

Common Cold

be beginning of serious affections of the Throat, Bronchitis, Tuberculosis, etc. Therefore, the importance of effective treatment cannot be overstated. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best remedy for the speedy cure of Cough.

Many I was attacked with a cold, which, by neglect and exposure, became worse. Finally a very large, A. terrible cough, accompanied by pain in the chest, which I suffered intensely. Various remedies, without relief, I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was

speedily cured.

This remedy saved my life. I was attacked with a severe cold, which developed into pneumonia, present and obstinate symptoms.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, after taking ten bottles of this medicine I was cured. The result was a rapid and permanent cure. H. E. Stephens, Maricopa, Texas.

he Best Remedy

for Coughs, and all Throat and Chest affections. It is a powerful expectorant, and soothes the inflamed membrane, and relieves the most distressing cough. It is a powerful expectorant, and soothes the inflamed membrane, and relieves the most distressing cough. It is a powerful expectorant, and soothes the inflamed membrane, and relieves the most distressing cough.

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THE DEACON'S SHOPPING.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

"Where are you going to Philadelphia, Mart?" asked Mrs. Santha Ann Greenway, as she rinsed the coffee cups and placed them on the waiter. "Tomorrow! I'm so glad! My chicken and butter money is come to a considerable sum. I want to go to the city to see some of my friends. You could get 'em! Seems a pity for me to lose a whole day, and spend more'n two dollars on them peckers, when you've got to go on business. I guess you could suit me; you use 'er do all yer mother's shopping."

"Well, I could try, Santha Ann; but I don't know. Women's fixin's is so curious! What you got to get?"

"I've got to have some calico gowns, fast an' foremost, I s'pose, and Achas wants a few fixin's. However, it won't trouble you much, for I'll have 'em all writ out. An' father, you must get some homepun for yourself. You really haven't got nothin' much 'sides your weddin' suit, and mussy knows that ought to be wore out, though it don't look disreputable yet; only I never did like them swallow's tails."

"Pa going to the city?" asked Achas Jane, a girl of sixteen, coming in with a big loaf of rye bread hot from the kitchen stove. "Oh, pa, please do take me."

"He can't, Achas; not just yet," said her mother. You wouldn't want to go with your last year's bonnet on, that you ain't willin' to wear to picnics even. You'd better set down what things you can't do without very well, but you must make the list short, Achas, 'less your father should get more than he expects—more money, I mean."

"I'll make two lists," said Achas, laughing. "One for short fodder, and the other for long. Well, I forgot," he added, as her mother looked her disapprobation; "I meant money."

"She's a real-lar boy, mother," said the farmer, with a chuckle, "an' she always will be."

"You'll take the big spring wagon, I s'pose," said his wife. "I wish you'd get that five gallon can full of oil."

"I do hate peckily to take that can," said the farmer; "it's a-running over with the least jolting; but I s'pose I'll have to fix it as tight as you can, and have everything in readiness by seven. Mind, I don't wait for no one, you know, Santha Ann."

"Oh, don't you worry," said the farmer's wife, absently, solving the problem in her mind of how far to make twenty-five dollars go, and how to suit prices to the exigencies of her many needs. "There's table-linen an' towels!" she ejaculated, mentally, "an' a piece or two of cotton cloth, an' things for Achas—two'n do not to get her a gown or two, a ribbon, an' a new hat. Oh, dear, I wish I could go! Et wasn't for my back, of only I could stan' that wagon; but I can't think o' layin' out two or three dollars on them kears. I'd rather spend it in groceries. I wish I dare to trust Achas, but she's young an' flighty, an' ad be taken with every new thing she saw. No, Mart's got extraordinary judgment—at least he used to her—an' I kin trust him, specially as there's law against liquor."

Poor Santha Ann. She had been imposed upon by some good neighbor of limited knowledge, and thought that all the barrooms in all the principal cities had been closed. Mart had never in his life been, so to say, drunk; but once or twice he had been overcome to the extent of taking a bromistick for Santha Ann, and sour milk for molasses; still, that was in the dusk of long years ago. As a general thing, he never touched the "critter," as his wife called it.

"Now don't let anyone impose on ye, Mart," she said, chucking him under the chin with wifely jollity, as she tied his madder red "handkercher" round his big brown neck. "You've got a good deal of your own money 'long with ye, as well as mine; spend as little money as you can, but git things that's needed."

"And don't forget to buy me a book, pe," added Achas, "and something sweet and nice. I wish ice-cream could be froze into a solid chunk. I'd like some o' that, now."

"Member the homespun, an' don't bring me home no present on no account," said his wife, smiling.

