

HESTER'S LUCK.

BY JOHN A. PETERS.

From New York Weekly.

CHAPTER I. [CONTINUED.]

"What is that?" and Grey looked suspiciously around. "Did you drop anything, Hester?"

"No, I did not, Mr. Hunter," telling a wrong story in her trepidation. "Do let's hurry on. The road is so intensely bad; and my! how the rain does pour down!"

"Yes, yes, Hester, but I am not going to have you lose any more bundles, if the walking is bad and the rain does rattle down. You assuredly dropped something; and here it is," holding up the horse-shoe before the startled girl.

"So you were going to try your luck again—eh, Hettie?" unconsciously adopting the old term of endearment. Tired of living alone, I presume? Why, I verily believe it is the one my Bessie lost this morning when I was returning from a long ride this morning. As it is my property I'll take passes sion of it."

"You'll do no such thing!" snatching it from hand in the most unceremonious manner possible; rightfully it belongs to me, and as it means good luck to the finder, I shall not part with it. Your Bessie's, indeed! I shall it over the door purposely to keep the witches away. You are mistaken, Mr. Hunter, egregiously so, if you think I am tired of living alone. I enjoy my freedom too much to marry any son of Adam!"

"Humph! you need not turn upon me so spitefully. You shall keep it—on one condition, viz., that you nail it over the door, and the first broad shouldered, bearded giant who passes under it you shall marry, willy nilly."

"Whether he proposes or no?" archly queried the girl.

"Nonsense! Any man in his right mind would marry you if he could get you. Will you do as I say, Hettie?"

"But suppose it should be Doctor Graham? He is unmarried, has a bushy beard, and is so tall that I just come up to his shoulder. Besides," demurely, letting the gold-fringed lids drop slowly over her dancing eyes, "he is quite attentive, has an extensive practice, and is growing rich fast. Grey, would you advise me to say yes?"

"Confound it, no! I'll kick him out of the house if I find him there when I come tonight. I mean—There! you've reached your home, so never mind what I mean; only, if—a man that looks like me comes tonight, and says, 'Hettie, will you be my wife?' don't dare to answer 'Nay.'"

Grey stalked off in the rain, while the lighthearted girl ran up the steps and into the house, singing snatches of an old love song which had been a stranger to her lips for a decade of years.

She bustled about the sitting-room, fastening back the window-curtains artistically with blue ribbons, filling with fragrant white chrisanthemums the antique vase upheld by a caryatid, which Grey had given to her years before, and replenishing the fire in the grate.

How bright the room looked, and how happy she felt as she hung over the door the shoe Grey had said had once graced Bessie's foot—which, somehow, she doubted.

At last the brass knocker resounded through the house with a loud clang, and with palpitating heart, and cheeks in which the roses came and went, Hester opened the door, and in walked—Grey Hunter.

The first thing he did was to glance over the doze. There, suspended by a ribbon, was the horse-shoe. Then, with a meaning smile, the audacious fellow said:

"Hettie, has that most eligible parti, the doctor, called yet?"

"No, indeed," with a coquettish toss of the gold-tressed head.

"Then it behooves me to propose for you remember what that old witch, Granny Grewell, used to say: 'The firstman who walked under a horse shoe was doomed to honor the girl who put it there with his heart and hand.' Hettie, shall the ten years be buried? Shall I be your sweetheart once more? Darling, I was an exile for ten years, believing you to be another man's wife. Come!" a little imperatively.

"Your answer. If it be 'No,' you will have to spend this disagreeable autumn evening alone, and I have as wonderful stories to relate as those told in the 'Arabian Nights' by that wonderful woman, Queen Scheherezade. Is it 'Yes?'"

"I suppose so," rather hesitatingly; "I can't bear to stay alone, and—"

She was gathered in his arms, her mouth closed with kisses, and she could say no more.

Now, reader, is it strange that Hester and Grey have a passion for horse-shoes, and that the pin Grey likes best to fasten his necktie with is a golden horse shoe presented to him by Hester, who also wears one, ablaze with diamonds—one of Grey's wedding gifts—in her yellow hair, while the one that Hester is foolish enough to believe brought her her good luck looks down at them from over their sitting-room door?

ROYDON'S BRIDE.

BY NANCY CAVANAGH.

CHAPTER I.

I can't realize it! And, what's more, I don't think I ever shall.

If it wasn't for the ring on the third finger of my left hand, I should certainly think I had been asleep and dreaming.

How did it all happen? That's on easy question to ask, but a hard one to answer.

