

THE SORROWS OF REV. ABORIGINES
HIAWATHA.

BY REV. DONALD MACGREGOR.

All alone knelt Hiawatha,
Kneeling and praying in fear and trembling,
Dreading much the fell ordeal
When as candidate he'd hold forth,
Candidate for Zion pulpit
First church in the town of Sodom.

Slow and slower went the moments,
Fast and faster beat his heart throbs,
Dark and darker grew his vision,
As he waited for his judges.
His inexorable judges—
Deacons keen as any razor,
Elders wise as all the sages,
Members sound in faith and order,
Come to measure Hiawatha's
Thought of God in wilds primeval,
Suddenly they rushed upon him,
Heeding not his need of silence.

"Have you ever preached before, sir?
"Durs are high-toned, swellish people."
Asked a kindly feeling deacon,
And not a word spoke Hiawatha.

"Folks, I guess, are mighty smart here,
Want a man with snap and go, sir,
Want new ways to catch the sinners,
Want new thoughts for saints in Sodom,
Want a regular son of thunder,
Crushing infidels to powder."

Silent still was Hiawatha,
Silent as a grin volcano,
Silent to belch forth fire and brimstone.
"Guess them hymns will want some
changing."

Folks are tired of common metre,
Give us one or two peculiar,
Said the leader of the singers,
Highly paid, ungodly singers,
Laughing, flirting, in the service,
Hiawatha sighed and pined,
Dear to him that name old metre.

"How sacred the name of Jesus Saviour,"
Said and slow he changed the metre.
"Here's a list of intimations,
Most important intimations,
Only thirty intimations,
Read each twice and read it clearly,"
Said a flimsy, fussy church clerk,
Prentice in a store of Sodom.

Loud and louder changed the church bell,
Sounding forth what seemed a death
knell
To the hopes of Hiawatha,
On whose heart as a blow of hammer
Fell their supercilious clamor.
"Time to preach," burst in the sexton,
"Time to preach," thought Hiawatha.
When appeared upon the rostrum
The majestic Hiawatha
Round and round the smiling ripples,
Round and round the brain went whirl-
ing.

Till he felt the mighty spirit
Speaking through him words of thunder.
Then he rose and towered above them,
Towered as do the stately pine trees,
High above the poisonous hemlock.
Voice of God was Hiawatha,
Voice of God to sinful mortals,
Rushing on to hush their dark portals.

"Voice of Jesus calling, calling
Souls of men are falling, falling
Down, as fall the leaves of autumn,
Spirit's voice yet pleading, pleading
Long with summer interceding."

This was not the thing they wanted,
Sodom's saints must not be talked to
As if they were common sinners
Doomed to death if unbelievers
High and higher rose their anger,
Dark and darker grew their visage.
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!

Home rejected Hiawatha!
Fame he went to Minneapolis,
Hence to preach no more in Sodom,
Wiping dust from off his sandals,
Wondering greatly if the ravals
Could be the saints more cruel,
Weary pilgrim, heavy hearted
For the land of the hereafter.

Selected Serial.

ELVIRA.

THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

A Story of the New Awakening in the
Land of the Old.

BY MRS. HUNT MORGAN.

Author of "The Old Maid and the Boy," "The
Old Maid and the Boy," "The Old Maid and the Boy."

CHAPTER X.

IN THE SECRET PASSAGE.

The cavern thus entered was of con-
siderable dimensions, its floor strewn
with boulders of various size, indistin-
guishable by the dim light which
struggled through the moss-curtained
entrance.

Advancing to the further end of the
cave, where the detached rocks were
piled one upon the other in a confused
heap, the Conde led the way into what
seemed but a chance recess between
two rugged fragments of rock. Nothing
could be seen more than this in the heavy
gloom; and Renaldo was fain to grasp
the outstretched hand of his leader, who
turned sharply to the right, and drew his
companion through a short passage, too
narrow for two persons to walk abreast.

From a change in the sound of their
footsteps, Renaldo's quick ear soon in-
formed him that the narrow pass had
debouched into another cavern, and in a
few moments the Conde produced from
somewhere about his person a small lan-
tern, which he lighted, and by its pale
glimmer Renaldo saw that they were
now in a vast mountain hall, so exten-
sive that the opposite side was imper-
ceptible by the feeble rays of the lamp.

