

Theo's keeping. Theo would not say served to re- of his life. owing to Mrs. e that the boy She took him and the forlorn come for the holi- ed's new friends

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OF SIMEON'S

RAND.

re never could n this Simeon lived with her she heard her about the sons y said to her- meon's folks." 's side. "Big was the last of e kitchen win- the forms of ver since she drawn up in iteful River," n ranks yet. ed, Big Blue

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"ks?" n't."

It was too late to see distinctly; but Simeon could make out this one thing, that, at the foot of the orchard, the river had thrown off its icy coat and the water was licking the base of the "Summer Sweeting" apple tree.

"I thought last night suthin' was happenin'; but I have been off all day and have jest got back and haven't looked at the river."

"Well, she has been growling all day."

"She is up to it now, Ned!"

Yes, and "she" kept at it all night. In the morning the river was still improving the opportunity given by the late rains, and, gathering all possible results in the shape of stray rain-drops, was hurrying forward these watery reinforcements to battle with the ice, trying to check its advance along the valley near the Johnson farm. Slowly the ice was giving way, breaking its white line of defence in one place, letting the sly enemy through a crack in another quarter, till it was noised all thro' the town, "There's a freshet on Spiteful River, and the ice is going out!"

At breakfast the Johnson family often looked up from the table and eagerly faced the kitchen window, from which the progress of the freshet could be seen. The Johnson family? Were they all here?

"Where's Patty?" asked her Mother, anxiously.

"I saw her when I was at the barn a little while ago, and I supposed she came in," replied Sister Polly.

"I saw her goin' down toward the river," exclaimed Sister Carrie.

"Goin' down to the river? Mercy!" exclaimed Mother Johnson, springing up from the table and running to the window.

"And if she isn't out there on a cake of ice going down stream!"

What a jumping up from the table there was! What a rushing from the room! First, Mother Johnston flew out of the house, and then Father Johnson, Ned, Polly, Carrie; but Simeon, who could not rise from the table as nimbly as the rest, outran them all when fairly out of doors. There was Patty on a heavy block of ice, kneeling, her timid, pleading face turned up to the sky, while the water on every side was angrily washing the edges of the crystal ship on which she had carelessly stepped while it halted by the shore, and then treacherously bore her away.

"Oh! Do save her!" shrieked Mother Johnson.

"A boat!" cried Father Johnson, excitedly. "A pole! A rope! —a—a—"

What was the "giant" up to?

Simeon was now out upon the ice, springing by tremendous leaps from one floating cake to another.

No rust in those knees now! One more leap, if he could find a handy cake of ice, and he would reach Patty. There he stood, looking anxiously across a blue channel of water toward Patty. Would not some cake come along that he might step upon it? One other cake did come—yes, slowly drifted its white crystal bridge into the channel—and Simeon rushed across it to Patty's side. He lifted Patty in his arms proudly. How handsome he looked! Noble as a statue on that white marble-like pedestal of ice. A cry of joy went up from those on shore.

"They're safe!" shouted Father Johnson.

"Safe?" said Mother Johnson, with more accurate judgment. How would Simeon and Patty reach the bank? A cloud of doubt darkened the faces of the group in the orchard.

"My raft!" suddenly called out Ned; and, without explaining what it meant, whether to find a raft or make one, he ran down among the apple trees. Near a row of Baldwins was an old disused raft that had stranded there. It took Father Johnson's muscles and Mother Johnson's also, and the girls' also, and Ned's also, to launch the raft; but launched it was at last. Then began a chase! Could the raft overtake the "giant" and the dear little burden in his arms? the crystal ship on which they were became uneasy and wanted to capsize its load. Simeon, though, was equal to every emergency, and deserted one ice craft for another as need demanded.

"What a dear old 'giant' you are!" thought Patty.

And the raft? It overtook the prisoners of the wicked ice fleet, released them, and brought them ashore. Hurrah!

All the day "Spiteful River" poured along its flood. It sent such a big squadron of ice ships to capture and carry off to sea any careless little girls; but not a captive did it make.

That night Patty was kneeling at a chair by her chamber door. Then she heard a step in the entry. Then some one stopped. Then a great arm went gently about her. She heard a low voice talking to God and thanking him, though the thoughts had as hard a time flying up to our Heavenly Father as young birds trying their wings among the apple trees by "Spiteful River." And so the rust got out of the "giant's" knees.

