

ROYDON'S BRIDE.

BY NANCY CAVANAGH.

From New York Weekly.

CHAPTER II.

I was an old maid in good earnest when Roy came back. They say no woman passes the age of twenty-five without receiving at least one offer of marriage, but I believe I was an exception to that rule—I never had an offer. All the girls who had grown up at my side married, and became blooming wives and happy mothers; but Pen Lilhaven remained unsought and unwooed.

It used to mortify me until I got to be thirty, and then by degrees I left off caring for it, and made up my mind to be as happy as I could all by myself. So, as my near relations were all dead, and I had a tolerably snug little sum to fall back upon, I took a pretty little cottage, and had my niece, Edith Lonsdale, to live with me, for Edith was pretty and penniless, and I felt as if Providence meant me to stand in the place of a mother to that poor motherless child.

She was seventeen, and as pretty as the freshest rose in all my garden. Tall and slim, with deep blue eyes, hair like heaven's sunshine, and a complexion all pink and white, you loved to look at her just as you loved to look at a flower or a statue or any other beautiful thing.

"You'll be married some of these days, Edith," I said to her, "for you're too pretty to be left long with the lonely old maid, and then I shall be, oh! so busy and so happy, helping you to furnish your house and make up your wedding things."

We were sitting on our little porch in the summer evening twilight, my niece and I, when a tall, straight figure came up the walk, and I looked wonderingly to see who it was. With hair black as a raven's wing, skin bronzed by years of sun and exposure, features straight and clearly cut, and eyes in whose dark, mirthful glimmer there lingered a strangely familiar light, he stood there smiling down into my face.

"Is this Glen Cottage?" he asked with the utmost gravity.

"Yes, sir," I answered, "but—" "Don't you remember me, Pen Lilhaven? Don't you remember Roydon Grey?"

And then, sure enough, I did remember the boy who had gone away twenty odd years before.

Well, he had made his fortune in Venezuela, in the gold mines, and came back to enjoy it among his friends. Ah! to think there were so few left! Of course we had a great deal to say to one another, and a thousand and one questions to ask; and, as I don't claim to have anything of the saint in my composition, I don't deny that it did make me feel just a little hard when I saw him sit down by Edith Lonsdale and talk to her, and look into her honest blue eyes, before I had half told him what had happened in the village during the dreary years of his absence. But the feeling didn't last long.

"It's natural enough, I'm sure," I reasoned with myself, "and only what I ought to expect. She is as pretty as a picture, and now, if Roy will fall in love with her, I can be just as happy in their happiness

as if it had come to me—the blessing of a good man's love."

So I persuaded myself; yet it was a little hard to feel myself shut out from all the beauty and sweetness of a woman's natural lot. I think I never felt the bitterness of being an old maid quite as acutely as I did that night, when Roydon had gone to the village in, and Edith lay sleeping on the pillow at my side, and the scent of the honeysuckles came wafting in at every stir of the dewy night breeze.

Well, he came often to our house, and I used to make all sorts of little excuses to leave him with Edith, while I went up stairs to sit by myself and weave little threads of romance in and out of my fancy knitting. How happy she would be with him! and how much I should enjoy, or try to, going to the Grey homestead to see its dimpled mistress sitting under the trees where I had played as a child.

One day Roydon came to me, for young Burnham had called, and was chatting with Edith, and I dare say he thought I looked lonely with my work in the hall.

"Pen," said he, "what do you think I am going to do?"

A dim idea that he was going to make me his confidante flitted across my mind.

"I don't know," I said, smiling. "What is it, Roy?"

"I'm going to refurbish the old house. It looks dim and dusky and old-fashioned now; and I want it to be fresh and sunny and winsome. Will you help me with your advice and counsel?"

Of course I promised; and for the next two or three weeks we were as busy as bees.

"We mustn't let her know what we are about," he said that night, with a motion of his head toward Edith.

"Oh, no, to be sure not," I answered; "it would spoil the surprise."

How pretty we did make the old place! Every room was like a casket ready to receive a jewel; the bright carpets glowed in bouquets and mosses and trailing arabesques of Persian brightness, all over the floor; the windows were draped with neat and tasteful shades; the pictures on the walls seemed perspective of tropic sunsets and soft Alpine moons; while every vase and stand and bookcase was arranged as I knew Edith would like it.

