

# Sweet Miss Margery

**CHAPTER I.**

"Stand back there! Move aside! Good heavens! Can't you see the woman will die if you press about her in this way?" The speaker bent over the lifeless form as he uttered these words, and tried once more to pour a little stimulant between the pallid lips. The scene was one of indescribable confusion. A collision had occurred between the Chesterham express and a goods train, just a short distance from Chesterham Junction. Five of the carriages were wrecked. Fortunately there were only three persons—Mrs. Graham, her child, and a little girl—on board. The goods train was bound up, was already starting to walk to the town; a boy, badly cut about the head, leaning pale and faint on a portion of the broken woodwork; and, lastly, a woman, who lay motionless on the bank, a thick strand spread between her and the cold damp earth. On discovery she had been removed from the debris, laid on the bank, and forgotten in the excitement and terror. The rest of the passengers had sustained only severe shaking and bruises; and Mrs. Graham was the only one who was in sympathy as they clustered together on the bank, shivering in the gray autumn mist. A doctor who had been summoned from Chesterham, rain his eye over the assembled people, strapped up the boy's head, and skillfully set the broken arm of the man. It was while doing this that his glance fell on the prostrate form lying on the grass, and the sight of the pale, bloodless face immediately brought a frown to his brow.

"What is the matter there?" he asked a passing porter.

"Lady is faint, sir."

The doctor fastened the last bandage, and with hurried steps approached the woman. A crowd followed him, and gathered round so closely as to cause him to request them to "stand back." His words produced the desired effect, and the bystanders moved away and watched with breathless interest his fruitless efforts to restore animation.

The frown darkened on the doctor's brow; there were indications of an ordinary faint. He raised the woman's head for another trial, and the mass of red-gold hair already loosened fell in glorious waves round the beautiful pale face, bringing a murmur of admiration from the beholders. The sudden action caused one limb cold hand to fall against the doctor's warm one, and at the contact he shuddered. He raised the heavily fringed eyelids, gave one look, then gently laid the woman's head down again, and reverently covered her face with his handkerchief.

"I can do nothing," he said tersely, as if speaking to himself; "she is dead!"

The crowd broke involuntarily, some hid their faces, while others gazed at the slight form in its dark brown dress as if they doubted the truth of his statement. Suddenly, while the doctor stood thoughtfully drawing on his gloves, one of the porters approached the crowd. He held a child in his arms—a sweet little girl—with hair that matched the red-gold masses of the lifeless form on the bank, eyes that shone like supple stars from beneath the long lashes, and a skin of cream whiter than the warmth of color in the face save that of the small red lips. She was dressed in a little gray coat, all covered now with dust; in her tiny hands she clasped a piece of broken woodwork, holding it as though it were treasure, and she glanced round at the by-standers with an air of childish piquancy and assurance.

"Whose child is this?" inquired the porter, looking from one to another.

"There was a pause; no one spoke, no one owned her. The porter's honest face grew troubled.

"Where does she come from?" asked the doctor quickly.

"We have just picked her from under the roof of a second class carriage," the porter explained. "We were turning it over—you see, sir, it fell some distance from the goods train." The porter turned—and when we lifted it we found this mite—singing to herself and nursing her doll, as she calls this piece of wood. It's by Heaven's mercy she ain't been smothered to bits; but she ain't got even a bruise. She must be long to some one," he added, looking round again.

A lady in the crowd here stepped forward.

"Give her to me," she said, kindly. "Perhaps she was traveling alone; if so, that will be explained no doubt by a letter or something."

But the child cried to the porter, her pretty brows puckered, her red lips quivering.

"Mamma!" she cried, plaintively. "I want my mamma!"

The doctor turned and looked at the child and at that instant she suddenly wriggled and twisted herself from the porter's arms to the ground, and running to the side, from lying on the bank, crouched down and clutched a bit of the broken dress in her hands.

"Mamma!" she said, confidently, looking round with her great blue eyes on the circle of faces, all of which expressed horror, pity and sadness—"Mamma!"

Mardie went willingly to the doctor's arms. She prattled to him about the "din-din" and "mamma" but much was unintelligible to him. She did not ask for her mother or seem strange. "Mamma's peep," she asserted several times in a whisper; and she was content with the two kind beings whose hearts were heavy with pain as they thought of the long dreary path she must tread hitherforth without a touch from the loving hands or a word from the tender voice she knew so well.