As she stood there side by side, mother and daughter, Mart, looking back, thought to himself:

"Seems if I could go to fallin' in love over agen with Santha Ann. She don't look much older than Achas—she don't, that's a fact—an' I will bring her home a present."

Off rattled the big wagon behind the two powerful gray horses, and the mother and daughter went to their daily tasks full of pleasurable anticipations.

Mart sat jauntily behind his grays, speculating on the probability of coming back full-handed. He had secretly put a little money for speculation in the hands of a business friend, quite prepared to lose it, but still hopeful. Scarcely had he reached the city when he met this same old acquaintance.

"Good news for you!" cried the latter,

"I made a little cool hundred for you on that venture. Do you want the money now, or shall I invest again?"

"Well, I rather guess I'll take it now," said Mart, with bounding pulses, "an' try agen some other time. I'm in for business, and there's lots to be done for the folks to home. They don't know nothing about this, you see, an' I kinder want to surprise 'em."

"Very good; you shall have it. Come right in here to this restaurant, and I'll settle with you."

The two men entered. Lunch was ordered, and with the lunch wine.

"I told Santha Ann I wouldn't drink no liquor," said Mart. "You see, it goes to my head before I know it, an' I've got considerable business to do."

"Liquor! You wouldn't call this mild and harmless beverage liquor, I hope! It has positively no intoxicating effects. You might drink sixty glasses, and then think and walk straight. I've drank it all my life."

"Well, seein' you say," said the easy farmer, "I s'pose I may just drink a little. Only one glass will do."

But mechanically Mart drank as often as his friend filled up the glass, and though he was conscious of no loss of steadiness, still he was so far under its influence that he hardly knew where he was after he had found his way to the first-class store to which Santha Ann had directed him.

"What will you have?" asked the polite clerk.

"I'll have a cheer, providing you can accommodate me," said Mart, looking impassively at the clean-shaven face before him. "I feel a little top-heavy."

A chair was brought. Mart took off his hat, placed it on the floor, and sat down. Then he began to fumble in his pockets, first his coat, then his trousers, then his vest, and finally, to the amusement of two or three of the clerks ranged round, he turned the list out of the inside pocket of his vest, together with Santha Ann's roll of bills.

"Bless me! by reading them 'ere, if you please," he said, with a solemn roll of his eye, giving the list to the clerk. "Santha Ann's wrote what she wants."

"Indeed, my friend, I can't make it out," said the clerk, after looking it over. "'K-a-l-i-k-e-r.' I suppose that means calico," he said, after spelling it out.

"Well, yes, I s'pose so. Santha Ann's more of a scholar than I be," said the farmer. "Let me see. I guess I can git through it. Yes, I see, kaliker, need-sucker—I don't know what that is; cotton, a hundred yards, that means spool cotton, I call 'at; ball baby stockings; I wonder whose baby she means; we kin't go none. Catch a mare—well, that is curious. I don't catch no mare on this expedition."

"She probably means seersucker—an article for ladies' dresses—Halbriggan stockings, and cashmere," said the clerk, politely, behind a smothered smile.

"Well, I'm glad you know—I don't," was Mart's answer; and together they made out the list.

"You had better take your cotton and needles by the box; we always sell that way to parties out of town," said the clerk. "Here is something I think means satteen," he added, as he pointed out a word underlined—it was satinet.

"Well, we'll put these up to the best of our ability, and have them ready for you in an hour."

"Very well," said Mart, thickly. "I'll be here by that time. Help yourself out o' them twenty-five dollars, and give me the change if there is any; if not, I've got plenty of cash; and he swagged out of the store.

At a late hour he came back, his wagon so loaded up that there was scarcely room to stow away the numerous bundles brought out of the dry-goods house. His gait was unsteady and his speech almost unintelligible by this time, for he had imbibed several times since lunch, and even bought some of the article to take home with him.

Meantime his women folks passed a happy and comfortable day. There was little work to do, and no dinner to get. Santha Ann got out her sewing machine and gave a thorough overhauling preparatory to the work she was expecting to begin on the morrow. Achas anticipated the sensation she should make in her new hat with a bunch of blood-red poppies perched atop.

"It would be nice to set in the congregation, so folks could see," she said, half reproachfully, to her mother. "Up in the choir nobody knows whether you have new things or not."

"They'll know it, Achas," said her mother, reflectively. "Hats is conspicuous nowadays."

Just then one of the neighbors came in. It was Widow Norris, with her everlasting tattling—and tattling, as Achas said to herself. One of the widow's friends had just come in by the city, and brought news that he had met

"the deacon," and that he was stumbling tipsey—as tipsey as ever was. The curious widow did not come to retail this bit of news. Oh no! She was no slanderer of her neighbors, but she sat so stiff and solemn, giving now Santha Ann and now Achas the benefit of her silent sympathy, in the shape of long pitiful glances, that

mother and daughter were uneasy in her presence, and could not tell why.

