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Senator Dewey Given an Illustrative Instance Witnessed by Him at Monte Carlo.

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associated with this critical period. It tranquilizes the nerves, encourages the appetite and induces refreshing sleep.

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An Oklahoma paper tells of a farmer who went to town and thought he would treat himself by attending an opera.

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After Ten Years By LAWRENCE CARTER

AFTER years spent abroad, Ralph Marsden was almost a stranger in his own country.

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He seemed quite casual. "Why with the world? Mayn't I deal with individuals?"

"It doesn't generally happen," he remarked, "with a woman when she's married; after her husband comes the world."

Her expression was dangerously near one of contempt.

"On the whole," he said at length, "do you get on as you used to do—12 years ago? No, knock it, I mean."

"What do you mean by knocks?" she asked.

"Well, I only wanted to say that as far as I'm concerned—I mean, of course, if you ever want anyone to help you over a style—you have only got to send for me."

She put down her ice deliberately, "I prefer not to be classed as a lame duck," she said.

He smiled quietly. "At any rate, admit then that pride is not in your pocket," he said.

"No, it's on my knee," she replied, tartly.

"Ah," he said, "then mind people don't brush against it when they walk or push past you in the world."

A small pause was given the next night for those who had remained. Among these were an effeminate youth from Boston and the clergyman. Marsden had judged them as types. Once that evening he had danced with her, but her pride was still on her sleeve.

She had been waited upon intermittently by the youth and the clergyman until Marsden, feeling tired of it all, had gone out into the garden. He sat on the same seat that had occupied the previous evening, looking wistfully at the sea that broke like the occasional swish of branches into water. He must have been sitting there for a quarter of an hour when he heard the sound of footsteps on the grass coming in his direction. In a moment the Boston youth appeared from the other side of the hedge and, seeing him, nodded.

"Good," he said, casually, "pood after that room inside."

"You exert yourself too much," said Marsden. "If I tried to dance as much as you do, I should be apt to take life seriously."

"Depends who you're dancing with," said the boy.

"Decidedly; but does one ever find the proper partner until the dance is over?"

The youth smiled with abundant experience. "Not if you use discretion," he said. "That widow—Mrs. Marsden her name—is I spotted her the first moment that I came down here. If you knew much about women you'd know the type ones."

The youth took a cigarette out of his case. "They want knowing," he said, vaguely, as he struck a match. "She's probably been married to some old hound who tied her up into a knot and paid her to stay there. Then he went to the county and died."

"You meet hundreds of that sort of women at the seaside," the youth went on. "She's probably no better than the rest of them, but she's decidedly a little better."

"What do you mean by no better?"

"Oh, of course, I don't mean to say anything against her, but you know your own mind. She can see both ends of the stick."

Marsden got up from his seat and looked down at the boy.

"Look here," he said, quite calmly, "it's little atoms like yourself that dirty the world with words, but haven't the courage to add it with actions. Now take a little bit of advice from me. Since you're too young to give anything else, take my advice and wait until you're a man before you say anything about me. Now run along in and dance—his voice changed—and choose the sort of woman you are accustomed to when you want to find another woman's character."

Marsden left him then, his only thought was to find his wife. The boy had gone out of his consideration. Turning around the corner of the laurel bush he saw her figure retreating across the grass toward the house.

There was a sudden hush about every step that she took that struck his instinct. She had heard their conversation. There was a seat on the other side of the bushes where they had been sitting. He repeated the thought over to himself—she had heard their conversation.

He ran, catching her at the open French window that led into the house.

"Toxy?" he said behind her.

She turned with a start. "I've been resting out in the garden," she said. "Were you there as well?"

"I saw you," he replied.

"You couldn't have done!" she exclaimed.

"Because I was at the other side of the laurel bushes," he said, smiling.

"Then it was you?" she asked.

"Fortunately," he replied, "I came back again and have another rest," he added.

She turned silently and walked back with him and they sat down on the seat facing the house.

"Now what have you got to say?" she said.

"Only this—did you hear any conversation when you were on the other side of the bushes?"

"I couldn't help it."

"I'm sorry not. But you see, don't you, there's nothing between a woman's husband and the world?"

"I can stand it," she said, a little proudly. Then after a silence she said: "When are you going to leave here and what are you going to do then?"

The words called his arms around her in a strange fierceness of compassion.

"Shilly little girl," he said, gently, "shilly little girl, you feel lonely, don't you?"

Her eyes were alight with tears when she looked up at him.

"Don't," she said.

"Now," he replied, "just now—but not any more—not any more!"—Child Chronicle.

A Few Pointers.

The recent statistics of the number of deaths show that the large majority die with consumption. This disease may commence with an apparently harmless cough which can be cured instantly by Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, which is guaranteed to cure and relieve all cases. Price 25c and 50c. For sale by all druggists.

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Housework is hard work under the most favorable conditions. It demands hours of sweeping and dusting, of stooping and rising, of lifting and pushing as the furniture is moved about. Yet housework is healthy work so long as it brings only the natural tiredness due to active exercise.

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With a heart full of gratitude to you for sending out over the land your wonderful medicine I send these few lines, hoping that some other poor suffering woman will try Dr. Pierce's medicine.

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