"There, madam," and the doctor placed the small gray-clad form in the cab. "This poor little mite can not thank you herself; but, if you will allow me in humanity's name to offer you gratitude—"

The lady stopped him.

"I have done no more than my duty. I thank you, sir, for your courtesy. Will you kindly let me know as early as possible the results of your telegram? I will go to The Plow; my name is Graham."

"I am glad you have come," said Mrs. Graham, after a pause. "If it would have gone to my heart to leave the child without some kind hand to minister to it occasionally. I must go North to-morrow; but I feel now that, should

row's consideration. She is safe in your hands for to-night."

Dr. Scott raised his hat, and the cab started along the country lane toward Chesterham. Mrs. Graham drew her mantle on to her knees, and tried to chat to the child; but her whole nervous system was so shattered by the events of the past hour that the effort was vain.

Chesterham was a large manufacturing town. The news of the collision had spread rapidly, and, although the November dusk was closing in, crowds were thronging to the disaster. Mrs. Graham leaned back in a corner to escape the eager eyes, for she knew the story of the young mother's death would be known by now, and her natural refinement and delicacy shrunk from vulgar curiosity and hysterical excitement. The cab soon rattled into Chesterham, and, after a short journey through the lamp-lighted streets, stopped before the door of The Plow. Mardie was handed out to a pretty-faced chambermaid, whose bright cap-ribbon immediately attracted Mrs. Graham's attention, and Mrs. Graham followed slowly and wearily up the stairs, feeling her strength go at every step. The babyish voice and shrill peals of laughter echoed in her ears as she waited for her; her eyes were fixed on the small form, but her thoughts were with the dead young mother.

"I do not need to tell you that I was far from being a well woman when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. But now I am thankful to say my troubles are gone. I recommend all suffering women to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Suffering women can learn from the experience of others that the one sure way to health is to cure their kidneys; Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure the kidneys.

"I do not need to tell you that I was far from being a well woman when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. But now I am thankful to say my troubles are gone. I recommend all suffering women to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Suffering women can learn from the experience of others that the one sure way to health is to cure their kidneys; Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure the kidneys.

"Mamma would like Mardie to take off her coat like a good girl," Mrs. Graham replied, feeling instinctively that the youthful mind grasped already the meaning of love and duty.

The child dropped her hand and nodded her head, then submitted to have the coat removed. She was neatly dressed in a dark-colored cashmere frock, made loose like a blouse; she wore a tiny thread of gold round her neck with a little heart-shaped pendant suspended. Mrs. Graham took it in her hand, eagerly hoping to find some clue; but, on turning it, her eyes rested on a miniature of the mother's lovely face. Mrs. Graham's mamma," exclaimed the child, taking it and kissing it—"dear mamma!"—then, with infantile cheerfulness, she rushed with a little shriek to the door where a kitten had just appeared, and with great delight picked up the downy little creature and nuzzled it.

The advent of dinner soon attracted her attention, and she prattled away merrily in her baby-language while the dishes were carried in. Mrs. Graham forced herself to talk to the child, and tried to divert her mind from its gloomy thoughts by devoting herself to the task of tending the little one. She was not a young woman, and the events of the day had proved almost too much for her nervous system; but with true unselfishness she tried to forget her own troubles in ministering to the tiny atom of humanity thrown so cruelly upon the world's ocean, with a mayhap no haven or port of love and affection to look to.

CHAPTER II.

"I must apologize for this intrusion," began the stranger, as she closed the door; "but my errand I trust will excuse me."

"What may I do for you?" asked Mrs. Graham, rising.

"Let me introduce myself," said the young lady, with a pretty smile. "I am Lady Coningham, wife of Sir Hubert Coningham of the Plow, Hurstley, a village about three miles out."

Mrs. Graham bowed.

"I heard of the terrible accident while returning from a long run, and I rode over immediately to make inquiries. I have learned everything," she stopped for an instant, and then asked, "Is that the child?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Graham briefly.

"Poor thing!" murmured Lady Coningham involuntarily. She moved forward and bent over the child, stroking and back the rich golden-red curls. "Poor was the thing! How pretty she is!"

Mardie smiled and showed her pearly teeth as she rapped her spoon impatiently on the table.