But the widow had come to stay. Santha Ann put the cover on her sewing machine, got tea, and sat down to wait. The widow waited also.

"I never knew Mart to be gone so long before," said Santha, visibly anxious. "P'raps he had a big load," said the widow, in sepulchral tones. "But you mustn't indulge in vague speculations; I'll stay till he comes."

This little speech the widow delivered with pitying accents. It seemed to imply that she would stand between them and harm, whatever happened.

"I guess we'll have tea, Achas," said her mother. "I'm kinder gouse-fleshy; a cup o' hot tea'll do us good all round."

The meal over, Santha Ann washed the dishes in silence. Seven, eight, nine o'clock struck, and still no sign of the deacon.

At ten Santha Ann went out, for the twentieth time, and peered down the moon-lighted road. She was very uneasy; but when she reflected that Mart had a good deal of business to attend to, and Achas suggested that he had on one or two occasions before staid over night, she gave him up at eleven, and they all went to bed, the widow included, who kept her own counsel.

Could they have seen, not more than two miles from home, in a secluded hollow, the object of their solicitude fast asleep, the jaded horses asleep as well, the moonlight falling upon the portly figure of the deacon, they would hardly have dreamed of midnight assassins, boarding-house expenses, and cattle feed as did Santha Ann the whole night long.

All would have been well, for the deacon, at least, if, as the sun rose and he rose too, he had not applied to the bottle for comfort. Some way he dreaded to meet Santha Ann, when he realized that he had been all night coming home, and his beloved brain craved more of the stimulant which had so basely betrayed him.

At early sunrise the three women sat down to breakfast, and that meal over, came the thud of horses' feet and a shrill voice beating about the bush to the tune of "We-w-won't" (very loud) "go home till morning; we-w-won't" (still louder) "go home till Sunday morning (lic) anyhow."

Santha Ann looked at Achas with the heart-break in her face.

"Santha (hie), ole girl, come out here—gee up, Dob!—come out here! I've brought ye home a (hie) present—halt a dozen of 'em—come along, Santha—spool a long—upay dempsey, Santha Ann."

Well, the disagreeable truth was that Santha, seeing the horror-struck face of the widow, as well as the pity in her eyes, straightened herself at once. Her pride took fire.

"Achay," she said, with flashing eyes, "your father's been mighty lucky, and he wouldn't 'a took a single glass o' beer. I shouldn't wonder if he'd made a thousand dollars."

Then they both went out. The farmer was literally singing happy. He sang as he shook hands, sang as he unloaded, roared when he saw the widow, and wanted to dance with her; and finally, after drinking a strong cup of tea, he sat down somewhat subdued; while the widow discreetly left and went into the kitchen.

"Well, Santha," laughed her husband, as the hired man took the horses away. "see if I haven't remembered ye! An' I didn't tech no liquor; I only took some beverage once or twice."

Santha Ann gave him a look.

"Well, I didn't, Santha Ann, you can look for yerself. Them's the articles, but I don't know what they be." Then he sat back and sang.

"Come, ye deaconate."

"Seem's if I ain't felt to musical inclined for a year. See, there's a carpet-sweeper, an' a cradle, an' an ice-scream-er, an' lots more things."

"Mal alive!" exclaimed Santha Ann, in dismay; "what on earth do we want of a carpet-sweeper? We haven't got a carpet in the house!"

"Git some, then, Santha Ann, git lots of 'em; they're just laying round loose at that store. Git plenty, or the carpet-sweeper'll be kinder lonesome," he added, with a maulin grin.

"And what do we want of a cradle?" was the next question.

"Well, it sort o' reminded me, Santha Ann, looking back 'ard into fater years, that we was all babies once—all babies once! Santha Ann, the recollection was kind o' subduin', an' I sort o' wanted that cradle to meditate over, you know it from the cradle to the grave. The good book tells us, Santha Ann, 'Beloved brethren, even all pilgrims an' travellers,' an' even Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress laid its infant head in a cradle. So I jost got it for a remembrance, Santha Ann—from the cradle to the grave."

He took out his handkerchief and held it to his eyes. Achas flounced out of the room, and with an expletive not at all filial ran up to her own room.

"But what do you mean by an ice-scream-er?" tearfully urged his wife; "that thing with the churn-handle?"

"That is it, Achay Ann—I mean San-

tha Jane; you kin make gallons of ice-cream for Achay an' me."

