# from an Itching Humour.

## **CURED BY CUTICURA**

Mot One Square Inch of Skin on His Whole Body Was Unaffected

\*\*\* My little son, a boy of live, broke out with an itching rash. Three dochim any more. They finally advised me to try a certain medical college, but its treatment did not do any good. At the time I was induced to try Cuticura Remedies he was so bad that I had to cout his hair off and put the Cuticura Coutment on him on bandages, as it was impossible to touch him with the bare hand. There was not one square incheof skin on his whole body that was not antested. He was one mass of sores. The bandages used to stick to his skin and in removing them it used to take the skin off with them, and the screams from the poor ichild were heart-breaking. I began to think that he would never get well, but after the second application of Cuticura Ointment I began to see signs of improvement, and with the third and fourth applications the sores commenced to dry up. His skin peeled off twenty times, but it finally yielded to the treatment. I used the Cuticura Resolvent for his blood, and now I can say that he is entirely cured, and a stronger and heatthler boy you never saw than he is to-day."

\*\*ROBERT WATTAM\*\*, 20, 1897.

No return in six years, Mr. Wattam him any more. They finally advised

Feb. 28, 1903.

Trietter of the 21st in regard to of my little boy at hand. I am nankful to say that the cure by the Cuttorna Remedies has most thorough and successful





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Jinard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

# Hagar's

By Mrs. M. J. Holmes...

Soon after leaving the piano a young man approached and invited her waltz. This was something in which Maggie excelled; for two winters before, Madam Conway had hired a teacher to instruct her granddaughters in dancing, and she was about to accept the invitation when, drawing her arm still closer within his own, Mr. Carrollton looked down upon her, saying softly, "I wouldn't." Soon after leaving the piano

wouldn't."
Maggie had often walted with Henry at home. He saw no harm in it, and now when Arthur Carrollton objected she was provoked, while at the same time she felt constrained to decline.

"Some time, when I know you better, I will explain to you why I do not think it proper for young girls to waltz with every one," said Mr. Carrollton; and leading her from the drawing-room, he devoted him-

Mr. Carrollton, and leading her from the drawing-room, he devoted him-self to her for the remainder of the evening, making himself so perfectly agreeable that Maggie forgot every-thing, even Henry Warner, who in the meantime had field to recognize Madam Conway as an acquaintance. A cool nod, however, was all the token of recognition she had to give

him. This state of feeling augured ill for the success of his suit; but when at a late hour that night, in spits of grandmother or Englishman, he handed Maggie to the carriage, he whispered to her softly, "I will see her to-morrow merning and know the worst.

The words caught the quick ear of The words caught the quick ear of Madam Conway; but not wishing Mr. Carrollton to know there was anything particular between her granddaughter and Henry Warner, she said nothing, and when arrived at last at the hotel she asked an explanation, Maggie, who hurried off to bed, was too sleepy to give her any answer.

to bed, was two sleepy to give her any answer.

'I shall know before long, any way, if he sees me in the morning,' she thought, as she heard a distant clock strike two, and settled her face into the withering frown with which she intanded to annihilate Henry Warner. The old lady was herself ere long much faster asleep than the young girl at her side, who was thinking of Henry Warner, wishing he was three inches taller, or herself three inches shorter, and wondering if his square shoulders would not be somewhat improved by braces!

braces!

"I never noticed how short and crooked he was," she thought, "until I saw him standing by the side of Mr. Carrollton, who is such a splendid figure, so tall and straight; but big, overgrown girls like me always get short husbands, they say," and, satisfied with this conclusion, she fell asleep.

CHAPTER XIV.

At a comparatively early hour Ma dam Conway arose, and, going to the parlor, found there Arthur Carrollton, who asked if Margaret were not yet up. "Say that I wish her to ride with me en horschack," said he. "The morning ur will do her good;" and, quite delighted, Ma-dem Conway carried the message to

er granddaughter.
"Tell him I shan't do it," answe "Tell him I shan't do it," answered the sleepy Maggie, adjusting herself for another nap. Then, as she thought how his eyes probably looked as he said it. 'I wish her to lide," she felt inpell d to obey, and greatly to her grandmother's surprise, she commenced dressing.