People always used to say, from my girlhood up, that Penny Lilhaven was born to be an old maid. I was not a pretty child. My eyes were too big, and my hair grew too low on my forehead, and there was a sallow look about my skin. And then I had a way of always putting things to right and tidying up rooms after other people, and my trunks and bureau drawers were neat as wax, and I couldn't bear to see anything in the way of carelessness or disorder; so the people would look at me and laugh, and say:

"Oh, she'll be an old maid, as sure as fate."

I used to cry sometimes by myself, all about it; but no one else knew how I felt about the matter. Roydon Grey was the most merciless tease of them all. I was always afraid of him when we went to Sunday school together, for he used to hide behind the doors and pounce out at me, and throw stones

at my pet kitten, and call me names, and twit me with my pug nose and big eyes. My name, too, was a source of aggravation on his part.

"You'll be an old maid, Pen," he would say. "Nobody with such a name as Penelope ever got married."

I hated Roy Grey, and yet there was something about him I could not help liking, after all. I could not forget that when I had the scarlet fever, and lay at death's door, Roydon sat under my window, and I heard him say, the first time I sat up in a big rocking chair:

"Well, I'm not sorry that Pen is better. She's a queer little concern, but I should have missed her if she had died."

I was just fifteen when he went to Venezuela, and he told me the night before he sailed, that "he did think I was the queerest girl of my age he had seen—in fact nothing less than a fright!" I burst out crying at the not particularly courteous criticism.

"I am glad you are going away," I cried.

"So am I," said he indifferently. "There are monkeys there and I dare say they have faces much like yours."

That was our parting. Dear me, how little we fancied then that it would be twenty years before we saw each other again.

TO BE CONTINUED.

America's Great Danger

AN ENGLISH COMMENTARY.

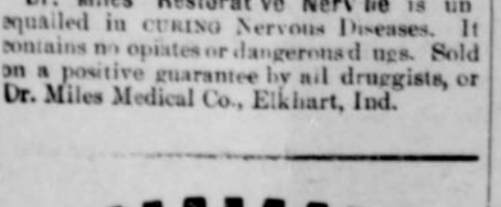
Said an eminent English scientist recently: "The danger that confronts the great American people today is not the possible adoption of a wrong financial policy for the nation, or the spread of socialism, or the increase of corruption among public men. All these are bad enough, to be sure, but they are as nothing compared to the terrible national disease—I had almost said national crime—of overwork. The mad rush of wealth is set at a killing pace, and thousands fall by the way every year."

You are likely to be one of the victims. How do we know? Because it is the condition to find a man or woman of adult age in perfect health. Nervous Disorders are spreading with fearful rapidity. Amongst symptoms, are—Backache, Bronchitis, Coughs and Colds, Dizziness, Hot Flashes, Fluctuating Sensation, Fainting, Headache, Hysteria, Irritability of the Heart, Melancholy, Failing Memory, Palpitation, Libidinosity, Short Breath, Sleeplessness, Nervous Dyspepsia, Sexual Debility, Etc., etc.

REV. C. A. CARROLL, pastor First Baptist Church, Yellow Springs, O., writes as follows: "I have used Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine for the past six months. I find it acts like a charm on the whole nervous system. I have not found its equal in giving immediate relief. Dr. Miles' Little Nerve and Liver Pills only need a trial and they will recommend themselves to be the best pills in the market."

"For five years I have suffered from Nervous Prostration, I was unable to work or sleep. The first dose of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine gave me relief, and one that I paid dollars would not cover the good it has done me."—JOHN MINCHER, Youngstown, Ohio.

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WOMEN HESITATE TO TALK FOR PUBLICATION.

BUT IT IS NOT A DISGRACE TO BE SICK.

Yet Some Suffer in Silence and will not Open the Matter to their Physician even.

YOU CAN BE BRIGHT EYED AND HAPPY.

From the Nugget, Chehalis, Wash. The neighbors called her a walking corpse. For fifteen years she had suffered from loss of blood and dropsy. She had not the strength to stand alone. She had spent thousands of dollars with the doctors and had been unable to find relief. Her case was considered hopeless.

That is the experience of Mrs. C. Reed, a well-known lady of this city. A Nugget reporter called upon her at her home last Tuesday. She was willing to be interviewed, she said, if she could be the means of pointing out to other unfortunate the way to recovery and good health.

