Nerves So Bad That She Would Sit and Cry

Mrs. Mary Hocking, Madoc, Ont., writes—

"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a wonderful lot of good. I suffered from general weakness and was so run down and my heart and nerves were in such bad shape that I would sit down and cry and not know what I was crying about. I also used to have weak spells. Thanks to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, however, I am real well now. I shall always keep a box of the Nerve Food in the house, and recommend them to my friends; they are a wonderful medicine."

(Mr. J. W. Vince, Druggist, of Madoc, Ont., says: "I have sold Mrs. Hocking your Nerve Food, and the medicine has done her much good.")

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

A QUEEN UNCROWNED

— OR —

THE STORY IN THE LONE INN.

CHAPTER II.

"Well, they wouldn't either, only the last time the man screamed out, and I heard him and came in. I was in this room, too," said the child, sinking her voice to a whisper, and casting a terrified glance around; "and he was on that bed, and old Grizzle had him by the hands, and Blaize by the feet; and they kept him down, and his face and neck were all covered with blood, and he screamed out—oh, dreadfully!—until Kit held the pillow over his face, and when he took it away, he was as still—oh, as still as anything! And then"—and Oriole's voice sank lower and lower, and she shivered convulsively—"they put him down cellar and he's been there ever since!"

A slight shudder passed through the form of the young stranger, and a look of horror and loathing swept over his fine face.

"Heavens above! what a sight for a child? What a sight for any one in a Christian country? What did they say to you for coming, my dear child?"

"Oh! Blaize would have killed me, only she wouldn't let him; but she beat me dreadfully," said Oriole, wincing at the recollection. "And she said if ever I told any one, she would put me down cellar along with him. I never did tell any one either, till you come; and I shouldn't have told you, only they were going to put you down cellar, too. Don't you tell her, mind—you said you wouldn't, you know?"

"Neither shall I—don't fear. And so, as you know of the other murder, they didn't mind your being in the room and hearing of this?"

"No," said Oriole; "they thought I would not tell, you know, 'cause it's a good long while since then, and I never did tell nobody."

"And why is it that I am to be 'put down cellar,' as you call it, since they have let others escape?"

"Oh! 'cause you've got money—old Grizzle says so—and a nice watch and lots of things; and she wants 'em. If I was you, I'd give them to her, and tell her I wouldn't tell anybody. They won't be any good to you, you know, if you are killed."

"That's true enough," said the young man, with a momenary smile. "But supposing I nether let them kill me, nor give them the watch—eh? How would that be, Orrie? If it comes to killing, I rather fancy they will find two can play at that game."

"But there's four of them, and you can't kill four," said Orrie, with a puzzled look.

"Large odds; but I've fought against as many before now. I didn't live in a certain green land of the west, as aide-de-camp to his Grace the Lord Lieutenant for three years, without getting into a shindy now and then—thank fortune!" said the young Englishman, speaking more to himself than Orrie.

"And so you're going to kill them?" said Orrie, with simplicity.

"I shall make the attempt, my young friend; and if I fail—why there will only be a scrapegrace the less in the world. But see here, my good little girl," he said, stopping before her, and lifting the tangled hair off her small, gipsyish face, "what will they say to you, when they find you here? They will half kill you, won't they?"

"Oh, yes! I forgot," said the child, starting up in terror. "I must go. I can't stay, you know. Old Grizzle, no doubt, thinks I have gone to bed; and if she were to catch me here, she——"

"Would put you down cellar," said the young man, with a smile.

"Yes," said Orrie, moving quickly toward the door.

But at that instant, a sudden noise, startling enough, arrested her steps, and sent her young blood curdling to her heart.

It was a hushed sound of footsteps below, and a sudden noise, as if some one had stumbled, followed by a fierce, suppressed oath; and then there was an instant's deathlike silence.

As if frozen where she stood, the child, Orrie, paused, her great black eyes wild and dilating, her lips springing, white and quivering, apart her small hands involuntarily clinching until the sharp nails sank in the quivering flesh, her very breathing suspended, until it became painful to listen for its return. Not the faintest sound escaped her; she stood as if turned to stone.

Making a hasty motion for her to be silent, the young man seized a pistol in either hand, and fixed his eyes steadily on the trapdoor, his handsome face set stern and resolute, his eye bright, bold and dauntless, his pulse calm and steady.

There seemed a momentary pause below, in which nothing was to be heard but the beating and dashing of the storm without; and then there came the near sound of bolts cautiously withdrawing beneath.

The young stranger grasped his pistol tighter, and sighted it, with deadly accuracy for the trap. One moment more, and one at least of these midnight assassins would have got his due; but Fate, or Providence, or the brave young Englishman's guardian angel willed it otherwise; for, at that moment, in the very crisis of affairs, a most unlooked-for interruption occurred.

A loud and violent knock—a knock that shook the whole house from attic to cellar—resunded on the front door.

There was a quick, startled ejaculation from below, and the bolt was hurriedly shot back.

A faint, repressed cry broke from the lips of Orrie; and the young man lowered his weapon, and looked at her in wonder.

Again the knock was repeated, louder and longer than before, until the house echoed and reverberated with the thundering noise.

The stranger bent his head and listened intently; and, with hearing sharpened by excitement, heard the sound of retreating feet below; and then, for an instant or two, all was perfectly still. But only for an instant; then the belated wayfarer without, whoever it might be, evidently determined to be heard if the door held out, raised another uproarious knock, accompanied by a shout that could be even heard in that upper room:

"Hello! within there! Open the door—will you?—and don't keep a feller here in the storm all night!"

