

GILLETT'S LYE HAS NO EQUAL It not only softens the water but doubles the cleaning power of soap, and makes everything sanitary and wholesome. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

TWIXT LOVE AND PRIDE

"Yes, but I would not have married Harry for all the world," Mildred declared. "He is very kind and good; I know, but he would not suit me; and there are so many Harrys in the world. Besides, if I am to be married, mamma, why, I am, you know, and I dare say 'he' will condescend to come even so far as this for me. Indeed, it will be better for us to stay at home quietly this year."

So the matter was settled and the family stayed at home. Sir George fatted and tamed over it a good deal for a few days, and finally tried to insist upon their going, offering to sell all manner of things about the farm to enable them. But Mildred was firm and after a time the question was dropped. Sir George, however, going up to London himself on business for a day or two toward the close of July, brought back to Mildred a very handsome bracelet, which she felt was meant as some sort of compensation for the loss she had sustained so bravely, and prized it accordingly.

The Trevanions were determined also to follow up their lately begun economical designs by having a quiet autumn and winter at home, and had actually made up their minds, with Spartan heroism, not even to invite their usual number of friends for the hunting season at King's Abbott—a determination that agreed very ill with poor Sir George's digestion, as it was his delight to see the old house crammed with visitors of all ages when there reached them the unlucky letter from the Younges, saying how much the head of the family desired to see the friend of his boyhood,—namely, Sir George.

This letter put a full stop to all their plans, and was looked upon as a brain blow in more ways than one, as not only did it ensure an expensive winter, but, what was worse, upon examination it was discovered that these friends of Sir George's youth were most disreputable in their antecedents, having been in trade. A cotton merchant! It sounded horrible. Cotton could not possibly mean anything but low birth, and low birth, of course, meant vulgarity.

"Who was the old man's father, my dear?" Lady Caroline had asked her husband; and he had been obliged to confess that the rank held by his friend's father was utterly unknown to him. "We were great chums at school and at college," he said, "and Younge came home with me once for a vacation; but I do not remember ever being at his place or hearing what his father was. Perhaps I knew then, but that is long ago, and I certainly have no recollection on the subject now."

Whereupon Lady Caroline groaned in spirit, and thought dismally of what the Deverills and the Blounts and the Stanleys would say, finally going off to consult with her Prime Minister, Mildred. "It is all over," she began; "they must be asked."

"I never heard of such a thing in my life," said Miss Trevanion. "It is perfectly indecent—their asking themselves here. But what can one expect from such people? Good gracious, mamma, fancy a cotton merchant! It quite makes me shiver. How many of them are there?" "Four," answered her mother. "Father and mother, daughter and son."

"Any more?" inquired Mildred, sarcastically. "No, no more. Do you not think four too many?" asked Lady Caroline with surprise—never in her life, good soul, could she understand anything approaching sarcasm. "Of course, now they are coming, Mildred, we must only make the best of it, though I do wish it had been five instead of four—it is so much more respectable—and I wish also that Miss Rachel Younge and her brother were not coming."

"What is his name?" Mildred demanded. "Denzil, I believe—yes, Denzil Younge." "What a pity they didn't call him William Younge when they were about!" Miss Trevanion said, and they both laughed.

"How can you be so absurd?" Lady Caroline exclaimed; afterward changing her tone to one of entreaty, she said, "But, really, you know, darling, we must be very civil to them. If only to please your papa. Will you promise to be that, Mildred, will you not?" "I suppose I could not go to Aunt Agnes for the next two months, could I?" Mildred asked, irrelevantly.

"Oh, Mildred!" cried poor Lady Caroline, tears coming into her eyes at the mere idea of being thus deserted by her niece. "I am a selfish wretch," declared Miss Trevanion, caring for her neighbor's hand and becoming penitent in the spot. "Of course, mamma, I will not touch you on any account in the hands of these terrible barbarians. I only said it half out of mischief and bad temper; why, you might be deceived by the time I got back! Have you told Mabel?"

"No, I came to you first about it. What rooms shall we give them? The blue rooms, do you think, or the rooms in the western wing?" "The blue rooms; they are the furthest off," said Miss Trevanion, unamiably. "Very good; I will tell Holland. Do you know they are coming on Friday, if—as Mr. Younge says in his letter—we can conveniently receive them on that day? Dear me, Mildred, I wonder what they will be like, and how long they will stay?"

