

A Trying Experience.

A NOVA SCOTIA FARMER SUFFERED FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.

Consulted Four Doctors, But the Only Relief They Gave Him Was Through Injections of Morphine—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him to Health and Activity.

From the News, Truro, N.S.

Mr. Robert Wright, of Alton, Colchester Co., N.S., is now one of the hardest working farmers in this section. But Mr. Wright was not always blessed with perfect health; as a matter of fact for some fifteen years he was a martyr to what appeared to be an incurable trouble. In conversation lately with a News reporter, Mr. Wright said: "I am indeed grateful that the trouble which bothered me for so many years is gone, and I am quite willing to give you the particulars for publication. It is a good many years since my trouble first began, slight at first, but later intensely severe pains in the back. Usually the pains attacked me when working or lifting, but often when not at work at all. With every attack the pains seemed to grow worse, until finally I was confined to the house, and there for five long months was bed-ridden, and much of this time could not get up without help. My wife required to stay with me constantly, and became nearly exhausted.

During the time I was suffering thus I was attended by four different doctors. Some of them pronounced my trouble lumbago, others sciatica, but they did not cure me, nor did they give me any relief, save by the injection of morphine. For years I suffered thus, sometimes confined to bed, at other times able to go about and work, but always suffering from the pain, until about three years ago when I received a new lease of life, and a freedom from the pains that had so long tortured me. It was at this time that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were brought to my attention and I got two boxes. The effect seemed marvellous and I got six boxes more, and before they were all used I was again a healthy man and free from pain. It is about three years since I was cured, and during that time I have never had an attack of the old trouble, and I can therefore strongly testify to the sterling quality of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Since they did such good work for me I have recommended them to several people for various ailments, and the pills have always been successful."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

WHY WEAR HATS?

We cling to a Custom Neither Becoming Nor Health-Giving.

Why do both men and women persist in wearing hats? asked Pearson's Magazine. There are three reasons why we should wear clothes. We may wear them for the sake of decency; for the sake of warmth; or for the sake of display. None of these reasons applies to the wearing of hats. Of course, there are head-coverings that are warm, such as the Iclander's sealskin hood or the fisherman's toque; but, as a rule, there is no real warmth in the hat of either sex. When a woman pins a slight structure of straw and artificial flowers on the top of her hair, she never for an instant imagines that the thing will keep her from taking cold. The masculine top hat is certainly warm on a hot day, but it is very far from warm in cold weather.

Neither are hats worn for the purpose of display. Doubtless there are times when women make the hat the occasion of displaying their fondness for dead birds, muslin flowers, and other beautiful objects, but this is only when fashion has decreed that big hats shall be worn. At other times the female hat is so microscopically small that it could not be successfully used for displaying anything. As for men's hats they never display anything except the atrocious taste, which makes them fashionable. Why then, in the name of all that is sensible, do men and women wear hats? As a rule, every man and every woman looks better without a hat than with one. This is why we all take off our hats at the opera or at an evening party. And yet we cling to a custom that has not a word to be said in its behalf. We persist in wearing the ugly, useless and injurious hat. Why do we do it? I should like to find a good Irish eoch that would answer the question at length, and in a satisfactory way.

CABLE CONDUIT MOTOR.

An electrical engineer has invented a device for getting the hauling line for cables and wires through the conduit pipes. It consists of three rubber-tired wheels and a special clockwork arrangement that will send the wheels 400 feet at one winding. This new form of motor car drags string through the pipe, and the rest is easy.

SENT TO SIBERIA.

The report of the Russian Department of Prisons shows that in the past two years the total number of persons banished to Siberia was 20,056, of whom 894 were women.

STORY OF THE WEDDING RING.