"Oh, it's Frank De Vere—its Frank DeVere!" said Orrie, springing forward with a joyful cry. "That's him, I know. Nobody else ever makes such a noise as he does. Oh, you're all safe now—just as safe as can be! They don't touch you while Frank De Vere stays!"

"Well, it's pleasant to know even that. But who is Frank De Vere? Not one of the De Veres of Fontelle?"

"Yes, he cames from Fontelle—a beautiful place. Oh, I'm so glad!" exclaimed Orrie.

"Upon my life, I have had a night of it!" said the young man, flinging himself into a chair, and pushing back carelessly his fair, brown hair. "First horsewhipping an insolent Yankee, and encountering a real fairy prince for beauty, and then falling into the hands of the Philistines; and first meeting a witch, and then this little kelpie; and, when about to be assassinated in cold blood, Mr. Frank De Vere thinks proper to come along at the eleventh hour and save my life. 'Pon my honor, it's exactly like a scene in a play, where everybody is saved in the most unexpected way, just when the knife is at their throat, by everybody else. Well, luck's every thing—no mistake about it, as I have abundantly proved by all my narrow escapes by flood and field for the last four-and-twenty years. What, Flibbertigibbet! off, are you? Where away now?"

"I'm going down to see Frank," said Oriole. "I like him."

"Oh, you do—do you? What a beautiful virtue frankness is, to be sure, and how nicely girls get over it, once they are emanicipated from pantalets. I don't know but what it would be right for me to go and see Frank, too. Solitude's a very fine thing in its way; but there is such a possibility as having too much of a good thing; and this is not exactly the place where one would fancy their own thoughts for companions either, right over the grave of a murdered man. Who knows but I may discover in Frank a cousin of mine, too? It's worth going to see about at all events. So here goes!"

He arose, as he spoke, and passed from the room—Orrie having already gone.

(to be continued.)

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ADVERTISE IN THE EVENING TELEGRAM.

Get Thin in Summer

Summer is "Reducing Time," according to Marion Bailey, who writes on this subject in the "Home Hygiene and Economics" department of Good Health (Battle Creek, Mic.). Individuals burdened with an excess of avdirdupois should greet the coming of summer with delight, she says, rather than with dread of discomfort. The reason is that summer time is an ideal time to "reduce," for the body requires less food than in winter, fresh fruits and vegetables are easily procured; and waking and smimming are pleasant. She writes:

"Diet, of course, is the most important feature, and since the overweight is usually caused by taking an oversupply of food, the first essential is that the amount of food taken be materially reduced. This would, of course, be unwise in case of elderly people or children, and no attempts at rapid reduction should be made in their case then. For the average individual who is considerably overweight, the diet may be reduced in amount to three-fourths of the normal intake without discomfort, and by careful planning, reduced to one-half the usual amount with only slight discomfort.

"Fasting is not a safe way to reduce—in this method the proteins, iron, lime and vitamins are all neglected, and the starving body must not utilize not only its excess fat, but must draw upon the muscles and the other body tissues, thus lowering the vitality and weakening the heart and other important organs. Frequently, too, rapid loss of fat is not accompanied by equally rapid loss of tissue, particularly skin tissue, and sagging folds of skin will be left. Reduction may be rapid for a week or two at the beginning—amounting even to a pound a day—but then, reduction must be gradual, and depend upon exercise, sweating or sun baths as well as diet regulation.

"When the diet is decreased, the lessened amount of food causes the fat reserves of the body to be attacked first, and reduction starts at once. Only a small amount of salt should be taken. When an individual who is overweight eats salt in excess, water is retained in proportion, and excess weight is thus caused.

"Bulk must occupy a very prominent place in the reducing dietary for two reasons—bulk gives a sense of fullness which is usually asociated in our minds with being 'well fed'—it satisfies the appetite, thus avoiding that most objectionable feeding of hunger, and also regulates the action of the eliminative organs.

"Constipation is apt to prove a serious menace when the amount of food eaten is so materially decreased, and bulk will prove of great value here. Good elimination must be obtained in order to achieve desired results. Gluten bread is useful in this connection, as is also the coarsest bran bread, for they supply bulk with a low amount of food value.

"The vegetables eaten should be steamed or boiled and served with as little butter as possible—cream sauces being entirely restricted.

"In order to promote variety in a necessarily rather restricted diet, salads may be used if made of fresh vegetables or fruits and served with 'special' mayonnaise. This is made by substituting paraffin oil for olive oil, and the taste is not the least objectionable—it will, in fact, pass unnoticed. Raw cabbage can be used liberally in salads in this way, and also string beans and asparagus.

RICHARD HUDNUT

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Plants Bacteria One at a Time

TORONTO, Ont., Aug. 12.—Errors may be introduced when bacteria are dealth with in batches, it was shown by Dr. E. C. Young of Dalhousie University at the Physiology Section of the British Association to-day.

Ordinary, bacteria are kept growing in a laboratory by transferring many millions at a time on a small platinum loop from one tube of culture medium to a fresh one, but of late years, a technic has been developed by which single bacterial cells can be separated out under the microscope and planted in a fresh medium.

All the bacteria of the resulting growth, therefore, are known to come from a single cell, a fact which is significant from the standpoint of heredity. Dr. Young has made a number of single cell isolations, of the colon bacillus, of which he obtained several different types from the point of view of the manner in which they fermented glucose. His findings indicate that ordinary cultures of bacillus cold contained several types and also that sugar can be broken down by bacteria in several different ways.

Sliced sponge cake is nice topped with whipped cream, and decorated with tiny tubes of red jelly.

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