"Din-din," she cried eagerly—"Mardie so 'ungry!"

Lady Coningham stood by while Mrs. Graham prepared the child's meal. She said nothing, but two tears rolled down her cheeks and fell upon her well-gloved hand. As soon as the child was well started, she turned and motioned Mrs. Graham to the fire-place.

"Can you tell me anything about her?" she asked quickly.

"Mrs. Graham shook her head.

"We have no idea," she answered; then she spoke of the letter and the doctor's intention of telegraphing to Mrs. Huntley.

"Yes—yes, that will be best. My object in coming here, Mrs. Graham, was to speak about the child. I met Doctor Scott, who told me briefly of the mother's death and your kindness; and I hurried here to see what I could do. Sir Hubert is one of our magistrates; therefore, as his wife, I consider it my duty to take up the case. Perhaps my efforts will not be required for long—I sincerely hope not—it will be a sad lookout for this baby if we can not find her friends."

"It is the saddest chance," Mrs. Graham observed. "This lady in Yorkshire once received the name and references. I earnestly trust she has do."

"No, we must consider what to do with her," said Lady Coningham, who was able to carry her home with her; but she sighed a little—"that is out of the question."

"You have children," inquired Mrs. Graham gently, attracted by the other's sweet expression.

"No," Lady Coningham answered slowly. "I had one once, but—but it is gone." She bent to kiss Mardie's soft little cheek as she spoke, and again tears welled into her eyes.

"I am glad you have come," said Mrs. Graham, after a pause. "If it would have gone to my heart to leave the child without some kind hand to minister to it occasionally. I must go North to-morrow; but I feel now that, should

the worst happen and we find no clue, you will care for this poor little flower."

"I will do all in my power for her," returned the younger woman; "but do not let me keep you from your dinner—indeed, you must wait it."

Mrs. Graham rose and seated herself at the table. She felt weak and faint, but eating was almost an impossibility. Mardie, her food finished, put her hands together and whispered a grace, then wriggled down from her chair and went to the fire.

"She must go to bed," said Mrs. Graham, rising again and ringing the bell; "she is growing tired now."

The words were quickly verified, for the little head suddenly began to droop, and the beautiful eyes grew misty and sleepy; but, as Lady Coningham, who had hurriedly removed her gloves, knelt and began to unbutton the frock, the little child pushed her away and looked round with a sudden quick feeling of fear and strangeness.

"Where Mardie's mamma—where is mamma?" she murmured.

"Mamma is asleep," said Mrs. Graham soothingly, dreading a fit of terror.

"Mamma peep? Mardie want a mamma. Mamma come a Mardie, come a Mardie!"

She ran to the door and of the room and tried to reach the handle. Lady Coningham picked her up.

"If Mardie will be a very good little girl, she shall have some goodies—such as the beautiful eyes to grow misty and sleepy; but, as Lady Coningham, who had hurriedly removed her gloves, knelt and began to unbutton the frock, the little child pushed her away and looked round with a sudden quick feeling of fear and strangeness.

"Where Mardie's mamma—where is mamma?" she murmured.

"Mamma is asleep," said Mrs. Graham soothingly, dreading a fit of terror.

"Mamma peep? Mardie want a mamma. Mamma come a Mardie, come a Mardie!"

She ran to the door and of the room and tried to reach the handle. Lady Coningham picked her up.

"If Mardie will be a very good little girl, she shall have some goodies—such as the beautiful eyes to grow misty and sleepy; but, as Lady Coningham, who had hurriedly removed her gloves, knelt and began to unbutton the frock, the little child pushed her away and looked round with a sudden quick feeling of fear and strangeness.

## ONE MORE OF THE PIONEER WOMEN

Tells her suffering sisters to find relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. Forrester Had Rheumatism and Other Kidney Diseases for Two Years, but Dodd's Kidney Pills Made Her Well.

Dinsmore, Sask., May 22.—(Special)—One more of the pioneer women of Saskatchewan, relieved of pain and suffering by Dodd's Kidney Pills, has given her statement for publication in order that other suffering women may profit by her experience. This time it is Mrs. John Forrester, well known and highly respected in this neighborhood.

"My trouble started from a severe cold," Mrs. Forrester states. "My sleep was broken and unrefreshing. I perspired freely at the slightest exertion. I had pains in my back and Rheumatism developed, from which I suffered for two years."