Theo's riding dress was borrowed, and though it did not at her exactly, she looked unusually well when she met Mr. Carrollton in the lower hall, and once mounted upon the gay steed, and galloping away into the country, she felt more than repaid for the loss of her morning

"You ride well." said Mr. Carroll-You ride well, said an upon ton, when at last they paused upon the brow of a hill, overlooking the town, "but you have some faults, which, with your permission. I will

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GREETINGS

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et case, 25 cents at drug-gists, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price.

correct." and in the most polite and gentlemanly manner, he proceeded to speak of a few points wherein her liding might be improved.

Among other things, he said she rode too fast for a lady; and, biting her lip, Maggie thought, "If I only had Gritty here I'd lead him such a race as would either break his bones or his neck, I'm not particular which!"

she, followed his directions implicitly, and when, ere they reached home, he told her that she exed home, he told her that she ex-celled many who had been for years to riding schools, she felt repaid for his criticisms, which she knew were just, even if they were not agree-able. Breakfast being over, he an-nounced his intention of going down to Boston, telling Maggie he should probably return that evening and go with her to Hillsdale on the mor-

Scarcely had he gone when Harry "Scarcely had he gone when Harry Warner appeared, asking an interview with Madam Conway, who haughtily led the way into a private room. Very candidly and honorably Henry made known to her his wishes, whereupon a most stormy scene ensued, the lady so far forgetting herself as to raise her voice several notes above its usual pitch; while Henry, angered by her insulting words, bade her take the consequences of her refusal, hinting that girls had been known to marry without their guardian's consent.

girls had been known to marry without their guardian's consent.

"An elopement, hey? He threatens
me with an elopement, does he?"
said Madam Conway, as the door
closed after him. "I am glad he,
warned me in time," and then, trembling in every limb lest. Maggie
should be spirited away before her
very eyes, she determined upon going home immediately, and leaving
Arthur Carrollton to follow, in the
cars.

Arthur Carrollton to follow, in the cars.

Accordingly Maggle was bidden to pack her things at once, the excited old lady keeping her eye constantly upon her to see that she did not disappear through the window ortsome other improbable place. In silence Maggle obeyed, pouting the while a very little, partly because she should not again see Henry, partly because she had confidently expected to ride home with Mr. Carrollton, and partly because she wished to stay to the firemen's muster, which had been long talked about, and was to take place on the morrow. They were ready at last, and then in a very perturbed state of feeling, Madam Conway waited for her carriage. place on the morrow. They were ready at last, and then in a very perturbed state of feeling, Madam Conway waited for her carriage, which was not forthcoming, and upon inquiry, George Douglas learned that, having counted upon another day in the city. Mike was now going through a series of plunge baths, by way of sobering himself ere appearing before his mistress. This, however, George kept from Madam Conway, not wishing to alarm her, and when, after a time, Mike appeared sitting bolt upright upon the box, with the lines grasped firmly in his hands, she did not suspect the truth, nor know that he, too, was angry for being thus compelled to go home before he saw the firemen.

Thinking him sober enough to be perfectly sale, George Douglas felt no fear, and bowing to his new relatives, went back to comfort Theo, who, as a matter of course, cried a little when the carriage drove away. Worcester was left behind, and they were far out in the country ere a word was exchanged between Madam Conway and Magnie; for while the latter was pouting behind her vell,

conway and Maggie: for while the latter was pouting behind her vell, the former was wondering what possessed Mike to drive into every rut and over every stone.

"You, Mike!" she exclaimed at last, feaning from the window.
"What alls you?"

"Nothing, as I'm a living man," answered Mike, halting so suddenly as to jerk the lady backward and mash the crown of her bonnet.

Straightening hersaif up, and trying in vain to smooth the jam, Madam Conway continued, "In liquor, I know. I wished I had stayed at home." But Mike loudly denied the charge, declaring, "he had spent the blessed night at a meeting of the Sons, where they passed around nothing stronger than lemons and water, and if the horses chose to run of the track, twasmt his fault — he couldn't help it," and with the air of one deeply injured, he again started forward, curring of ere long into a cross count in the started of the started to th

Hillsdale route,
"Mike, you villain!" ejaculated the
lady, as they ran down into a ditch,
and she sprang to one side to keep

indispensable paper curtains of blue, closely shading the windows of what was probably 'the best room.' In the apartment opposite, however, they were rolled up, so as to show the old-fashioned drapery of dimity, bordered with a netted fringe. Half a dozen broken pitchers, and pots held geraniums, verhenas, and other lants, while the well-kept beds of bellybooks surflowers and poppies

glance, but it did not prevent her from holding high her aristocratic skirts, lest they should be contamin-

But the woman did not stand at But the woman did not stand at all upon ceremony. For the last ten minutes she had been watching the minutes she had been watching strangers as they toiled over the sandy road, and when sure they were coming there, had retreated into her bedroom, donning a flaming red ealloo, which, guiltless of hoops, clung to her tenaciously, showing her form to great advantage, and rousing at to per tenaciously, showing her form to good advantage, and rousing at once the risibles of Maggie. A black lace cap, ornamented with ribbons of the same fanciful color as the dress, adorned her head; and with a dozen or more oins in her mouth, she new appeared hooking her sleeve and smoothing down the black collar up-

smpothing down the black collar upon her neck.