"Roy," said I, guardedly, the afternoon that our work of transformation was complete, and we stood congratulating each other on our successful endeavors—for up to this time I had been very discreet, and asked no questions—"when shall the queen of this enchanted realm take possession of her fairy tower? In other words"—and I could not help laughing at his puzzled look—"when shall you be married?"

So you have guessed it, you demure little Oedipus?"

"Yes, I have guessed it."

"Well, what do you think would be an auspicious time?"

"Let me see; this July. Why not say the first of August?"

"The first of August be it then," he assented. "You are sure there is everything here you can think of?"

"Yes, everything."

"Because," he went on, "when you come here to live—"

"Am I to live here?" I asked. "But, Roy, perhaps she wouldn't like it."

"She? Who is she?" he inquired. "Why, Edith, to be sure."

"What has Edith got to say, I should like to know?" cried Roy, laughing. "My darling little Pen, if you are satisfied, the rest of the world can say, do, and think what it pleases. Since you have promised to be my wife—"

"I!" the cozily furnished little breakfast room seemed to swim around me. "Stop, Roydon, for a minute, please; I—I don't quite understand."

"You said yourself, the first of August!"

"But I thought it was Edith!"

"Edith, indeed! A mere child—a schoolgirl, whose whole heart, moreover, is wrapped up in Harry Burnham! Why, Pen, where have your eyes been?"

Where, indeed? Could I have been so blind all this time—so resolutely, incorrigibly blind?

"Do you love me Pen? Don't look the other way; I will be answered!"

I did love him; I had loved him long and tenderly, and I told him so, not without some blushings and misgivings, however.

"Oh, Pen," he whispered, holding me close to my heart, "if you knew the years I had been looking forward to this time!"

So I was married, quietly, of course, and with no bridesmaid but Edith; but I think the sun never shone on a happier bride. And I live in the old place, and Edith is here with me; but next week we are to have another wedding, and my blue-eyed blossom goes from me to Harry Burnham's care.

But, as I said before, it seems like a dream; and as I sit alone in my beautiful home, I almost fancy myself a solitary old maid again, until Roydon's footstep in the hall, and his voice calling for his "dear little wife," rouses me to a sense of my new life and new happiness.

And I dare say I shall get used to it after a while!

America's Great Danger

AN ENGLISH COMMENTARY.

Said an eminent English scientist recently: "The danger, that confronts the great American people to-day 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 nation-icide—of overwork. The mad rush for 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 exception to find a man or woman of adult age in perfect health. Nervous Disorders are spreading with fearful rapidity. Among the symptoms are—Backache, Brounsness, Cold Hands and Feet, Dizziness, Hot Flashes, Fluttering Sensation, Fainting, Headache, Hysteria, Irritability of the Heart, Melancholy, Falling Memory, Palpitation, Rheumatism, Short Breath, Sleeplessness, Nervous Dyspepsia, Sexual Debility, Fits, etc.

REV. C. A. CARROLL, pastor First Baptist Church, Yellow Springs, O., writes as follows: "I have used Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve 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."

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A SHORT TALK ON MEDICINE OF GREAT INTEREST TO WOMEN.

Pale Cheeks and Nerveless Hands are no Longer Admired. To be Strictly Correct you must have Rosy Cheeks and Good Health.

Men Admire Wholesome-looking Women, and now Seek their Wives from that Class.

A FEW POINTERS FOR THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

Pure blood is the secret of health and beauty. The features may be regular, the form perfect, but no woman can be beautiful upon the full sense of the world while suffering from any of the peculiar ailments of her sex. Disease destroys the complexion, is productive of wrinkles and premature old age. Regular monthly uterine action is necessary to every woman's health, and if this function of life is checked, disease, a pale and sallow complexion, and a feeling of exhaustion, are the result. The monthly secretion must continue from puberty to the turn of life without unnatural obstruction. Any life without natural Nature will result in the distressing symptoms which make the lives of seven-tenths of the women of this country miserable, almost unbearable. A few of these symptoms are severe headache, loss of appetite, pale or sallow complexion, palpitation of the heart, swollen ankles or legs, nervousness, offensive breath, etc., etc. These symptoms, or any one or more of these symptoms, are the ravages disease has made upon the system, and the more of the symptoms the patient shows the greater the necessity for prompt and persistent treatment, until they have been banished and the bloom of health is restored. To accomplish this end Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the only infallible remedy. They positively cure all suppressions and irregularities, which, if neglected, inevitably entail sickness and trouble. By taking these pills for a week or ten days before the expected return of each period, the prompt appearance of "the visitor" is insured. For suppressions, the pills must be taken steadily until the re-appearance takes place—generally in a matter of days, sometimes less. Follow the directions on the wrapper about each box. Nursing women will find their milk improved in quality and quantity by taking these pills, and also obtain relief from pain in the back and general drugged-out feeling. All displacements from weakness of the uterine ligaments are speedily relieved and ultimately cured by the use of these pills. Leucorrhoea, bearing down, weight in the pelvis, and all female weakness, find speedy relief and cure in the administration of the Pink Pills for Pale People.