He was too well acquainted with the
history of his journey to be surprised at
the discovery of any secret way among the
mountains in the neighborhood of the
old Moorish city; but it had never occur-
red to his mind that there might be any
such hidden communication between
those mountains and the Villa Hernandez.

He guessed at once that the other end
of the secret way must terminate in the
Conde's private apartments.

They silently crossed the wide hall,
and entered a long passage, which again
widened into another square, when the
Conde, who had not spoken since they
left the sunlight, suddenly noticed the
weary step of the priest as he dragged
himself onwards with evident effort.

Turning aside to where an indentation
in the rock formed a convenient resting
place, Don Fernando signed to his com-
panion to sit down, while he himself,
having placed the lamp on a projecting
ledge, paced to and fro at a short dis-

tance, his arms folded, and his brow knit
in gloomy abstraction. He was aroused
by the voice of Padre Renaldo, speaking
as if struck by a sudden thought.

"Senior Conde, is there any outlet to
this subterranean way besides the one
which leads directly to your house?"
"Not to my knowledge," replied the
Conde, pausing in his walk; "I have
carefully examined these caves and cor-
ridors, but have not discovered any but
the side caverns, having no other out-
let."

"Did not the Villa Hernandez formerly
belong to some ecclesiastic?" asked
Padre Renaldo, hesitatingly; "I remem-
ber reading something of the kind one
day in an old record which I found in the
library."

"Yes," said the Conde; "two hundred
years ago the Archbishop of Granada
used it as a country residence, and it
continued to be so used by several of
his successors. Before I purchased it,
however, it had long ceased to be occu-
pied by any member of the priesthood;
indeed, it had been allowed to fall into
almost a state of ruin."

The Conde paused, as if expecting
some further remark from Renaldo, who
thoughtfully leaned his head on his hand
for a while, before replying.

"Senior," he said at length, "you have
honored me by confiding to me your
secret, allow me to trust in your honor
not to make any use of an idea which has
just occurred to me."

The Conde bowed silently.
"But first," continued the priest, "are
you sure that the possession of this sec-
ret is entirely your own?"

"My own, and yours," answered the
Conde.

"May I inquire," resumed Renaldo,
"may I so far presume on your confi-
dence, in this secret of your own dis-
covery, or was it communicated to you?"

Don Fernando was silent an instant,
and his face paled. Renaldo observed
his hesitation, and hastily added:

"Pardon me, I have not asked as so
far. I merely wished to suggest that if
the secret had been communicated to
you, it was, possibly, communicated to
some other also. As you alluded just
now, I understood rightly, to a hidden
store of interdicted books in your pos-
session, it is well that you should be
quite certain that your retreat is known
to yourself alone."

The Conde had recovered from his
momentary emotion, and answered, with
his usual quiet dignity:

"I have no suspicion that the existence
of this passage is known to any but our-
selves. I did not discover it. A former
chaplain in my family, Padre Ignacio,
found and explored this secret way. He
discovered the entrance accidentally one
day, while arranging some books in the
library, which I have since made my
private study."

"But can you be sure he never men-
tioned it to his confessor?" inquired
Renaldo.

"I asked him that question," said the
Conde, "and he told me decidedly, no.
He did not consider it a matter neces-
sary to be referred to in the confessional,
having made the discovery, and followed
it up, simply as a curious specimen of
the former work of the Moor. When he
informed me of it, he did so from a
kindly feeling of anxiety respecting my
Conde, who, you may be aware, was
not a Catholic, and Padre Ignacio, being
an easy, good-natured liberal, wished
to secure for me a nameless, in fact
of her religious opinions causing her to
incur danger. He died a few months
after giving me this information, and I
am convinced kept the secret to the last.
I felt indebted to him for his benevolent
regard concerning the secret, and I fear
nearly; but," added the Conde, with all
the haughty fire of a Spanish grandee,
"I scarcely imagine that my Conde
could be molested, especially, too, as he
was not of Spanish birth!"

"The powerful Duke of Medina Sidonia
could not protect his family in the
sixteenth century, nor could any other
English birth be to any safeguard," re-
marked Renaldo, musingly. "I used to
think that God, in that age, triumphantly
crushed out heresy; but I heard Serra
preach when I was at Seville, and he told
a different story, and I fear he spoke on
the right side. If so, there is a day of
reckoning coming for the Church of Rome."