In a few words Maggie explained to her their misfortune, and asked permission to tarry there until the tarriage was repaired.

"Certing, certing," answered the woman, courtesying almost to the floor. "Walk right in, if you can git in. It's my cheese day, or I should have been cleared away sooner. Here, Betsy Jane! you have prinked long enough; come and hist the winders in t'other room, and wing 'em off, so the ladies can set in there out of this dirty place;" then, turning to Madam Conwiy, who was industriously freeing her French kids from the sand they had accumulated during her walk, she continued: "Have of my shoes to rest your feet."

and she sprang to one side to keep the carriage from going over.

But ere she had time for anything luther, one of the axietrees snapped asunder, and to proceed further in their present condition was impossible. Alighting from the carriage, and setting her little feet upon the ground with a vengeance Madam Conway first scoided Mike unmercifully for his carelessness, and next chided Maggie for manifesting no more concern.

"You'd as lief go to destruction as not. I do believe!" said she, looking carefully after the bandbox containing her purple sath.

"I'd rather go there first," answerded Maggie, pointing to a brown, didfashioned farmhouse about a quarter of a mile away.

At first Madam Conway objected, saying she preferred sitting on the the bank to intruding herself upon strangers, but as it was now nbon-day, and the warm September sun poused fiercely down upon her, she finally concluded to follow Maggie's advice, and gathering up her box and parasol, started for the house, which, with its tansy patch on the right, and its single poplar tree in front, presented rather an uninviting appearance.

"Some vulgar creatures live there, I know. Just hear that old tinhorn," she exclaimed, as a blast, loud and shrill, blown by practiced fips, told to the men in a distant field that dinner was ready.

A nearer approach disclosed to view a slanting-roaded farmhouse, such as is often found in New England, with high, narrow windows, small panes of glass, and the most indispensable paper curtains of blue, closely shading the windows of what was probably 'the best room."

idents, while the well-kept beds of hollyhocks, sunflowers and popples indicated a taste for flowers in some one. Everything about the house was faultlessly neat. The door-sill was scrubbed to a chalky white the uncovered floor wore the same polished hie.

All this Madam Conway saw at a clance, but, it did not prevent her

skirts, lest they should be contaminated, and when, in answer to her knock, an odd-looking, peculiarly dressed woman appeared, she uttered an exclamation of disgust, and, turning to Maggie, said: "You talk —I can't!"



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A good tea must, in addition to tting good, possess certain nutrient an non-injurious qualities. Blue Rilbon Such a tea is

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a spell," and, diving into a recess or closet, she brought forth a pair of slippers large enough to hold both of Madam Conway's feet at

With a haughty frown the lady declined the ofier, while Maggie looked on in delight, pleased with an adventure which promised so much fun. After a moment Betsy Jane appeared, attired in a dress similar to that of her mother, for whose lank appearance she made ample amends in the wonderful expansion of her robes, which, minus gather or fold at the bottom, set out like a miniature tent, upsetting at once the handbox which Madam Conway had placed upon a chair, and which, with its contents, rolled promiscuously over the floor!

"Betsy Jane! How can you wear them abominable things!" exclaimed the distressed woman, stooping to juck up the purple se' in which had tumbled out. the floor!

umbled out.

A look from the more fashionable daughter, as with a swinging swee daughter, as with a swinging sweep she passed on into the parlor, silence ed the mother on the subject of hoops, and thinking her guests must necessarily be thirsty after their walk, she brought them a pitcher of water, asking if they d "chuse it clear, or with a little ginger and molasses," at the same time calling to letty Jane to know if them windows was "wung" off.

(To Be Continued.)

Lever's Dry Soap a powder. It will renove the grease with the greatest ease. 36

ne positively lazy men honest believe they are only economical.

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erties of ripe fruits-and is pleasant to take. At all druggists. 25c, and 6oc, a bottle