"Oh, as to what they will be like," said Mildred, "toasting her pretty feet comfortably before the fire, and looking as wise as Solomon. 'I can tell you that. The old man will be like a Yorkshire farmer, only worse, because he will have a strong dash of Manchester mixed with his turnips, and he will be always using horribly old-fashioned words, and he will be very attentive to you, and will probably call you 'ma'am.' And Mrs. Younge will be large and fat and red, like the cook; and Miss Younge will be a mincing, silly schoolgirl, ready to die with laughter at everything Mabel says; and 'Brigam' will be a boor of course."

"What will the county say?" ejaculated poor Lady Caroline, elevating her hands and eyes, perfectly aghast at the pretty picture her daughter had drawn. "Really, Mildred, I shall die of shame." "That will not do a bit of good," returned Miss Trevanion; "and of course you must be prepared to hear the county say all manner of unpleasant things—that they do not know what Sir George could be thinking of to invite such people to his house, and that the said people are extremely disgusting, and so on."

"But for all that you will be kind and civil to them—will you not, Mildred, my love?" her mother asked again, anxiously watching the girl's proud, beautiful face. "Oh, yes, I will be civil to them," said Miss Trevanion; and then she kissed her mother and went out of the room.

CHAPTER II.

The eventful Friday at length arrived, and with it the unwelcome Younges. They came by the late train, which enabled them to reach King's Abbott just one hour before the dinner-bell rang, and so gave them sufficient time to dress. Sir George met them warmly, feeling some oil, half-forgotten sensations cropping up within his heart, as he grasped between his own hands the hard brown one of his old servant-school-friend. The old man had now met, however, was widely different from the fair-haired boy and light, active youth he could just barely remember both at Eton and Oxford. Indeed, Mr. Younge, oddly enough, did strangely resemble the fanciful picture drawn of him by Miss Trevanion, being fat, "pussy," jolly, and altogether decidedly after the style of the farming gentry. This might be accounted for by the fact of his having of late years—that is, ever since his retirement from trade—taken lovingly to the culture of mangolds and the breeding of sheep.

But, however right about him, Miss Trevanion's prognostications with regard to the others were entirely wrong. Mrs. Younge, far from being fat, red and cookish, was remarkably slight, fragile and very lady-like in appearance. Her daughter, Miss Rachel, resembled her mother strongly, though lacking her mother's expression and the quiet air of self-possession that sat so pleasantly on her. Indeed, the general impression conveyed to the observant stranger by the first glance from Miss Younge's eyes was that her temper might be better than it appeared to be, or, as Eddie very forcibly, not to say elegantly, expressed it,—"The man who gets her will catch a Tartar, and no mistake." She was pretty, though, for all that, having good eyes, and altogether refined features, and would pass in a crowd very probably without overmuch pushing.

But in her description of Denzil, Miss Trevanion had been very much at fault indeed. Anyone more unlike a "boor" could not well be imagined. Denzil Younge was a very handsome young man. Tall, fair and distinguished-looking, with just the faintest resemblance to his mother, he might have taken his place with leaders in any society in Christendom. He wore neither beard nor whiskers, simply a heavy golden moustache, which covered, but scarcely concealed, the almost feminine sweetness of his mouth. Perhaps his face, on the whole, would have been almost too beautiful for a man, had not a certain expression of firmness and determination in the lower jaw suggested an amount of will lurking beneath his calm exterior which entirely prevented any suspicion of weakness in his character. His smile was in itself perfect, illuminating, as it did, each handsome feature, and lighting up with sudden

brightness his kindly large blue eyes. He was sweet-tempered also, more so than most men, though at times he was capable of being very much "put out."

Denzil Younge was about seven-and-twenty at the time, and had not as yet felt the slightest inclination to "commit himself," although, as a matter of course, the girls who would have gladly given their life's happiness into his keeping, he could have married almost whom he pleased, with his handsome Saxon face and reputed wealth; and indeed it was an undisputed fact that Lady Julia Hortington, down in his part of the world, would willingly have gone the kingdom's end with him. In fact, to such an extent did the infatuation of that foolish young heiress reach that "my lord," her father, who was one of the proudest men in England, and "my lady," her mother, who was one of the proudest women, were obliged to promise that, if the young man came to the point, their consent to the union would not be withheld.