"I do not need to tell you that I was far from being a well woman when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. But now I am thankful to say my troubles are gone. I recommend all suffering women to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Suffering women can learn from the experience of others that the one sure way to health is to cure their kidneys; Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure the kidneys.

"Mamma would like Mardie to take off her coat like a good girl," Mrs. Graham replied, feeling instinctively that the youthful mind grasped already the meaning of love and duty.

"I do not need to tell you that I was far from being a well woman when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. But now I am thankful to say my troubles are gone. I recommend all suffering women to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"Mamma would like Mardie to take off her coat like a good girl," Mrs. Graham replied, feeling instinctively that the youthful mind grasped already the meaning of love and duty.

"I do not need to tell you that I was far from being a well woman when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. But now I am thankful to say my troubles are gone. I recommend all suffering women to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"Mamma would like Mardie to take off her coat like a good girl," Mrs. Graham replied, feeling instinctively that the youthful mind grasped already the meaning of love and duty.

"I do not need to tell you that I was far from being a well woman when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. But now I am thankful to say my troubles are gone. I recommend all suffering women to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"Mamma would like Mardie to take off her coat like a good girl," Mrs. Graham replied, feeling instinctively that the youthful mind grasped already the meaning of love and duty.

"I do not need to tell you that I was far from being a well woman when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. But now I am thankful to say my troubles are gone. I recommend all suffering women to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"Mamma would like Mardie to take off her coat like a good girl," Mrs. Graham replied, feeling instinctively that the youthful mind grasped already the meaning of love and duty.

"I do not need to tell you that I was far from being a well woman when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. But now I am thankful to say my troubles are gone. I recommend all suffering women to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"Mamma would like Mardie to take off her coat like a good girl," Mrs. Graham replied, feeling instinctively that the youthful mind grasped already the meaning of love and duty.

"I do not need to tell you that I was far from being a well woman when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. But now I am thankful to say my troubles are gone. I recommend all suffering women to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"Mamma would like Mardie to take off her coat like a good girl," Mrs. Graham replied, feeling instinctively that the youthful mind grasped already the meaning of love and duty.

"I do not need to tell you that I was far from being a well woman when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. But now I am thankful to say my troubles are gone. I recommend all suffering women to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"Mamma would like Mardie to take off her coat like a good girl," Mrs. Graham replied, feeling instinctively that the youthful mind grasped already the meaning of love and duty.

"I do not need to tell you that I was far from being a well woman when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. But now I am thankful to say my troubles are gone. I recommend all suffering women to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"Mamma would like Mardie to take off her coat like a good girl," Mrs. Graham replied, feeling instinctively that the youthful mind grasped already the meaning of love and duty.

"I do not need to tell you that I was far from being a well woman when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. But now I am thankful to say my troubles are gone. I recommend all suffering women to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"Mamma would like Mardie to take off her coat like a good girl," Mrs. Graham replied, feeling instinctively that the youthful mind grasped already the meaning of love and duty.

"I do not need to tell you that I was far from being a well woman when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. But now I am thankful to say my troubles are gone. I recommend all suffering women to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"Mamma would like Mardie to take off her coat like a good girl," Mrs. Graham replied, feeling instinctively that the youthful mind grasped already the meaning of love and duty.

"I do not need to tell you that I was far from being a well woman when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. But now I am thankful to say my troubles are gone. I recommend all suffering women to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"Mamma would like Mardie to take off her coat like a good girl," Mrs. Graham replied, feeling instinctively that the youthful mind grasped already the meaning of love and duty.

"I do not need to tell you that I was far from being a well woman when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. But now I am thankful to say my troubles are gone. I recommend all suffering women to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"Mamma would like Mardie to take off her coat like a good girl," Mrs. Graham replied, feeling instinctively that the youthful mind grasped already the meaning of love and duty.

"I do not need to tell you that I was far from being a well woman when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. But now I am thankful to say my troubles are gone. I recommend all suffering women to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"Mamma would like Mardie to take off her coat like a good girl," Mrs. Graham replied, feeling instinctively that the youthful mind grasped already the meaning of love and duty.

