

Manifold Disorders

Are occasioned by a rupture and involution of the uterine wall. Signs, Acute, chronic, or latent. Develop into various forms, such as:

- SCROFULA.
- RHEUMATISM.
- ECZEMA.
- CHLOROSIS.
- ANEMIA.
- NEURALGIA.
- HYSTERIA.
- EPILEPSY.
- PARALYSIS.
- CONVULSIONS.
- DEMENTIA.
- PHREASIS.
- IDIOTCY.
- INSANITY.
- CONSUMPTION.
- SCURVY.
- LEPROSY.
- SYPHILIS.
- GONORRHOEA.
- BLINDNESS.
- DEAFNESS.
- STAMMERS.
- STUTTERS.
- HOARSENESS.
- BRUISES.
- WOUNDS.
- ULCERS.
- SCALDS.
- BURNS.
- SCALDS.
- BURNS.
- SCALDS.
- BURNS.

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LOCAL DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST—Services Sunday 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m. Covenant meeting first Sat. each month 2:30 p. m.

METHODIST—Services every Sabbath 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting 7:30 p. m. Thursday. H. A. DEXTER, Pastor.

CEN. PRESBYTERIAN—Services every Sabbath 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 9:30 a. m. Y. P. C. E., Sunday 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday, 7:30 p. m. W. H. JONES, Pastor.

SECRET ORDERS.

KNOWLES CHAPTER NO. 12, O. E. S.—Meets a Masonic hall the first and third Monday evening in each month. Meeting hours, cordially invited. WESLEY O. HODSON, Sec.

MES. H. L. HEATH, W. M.

CENTER POINT No. 9—Meets the second and fourth Saturday of each month in Union hall at 7:30 a. m. on second Saturday of each month. Cordially invited to attend our meetings. R. P. CLARK, Commander.

W. C. T. U.—Meets on every Friday in Wright's hall at 3 o'clock p. m. L. L. at 5 p. m. Mrs. A. J. WHITMORE, Pres. CLARA G. ESSON, Sec'y.

ELSBETH'S HOLIDAY.

The old man is just bristling with indignation. In any way, I wonder, to throw him off his scent?"

He sat for some minutes, gnawing his moustache and frowning at the carpet, but presently his face cleared, and he laughed aloud in the way a man laughs whose fancy is tickled by some specially good joke.

"That will do!" he chuckled as he rose to go to bed.

The baron's prophecy concerning the weather proved correct, as it was with a somewhat fearful face that Conrad looked through the streaming pane next morning. And yet, upon reflection, he had to admit that in one way a rainy day fitted him, his man almost better than a fair one would have done.

Breakfast being over, he promptly proposed a game of billiards, which was enthusiastically accepted by the young ladies, and for the purpose of which the baron saw no remedy but to take a cue himself. The forenoon hours were fraught with severe trials for this conscientious father. While hobnobbing round the table as well as his gony knees would allow again, a little short of agony to note the soft glances which Conrad kept distributed pretty equally between the two girls and to have to listen to the playful remarks—full of veiled meaning, as it seemed to him—

—of which Conrad's conversation was chiefly composed.

Not was the afternoon an improvement on the forenoon, except for a couple of hours, during which he succeeded in luring his guest into the smoking room. The rules of hospitality would not allow of his being kept there by main force, and thus it came about that each of the visits of inspection he paid to the drawing room the baron suffered great distress. The first time it was the sight of Conrad sitting on a footstool and holding a skin of sky blue wool that was being wound by Anna, which gave him a shock, and the second time this same Conrad turning over the pages of Helene's music considerably aggravated his state of mind.

Five minutes was, after all, greatly preferable to a visit to the baron, the conclusion with which he went to bed.

Next day was not much better. The sportsman indeed went out for breakfast, the baron's having risen, but a heavy shower brought him back in the middle of the forenoon, and though it cleared off soon he showed no inclination to sallify for a second time. Something was said about a twisted ankle, and as he again made faces could not be called to aid there was nothing for him but to stand at the window and grind his teeth as he watched Conrad pacing the garden beside his oldest daughter. He stood it fairly well until a piano was made beside a bush of late roses, but when Conrad, in full sight of his window, broke off a pink rose, and with an exquisite how handed it to his companion, the baron sat for Miss Wilkins and commanded her to invent some excuse for summoning Anna to the house.

Miss Wilkins obeyed, with the result that when next the baron looked out of the window Helene was sitting on a garden bench straight opposite in lively conversation with Count Kestler, and with one of the same late roses blooming in her waistband.

"Only three more days till the 15th!" was the only thought to which the poor harassed father could turn for comfort.