But Denzil, having no designs whatever in that aristocratic quarter, beyond a quiet little flirtation now and then in the hunting field, or in retired conservatories, never did come to the point; whereupon Lady Julia, having found, after a few weeks of blank despair, that she was not likely to die of it, like a sensible girl, went up to London, and married the old Marquis of Tonwyn, very much to her parents' and the rest of the world's satisfaction.

But of course all this was supposed to be strictly private, and by no means to be told in Gath, or published in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines should rejoice. Miss Trevanion, having made up her mind that there would be plenty of time just before dinner to get through the introductions, stayed in her own room until exactly five minutes to seven o'clock, the usual hour for dining at King's Abbott, when she swept downstairs and into the drawing room in her beautiful graceful fashion, clad in pure white from head to foot, with the exception of a single scarlet rose, fresh from the conservatory, in the middle of her golden hair. And certainly Mildred looked as exquisite a creature that evening, as she walked up the long drawing-room to where her father was standing, as any one could wish to see.

"This is my eldest daughter—unmarried," said Sir George, evidently with great pride, taking the girl's hand and presenting her to his guest, who had been gazing at her with open-hearted admiration ever since her entrance.

"Is it indeed?" the old man answered; and then he met her with both hands extended and, looking kindly at her, declared out loud, for the benefit of the assembled company, "She is the bonniest lass I have seen for many a day."

At this Mabel laughed out loud, merrily, without even an attempt at the concealment of her amusement. To Lady Caroline's intense horror and old Younge's intense delight, He turned to Mabel instantly.

"You like to hear your sister admired?" he said. "Yes, always when the admiration is sincere—as in your case—because I too think she is the bonniest lass in all the world."

"Right, right!" cried old Younge, approvingly; and those two became friends on the spot, the girl chattering to him pleasantly the greater part of the evening afterward, although the old man's eyes followed Mildred's rather haughty movements with more careful attention than he bestowed upon those of her more light-hearted sister.

Miss Trevanion, when Mr. Younge had called her a "bonny lass," merely flushed a little and flashed a quick glance toward her mother which said plainly, "There, did I not tell you so—Yorkshire farmer, put and simple, and all that?" and moved on to be introduced to the other members of the unwelcome family. She could not forget, even for a moment, how intrusive their visit was, and how unpleasant in every sense of the word. She was only three or four years Mabel's senior, but in mind and feeling she might, so to speak, have been her mother. When she remembered how Eddie always required money, and how difficult they found it to send Charles regularly his allowance and still to keep up the old respectable appearance in the county, she almost hated the new-comers for the expenses their coming would entail. What numerous dinner parties and evening parties would have to be given! And probably enough Sir George would consider it necessary to give them a ball—and all for what? A set of country pumpkins, who were of course illiterate and ill-bred, and had—abominable though—made their oppressive riches by cotton!

How could "the queen" laugh so at that dreadful old man's vulgarity? Miss Trevanion raised her head high

NEURASTHENIA THAT FOLLOWS LA GRIPPE

Rest and a Tonic Is the Proper Treatment Distinguished Medical Authority Says.

There is a form of neurasthenia that follows la grippe. Doctors call it "post-grippal" neurasthenia. One of the foremost medical authorities of New York city in a lecture in the international clinics, said:

"Broadly speaking, every victim of la grippe will suffer from post-grippal neurasthenia also. Lowering of nervous tone, with increased irritability is the most striking effect of the disease, languor of mind and body, disturbed fitful sleep and vague pains in the head and elsewhere. The treatment calls for rest and a tonic."

If you have had la grippe read these symptoms again: "Languor or mind and body, disturbed, fitful sleep, and vague pains in the head and elsewhere." If you have any or all of them it means that you are still suffering from the effects of la grippe and that you will not be well and free from danger of relapse until your blood is built up.