The most critical period in the life of a woman is that attending the cessation of menstruation, or, as it is most generally termed, the change or turn of life. The symptoms attending this period are fainting spells or attacks, or general dizziness, a feeling of melan-choly, hysteria, pain in the joints or limbs, hydro-chloria, etc. The change is a gradual one—for better or worse—for the former if the patient is wise enough to fortify the system against the ravages of the symptoms attending the change. For this purpose no remedy ever discovered equals Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They purify the blood by acting directly upon the sexual system, lessen the severity of this critical period, and finally leave the patient in the enjoyment of robust health. All ladies approaching this critical period should take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

PALE AND SALLOW GIRLS.

What can be more distressing than to see a girl drooping and fading in the softening of youth? Instead of bright eyes, glowing rosy cheeks and an elastic step, there are dull eyes, pale, sallow, or greenish complexion, and a languidness of step that bespeaks disease and an early death if proper treatment is not promptly resorted to and persisted in until the impoverished blood is enriched and the functions of life become regular. Such a state needs a direct restorative. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are the only remedy for this condition. If your daughter is suffering from this condition, if your daughter is

pale, complains of weakness, is "tired out" upon the slightest exertion; if she is troubled with headache or backache, pain in the side; if her temper is fitful and her appetite poor, she is in a condition of extreme peril, a fit subject for the development of that most dreadful of all diseases—consumption. If you notice any of these symptoms lose no time in procuring Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They will assist the patient to develop properly and regularly; they will enrich the blood and restore health's roses to the cheeks, bright eyes and a lightness of step will surely follow their use, and all danger of consumption and premature death will be averted. Wise and prudent mothers will insist upon their daughters taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills upon the approach of the period of puberty, and thus avoid all chances of disease and early decay.

A Thankful Girl.

From the Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

Miss Lottie Donell lives with her parents at 702 Natoma Street, San Francisco. She is a young lady nineteen years of age, and of prepossessing appearance. Ever since she was ten years old Miss Donell has been a sufferer from a rheumatic affection of the wrist, and since she was thirteen years of age she has been subject to various female weaknesses which have kept her physical vitality at a very low stage. Thus, as she says, she has been a victim of disease ever since she can remember. When she was a little girl at school she was always placed at a disadvantage with her playmates on account of her frailty of body and timidity of manner. She could never join in any of the more boisterous games, although she always longed to do so.

But the embarrassing conditions of Miss Donell's life have all been eliminated within the past year, and the change is wholly due to the effective work of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"It must be remembered," said Miss Donell in telling of the great relief that Dr. Williams' Pills had afforded her, "that at the time I began taking the pills I had been for years a confirmed invalid. My wrist was swollen out of all proportion by the chronic rheumatism that had long since settled in it. The female complaints from which I had so long suffered had wasted my body away until I was but a mere shadow of my former self and I had really come to think that the brightness and happiness of life was not meant for me. I had not the energy to perform even the most simple of my household duties, and, in a word I was completely run down." I began to take Dr. Williams' Pills while I was in this condition and before I had taken half a box of them I realized that they were doing me good. I began to feel lively again and to lose the lax feeling in my limbs. I felt so happy over the momentary relief that had been afforded me that I resolved to continue taking the pills. After taking several more boxes I was more than convinced of the high merits of the pills, for I was then wholly relieved from the rheumatic pains in my wrist and I had so far regained my vitality of body that I really believed I had never experienced the ever-varying effects of those wasting diseases which are so peculiar to women. It is a very great pleasure to me to be able to tell my young lady friends of the relief that has been afforded me by Dr. Williams' Pills and I will surely continue to recommend their use to all who are afflicted with the complaints from which I suffered."

Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 5 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 10), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

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