferior imitations.