When in due course of time the 10th arrived, the sun rose once more, dazzling and cloudless, exactly as it had done on the first day of Conrad's visit, and exactly as on the first day he stole down the staircase of the sleeping house and along the lime avenue which led to the shores of the lake. His portmanteau was checked and his wraps arranged up, for the carriage had been ordered directly after breakfast. To judge from the expression of indecision which sat on his face his impending journey did not fill him with any special delight, exactly as on that first day he was plunged so deeply in meditation that he came to an astonished standstill on finding himself on the edge of the water, and exactly as on that first day the boat was chartered for the lake, and this time Elsbeth sat in it, with hands lying inactive in her lap, and blue eyes

choice but to say "Yes," and after that don't you think that your holidays would begin for good and all?"

"I don't believe I said it!" retorted Elsbeth, growing furiously scarlet.

"Think again!"

She thought again, and the eyes which had been attempting to stare defiance sank suddenly before his gaze.

"Well," asked Conrad, "is my visit to be pronounced or not?"

"No," she answered breathlessly, while her pulses throbbled in expectation of something which she both longed for and dreaded without quite understanding what it was. "I cannot say it a second time."

"And if I stay without being asked? Tell me, Elsbeth, and let me slip one of the cars Conrad bent forward and possessed himself of one of the small unglazed hands that lay in her lap.

It was exactly at this most unfortunate juncture that Miss Wilkins, who had happened to select today for putting into practice her theory of early rising, stepped out from a side path onto the shore of the lake.

Neither of the occupants of the boat observed her, but for a full minute the English woman, who was not short-sighted, stood rooted to the spot. Then she rubbed her eyes and looked again, and finally she turned decisively on her heel, like a person who has come to a resolution, and hurried back toward the house.

Though Miss Wilkins was both an English woman and a governess she was not a brute, but the scene she had just witnessed had played that part of that well known last straw to which the camel's back is so apt to succumb. So long as he had seen in Conrad a prospective husband for one of her marriageable charges she had had eyes for none but his good qualities, but now that he had proved a failure from the matrimonial point of view she had suddenly become alive to his defects.

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either wear long skirts or marry a man of 20?"

"Well, I suppose not," said the baron, still in a tone of helpless bewilderment.

"And in consideration of my being the son of your old friend, do you not think?"

"I think of nothing at all just now. I know nothing. The matter must be considered. I must talk to Miss Wilkins."

Miss Wilkins was talked to, with the result that Anna and Helene, while standing at the drawing room window after breakfast, were greatly surprised to see the carriage that had come round to the door sent back again to the stables. They did not know whether to be pleased or provoked. Without either of them having gone through the process known as losing one's heart, they had for the last few days been feeling puzzled and vaguely jealous of each other, which was an uncomfortable sensation. On the whole, they had been glad that the guest was gone. And now this delay. What could it mean?

By the evening of this same day they learned what the delay meant, having learned, with some astonishment, a genuine delight, that, though at present no husband was in store for either of them, Providence had assigned to them a respective brother.

And that was the end of Elsbeth's holiday.—Longman's Magazine.

A ruby of the best quality and more than a carat in weight more than a diamond of the same size and weight.

ONE AND TWO.

By WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER I.

"Nell," cried the boy, jumping about as usual to stand still for excitement, "is it splendid, isn't it? Isn't it splendid? Isn't it splendid? Oh, splendid things! Wonderful things!"

"Tell me, Will."

"I am ashamed. Well, then, he says—'No man,' he said severely, 'can be too ambitious. I would grasp all I must sweep the board.'"

"And then?"

"Ah! There, I have not yet decided—the law, to maintain the social order; the laws, to rule the nation. Literature, science, art—whichever?"

"In whatever you do, Will, you are certain to rise to the front rank."

"Certainly. My father says so. Oh, I feel as if I was already a leader of the house. It is a splendid thing to rule the house. I feel as if I was lord chancellor in my robes—on the wooden bench. Nothing so grand as to be lord chancellor. I feel as if I was archbishop of Canterbury. It is a most splendid thing, mind you, to be archbishop of Canterbury. What could be more splendid? He wears lawn sleeves, and he sits in the house of lords. But I must work. The road to all these splendid things, as your father says, is through work. It wants an hour yet to dinner. I will give that hour to Euripides. No more waste of time for me, Nell."

He nodded his head and ran into the house, eager not to lose a moment.

The girl looked after him admiringly and fondly. "Oh," she murmured, "what a splendid thing to be a man and to become archbishop and lord chancellor and leader of the house! Oh, how clever he is, and how great he will be!"