"It has been over fifteen years since the melody was first sung," said Mrs. Reed. "Since then, until within the last few months, I never knew what it was to be well for a single day. I could not sleep. My appetite went away and I began to lose flesh. This continued for years. I became so weak I could not walk upon myself. I had to have the help of others to dress and undress, even to walk from one room to another. I lost all my strength. In addition, I had dropsy of the blood. My limbs were swollen, and nothing I could do seemed to afford me relief. The doctors said I must take iron to strengthen and invigorate my blood. I took iron—look it by the bottle and by the box; took it morning, noon and night. But it did no good, and I had finally lost all hope."

"At last I saw an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I thought this fitted my case exactly and I tried to get some of the pills. They were not kept at the drugstore here, and I had to send to Olympia. They came finally, however. I began to take them and experience of relief came immediately. I sent for two more boxes to the Dr. Williams' Company at Schenectady, N. Y., and by the time I had taken them I felt like a new woman. I have been taking them occasionally since then."

"It was two years ago that I began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was sixty years of age then, and had not been able to do my housework for many years. Now I am able to care for myself, to do my own work, and I can walk long distances without being especially fatigued."

"I think my cure is a marvelous one, and is due entirely to the Pink Pills for Pale People. Without them I fear I should have been dead before now."

"Since my cure has become known the druggists here have always kept the pills, and I do not have to send away for them any more. I have recommended them to several of my neighbors, and I know that they have done much good in more than one case similar to my own."

In order to confirm this statement beyond all doubt Mrs. Reed offered to make affidavit to its truth, and the affidavit is here presented:

STATE OF WASHINGTON,) COUNTY OF LEWIS,) ss. Mrs. MERTHA L. REED, being first duly sworn on her oath, says that she has read the foregoing report of an interview with her, and that the same is as she gave it and is correct in every particular.

(Signed) MRS. MERTHA L. REED. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of May, 1905.

J. M. KEEPER, Notary Public. A case of similar character and of unusual interest is here given also, the same having been originally published by the Advance of Oshesha, N. Y. While it is from the East, the facts are nevertheless fully substantiated by writing the patient's story.

Every female who is troubled by the period of a woman's life will be pleased to hear the story told by Mrs. Frank Murray, as follows:

"Mrs. Frank Murray, who resides near Oshesha, N. Y., says: 'I am 46 years of age, and for a number of years reside in Prescott, Ont. We moved over here some time ago and have worked this farm since. It is what is known as the Benson farm and is about six miles out from the city. My husband is now working in Ontario against his trade, that of a stone mason, while my children and myself earn our living on the farm.'

"I have been a great sufferer from that headache, which would generally come on about every morning, and I would be completely prostrated, not even able to stir my head or raise my eyes in any way. These spells would last for about 24 hours, and would leave me in so weakened a condition that for a few days I could scarcely get about the house. Periodically the spells would come on me. I have also had considerable spinal trouble, the sharp, darting twinges of pain being most severe, for a long time along my spine and to the back of my head."

"I have doctored much, but without the desired result. I heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I had heard of the cures they had effected in a number of persons personally known to me, and it was their judicious advice that decided me to try them."

"I got some of the pills, and after I had taken the first box I had no more headaches for several months. Last fall the headaches returned, however, and I took another box of the pills and am happy to say have not since been troubled."

"This summer my head began to have a heavy feeling, and at times I was quite drowsy, but no pains accompanied it. I now have more pills and though I've taken only a few I feel well again."

"I don't think any person could stand it a great while to be troubled as I was and stand the amount of rain. I know that Pink Pills are a good medicine, and I hope what they are prescribed to me. I have recommended them to some of my friends with beneficial results. Oh, my! they have done wonders for me. I do all my own housework on the farm. We have a dairy of twelve cows, and often when the boys are very busy getting in the crops I have milked all the cows alone."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are an unending remedy for all diseases arising from a poor and watery condition of the blood, such as pale and sallow complexion, general weakness, loss of appetite, depression of spirits, lack of ambition, anemia, chlorosis or grey 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, fainting or irregular periods, suppression of menses, hysteria, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, stammering, scintillation, all diseases depending on vitiated humors in the blood, causing scurvy, swelled glands, feverishness, rickets, blood-poison, diseases, hunchback, muscular debility, decayed bones, chronic erysipelas, scurvy, consumption of the bowels and lungs, and also for invigorating the blood and system when broken down by overwork, worry, nervous excesses and by a variety of other recovery from various diseases, such as fever, etc. 125 of 701 powers, open market, early decay, prevent profligate, they act directly on the blood and give to the blood its life-giving oxygen, the great supporter of all organic life. Pink Pills are 40¢ per box, or will be sent post paid on receipt of 10¢. 50 cents a box of six boxes for \$2.50. Address Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

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