MOTHERS

REMEMBER! The ointment you put on your child's skin gets into the system just as surely as food the child eats. Don't let impure fats and mineral coloring matter (such as many of the cheap ointments contain) get into your child's blood! Zam-Buk is purely herbal. No poisonous coloring. Use it always. 50c. Box at All Druggists and Stores.



an inch higher, and went through her inclinations to the others with a mixture of grace and extreme hauteur that made her appear even more than commonly lovely, and caused Denzil Younge to lose his place in the languid conversation he had been holding with Eddie Trevanion. She had not so much as deigned to raise her eyes when bowing to him, so he had been fully at liberty to make free use of his own, and he decided, without hesitation, that nothing in all the wide earth could be more exquisite than this girl who, he could not fail to see, treated them all with open coldness.

He took her in to dinner presently, but not until soup had been removed did Miss Trevanion think it worth her while to look up and discover what style of man sat beside her. Glancing then suddenly and superciliously at him, she found that he was the very handsomest fellow she had ever seen—well-bred-looking, too, and in appearance at least, just such a one as she had been accustomed to go down to dinner with even in the very best houses. But then had she not frequently heard her father say that the largest amount of good looks was always to be met with in the lower classes? So she considered the Younges, and, therefore, according to that theory, this man's perfect features need not surprise her. Doubtless, when he opened his lips, his breeding would proclaim itself.

He was staring across the table now to where Mabel sat, laughing and conversing merrily with old Younge, and seemed slightly amused with the girl's gaiety. Was he going to fall in love with Mabel? Very likely, she thought. It would be just the very thing for an aspiring cotton man to do—to go and lose his heart ambitiously to their beautiful "queen."

Then Denzil turned to her and said: "You were not in town this season, Miss Trevanion?"

"No; mamma did not care to go," she answered, reddening a little at the pleasantry, and feeling intensely wretched, as she came to the hurried conclusion that she had heard all about their strained circumstances, and had asked the question knowing she could not have gone there had her mother wished it ever so much. This was unjust; but her pride and dislike had brought her to this—that she, the open-minded Mildred, could feel ungenerously toward this stranger, who under the circumstances could by no possibility have learned anything about her father's affairs.

"I do not think you missed much," Denzil went on, pleasantly; "it was the slowest thing imaginable; and the operas were very poor. You are fond of music, or course? I need hardly ask you that."

"I like good music, when I hear it," Miss Trevanion said; "but I would rather be deaf to all sweet sounds than have to listen to the usual run of so-called singers—private singers, I mean."

"One does now and then hear a good private singer, though," Denzil returned. "There were several in town last year."

"Lady Constance Dingwall was greatly spoken of," Mildred said; "I have heard her sing several times." "So have I, and admire her voice immensely; her pet song this season was Sullivan's 'Looking Back,' and it suited her wonderfully. Lots of fellows raved about her, and old Douglas of the Blues was said to have proposed to her on the strength of it. She refused him, however. Odd man, Douglas; you know him, of course—everybody does. He is slightly crazy, I fancy. By the bye, you have not told me what you think of Lady Constance's singing."

"I would quite as soon listen to a barrel-organ, I think," Miss Trevanion answered, unconsciously; "there is just as much expression in one as in the other. She has good notes, I grant you that."

you, but she does not know in the very least how to use them."

Denzil laughed. "Poor Lady Constance," he said; "well, I am not a judge of music, I confess, but for my part I would go any distance to hear her sing. Her brother has managed about that appointment—I suppose you know?"

"Has he? I am glad of that. No, I have not heard. But what a disagreeable man he is! What comfort it must be to his friends—or relatives, rather—to get him out of the country!" (To be continued.)

THE POULTRY WORLD

THE PREVENTION OF DISEASE.

Without a good foundation no man would expect to build anything of great value. The health and strength of a flock of poultry depend largely upon its foundation. In breeding or selecting the stock from which to build a flock the greatest care should be taken to start your strain from a line of ancestors which have been physically perfect and free from illness of any kind. Like breeds like, and with strong ancestors there is no difficulty in raising a flock of strong young birds. Filth is a breeding disease and the greatest care to avoid filth is necessary even from the time the hen is set or the incubator is started. If one is buying his foundation stock, whether young birds or old ones, it is wise to be pretty sure there are no germs of disease lurking near and great care should be used in making your selection. If all is clean about the place where the birds you are looking at are kept the chances are that it is a good place to buy; but if there are signs of filth or the incubator is dirty and cautious, for where there is filth there is pretty sure to be disease.