"I never doubted your last assertion;
whatever else I may have disbelieved,"
said the Conde, with a fierce flash of his
dark eyes, "I believe on the subject of
the Bible, at least, that which speaks of
'Babylon the Great' being 'drunk with the
blood of the saints'!"

"Ha!" exclaimed Renaldo, with a
start, "can that mean Rome? God help
me for I am bewildered!"

"You were thinking of something in
connection with our caves here, were you
not, padre?" observed Don Fernando,
recalling the priest's attention, after a
short pause.

He passed his hand over his forehead,
as if in the endeavor to recollect his
previous thoughts, and then replied,
quickly:

"Yes, Senior Conde, I suspect there is
some yet undiscovered passage in con-
nection with this one. It would be
neither right nor safe for you to engage
in the quest, but if you will allow me
to make use of what you have already
shown me, I think it would be well for
me to attempt further researches."

"I do not perfectly comprehend your
meaning," remarked the Conde, in a
freezing tone. "In what direction does
your thought tend, that I might not with
propriety follow it?"

"To the Convent of Santa Catalina,"
answered Padre Renaldo, slowly.

The Conde fixed his burning eyes with
a searching glance on the priest, and
after some time of deep thought, replied,
hoarsely:

"Then I am nearer my child than I
thought! Use your knowledge of this
secret as you please, padre, and when
you please, so that you keep it to your-
self. And now, shall we not continue
our walk? It is but a short one between
us and the villa from this place."

Through several succeeding caverns
the way seemed descending, then they
reached a level place, where all the
traces of the rock disappeared, and a
staircase led up into a tiny vestibule,
and admitted them into a narrow recess
of four feet in breadth, by about seven
feet in length. A hidden spring being
touched by the Conde, a panel slid back,
and they were in his study at the Villa

Hernandez. The panel when closed ap-
peared simply as part of the wall of the
study; when opened, it slid behind the
bookshelves, which covered almost the
whole of that and two other sides of the
room.

"And now, padre," said the Conde,
when he had explained the mechanism of
the springs to Renaldo, "now that I
have shown you the way into the villa,
if you will return with me to the room at
the foot of the stairs, I will show the
books of which I spoke."

He led the way back to the little
panelled chamber below, and pressing
one spring after another, revealed a
number of shelves, well filled with books,
all of which were under their ban in the
Church, having been included in the
Papal "Index Excommunicatus."

"Some of these volumes belonged to
my late Conde," remarked Don Fer-
nandez, as he exposed his contraband
possession to the astonished gaze of the
priest. "Others I have purchased or
obtained in different ways, not necessary
to particularize. I got them, partly from
literary interests, partly from the slight
pleasure of indulging in studies unan-
cipated by the authorities of the Church.
Come here and read, my friend, as you
please."

Padre Renaldo; you will find all the
standard controversial works in Spanish,
English, and several other languages.
Enter at either end of the passages as
you may find convenient. I shall be
just prepared to find you here at any hour,
so do not scruple to use the room. For
the present, I advise rest and refresh-
ment for the body, which you have had
overexerted. You will be better fitted
for study," he added, as the priest lingered
loosely near the books, after
some care for your physical require-

(To be continued.)

A Dreary Little Village.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

"A rocky islet in the sea,
A lonely islet in the sea,
The earliest sight of land."

It is not known whether Greenland
is a continent or a group of islands
connected by ice. It is a cold, desolate
country with very little vegetation and
a scanty population. The interior has
been penetrated from the west for a dis-
tance of about two hundred miles, and
the accounts given by explorers of the
terrible waste are substantially the same
—"nothing but ice, white, lifeless and
long by crevasses."

The eastern coast is unapproachable
because of the Spitzbergen ice stream,
which flows along to the southward.
The trading settlements, about sixty in
number, extend along the western coast
for a distance of a thousand miles. The
most northerly of these, in fact, the most
northern town in America, if not in the
world, is Upernivik, the capital of
Greenland.

It is situated far north of the Arctic
circle, near the seventy-third degree of
north latitude. The name means "Place
of Spring." The scattering houses are
built on a rocky island facing the sea,
and exposed to icy winds and fogs. All
of the great Arctic explorers have visit-
ed the place, and so we are pretty well
informed about it.

