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Is the only safe, reliable
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medicine known.
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25 well ventilated rooms. Weekly or
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Old Hagar's
Secret...

By Mrs. M. J. Holmes...

The answer was in the affirmative, whereupon the ladies were invited to enter, which they did the more willingly as through the open door they caught glimpses of what proved to be a very handsome Brussels carpet, which in that room seemed a little out of place, as did the sofa and handsome hair-cloth rocking-chair. In the last Madam Conway seated herself, while Maggie reclined upon a lounge, wondering at the difference in the various articles of furniture, some of which were quite expensive, while others were of the most common kind.

"No can they be? She looks like some one I have seen," said Maggie, as Betsy Jane left the room. "But this her grandmother would not suffer. 'It was too much like familiarity,' she said, 'and she did not believe in putting one's self on a level with such people.'"

Another loud blast from the horn was blown, for the bustling woman of the house was evidently getting uneasy, and ere long three or four men appeared, washing themselves from the spout of the pump, and wiping upon a coarse towel which hung upon a roller near the back door.

"I shan't eat at the same table with those creatures," said Madam Conway, feeling intuitively that she would be invited to dinner.

"Why, grandma! yes you will, if she asks you to," answered Maggie. "Only think how kind they are to us perfect strangers!"

What else she might have said was prevented by the entrance of Betsy Jane, who informed them that "dinner was ready," and with a mental groan, as she thought how she was about to be martyred, Madam Conway followed her to the dining-room, where a plain, substantial farmer's meal was spread. Standing at the head of the table, with her good-humored face all in a glow, was the hostess, who, pointing Madam to a chair, said: "Now, set right by, and make yourselves at home. Meggie, I ork to have set the table over, and I guess I should if I had anything fit to eat. Be you fond of billed victuals?" and taking it for granted they were, she loaded both Madam Conway's and Maggie's plate with every variety of vegetables used in the preparation of the dish known everywhere as "boiled victuals."

By this time the men had ranged themselves in respectful silence upon the opposite side of the table, each stealing an admiring though modest glance at Maggie, for the masculine heart, whether it beat beneath a homespun frock or coat of finest cloth, is alike susceptible to glowing, youthful beauty, like that of Maggie Miller. The head of the house was absent—"had gone to town with a load of wood," so his spouse informed the ladies, at the same time pouring out a cup of tea, which she said she had tried to make strong enough to bear up against "Betsy Jane," she continued, casting a deprecating glance at the blue sugar-bowl and then at her daughter, "what possessed you to put on this brown sugar, when I told you to get crush? Have some of the apple sauce?" It was made this morning. How have some," she continued, as Madam Conway shook her head. "Meggie it's better than it looks. Seem's if you wasn't goin' to eat nothin'. Betsy Jane, now you're up after the crush, fetch them china sassers for the cowcubers. Like enough she'll eat some of them."

Boils were so painful
could not sleep
at night.

APPEARED ON NECK, LEGS
AND ARMS.

**Burdock
Blood Bitters**
CURED THEM.

It is well-known to all that bad blood is the direct cause of all skin diseases and it is necessary for the blood to be cleansed before the eruptions will disappear. For this purpose there is nothing so equal as Burdock Blood Bitters as the thousands of testimonials we have on hand will testify.

Mr. Willard Thompson, McNeill's Mills, P.E.I., writes us as follows: "I wish to state to you what Burdock Blood Bitters has done for me. Some time ago my blood got out of order and many boils appeared on my neck, legs and arms. They were so painful that I could hardly sleep at night. After having tried many different remedies without any success, I finally decided, on the advice of a friend, to use Burdock Blood Bitters. Before I had quite used two bottles the boils had completely disappeared, and I wish to emphasize the fact that I think Burdock Blood Bitters the best blood purifier on the market to-day."

But, affecting a headache, Madam Conway declined everything, save the green tea and a Boston cracker, which, at the first mention of headache, the distressed woman had brought her. Suddenly remembering Mike, who, having fixed the carriage, was fast asleep on a wheelbarrow under the woodshed, she exclaimed, "For the land of massy, if I hain't forgot that young gentleman! Go, William, and call him this minute. Are you sick at your stomach?" she asked, turning to Madam Conway, who, at the thought of eating with her drunken coachman, had uttered an exclamation of disgust. "Go, Betsy Jane, and fetch the camphire, quick!"