Disease germs do not often penetrate the oviduct and a fresh laid egg is usually free from them, though germs may be secured under a hen in the greater part of the cases. Eggs rubbed with a dampened cloth dipped in alcohol will be absolutely free from germs, and if then set in a hen that is free from lice and mites will hatch chicks that are free from disease of any kind. For inherited diseases are rare and can be absolutely avoided by never using for breeding purposes hens that have ever shown signs of disease.

In the first days of the chicks' life, even if they have been hatched under the perfect conditions just described, there are two great dangers—that they will be overfed and that they will become chilled—either of which is likely to prove disastrous. Although overfeeding is not as dangerous as chilling, either is likely to lead quickly to diarrhoea, and the two conditions combined are likely to result fatally to the entire flock, or at least the greater part of it. But this does not make it necessary to keep them; there is a happy medium both as to feeding and protecting them from cold, which is not so difficult to reach if one uses judgment and care. A little food often removed before it can become filthy or sour, water so ranged that they cannot get into it and scatter it about, getting it on themselves or the litter; coarse sand or grit for the digestive organs, a uniform temperature of 70 degrees or thereabout, and the little fellows have what they need to make them thrive and grow.

It is not the purpose of this article to deal with the feeding of poultry, but it may be said that proper feeding is of the utmost importance. This means that the birds should be fed on a balanced ration suited to their age and condition. With young chickens in particular it is necessary that they have everything they need and nothing more, for they will often eat all they can get whether they need it or not. It is quite important that all food either animal or vegetable, which has soured or become putrid be kept away from them, and indeed from hens at all ages—or disastrous results are quite likely to follow.—L. L. Goodwin in New York Sun.

POULTRY NOTES.

Breeding pens should be mated by this time. Early chicks are the best for the beginner. They are well developed by the time the hot days and nights of summer arrive, and reach maturity at a time when eggs are the highest. The baby chick trade is starting earlier than ever. One will find that each year this line of trade will have an increased output, beginners becoming educated along the line that early hatched chicks pay the best.

Buff Orpingtons are becoming more popular every year. Always a good breed, the many up-to-date breeders have done much to make them popular among poultry keepers. So far their merits have been placed before the public with fairness and it is soon enough to make them stand the test of a good all-round fowl that has both utility and quality, as well as being a beautiful fowl to look at.

Indications point to a steady improvement in poultry conditions. The wild schemes of a few years ago are passing away, and a safer and saner poultry industry is bound to be the outcome. It has been helped a great deal by the practical wisdom of men in the press who know by experience.

There are many methods of feeding poultry with more or less satisfactory results; but the safest method in the long run for both chicks and fowls is the so-called dry-feeding method. Especially is this the method for those beginning in poultry. This is becoming more popular every year as it becomes better understood. It gives results, and saves time and labor.

Failures in poultry are less than some years ago, and would still decrease in numbers if the advice handed out in the press from time to time was heeded. As long as beginners will start in poultry on ideas or "hobbies" of their own that are far from the known essential that are to make success, then failures will continue. More is known about poultry today than ever before than formerly, if the proper course is taken.

Fertility has been good this year so far. The mild weather of the past has perhaps had much to do with it, allowing the breeders to go out and exercise on the ground for a greater period than is usual. Plenty of fresh air and exercise are good things toward fertility. The number of fowls to be placed in the breeding pen for best results depends largely on the breed and age of the fowls. The lighter breeds, such as Leghorns, one male to 15 females will usually give results. In the heavier breeds, such as the Orpingtons, Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes and Rhode Island Reds, one male to eight or ten females, increasing as spring comes on.

Perplexing Plurals.

Little Elsie had just reached the grade in school where the study of grammar is a part of the day's work. Among other things she was greatly interested in the singular and plural forms of words. She knitted her little brows and looked puzzled when she asked her mother:

"Is the plural of bird burden?"

"Why, dear, how could you think that?" the mother answered. "Well," explained the child, "father said Willie Blank was a bird, and I heard you say that he and his brothers and sisters were such a burden to their mother."—Exchange.

To Clean White Kid Shoes.