By BERTHA M. CLAY,
Author of "A Queen Among Women," "How Will It End," "The Burden of a Secret," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lord Carlswood looked up in dismay. He had been dining out and Mrs. Waldron had given orders that she was not at home to any one. He was pleased to find her alone; the dinner had fatigued him, and he was glad of the prospect of a quiet evening. He had drawn his chair to the window, making some careless remark about the warmth and beauty of the night. There was no reply, and the old lord thought she had not heard him. After a time he spoke to her again, and again there came no reply. She was standing by the open window, her face hidden from him.

"Ismy, what are you thinking of?" he asked. Then she turned to him and her face frightened him, it was so white, with colorless lips and shadowed eyes—the face of one who has received a mortal blow, she seemed almost unconscious of his presence; unable to understand his words. He was shocked and terrified—he went to her and took both her hands in his.

"Ismy," he said, "what is the matter, my dear child?" The eyes raised to his were dazed and heavy with grief. "What has happened to you?" he cried. "You look so ill, you frighten me; you look as though you were dying. What is the matter?"

"I have seen Paul," she replied, and the tone of her voice was so changed, so hoarse, so altered that he did not know it. "I have seen Paul," she repeated, "and I asked him to take me back—to take me back because I love him so—because I am so guilty, so wretched—and he would not. He said I had broken his heart years ago and that thought is killing me."

The white face drooped—her hands fell nervously—the words died away on her colorless lips, and the next minute Ismay Waldron, the beautiful woman, the unhappy wife, lay white and senseless as the old man's feet. He moaned as he bent over her. "I have killed her!" he said. "She is the victim, not of her vanity, but of my pride. I have slain her!"

Some hours afterward Lord Carlswood sat by Ismay's bedside. A grave-faced doctor was there, and he looked as though he had no very favorable verdict to give. Ismay lay quite unconscious. No word that was uttered fell on her ears. "You say," repeated the old lord, "that she has had some great shock?" "Yes," was the grave reply. "This illness comes from the mind, not the body; there has been a strain upon the mind and that, followed by a shock has been too much for a not over-strong brain."

Lord Carlswood looked at him. "She is in danger, you think?" "She lies in the very shadow of death," said the doctor; "human skill can avail her but very little." Days passed and the shadow of death did not pass from the house. It seemed to those who watched Ismay so anxiously, that she was conscious at times, but even then she lay with closed eyes, heedless of everything and every one around her.

A fortnight had elapsed, and one evening she looked at the nurse who stood by her bedside. "Will you tell Lord Carlswood I want him?" she said, and the old lord hastened to obey the call. "Are we quite alone?" she asked. "I want to speak to you." He kissed the worn face, he held fondly in his own the thin, white hands. "My darling, what can I do for you?" he asked.

She raised her large, mournful eyes to his face. "Grandfather," she said, "I have not long to live." He would have interrupted her, but she held up her hand for silence. "I have never been what people call religious," she said; "but I am going to die. I shall have to face the great judge. What shall I answer about my duty as a wife?"

The old lord looked distressed and dismayed; he tried to soothe her. "You will get better, Ismay; do not despair." "But some time or other I must die. What am I to say? You tempted me—what shall I say?" The words smote him like a sharp-edged sword. Were this death and fear of judgment the result of what he had done, the consequence of his sin? The mournful eyes, the faltering voice, the frightened face filled him with dismay. "Do you wish it all undone, Ismay?" he asked. "Yes," she whispered faintly. "I would give my life to undo it; but it is too late—Paul says so."

She was too weak for tears, but the anguish of her face frightened him. "I went to ask him to take me back; I would willingly have been poor with him. But he is rich now. He would not take me back; and it is killing me. I am afraid to die—my life has been so empty, my sin so great."

beautiful face that seemed to bear the very impress of death. The nurse left the room as Paul entered it, and he knelt down by the bedside. Ismay had fallen into a restless, troubled sleep, and as he watched her all the bitterness of his life, the bitter vengeance which had followed through so many long years, died away. He forgot the present—the remembered agony of those ten years—the remembered only the beautiful girl he had wooed and won—the lovely young wife he had worshipped; he thought of all her bright, graceful ways, and now she lay dying, they said. She was so young when they tempted her away, and they had tempted her through her love of all that was beautiful and luxurious. She had not left him for another—had never given one thought to any other; frail and feeble as her love was, she had given it all to him. And now she lay dying—never to give her love to any one again. Was it true, as she said, that her woman's soul was only just awakened? It might be.

