

HAZEL BLOSSOMS.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

From The People's Home Journal.

CHAPTER I. [CONTINUED.]

"I suppose you have been presented to Miss Chester?" said Mr. Dobbs.

"Yes," was the reply.

"What do you think of her?"

"What everyone must. She is a very beautiful woman."

"But not just your style, eh?"

"I did not say so."

"Your voice implied it."

"Well, I acknowledge the fact. I don't fancy heartless women—and she has no more than a snow-drift."

"You will have to guard your own, though."

"Ah! Why so?"

"Alas! any of her victims could tell you why. She delights to torture men, and none of them can resist her. I've had my turn—yours will come."

"I think not. Forewarned forearmed, you remember. But, in my case, she does not attract me."

"Ah! you have not felt her arts yet."

"And never shall. She has not soul enough to touch me. I will let her try, if she chooses, but I can safely defy her."

The two gentlemen left the window, and if Norman Willis had caught the flash of Katherine's eye as she stepped from behind the curtain, he might have decided that she had temper if not soul.

She had taken up the gauntlet of his defiance, and resolved that he, of all men, should feel most deeply the power he held so lightly.

How she made her word good, how little by little the advance was gained, "it boots not now to tell," Norman Willis struggled a long time before he would submit, and own, even to his inmost heart, that he loved Katherine.

And she? She played her game well, but her very success was defeat—a disastrous victory.

It is true of some men and some women, with or without beauty, that they possess the fatal gift or power of winning love when and where they choose, and sometimes where they don't choose.

Norman Willis had this gift, and he won Katherine Chester's love, spite of her lack of faith in men, spite of her resolve never to love again.

And well she knew that, though she had resolved to win in the letter, if not in the spirit, and trample his heart and her own under foot together—well she yet knew that the hour when Norman Willis poured out his heart to her would be the golden hour of her life.

That this hour would come Katherine knew. But she did not know it was at hand when the rustle of the dead leaves roused her in her woodland walk, and Norman Willis stood before her, tall, straight, the light slanting through the trees upon his brown hair and tawny beard, his deep, earnest eyes bent full upon her face.

"How long since you turned wood nymph, Miss Chester?" he asked, smiling.

"Not long. Though I did not know that uncertain class of females frequented dead woods. I thought they more affect 'green boughs and summer odors.'"

"Perhaps they do. My acquaintance with them is limited, and I don't know. But I sought you at home, and, not finding you, took a short cut back, not knowing that lock lay in the way."

"This isn't your customary hour of calling. Was I specially wanted?"

"Undoubtedly. I was and am the bearer of an informal invitation to you to honor my good uncle with your presence tomorrow night. There is a little gathering of friends which will be incomplete without you. You will come?"

"Yes, if nothing prevents."

"Let us devoutly hope nothing will. It is my last evening with you. I am about to return to Washington."

"Indeed!" Katherine's voice was quite steady.

"Yes. It is unexpected, but a letter this morning recalls me at once. My good uncle would not let me depart in peace until he had a little farewell gathering of the friends who have been so kind during my visit. Hence the impromptu party."

"Your uncle will miss you," said Katherine, coolly.

"Will no one else miss me?" in a deeper tone.

"Certainly. All your friends." He looked at her steadily a moment, and spite of her coolness, Katherine felt the hot blood flow to her face beneath his gaze. He bent nearer, and said, in a low, deep tone:

"I would give them all, Katherine, to know that you cared!"

Katherine answered almost in a flippant tone:

"Of course I care. After all our good times—"

He raised his hand with a solemn gesture.

"Stop! You must see that I am in no mood for trifling. Katherine Chester, I have a thing to say to you. Do you know that life and death may hang upon your answer?"

Katherine tried to rebel.

"I don't want to hear it. You have no right to—"

"I have a right. Any honest man, who feels an honest love for a true woman, has a right to tell her so. Katherine, I love you. The world calls you a coquette, but I will not believe it. You cannot so belie the soul which looks out of your eyes. I want you to love me! I want you to be my wife! Oh, forgive me! I cannot restrain myself. Come to my heart close, Kate, close, and tell me there that you love me!"

He caught her to his broad breast as he spoke. His strength was so great, his will so masterful, his action so sudden, that Katherine had neither time nor will to resist him.

For one moment she yielded. She let her proud head droop on his shoulder, faint with the sweetness of the ardent kisses he pressed upon her lip and cheek and brow—all else, for that one brief moment, forgotten.

Then she broke from his embrace.

"Oh stop! Let me go! You are too sudden! I can't think! I don't know!"

"You do know whether or not you love me," he said, calming himself with an effort.

"No! no! I don't! I never mean to love! I never want to marry!"

"You would be happier than you are as my wife," pleaded Norman.

"I am not poor, my Kate, but if I were, you know I am no fortune-hunter. It is not your wealth I want. It is you, Katherine!—yourself, love's sake! Oh, Kate! Trust me! Come to me!"

Katherine would not yield. She could not send him utterly away. She parleyed.

"Not now! Give me time! I don't understand myself! Give me time!" she pleaded.

"Only answer me before I go," he said. Can you do so tomorrow night?"

"Perhaps," she faltered.

"You need not even speak, then," he said, stooping to gather a cluster of the yellow stars of the witch-hazel which grew at his feet; "take this, my Katherine, and if tomorrow night I see them in your hair I shall know that you are mine forever! Shall that be the answer, Katherine?"

She bowed her head. "Yes. Leave me now, will you, and let me go home alone."

"If you wish. God bless you, Kate!" He lifted her hand to his lips, released it and walked away.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BUCKS! BUCKS!!

W. D. HUFFMAN will be in Burns again this fall with Grade 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 churches have been dispensed and through numerous instrumentalities the necessities and sufferings of many a worthy person have been relieved. Absent members of households remain 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 404 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 Emma, then aged four. Little Emma 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 classmates. 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 continuation 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 movement she was able to make 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 column 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 numerous 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 sent no time in procuring the Pink Pills for his suffering daughter. This was on the 23rd 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 employed 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. Soon 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 same day 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 Emma, 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 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 secure 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.
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 drug war. This fact shows that the price is within the reach of all. Their cures are positive and permanent. They are an infallible specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuritis, 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 scurvy, erysipelas and like diseases; diseases peculiar to women, such as suppression, irregularities and all forms of weakness. The pills build up the general health, check the blood and send it coursing 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. Callers may take them with perfect safety.

These pills are manufactured by Dr. W.D. Hoffman's Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade-mark and wrapper at 25 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 for inferior imitations.

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