"I've had a serious talk with Challice today," said the private tutor to his wife in the evening.

"Will is what a nice boy," said the wife.

"He's got enough money to begin with, and he has never been to a public school. I have been firing his imagination, however, with the rich and varied prospect before a boy who really will work and has brains. He is a diamond. He has succeeded in fixing them. But who knows? He is a dreamer. He plays the piano and listens to the music. Sometimes he makes verses. Who knows what such a lad might do?"

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CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without hesitating. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms.
Castoria allays Feverishness.
Castoria prevents vomiting Spasms.
Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic.
Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.
Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.

Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.

Castoria is put up in one-ounce bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.
Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."
See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of J. C. Pitcher is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

The dreamer sat down and stared. "I don't understand," he said.

"No more time will be lost," the worker went on. "I have begun to work. For some time past I have been working at night. I am not going to stand it any longer."

"That's what made me so heavy in the morning then?"

"That was the cause. Now, however, I am going to work in earnest, and all day long."

"I don't care, if it's real, but this is a dream. I don't care so long as I needn't work with you. But, I say, what will the men say? I can't pretend to have a twin all of a sudden."

"No, no. Besides there are other difficulties. We belong to ourselves here. Listen, I have quite thought it out. At night we shall be one. You shall give me the entire use of these rooms all day and all the evening for work. In examinations, of course, you will remain here locked in, while I go to the senate house. You will go to chapel for both."

"No! Chapel must belong to you."

"I say you will go to chapel for both." This with resolution.

"Oh!" the other half gave way. "But what am I to do all day?"

"I'm sure I must know. Do what you like. If you like to stay here, you can. You may play or sing. You may read your French novels. You will not disturb me. But if you bring any of your friends here it will be awkward, because they will perceive that you are double. Now, we will go to bed. It is half past 2."

CHAPTER IV.

In the morning Will awoke with a strange sense of something. This feeling of something is not uncommon with young gentlemen who go to bed about 3. He got up and dressed. A cup of tea made him remember but imperfectly what had happened. "I must have had too much whisky," he murmured. "I saw myself—actually myself—hard at work." Here his eyes fell upon the table. There were the books—books on political economy—with a notebook and every indication of work. Helene—she knew, she remembered, the contents of these books. He sat down bewildered. Then it seemed as if there was a struggle within him as if two who strove for mastery. "Work!" cried one. "Work!" said the other. "You shall!" "I won't!" A most ignominious quarrel, yet it pulled him this way and that toward the table or back in the long easy chair. Finally the struggle ended. He fell back. He closed his eyes. When he opened them again, the room was cleared of the breakfast things, and he saw himself sitting at the table hard at work.

"Good gracious!" he cried, springing to his feet. "Is that I remember of last night's dream—a dream?"

"Not a dream at all. I will no longer have my career blasted at the outset by your confounded laziness. I think you understand me perfectly. I am clear of you whenever I please. I join you when I please."

"Oh! And have I the same power?"

"You? Certainly not. You are only the half that won't work. You have got to give at all."

"Oh! Well, I shall not stand that. You can't help yourself. I am the Intellectual Principle. Mine is the will. Mine is the clear head and the authority."

"What am I then?"

"You? I don't know. You are me—yourself—without the Intellectual Principle. That is what you are. I must define you by negatives. You cannot argue or reason or create. You remember, like an animal, from assistance. You behave nicely because you have been trained. You are—in short, you are the Animal Part."

"Oh!" He was angry. He did not know what to reply. He was humiliated.

The dreamer sat down and stared. "I don't understand," he said.

"No more time will be lost," the worker went on. "I have begun to work. For some time past I have been working at night. I am not going to stand it any longer."

"That's what made me so heavy in the morning then?"

"That was the cause. Now, however, I am going to work in earnest, and all day long."

"I don't care, if it's real, but this is a dream. I don't care so long as I needn't work with you. But, I say, what will the men say? I can't pretend to have a twin all of a sudden."

"No, no. Besides there are other difficulties. We belong to ourselves here. Listen, I have quite thought it out. At night we shall be one. You shall give me the entire use of these rooms all day and all the evening for work. In examinations, of course, you will remain here locked in, while I go to the senate house. You will go to chapel for both."

"No! Chapel must belong to you."

"I say you will go to chapel for both." This with resolution.

"Oh!" the other half gave way. "But what am I to do all day?"

"I'm sure I must know. Do what you like. If you like to stay here, you can. You may play or sing. You may read your French novels. You will not disturb me. But if you bring any of your friends here it will be awkward, because they will perceive that you are double. Now, we will go to bed. It is half past 2."

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