

HAZEL BLOSSOMS.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

From The People's Home Journal.

CHAPTER I.

The heavy foliage which had rounded and softened the angles of the bleak hills into hues and curves of beauty was withered and parched by the strong breath of the grim old Frost King, and fluttered to the ground, crackling under the feet of a chance traveler, or the light spring of the rabbit, abroad in search of food.

Bare, black and cold ran the little river which had gurgled and rippled in the warm sun all summer, the tiny forests of golden-rod and iron-weed, and even the late asters which had fringed its banks, withered and shrunken to a tangled mat of naked, brown stems. Every lovely tint of the sweet summer time was dead and gone, except where the brave, bright blossoms of the wild witch-hazel held up their golden stars against the dark background of bare trunks, illuminating the somber woodland with their glad brightness.

Up and down the woodland walks the heavy folds of her beech-brown dress blending with the hue of the withered leaves, her brilliant shawl trailing like a flaming autumn banner, walked Katherine Chester, upon her own broad lands.

She was a fair sight to look upon, this tall Katherine, with her velvet hood thrown back to show the clear, oval face and dusky folds of luxuriant hair waving away from her temples, and "sweet, low brow"—with her finely cut mouth of vivid scarlet, and the long, black lashes shading those wonderful eyes, which could shine soft and dewy as wood-violets, or blaze and flash like globes of fire.

Not always had Katherine Chester been the mistress of the great mansion over on the hill, beyond the woodland, or the owner of all these wide acres.

Seven years ago she was a simple country girl, with no dowry but her royal beauty, and only a home in the cottage of her good old grandmother.

And when Clement Mayfield, out for a summer's rustication, met Katherine—I may as well tell the truth at once—when he became her lover, he knew that what was the "life-o'-life" to her was but a brief, summer romance to him.

He was poor, and a wealthy bride was waiting for his proud old name at home. He did love Katherine, but money he must have, and, therefore they must part. But, knowing her as he did, he dare not go until he told her the truth.

Katherine made no scene. She simply rose, white as death, and confronted him.

"Go!" she said, sternly. "Never let me see your false face again. But if you live ten years longer you shall repent this hour, inasmuch as you shall then be beneath me."

And did he? Not in ten, but in six years, when Clem Mayfield met Katherine again, proud, beautiful, cultured, and far wealthier than the fretful, faded beauty who made his daily life a misery. Katherine's prophecy was bitterly fulfilled. He not only repented, but cursed the hour when he was born.

From the day he left her, all Katherine's ambition, turned upon

raising herself to a place among the rich and great.

Fortune favored her. Her good grandmother died, and then Katherine found she had another relative, a rich and childless aunt, who, pleased with the girl's rare beauty, offered to adopt her.

Katherine gladly accepted. No pains or expense was spared on her aunt's part, no energy on her own, to complete her education.

After she graduated, they traveled two years in Europe. And soon after they returned home Aunt Laura died, and Katherine was her sole heiress.

In her own home Katherine was dearly loved, but in society she had the name of a sad flirt, and I fear she somewhat deserved it.

Now, I don't intend to excuse her; but, if her own heart had not first been wounded, she would never have been careless about wounding others.

No man, she thought, could ever wound her again. She was rich and independent, and she would keep her freedom forever.

Well, "man proposes," you know, but the "disposing" is sometimes left to Fate.

Squire Norman Willis was Katherine's nearest and favorite neighbor. There was a younger Norman Willis, the squire's nephew, whom Katherine met first not long after she laid off mourning for her aunt.

It was at a little informal party that Katherine chanced to hear a bit of conversation between Mr. Norman Willis and Mr. Dobbs, who was a discarded suitor of her own.

She had stepped under the shelter of a curtain for a breath of fresh air, and when the two gentlemen paused directly before the window, she could not escape or avoid hearing what they said.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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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 Etta, then aged four. Little Etta 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 how 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 suddenly 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 Etta, 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 2nd 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 druggetts 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, sciatica, neuralgia, 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. 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.