A lather made of pure white soap and milk is excellent for cleaning white kid shoes. Brush off as much dirt as possible before scrubbing with the lather.

Of course women are wasteful. Just see the way they kiss each other!

CURE YOUR BAD COUGH BY BREATHING "CATARRHOZONE"

You may dislike taking medicine, but coughs are best cured without medicine. The modern treatment is "Catarrhozone," it isn't a drug—it's a healing vapor full of pine essence and healing balsams. It spreads over the surfaces that are weak and sore from coughing. Every spot that is congested is healed—irritation is soothed away, phlegm and germs are cleaned out, and all symptoms of cold and Catarrh are cured. Nothing so quick, so sure, so pleasant as Catarrhozone. Beware of dangerous substitutes meant to deceive you for genuine CATHARRHOZONE. All dealers sell Catarrhozone, large size, which lasts two months. Price \$1; small size, 50c; sample size, 25c.



Nothing will clean and sweeten a sink better than a strong solution of washing soda, and the refrigerator likewise should frequently be washed with this.

If you are caught in the rain and the color comes off your coat onto your blouse, put the blouse to soak in milk over night.

When bacon is good and sweet, the lean is firm and a bright red, and the fat is quite white.

To keep linen a good color drop a few pieces of camphor gum in the drawer.

A tablespoon of common soda and a cup of acid vinegar poured down the sink will clean out the most stubborn clogged pipes.

A tubful of vinegar added to the water in which colored clothes are washed will often prevent the color from running.

Next time you get a grease spot on your floor, try alcohol to remove it and you will be pleased to find how easily the grease disappears. This will work when any amount of soap and water fails.

Rub paraffine on the wrong side of cushion covers to prevent filling from working through.

Knocking On Wood.

"Knock on wood" is one of the most antique expressions in use to-day instead of being modern slang, according to Professor William F. Blade. The expression dates from a custom in vogue 5,000 years ago, when wood was regarded as the antipathy of evil geniuses. Metals were regarded as tabooed by certain spirits, and if a man handled these metals he immediately touched wood to appease the spirits. Ancient records show that King Solomon's temple was built with wooden tools and implements made of precious metals, for iron was tabooed and would have polluted the temple.—Exchange.

The "Land of Cattle."

Italy may fairly claim to be senior among the nations of Europe, so far as its name is concerned. The peninsula has been "Italia" almost as far back as even legend reaches. According to Morzsen, the "Itali" proper were the inhabitants of the southern part of the country. As to the origin of the name, there is the normal legend of a King Italus, but his name must have been pronounced Vitulus and Vitulus, which means a bull calf, and it is easy to recognize in it an allusion to Italy as the land of cattle.—Spectator.

Odors in the Arctic.

There is nothing like polar exploration for increasing one's susceptibility to smells. Dr. Nansen told how, when approaching Franz Josef Land, he knew when he was in the neighborhood of a friend whom he had left there in charge of a base. "I smelled his scented soap long before I saw him, and afterward as we approached his hut I believe I could have given a sort of inventory of everything it contained without entering. The odors of the petroleum, coffee, cheese, tea, etc., reached me quite separately and distinctly."

Just a Straight and Simple Story

MISS BLANCHARD TELLS OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

They Cured Her Kidney Troubles and Other Sufferers Can Learn From Her Experience How They Can Find a Cure.

Paquetville, Gloucester Co., N. B., March 6.—(Special)—Simple and straight to the point is the statement of Miss Justine Blanchard, of this place. She has tried Dodd's Kidney Pills and found them good and she wants everybody to know it. Miss Blanchard says:

"I suffered for a long time with my kidneys. I used Dodd's Kidney Pills and they cured me completely." One simple statement like this is worth a dozen learned dissertations on kidney disease. It tells the sufferer from kidney trouble just what he or she wants to know—that a cure can be found in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

For Dodd's Kidney Pills are no cure-all. They are purely and simply a kidney remedy. The reason why they cure Rheumatism, Lumbago, Debility, Bright's Disease, Heart Flutterings, Dropsy, Pain in the Back, and other diseases is that all these are either kidney diseases or caused by disordered kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure them by curing the kidneys.

Treat some people with freezing politeness and they will at once get hot about it. Achilles absent, was Achilles still.—Homer.