"And in the awakening she turned to me," he said—"no one else but me." What she must have suffered to be brought so near death because he loved her! How she must have loved him after all! Her whole heart must have yearned for him. Was it not through love of him that she lay dying? As he thought of that the last remnant of pride and anger died out of his heart. How she must have loved him! He remembered that he had kissed her white hand.

When he raised his face she was looking at him—the sad, sweet eyes were fixed on his face. She did not seem surprised to see him. "Paul!" she whispered. "Am I dreaming?" "My darling," he said, gently, clasping her in his arms, "you are not dreaming. I am here to love you, to win you back to life, and to make you so happy that we shall both forget the wretched past."

He raised her, and the beautiful wan face dropped on his breast. She tried to put her arms round his neck, but they fell weak and helpless by her side. "Put my arms round your neck, darling," she whispered; "and if I have to die let me die so." Tears were raining down his face—his weakness never could have done, he thought, "You shall not die, sweet," he said, "if the strength of a mighty love can bring you back to life."

Then kneeling by her side holding her tightly clasped in his arms he told her the story of his love and his sorrow—of his life since he had lost her. She was as happy as a lost child restored to its mother's arms. "How strong love is!" she whispered to him. "I feel that while you love me so dearly, I cannot die."

He soothed her with the long-silent music of loving words until the sweet eyes grew heavy, and then she said: "Paul, you will not leave me if I sleep?" "Let me wake and find you waking," she found him there, and his love did for her what the doctor had said human skill could not do—it brought her back to life.

Once, as Paul was sitting talking to her she held her left hand up to him with a smile. It was thin and shadowy. "Look," she said, "my ring is getting too large for me." He kissed the white hand, and the gold ring. She smiled. "Paul," she said, "who would think there was such a story attached to my wedding ring?"

Ismay recovered, and when she was once more herself Lord Carlswood declared that he would interfere no more—that she should accompany her husband to his own home, yet still be acknowledged as his granddaughter. By that time he had grown to have a sincere affection, and a warm, true liking for Paul. He admired his talents and respected his independence. They made a compromise, Ismay went to her husband and Lionel remained with Lord Carlswood as his heir. Paul says laughingly that he can spare one son, for the old walls of Ravensdale resounded with childish laughter and the music of children's voices. There are times when Ismay is inclined to think that all happened for the best.

"I should never have been either a sensible or a contented woman if I had not suffered," she would say to her husband, with a smile. There are tears in her eyes and smiles on her lips when she tells the story of her wedding ring.

DISINFECTING SURGEONS' HAIR.

It is stated by a French scientific journal that the surgeons of Austria and Germany, on the motion of Dr. Hubenek, of Breslau, are considering whether or not to make it a rule that surgeons should be clean shaven. Hair is a nest of microbes, some of which are pathogenic. Of course, there is another preventive of danger—that is, to disinfect the hair by washing it before performing an operation. A Hungarian surgeon would not accept as a pupil a woman doctor with a fine head of hair unless she cut it short, and, strange to say, she did.

CAUSE OF STAGE FRIGHT.

An expert has arisen to explain stage fright really comes from a disordered digestion. He argues from this that persons meditating public appearances should be careful of their diet, and adhere to regular habits.

TOBACCO AROMA MICROBES.

A well-known German scientist has discovered that the aroma of tobacco is due to microbes, and it is said he will patent, if he can, a process for making cheap cigars smell like expensive ones.

About the House.

HEADACHE IN CHILDREN.