In winter the sun for seventy-nine
days is below the horizon, and for forty
days it is very dark. Think of a winter
night as long or longer than one of our
calendric months! How dreary and
lonely it must be. The summer is
very short, but it is distinguished by an
equally long continuance of the sun
above the horizon. One can sit and
read nearly all night long during mid-
summer.

There are no forests in the whole
country, but stunted pines, spruces, and
beeches are found scattered here and
there. A little vegetation grows in the
gardens around the houses. No crops,
in the strict acceptance of the term, are
cultivated successfully in Greenland.

Forage never grows bigger than small
mosses, while peas only produce seeds
scarcely recognizable. Flowers and
strawberries are grown in hot houses.

Upernivik is a trading and mission
station. There are not more than one
hundred inhabitants. Besides the small
little stone church, there are only about
twenty buildings, including a store-house
and a blubber-boiling house. Fur and
blubber are the chief articles brought
in by the Eskimos. These are exchanged
for such useful life, sugar, coffee, and
other necessaries.

If you lived at Upernivik you would
see the Eskimos come in with their dog
teams laden with blubber and fur. The
Eskimo sledges are made wholly of
bone and leather, all carefully fitted and
lashed together. The runners are about
six feet long, seven inches high, and are
set about fifteen inches apart. They are
so valuable that they are handed down
from father to son, sometimes through
several generations.

To these sledges are attached ten or a
dozen dogs. They are used instead of
horses in Greenland. They are controlled
by the voice and by a whip with a very
short handle and a long lash. I think
you would have to practice with this
whip a long time before you could use it
at all skillfully. When they wish the
dogs to run very fast they shout the word
"Nannook," which is the Eskimo name
for the fierce Polar bear.

The Eskimo children are funny look-
ing little creatures. They are short and
plump, and are dressed in fur. Men,
women and children dress very much
alike. Their undergarment is made of
bird skins; sometimes it takes five hun-
dred ducks to furnish skin enough for a
single shirt. Over this is worn a jacket
of fox-skins, which has a hood to cover
the head when needed. Bearskin
breaches protect the legs, and the feet
are covered with bird-skin short socks.
Their mittens are made of seal skin
dressed with dry grass.

These people live in queer-looking
houses. They are built of seal blubber
and are shaped, or rather, they look like
the old-fashioned straw bee-hives. They
are usually about six feet high and ten
broad, with long passages just large
enough for a person to creep in on his
hands and knees. The Eskimos have
no fire in these ice houses, but do their
cooking over little lamps fed with seal or
walrus oil.

Many of these Eskimo villages are
near Upernivik, and not a few of the
people have been converted by the mis-
sionaries. Gloomy and desolate as this
cold northern land men live here who

have left their comfortable homes to do
work for Christ. And their labors have
not gone unrewarded. Even "from
Greenland's joy mountains" songs of
praise rise to the loving Saviour who
died to save mankind.

The great event of the year at Uper-
nivik is the annual arrival of the ship
from Denmark, bringing supplies and
news. This usually occurs in July or
August. How glad they must be to
have tidings of the great world, and how
lonesome it must seem again when the
white sails of the vessel have disap-
peared on its homeward voyage! Yet per-
chance they are as happy in that dreary
little village near the North Pole as we
are in our pleasant homes in more hos-
pitable lands. At any rate, home and
love and duty and heaven are there the
same as here. And those ought, may
they do, make happiness.

"And thus it is—here Greenland frowns:
The home to others, dreary, lonely;
The everywhere the same:
If we but taste the sweets of change,
It matters not to him, but do the
There's nothing in a name."

—Exchange.

Trapping a Monster Elephant.

Silent and almost motionless, quite
hidden in the darkness, stood the huge
form of an old bull elephant, one of
those tusks had been smothered in
youth and had become totally decayed.
His head was bent forward in order to
rest his one monster tusk upon the
ground, his trunk closely coiled between
his fore-legs, was also resting on the
ground, and his ragged ears flapped
spasmodically in vain endeavors to
shake off the myriads of mosquitoes
that persistently hovered around his
head. Suddenly the forest was lit up
by a most vivid flash of lightning, fol-
lowed an instant afterward by a crash
of real of thunder. The elephant
raised his head with a startled jerk, his
huge limbs shaking with fear.

Almost before the rumbling echoes of
the thunder had died away, the rain,
that had been threatening for so many
hours, fell in torrents. Flashes of light-
ning succeeded each other so rapidly
that the attendant peals of thunder
were converted into one continuous
roar, and the violence of the wind soon
increased to a veritable tornado—a tropical
hurricane.

