## Do You FEEL SICK? <br> Disease commonly comes on with slight symptoms, which when neglected increase in extent and gradually grow dangerous.     Ripans Tabules Reguizto the System and Prosorvo the Hoalth. <br> RIPANS TABULES <br> A take the place of <br> MEDICINE CHEST <br> and ihould br kepe for we in eury family... <br> EASY TO TAKE, QUICK TO ACT. <br> SAVE MANY A DOCTOR'S BILL. <br> Sold by Druggists or sent by mail on receipt of pric Box (8vials), 75 cents Package 4 boxas), <br> THE Froe Sampleen adareas O SPRUCE STREET, CHEMICAL CO <br> 

ELKHART CARRILAEE and HARMESS MFG. CO.


## .

busiucss before the public, send pay you
addres, and we will mail you a docu
meut giving you all the meut giving you all the pmarticnarars.
TRUE \& CO., BOX 400, Augusta, Maine





MANHOODRESTOREOPMEve Huma




## A THEORY IN MODERATION.

## roun Demorest Family Magasiae

 CHAPTER IVHe arose, ostensibly to select a book from one of the many shelyes which lined the walls fro $n$ floor to ceiling; but happening to be near the window at the time he glanced out at the occupants of the carriage se they drove past him. The face the colonel was turned toward hi wife in respectful admiration, and they were laughing over pomething with a light-hearteduess in which he had no part. The brilliant ligk on Cicely's face startled her hus band with the amazing beauty it had brought into life. A feeling, it could scarcely be called jealousy he was too sure of her absolut fondness for him to call it that, a sense of neglect, of having been forgotten by them, chilled his heart and he returned to his desk deep in thought.

She must have thought that she had kissed me good-by before phe left the room that time," was the conclusion of his meditation; then, sighing patiently: "Dear little girl! Her intense attachment to ine needs diserplining; she must learn that moderation in love, as well as in other things, is essential to its lasting happiness, and that thus nly can its rtrength be preserved throughout the wear and tear of the years spent together an man and wife. I will be very gentle and putient with her, remembering her youth, and will teach her to contro that warm, loving heart of hers that she may be spated much need less pain in the future." And he laid the copy of Misa Young's "Womankind" down beside his manuseript.
Late in the afternoon, when she returned, radiant from her drive, he was walking in the grounds. He met them just as they were atout to turn in at the gates, and at her re quest the eprriage was stopped and she was lifted to the ground. The gentlemen exchanged merely the coldest formalities for weither wa popular with the other, and then, with a last smile from Ciceiv, the colonel drove away.
Husband and wife walked elowly toward the house. She did not cling to his arm as was her wont, nor had she even lifted her face for a kiss of greeting when they were alone Instead, she was bright. livelv, and full of the details of her drive, and talked incessantly dur ing their alow walk up the drive wav; but it was more as though her conversation were a continuation of that which she had sustained throughout the afternoon with ner late companion, than the more confidential tone she might have adopt td while alone with her husband He missed something from her bearing toward him, but could not define ite lack. Nevertheless, he Gund a relaxation from the tersion of his thoughts in ber bright chat-t-r. whici also acted as a stimulus to his jaded brain
Throughout the evening the ame spirit of gayety possersed her; she sang for him, played for bim, and then read aloud to inm until the soothing monotone of her voice lulled bim to sleep. Then was that the book was laid upon her lap and her head fell back wearily against ber chair. Her face looked white and sad, and there sremed sume mental process in progress tha: shadowed the brightness

The evening wore away thus; her hueband sleeping calmly on, his heavy breathing the only sound in the room, while she sat there before the fire gazing into the heart of the coals, her thoughts far away in her western home with mother and "the boys." What were they doing now? Were they thinking of her as they sat upstairs around the fire in mother's room? Were they talking of her and wondering what she might be doing that very night, glad in their hearts, despite their loss, that she was happy in the devoted love of her clever husband?But she was tar away from them, ah, so very far away from them!
sob rose in her throat and choked hor, and two scalding tears, the first she had shed since leaying home, rolled down her chseks and dropped upon the book in her lap. An indescribable longing for her mother, for the loving arins that had never before failed her, filled her with a sort of terror and desolation. She seemed cruelly, nay, coldly, shut out from the dear home circle, and grew positively faint ab the thought that she could never go back to that happy, untroubled lifo and be one of them again. Is this strange change which had come so unexpectedly into her married life, weeping the bloom from those dreams of her future with Roger, what her mother had meant when she had tried gently to warn her that married life was not all roses? If so, why had she not been better prepared? Why had it crushed her? And how was she to endure weeke and months, perhaps years, of this new loneliness, when one day of it had almost broken her heart?

TO BE CONTINUED.

DO YOU WANT TO ADOPT $\triangle$ BABY:





PIIES