The headache habit rarely becomes established before the age of seven years, and not often earlier than fourteen. Prior to the latter age headaches are usually of irregular occurrence, and directly traceable to fatigue, nervous excitement, or overeating. Periodic headaches, occurring at somewhat regular intervals of from two to six weeks, have characteristic of their own. The pain is located at a particular point, often just over one eye. At the beginning of the attack the child is frequently pale and the expression worried, while later the face is flushed. The eyes are extreme; sensitive to light.

Before and during the attacks the whole nature of the child is changed. He is dull, drowsy, listless or irritable. Vision is frequently double or otherwise disordered. Often after sleep the child will awaken with all the symptoms gone. Days of wholesome, pleasurable excitement are marred by the occurrence of a prostrating attack of recurring headache.

The above description will create a mental picture of a disorder which has proved the bugbear of the whole childhood of many a reader. The best treatment for the periodic headaches of childhood is preventive. It is noticed that in nearly every case one parent or the other has suffered in like manner. This fact should put parents on their guard when a child has headache from slight provocation. The younger the child is when such headaches begin, the more pains-taking and persistent should be the care taken to prevent the establishment of a headache habit.

Care in the quality and quantity of food is of vital importance in every case. The child needs plenty of wholesome food, and is often benefited by some light nourishment between meals. He will then be less apt to overload the stomach, or to eat too quickly at meal hours, and the supper should always be a light meal. Butter and cream are articles of food of once nourishing and digestible, and a craving for them is not to be discouraged. The hours of sleep should be long; ten hours are not too much for any child. Periodic headaches are most common to children who are much with their elders and with books, and who are led to grasp at mental problems suitable only for older persons. At the beginning of school life the child is placed under an unusual strain, mental and physical. To offset this he should be encouraged to take part in outdoor sports and games. If a tendency to headache is developed, he should be directed to outdoor life and play, and away from too much reading and school work.

It is presumed that every modern schoolhouse is thoroughly ventilated. It is to the credit of nearly all teachers that they are alive to the importance of fresh air.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Pumpkin Pie.—Cook the pumpkin slowly, until it is thick, add a little molasses and stew until it seems to have taken up the sweet. Pass through a colander. For one pie take half a pint of the pumpkin, a pint of rich milk, half a cup of sugar and two eggs. Beat the eggs and sugar together, add the pumpkin, then the milk, which should be hot. Spice to taste with cinnamon and a very little nutmeg and ginger.

Scalloped Oysters.—The oyster season is with us again, and everybody enjoys the toothsome bivalve that is chiefly "flavor." A favorite way of presenting oysters is scalloped, but in about seven cases out of ten scalloped oysters are not fit to eat because they are not properly prepared. They are either "ploppy" or embedded in a mush of wet crackers that is anything but appetizing, reminding the eater chiefly of a bread poultice. Here is a recipe that will give good results if faithfully followed:

In the first place, get good-sized oysters. Drain the liquid from a quart, and strain it, after boiling. Butter your baking dish and cover the bottom with oysters. On them put a layer of fine cracker crumbs; salt and pepper the crumbs and dot liberally with bits of butter. Be generous with the butter, and let it be butter that is like Caesar's wife—above reproach. Alternate layers of oysters and crumbs, seasoning each layer; until the dish is full, finishing with crumbs and plenty of bits of butter. Beat an egg till light, add it to the oyster liquor, with a little new milk if the liquid seem insufficient to moisten all the crumbs, and pour it over the top. Bake twenty or twenty-five minutes, or till well browned; fold a napkin diagonally and pin it round the dish, as the oysters should go to table in the dish in which they were baked. You may pin your faith—and trust your oysters—to this recipe.

HOME THOUGHTS.

Who can measure the power of an educated, intellectual mother in the home? As a rule, those women are the best housekeepers whose lives are varied by some outside interest. If the world would only be made all right, the best work of fine mothers could be begun in the home. The best work of fine mothers is done by those whose hearts are full of duties.