Trees were blown down and uprooted
on all sides. The terrified elephant re-
mained for some time motionless with
fear, but as the tempest continued
and charged madly through the dense
forest, suddenly he started up, and
with a bound of his trunk over the
trunks of uprooted trees in his endeavor
to gain some open patch where there
would be no danger of being crushed by
the falling timber.

Suddenly, in the midst of a mad rush,
the elephant sank to the ground with a
sharp squeal of pain. The poor beast
had severed the vines that supported
one of the traps that had been arranged
the previous day, and a heavily weighted
spear was plunged between his shoulder-
blades. For some moments he remained
motionless, then the great body rolled
slowly from side to side in an
endeavor to free himself from the spear,
but the weapon was barbed and the
points had penetrated too deeply to be
shaken off. Here he remained, ex-
hausted, until daylight, his hide covered
with patches of blood and deep sea-
mors of blood. From "The Tale of a
Tusk of Ivory," by Herbert Ward, in
November Scribner.

The offensive breath, resulting from
Catarrh, can be removed by a few appli-
cations of Nasal Balm. Every sufferer
should give it a trial. Sold by all dealers.

What's sought for may be found,
but truth, unsearched for, seldom comes
to light.—Sophocles.

If the stomach becomes weak and
fails to perform its digestive functions,
Dyspepsia with its long train of distress-
ing symptoms will follow. Cure it with
Burdock Blood Bitters.

Love cannot be hid any more than
light; and least of all when it shines
forth in action, when the man or woman
selves in the labor of love, in beneficence
of every kind.—John Wesley.

"Ain't you ever going to grow old,
like the rest of us?" asked a man of an
elderly friend, who was leaning on a cane.
"Well, not so long as I can put my
my blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla," was
the apt reply. This man knew what he
was talking about.

Conduct shows character; it also
makes character. Life is a ladder. The
soul stands upon one of its rungs.
Every moral act shows what round is oc-
cupied; also advances to a round above,
or degrades to a round below.

Mrs. Harry Pearson, Hawtree, writes:
For about three months I was troubled
with fainting spells and dizziness which
was growing worse, and would attack me
three or four times a day. At last my
husband purchased a bottle of Northrop
& Lyman's Vegetable Dye, from which
I derived considerable benefit. I
then procured another, and before it was
used my affliction was completely gone,
and I have not had an attack of it since.

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest.

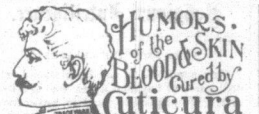
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or later, but we all would prefer an ex-
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SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beauti-
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Blood Purifier and Graveler of all Humors.
Remedies, when the best physicians and all
other remedies fail. This is strong language,
but true. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only
infallible blood purifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.;
SOAP, 50c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.00. Prepared by
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Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and dry skin,
scalp prevented by CUTICURA SOAP, 75c.
It cures itching, burning, bleeding, scaly,
crusty, pimply, blotchy, or copper-colored,
with loss of hair, or other simple, or hereditary,
or contagious, or speedily, permanently, economi-
cally, and infallibly cured by the CUTICURA
REMEDY, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin
Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier
and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new
Blood Purifier and Graveler of all Humors. Remedies,
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study, has given to the world an Electric Belt
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It is found wherever man is found, and it does
not respect age, sex, color, rank or occupation.
Medical science has utterly failed to afford
relief in rheumatic cases. Although electric
light has only been in use as a remedial
agent for a few years, it has cured more cases
of Rheumatism than all other means com-
bined.

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vanic current as generated by the Owen
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the woman's friend. Its benefits are equal
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troubles peculiar to her sex. It is nature's
relief in rheumatic cases. Although electric
light has only been in use as a remedial
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relief in rheumatic cases. Although electric
light has only been in use as a remedial
agent for a few years, it has cured more cases
of Rheumatism than all other means com-
bined.

Our treatment is a mild, continuous gal-
vanic current as generated by the Owen
Electric Belt Battery, which may be applied
directly to the affected parts.

WOMEN.
The Owen Electric Belt is par excellence
the woman's friend. Its benefits are equal
as a preventive and curative for the many
troubles peculiar to her sex. It is nature's
relief in rheumatic cases. Although electric
light has only been in use as a remedial
agent for a few years, it