We desire to direct the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. C. W. Dennis, which will be found in our advertising columns. The Model Washer and Bleacher has many and valuable advantages, and from personal trial in the household we commend it as a simple and most successful machine.

HYPOCHONDRIA.

THE MYSTERIOUS ELEMENT IN THE MIND THAT AROUSES VAGUE APPREHENSIONS—WHAT ACTUALLY CAUSES IT.

The narrative below by a prominent scientist touches a subject of universal importance. Few people are free from the distressing evils which hypochondria brings. They come at all times, and are fed by the very flame which they themselves start. They are a dread of coming derangement caused by present disorder, and bring about more suicides than any other one thing. Their first approach should be carefully guarded.

Editors Herald.

It is seldom I appear in print, and I should not do so now did I not believe myself in possession of truths, the revelation of which will prove of inestimable value to many who may see these lines. Mine has been a trying experience. For many years I was conscious of a want of nerve tone. My mind seemed sluggish and I felt a certain falling off in my natural condition of intellectual acuteness, activity and vigor. I presume this is the same way in which an innumerable number of other people feel, who like myself are physically below par, but like thousands of others I paid no attention to these annoying troubles, attributing them to overwork, and resorting to a glass of beer or a milk punch, which would for a time invigorate and relieve my weariness.

After a while the stimulants commenced to disagree with my stomach, my weariness increased, and I was compelled to resort to other means to find relief. If a physician is suffering he invariably calls another physician to prescribe for him, as he cannot see himself as he sees others; so I called a physician and he advised me to try a little chemical food, or a bottle of hypophosphates. I took two or three bottles of the chemical food with no apparent benefit. My lassitude and indisposition seemed to increase, my food distressed me. I suffered from neuralgic pains in different parts of my body, my muscles became sore, my bowels were constipated, and my prospects for recovery were not very flattering. I stated my case to another physician, and he advised me to take five to ten drops of Magendé's solution of morphine, two or three times a day, for the weakness and distress in my stomach, and a blue pill every other night to relieve the constipation. The morphine produced such a deadly nausea that I could not take it, and the blue pill failed to relieve my constipation.

In this condition I passed nearly a year, wholly unfit for business, while the effort to think was irksome and painful. My blood became impoverished, and I suffered from incapacity with an appalling sense of misery and general apprehension of coming evil. I passed sleepless nights, and was troubled with irregular action of the heart, a constantly feverish condition, and the most excruciating tortures in my stomach, living for days on rice water and gruel, and, indeed, the digestive functions seemed to be entirely destroyed.

It was natural that while in this condition I should become hypochondriacal, and fearful suggestions of self-destruction occasionally presented themselves. I experienced an insatiable desire for sleep, but on retiring would lie awake for a long time tormented with troubled reflections, and when at last I did fall into an uneasy slumber of short duration, it was disturbed by horrid dreams. In this condition I determined to take a trip to Europe, but in spite of all the attentions of physicians and change of scene and climate, I did not improve, and so returned home with no earthly hope of ever again being able to leave the house.

Among the numerous friends that called on me was one who had been afflicted somewhat similarly to myself, but who had been restored to perfect health: Upon his earnest recommendation I began the same treatment he had employed, but with little hope of being benefited. At first I experienced little, if any relief, except that it did not distress my stomach as other remedies or even food had done. I continued its use, however, and after the third bottle could see a marked change for the better; and now after the fifteenth bottle I am happy to state that I am again able to attend to my professional duties. I sleep well, nothing distresses me that I eat, I go from day to day without a feeling of weariness or pain; indeed, I am a well man, and wholly through the influence of H. H. Warner & Co.'s Tippecanoe. I consider this remedy as taking the highest possible rank in the treatment of all diseases marked by debility, loss of appetite, and all other symptoms of stomach and digestive disorders. It is overwhelmingly superior to the tonics, bitters, and dyspepsia cures of the day, and is certain to be so acknowledged by the public universally. Thousands of people to-day are going to premature graves with these serious diseases that I have above described, and to all such I would say, "Do not let your good judgment be governed by your prejudices, but give the above-named remedy a fair and patient trial, and I believe you will not only be rewarded by a perfect restoration to health; but you will also be convinced that the medical profession does not possess all the knowledge there is embraced in medical science.

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