But Madam Conway did not need the camphire, and so she said, adding that Mike was better where he was. Mike thought so, too, and refused to come, whereupon the woman insisted that he must. "The was room enough," she said, "and no kind of sense in Betsy Jane's taking up the hull side of the table with them rats. She could set nearer the young lady."

"Certainly," answered Maggie, anxious to see how the rats would manage to squeeze in between herself and the table-leg, as they would have to do if they came an inch nearer.

This feat could not be done, and in attempting it Betsy Jane upset Maggie's tea upon her handsome traveling dress, eliciting from her mother the exclamation, "Betsy Jane Douglas, you allus was the blunderin' est girl!"

This little incident diverted the woman's mind from Mike, while Madam Conway, sitting at the name of Douglas, thought of herself, "Douglas! Douglas! I did not suppose 'twas so common a name. But then, it don't hurt George any, having these creatures bear his name."

Dinner being over, Madam Conway and Maggie returned to the parlor, where, while the former resumed her chair, the latter amused herself by examining the books and odd-looking daguerreotypes which lay upon the table.

"Oh, grandmother!" she almost screamed, bounding to that lady's side, "as I live, here's a picture of Theo and George Douglas taken together," and she held up a handsome casing before the astonished lady, who, donning her golden spectacles in a twinkling, saw for herself that what Maggie said was true.

"They stole it," she gasped. "We are in a den of thieves! Who knows what they'll take from my hand-box?" and she was about to leave the room, when Maggie, whose quick mind saw farther ahead, bade her stop.

"I may discover something more," said she, and, taking a handsomely bound volume of Lamb, she turned to the fly-leaf and read: "Jenny Douglas, from her brother George, Worcester, January 8th."

It was plain to her now; but any mortification she might otherwise have experienced was lost in the one absorbing thought, "What will grandmother say?"

"Grandmother," said she, showing the book, "don't you remember the mother of that girl called her Betsy Jane Douglas?"

"Yes, yes," gasped Madam Conway, raising both hands, while an expression of deep, intense anxiety was visible upon her face.

"And don't you know, too," continued Maggie, "that George always seemed inclined to say as little as possible of his parents? Now, in this country, it is not unusual for the sons of just such people as these to be among the most wealthy and respectable citizens."

"Maggie, Maggie," hoarsely whispered Madam Conway, grasping Maggie's arm, "do you mean to insinuate—that I am—I to understand that you believe that odious woman and hideous girl to be the mother and sister of George Douglas?"

"I haven't a doubt of it," answered Maggie. "'Twas the resemblance between Betsy Jane and George which I observed at first."

Of her chair on the floor tumbled Madam Conway, fainting entirely away, while Maggie, stepping to the door, called for help.

"I mistrusted she was awful sick at dinner," said Mrs. Douglas, taking her hands from the dishwater, and running to the parlor. "I wish she'd smelt of the camphire, as I wanted her to. Does she have such spells often?"

By this time Betsy Jane had brought a basin of water, which she dashed in the face of the unconscious woman, who soon began to revive. "Pennyroyal tea'll settle her stomach quicker'n anything else," said Mrs. Douglas. "I'll clap a little right on the stove," and, helping Madam Conway to the sofa, she left the room.

"There may possibly be a mistake, after all," thought Maggie, "I'll question the girl," and, turning to Betsy Jane, she said, taking up the book which had before attracted her attention, "Is this, Jenny Douglas, intended for you?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the girl, coloring slightly. "Brother George calls me Jenny, because he thinks Betsy is too old fashioned."

An audible groan from the sofa, and Maggie continued, "Where does your brother live?"