"But we never see ice here," cried his wife, at her wits' end.

"Hire Spot Pond next winter, Santha Ann; jost hire Spot Pond, the hull of it, an' we'll have a corner in ice, ourselves, an' make 'nough ice-cream to last all winter."

"And what is this?" asked his wife, picking up a large roll.

"Let's o' sheet music for Achay; 'nough to last her long as she lives. Got it at a bargain, Santha Ann—got 'em all at bargain, horsehoes an' all."

Santha Ann groaned. "But Achas hasn't got no pianer," she said, despairingly. "Nor no organ, nor anything."

"We can buy 'em, Santha—lots of 'em; they'll be handy to her in the family," muttered the farmer, now half asleep.

"And this awful thing!" Santha went on, picking up a hideous steple crowned hat—"the awful thing I ever saw, and the coarsest. It's a man's straw hat!"

"Tain't. I got it for Achay, 'n I got it cheap, too."

This was too much. The woman threw the hat across the floor, stumbled over bundles and boxes and farming implements and made for the door. She turned round for a final question.

"Did you get something for a suit of clothes?" she asked, her facial muscles contorted.

"I did, Santha Ann—I did," he answered, solemnly, with a side wave of his right hand. "I got fifty yards. Make 'em lose; there's plenty o' material."

Between crying and laughing the woman went out of the room, and sat down in the kitchen, almost ready to despair.

"Well," said the widow, who was now wiping up the last of the dishes, "no one can say but he's a good provider."

"I'd just like to hear any one say anything about it!" muttered Santha Ann, indignantly, and the widow meekly subsided.

Well, I s'pose I must fill the lamps. Thank Heaven he did git the oil," said Santha. "It's a blessed mercy it didn't roll out o' the wagon." And she went slowly out in the hall, where the big Scavallion can stood.

Through the open door she could see that Mart had arisen and was staggering round. He saw her lift the can, and spoke: "You bet your life, Santha Ann, I had m'able work keepin' that that thing from spilling. I put my foot on it an' held my umbrella over it to keep it out o' the moonshine, an' the cork popped out, an' I stuffed it up best I could. Don't you never send me after no kerosene no more."

"I won't send you after anything, if I know myself," snapped his wife, and took up the can.

"My gracious to goodness!" she cried as she tried to decant some of the fluid into a smaller flask, "what's this?"

"Kinder looks like molasses," said the widow.

"Oh, heavens! it is! When will my troubles end?" sobbed Santha Ann. "Five gallons of good sweetening utterly spoiled! I do think that the straw too much, an' I won't bear it—I won't. I'll send Mart about his business. To think! he must 'a been drugged by some wicked, designin' villen!"

"Oh, well, men'll do them things," said the widow. "S'pose he went on that way right along?"

"I'd kill him, I bleeve," muttered Santha, fiercely; then her eye fell on the roll that had done duty as a cork. She looked at it through tear dimmed eyes as she picked it up. It was creased and tumbled and smeared with molasses, but nevertheless she smiled a sickly smile and thrust it into her pocket.

Then she went back into the living-room, and found that Mart had fallen fast asleep on the lounge. She began to investigate again, opening bundle after bundle, some to her satisfaction, others fairly making her blood boil, as she afterward intimated to Achas. There were over forty yards of satteen, a whole piece of calico, a shawl that would have matched Joseph's coat, which her affectionate spouse had doubtless intended for a present, a pack of cards, a knitting-machine, a child's rocking-chair, and a small patent iron bedstead. Besides these were packages of candy, crockery, crackers, cakes, and a dozen or two of canned vegetables.

"What ever will I do?" sighed Santha Ann; "what shall I do?"

Well, you can sell some of 'em."

Santha Ann looked up—there stood the ubiquitous widow, a broad smile on her face, as she took in the situation.

"No, I won't, I'll keep the hull of 'em, an' if Mart ain't a wiser man after he gits over this spree, I'll show the reason why."

Then she went upstairs.

Achas stood by the widow wiping her eyes; she had been crying.

"Never you mind, dear," said her mother, her kind maternal heart stirred; "don't go to feel bad."

"I don't suppose he even thought of any hat," said the girl, tearfully.

"No, dear; not the right kind of one, but he—"

"I knew he wouldn't. I'll never trust him again."

But he did git lots of useful things, dear."

"Yes; the carpet-sweeper and the cradle, and the ice-cream churn and the—"

"Well, well, let's make the best of it, Achay."

"It'll be all over town," sobbed the girl.

"Yes, but—"

"And I can't go to church next Sunday, and all the girls with their new hats! I won't wear the old one—I vow I won't."</