"I do not need to tell you that I was far from being a well woman when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. But now I am thankful to say my troubles are gone. I recommend all suffering women to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"Mamma would like Mardie to take off her coat like a good girl," Mrs. Graham replied, feeling instinctively that the youthful mind grasped already the meaning of love and duty.

"I do not need to tell you that I was far from being a well woman when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. But now I am thankful to say my troubles are gone. I recommend all suffering women to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"Mamma would like Mardie to take off her coat like a good girl," Mrs. Graham replied, feeling instinctively that the youthful mind grasped already the meaning of love and duty.

"I do not need to tell you that I was far from being a well woman when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. But now I am thankful to say my troubles are gone. I recommend all suffering women to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

## COST OF LIVING.

One of the Causes of High Prices to Consumers.

(Technical World Magazine).

A man and his wife had given up farming in one of the best fruit regions of New York State for what they thought a more lucrative position in town. As they were taking the train away Chicago came selling grapes round the station at 2 cents a box.

"Don't let me open the suit-case! We can buy those grapes just as well in New York," demurred the man.

"But the express charges," suggested his wife.

"I should know I've shipped enough of them."

"I don't know more than a cent a box for those!"

The man's amazement to find he could not buy that 2 cent box of grapes under 40 cents.

Forty cents! The ex-fruit farmer rubbed his eyes. That was an advance of 200 per cent. on the price the buyers were making. How in the world was the price made up? Express was only 1 cent. That brought the cost to 3 cents as the box reached New York.

Now 20 to 30 per cent. advance is a high profit for a wholesaler. But the farmer's profit is only 5 cents. All the retailer's profit of another 20 to 40 per cent. goes into the hands of the middle man who exceeds 10 cents. What unseen hand had juggled prices up to 40 cents—a profit 80 per cent. higher than the man who sows; 200 per cent. too low for the man who grows?

"If he could have afforded to pay the freight, to pay the New York end of the station, and a man to look after the sales, and still have put away 50 per cent. profit on his grapes."

Why the New York extortion ground floor rents—the big grocery, where the ex-farmer made his first money, was on Broadway and paid a rental of \$12,000 a year. And then over and beyond these astronomical charges against the grapes, paying a clear dividend of about 500 per cent. each to commission man, wholesaler, and retailer.

No wonder the wealth of the nation centered in the city. No wonder the boys and girls broke away from the farm to pursue that wealth. This sort of game is not for the farmer—the billiard-paying gold in sort of a slice box for deposit in city vaults. When the farmer had most of his grapes sold, he had to come on his knees to these bank vaults for it.

Why, then, the grapes were an exception owing to their perishable nature. Mrs. Graham rose and seated herself at the table. She felt weak and faint, but eating was almost an impossibility. Mardie, her food finished, put her hands together and whispered a grace, then wriggled down from her chair and went to the fire.

"She must go to bed," said Mrs. Graham, rising again and ringing the bell; "she is growing tired now."

The words were quickly verified, for the little head suddenly began to droop, and the beautiful eyes grew misty and sleepy; but, as Lady Coningham, who had hurriedly removed her gloves, knelt and began to unbutton the frock, the little child pushed her away and looked round with a sudden quick feeling of fear and strangeness.

"Where Mardie's mamma—where is mamma?" she murmured.

"Mamma is asleep," said Mrs. Graham soothingly, dreading a fit of terror.

"Mamma peep? Mardie want a mamma. Mamma come a Mardie, come a Mardie!"

She ran to the door and of the room and tried to reach the handle. Lady Coningham picked her up.

"If Mardie will be a very good little girl, she shall have some goodies—such as the beautiful eyes to grow misty and sleepy; but, as Lady Coningham, who had hurriedly removed her gloves, knelt and began to unbutton the frock, the little child pushed her away and looked round with a sudden quick feeling of fear and strangeness.

## INDIGESTION RIGHTLY CURED STAYS CURED

Not by Treating the Symptoms, But by Toning Up the Stomach to Do Nature's Work.