"In Worcester, ma'am. He keeps a store there," answered Betsy, who was going to say more, when her mother, re-entering the room, took up the conversation by saying: "Was you tellin' 'em about George Washington? Wal, he's a boy no mother need be ashamed of, though my old man sometimes says he's ashamed of us, we are so different. But then he orks to consider the advantages he's had. We only bring him up till he was ten years old, and then an uncle who was named after took him, and put him into his college schoolin', and then his head aches was don't it? Poor thing! The pennyroyal will be sposed directly," she added, in an aside to Madam Conway, who had groaned aloud as if in pain. Then resuming her story, she continued, "Better'n

six-year ago Uncle George, who was a bachelor, died, leaving the heft of his property—seventy-five thousand dollars or more, to my son, who is now top of the heap in the store, and worth \$100,000, I presume; some say \$200,000; but that's the way some folks have of agitatin' things."

"Is he married?" asked Maggie, and Mrs. Douglas, mistaking the motive which prompted the question, answered, "Yes, dear, he is. If he want, I know of no darter-in-law I'd as soon have as you. I don't believe in findin' fault with my son's wife, but there's a proud look in her face, I don't like. This is her picture," and she passed to Maggie the daguerreotype of Theo.

"I've looked at it before," said Maggie, and the good woman proceeded, "I hain't seen her yet; but he's goin' to bring her to Chatham bimeby. He's a good boy, George is, free as water—gave me this carpet, the sofa and chair, and has paid Betsy Jane's schoolin' one winter at Leicester. But Betsy don't take to books much. She's more like me, her father says. They had a big party for George last night, but I wasn't invited. Shouldn't a gone if I had been; but for all that, a body don't want to be slighted, even if they don't belong to the quality. If I'm good enough to be George's mother I'm good enough to go to a party with his wife. But she want to blame, and I shan't lay it up against her. I shall see her to-morrow, pretty likely, for Sam Rabbitt's wife and I are goin' down to the firemen's muster. You've heard o' it, I s'pose. The firemen's are goin' to see which will shute water the highest over a 180-foot pole. I wouldn't miss goin' for anything, and of course I shall call on Theo-doshy. I calculate to like her, and when they go to housekeepin' I've got a hull chest full of sheets, and pillow-biers, and towels I'm goin' to give her, besides three or four bed quilts I pieced myself two in herring-bone pattern and one in risin' sun. I'll show 'em to you," and leaving the room, she soon returned with three patch-work quilts, wherein were all possible shades of color, red and yellow predominating, and in one the "rising sun" forming a huge centre piece.

"Heavens!" faintly articulated Madam Conway, pressing her hands upon her head, which was supposed to be aching dreadfully. The thought of Theo, reposing beneath the "risin' sun," or yet the "herring-bone," was intolerable; and looking beseechingly at Maggie, she whispered, "Do see if Mike is ready."

"If it's the carriage you mean," chimed in Mrs. Douglas, "it's been waiting quite a spell, but I thought you wasn't fit to ride yet, so I didn't tell you."

Starting to her feet, Madam Conway's bonnet went on in a trice, and taking her shawl in her hand, she walked out doors, barely expressing her thanks to Mrs. Douglas, who, greatly distressed at her abrupt departure, ran for the herb tea, and taking the tin cup in her hand, followed her guest to the carriage, urging her to "take a swaller just to keep her from vomitin'."

"She's better without it," said Maggie, "She seldom takes medicine, and politely expressing her gratitude to Mrs. Douglas, for her kindness, she bade Mike drive on."

"Some crazy critter just out of the asylum, I'll bet," said Mrs. Douglas, walking back to the house with her pennyroyal tea. "How queer she acted! but that girl's a lady, every inch of her, and so handsome, too. I wonder who she is?"

"Don't you believe the old woman felt a little above us?" suggested Betsy Jane, who had more discernment than her mother.

"Like enough she did, though I never thought of it. But she needn't. I'm as good as she is, and I'll warrant as much thought on, where I'm known; and quite satisfied with her own position. Mrs. Douglas went back to her dishwashing, while Betsy Jane stole away up stairs to try the experiment of arranging her hair after the fashion in which Margaret wore hers."

(To Be Continued.)

Could scarcely get up
or down without help.

Had a severe pain in
the small of the back.

Was treated in the Hotel
Dieu, Kingston, but
not cured.

Kidney trouble was the trouble.

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