

The Dream-House.

The wedding was in chrysanthemum time, and the yellow bloom seemed signify of golden success. At the very last, the bride, cheeks aflame, and eyes sparkling, whispered to her mother:

"I won't be long, Dick can do anything he sets himself to. In three years—maybe in two—I'll be writing, 'Our house is begun, and we are nearly ready for you and father to come and live with us. You had better start packing, so you won't be hurried.'"

It was easy to see where Jenny had got her bump of hope. The mother's eyes were as bright as the daughter's, and her thin cheek nearly as pink, while she said, under her breath, "Two years won't seem so long with the house standing at the end of the way."

"They will just fly!" declared Jenny, her fingers caressing the gold blossom she held. As the wagon turned in the high-road, bearing the bride and bridegroom to the depot on their way to Kansas, Jenny's father privately reflected that at least five or six winters would pass before "mother" would think about packing.

There is no such thing as luck, it is said. A man falls down or wins out by the measure of his fight. But when a half hundred horses are grazing under like conditions, and it is the poor fellow's horse that puts a foot into prairie dog hole and must be shot just about second plowing time.

Jenny Gray did not try to solve a problem so abstract. Their first spring in Kansas, when Dick told her about Ludyard's fate, she put her arm around her husband's neck and said:

"We'll get along all right without poor Ludyard because, you see, we've got the mule left, and the cow, and the hogs—and ourselves."

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important is a healthy action of these organs.

They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system.

trembling. Then father would read the letter aloud—and the ensuing silence in the low room would be broken only by the falling apart of the logs in the fireplace. The coming of the night would find the old couple still sitting there in silent despair.

Maybe the year would bring a wonderful harvest. They might be able to build the house right away after the corn was sold, and send for the old people next year, after all. So passionate was hope that Jenny believed.

"Dear mother," she wrote, after she had destroyed the letter of revelation, "we won't build this year, after all, but when we do we are going to build right. The front porch really ought to be a foot wider than our estimate, if there's to be room for a four-shelfed flower-stand, and then a side porch is almost a necessity for sunning pillows."

That year there was a drought of unprecedented length. In September Dick came in and burst out, desperately, "Well, Jenny, we're done! I'm beaten! That's all!"

Jenny pulled Dick's head down until it rested on her shoulder, and they cried together. Then suddenly she laughed, the old laugh, and said: "Dick, I've just thought how much our worldly possessions were like the Ten Little Niggers in the nursery jingle:

"Ten little niggers, sittin' in a line, Lightnin' struck one and then there were nine,"

and so on to the tragic end, when there was left only "One little nigger sittin' in the sun, Crab caught him by the toe and then there was none."

"Girlie," he said, "we'll win yet! A man who couldn't win with a wife like you ain't fit to live. Tomorrow I'm going into town and try for a job with a farm-machine firm. I know I can sell machinery enough to keep us from starving while we are getting on our feet again. The road to success will be longer, that's all. We will arrive some day."

ber mother any longer. If nothing unforeseen takes place, you may begin to look for us when the trees bud."

Kansas bloomed early. The first day of April the one tree in the yard of the new house across the street showed a tender green in the top branches. The tiny lawn had been tarfed, and already it was a green velvet rug. Passerby invariably noted the neat, complete appearance of the place, but a childish pang came to Jenny every time she saw it. It was so like the dear dream-house. Jenny passionately hoped her mother would not notice the new house during the coming visit—it would hurt so.

But the very day the old people arrived from Kentucky, after luncheon, when Dick had taken her father to see the "store," Jenny, who was sitting with her mother on the boarding-house porch, felt her heart sink. Her mother was looking long and interestedly across the street.

"Oh!," the older woman said, "that house over there seems sort of familiar. Where have I seen such a house before?"

Jenny could not speak because of the lump in her throat, but her mother went on:

"Why, it's got two big south windows in the upper chamber, and a wide front porch—an extra wide front porch—all latticed in—and a glass front door, and it's painted pure white with green shutters. Why, it's for all the world like the house you were going to put up if things hadn't been so dead against Dick! Now I call that house just as near perfect as good lumber and good sense can make a house. I'd love dearly to walk through it!"

Jenny changed the subject. But the next morning, after breakfast, when Dick and father came out on the front porch of the boarding-house to set out on the down-town walk, mother again expressed her wish to see the inside of the new house across the street. Dick looked at his watch.

"I've got twenty minutes margin," he said. "I see a workman or two over there; there's no objection to our going through the house right now."

Jenny had no adequate excuse, and followed the others across the car tracks and through the gate. The house was all but finished. The two workmen lingered over the last touches. As Jenny walked behind the others through the seven rooms, a strange excitement clutched her. The new house was not like the dream-house. It was the dream-house come true! As one entered, she lingered in the tiny back hall, looking at the ingeniously constructed entrance to the cellarway which she had planned that loneliest winter out there on the ranch. She heard her father call from the front of the house as from a great distance. Then, blinded by tears for the dear night-haven, she took her slow way towards the little living-room, where the others were waiting for her.

"Pretty nice house, ain't it, girl?" Jenny's father's voice was strangely hoarse. "Rooney and neat, eh? Think you could get ready to move in next week?"

Jenny's eyes followed the lines of writing on the paper which her father handed her, but she did not in the least grasp the meaning of it. Her mother's words were enlightening:

Was So Bad With Heart and Nerves Could Not Sleep At Night.

Many men and women toss night after night upon a sleepless bed. Some constitutional disturbance, worry or disease has so debilitated and irritated the heart and nervous system that they cannot enjoy the refreshing sleep which comes to those whose heart and nerves are right.

Milburn's Heart & Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, or mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co. Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Some passages might be pressed in favor of total abstinence; but on the whole, Scripture casts no slur on the moderate or ordinary use of wine. Had the human race stooped to wine (and beer) moderately fermented, the drink question would never have become a serious one. It is the more recent introduction of stronger and more subtle drinks such as brandy and whisky, excessive alcoholization, and especially poisonous adulteration, as well as the mixing of drinks—sometimes practised as a fine art of debauchery—which has made the most part of the mischief; and the high pressure neurasthenia of modern life has much to do with it too.

The medical profession is divided on the ultimate question. All seem to admit that alcohol, as such, is chemically what we call a "poison," and there is a growing tendency to believe that the less a man takes of alcohol the better. But we have never been satisfied with the contention that every minimal dose is fraught with injury to the system—or in other words, that every use of alcohol is an abuse.

This is a view which common sense and Christian tradition, and even Christian theology will always oppose from the practical point of view. The sound position therefore is to abstain from the absolute and universal condemnation of the use of alcoholic drink; to enlarge on the very serious mischief which follows from its immoderate use, and on the difficulties felt by many in observing moderation. Hence total abstinence can be preached to all who experience danger, and even inculcated upon those who do not experience the danger at present—provided this is done in such a way as to avoid turning total abstinence into a dogma, or casting a censure on those who claim to continue the moderate use of alcohol without perceptible detriment either to health or conduct.

Attempts to prove that the wine recommended in Scripture and used by Our Lord was unfermented, or of such quality as never to make men drunk, are more ingenious than convincing. We quite admit that a man who is himself a total abstainer by free choice can always preach total abstinence to others with greater effect; and we should not quarrel with any one who took up this kind of mortification with that object in view. But there must be no Manicheism about it.—Bombay Examiner.

Mr. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., says:—It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c.

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