Indigestion should not be neglected for by depriving the body of its proper nourishment it grows steadily worse. Neither stimulating medicines, which ruin the already weak stomach by making it work beyond its strength, should be used, nor pre-digested foods, which do not excite a flow of digestive fluids, and by disease cause the stomach to grow weaker. Nowhere is the tonic treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills more clearly useful. Its principle is to enable the stomach to do its own work by building up the blood and giving tone to the nerves. When these are once more restored to their normal health, indigestion disappears and the cure is permanent. In proof of these statements we give the experience of Mrs. Paul Gannon, Star City, Saska., who says: "For more than a year I suffered with all the terrible pains of indigestion, and my life was one of the greatest misery. It did not seem to make any difference whether I ate or not, the pains were always there, often accompanied by a severe bloating and a belching of wind. I did not even get relief at night, and sometimes hardly got a bit of sleep in my misery. I tried many remedies said to cure indigestion, but they did me not one particle of good, and I fully expected that I would always be afflicted in this way. At this time my brother came home on a visit and he urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and got six boxes for me. By the time I had taken four boxes I began to improve and could eat with some relish. I was greatly cheered and continued taking the pills until all traces of the trouble had disappeared, and I could once more eat all kinds of food without the smallest inconvenience. We have since used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in our family for other troubles. I am so firmly convinced of their virtue as a family medicine that I have no hesitation in recommending them to all who are afflicted with indigestion."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## A MUSIC-LOVING RABBIT.

(By L. E. M. Smyia.)

She could whistle very sweetly, which was something of an excuse for the habit Alice was acquiring while working in the prairie just outside of her school house.

One day, while in the midst of her whistling and picking up corn-cobs, she happened to glance towards the cornfield that was only a few rods from her house, and was very much amused to discover a jack rabbit peeping at her from behind a cornstalk.

She stopped her work and at the same time her whistling, to watch the funny-looking little fellow, and he, just as soon as the whistling had ceased, became terrified at having attracted her attention, and bounding away, quickly disappeared from view.

Alice again began to whistle, merrily as an experiment, and presently the long ears pointed at her from behind another corn stalk. She went on whistling, and the foolish little animal became so restless that he hopped from behind the whistling rabbit's view. She then whistled her sweetest, and he came a few feet nearer. She suddenly stopped and after a few moments of dazed indecision, the timid creature began hopping back to the corn field as fast as he could go. Suddenly, though, she began with some sweet bird notes, and when he heard the whistling again, the little animal stopped on the instant, as though she had transfixed him with a spear.

The amused experimenter continued these sweet notes, with variations, and the fascinated animal, by degrees, came nearer and nearer until within a few feet of the charmer, and there he sat upon his hunches, literally "at her ears," gazing at the whistler, entranced, his long ears sticking up in the air, as if he wished to catch every note.

Alice kept up the whistling until she was out of breath, and when she stopped the funny little creature again looked dazed, and seemed quite undecided as to what he should do; then coming back to his senses, he was seized with a sudden panic, and casting around him a terrified glance, made long, hesitating leaps for the corn field, where he dashed into the shelter of the shady stalks, and quickly vanished once more from her sight.

After that, whenever Alice felt lonesome and wanted to see the jack-rabbit, all she had to do was to whistle for him; and it was not long before he began to listen for her summons, while he peeped cautiously from behind his corn stalk on the very edge of the field.

—St. Nicholas.

## Have You a Lame Back?

If the lameness is due to Lumbago or Rheumatism in the muscles the following treatment is almost certain to relieve at once. Rub the back and sides thoroughly with "Nerviline"—the more rubbing the better. The pain destroying properties of Nerviline will sink through all the cords and muscles that are affected—the tension and stiffness will ease off—lameness will depart after the first or second application. It is then advisable to put on a Nerviline Porous Plaster which will continue to supply warmth and protection to the tender spot. Those who have used this treatment say it never fails to cure muscular pain in any part of the body.

## ELECTROPLATED PORCELAIN.

The electroplating process by which glassware is decorated with a network of silver designs has recently been extended to ceramic ware in the form of porcelain dishes, such as platters, bowls, tumblers, and tea and coffee-sets. Vessels thus treated are said to wear better than either simple porcelain or solid silver, being less fragile than porcelain and less subject to indentation and deformation than silver. The product is called electro-porcelain, and is cheaper than plated silverware. The plating is usually of silver, but sometimes of nickel. In some cases, instead of covering the entire vessel, the plating is confined to the handles, knobs and edges, and cooking-pots are usually left uncovered within, because porcelain can more readily be kept clean than a surface of metal.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills positively cure Constipation and all kindred & resulting troubles. 25¢ a box.

