

When the Sign Ain't Right.
He wouldn't plant when farmers round were
planting all about.
Cause the sign—wa'n't—right.
He wouldn't kill his hogs for fear the fat would
sizzle out.
Cause the sign—wa'n't—right.
He wouldn't shoot his sheep when Taurus ruled
the zodiac.
The geese wa'n't picked when he was home,
though feathers all might lack;
Nor would he shave his wint'rs beard, he'd
rather break his back.
Less the sign—was—right.
He'd never look at the new moon, less he could
see it clear.
Cause the sign—wa'n't—right.
He wouldn't buy on Friday, though goods next
day might be dear.
Cause the sign—wa'n't—right.
'T would make him cuss like forty, to see a rail
fence laid.
When nights were dark, as if the moon a dirty
trick had played.
By loatin' round to China when at home she
might have stayed.
Cause the sign—wa'n't—right.
He wouldn't gather seed corn but when Cancer
was the king.
Cause the sign—wa'n't—right.
He wouldn't trim his whiskers when he heard a
rain crow sing.
Cause the sign—wa'n't—right.
He didn't eat no meat, unless 'twas in the
heart.
The truth was only in him when the virgin took
his part.
It took the crab to make him pay his debts, he
was so smart.
Cause the sign—wa'n't—right.
Yet come to think, he wa'n't so very queer in
doing so.
Cause the sign—wa'n't—right.
We all at times our duties shirk and go
almighty slow.
When the sign—ain't—right.
It takes a deal of nerve and push, and lots of
moral backing.
To toe the line, and conscience keep from giving
us a whacking;
And so if there is anything in this poem's
lacking.
Why, the sign—ain't—right.
—Yankoo Blade.

TWICE MARRIED.

CHAPTER VIII.

Blanche Smith was not at all a clever girl—not like Norma. Norma had always stood first in her classes, had borne off prizes and medals, but with Blanche it was otherwise. No amount of coaching ever sufficed to pull her through an examination, or to remove her from the middle of her class. Blanche was a dunce confessedly; she hated books, and the acquisition by labor. If the people told her things and took the trouble to explain them, she remembered them sometimes; sometimes not. To accomplish anything took as a duck to water—danced beautifully, was a fair musician, sang with taste and sweetness, and chattered French with absolute self-confidence and a tolerable accent, although her rudimentary knowledge of the tongue was of the vaguest.

Christmas, the grand high festival of the year, was approaching, and all the community was stirred with deep desire for its worthy celebration. Sociability ceased, or at best was sustained in limp, half-hearted fashion by the men. The ladies had other things to think of; for on them rested the sole responsibility of the Christmas preparations. And it was Christmas eve.

The shadows were gathering, and the sun sending in his resignation to the night, when Pochontas, tying on her pretty scarlet hood and wrappings, armed herself with a small basket of corn, and proceeded to the poultry yard to house her turkeys for the night. They usually roosted in an old catalpa tree near the back gate, earlier in the season; but as Christmas approached Pochontas found it expedient to turn the key upon them, since leaving them out caused weaker brothers to offend. As she passed the kitchen door she called to little Sawney, whose affection for his grandmother increased at Christmas, to come out and help her.

The little fellow had that morning been invested by a doting parent with a "pair o' sto' boots" purchased entirely with reference to the requirements of the future. They were many sizes too large for him; the legs adorned with scarlet tops, reached nearly to his middle; they flopped up and down at every step, and evinced an evil propensity for wabbling, and bringing their owner with sorrow to the ground. They were hard-natured, stiff-soled, uncompromising—but they were boots!—"sto' boots, whar cos' money!"—and Sawney's cup of bliss was full.

Any one who has experience in the ways and wiles of the domestic treasure, must be aware of the painful lack of consideration sometimes evinced by turkeys in this apparently simple matter of allowing themselves to be housed. Some evenings they march straight into their apartment with the directness and precision of soldiers filing into barracks; on others the very Prince of Darkness, backed by the three Fates and the three Furies, apparently takes possession of the perverse, shallow-pated birds.

The Lanarth turkeys were behaving in just this reprehensible manner, and Pochontas was working into a frenzy over them. Three times she engineered the flock successfully up to the open door, and three times the same old brown hen advanced, peered cautiously into the house, started tragically aside as though she beheld some evil thing, and produced a panic and a stampede.

"You miserable wretch!" exclaimed Pochontas, hurling her empty basket impatiently at the dusky author of her woes. "I could kill you! Shoo! shoo! Sawney, why don't you help me? Head them! Run round them! Shoo! shoo! you abominable creatures!"

Sawney essayed to obey, grasping the straps of his boots, and lifting his feet very high.

"Take them off and run," commanded Pochontas. But Sawney would as soon have parted with his skin. "I durne 'em run," he responded, and gripped his boots valiantly. It was of no use. Sawney had gotten too much boot for his money, and if walking in them was difficult, running was impossible. He held on to them bravely, but that only impeded progress further; the faithless cowhides wobbled, twisted and finally landed him sprawling on his back in the middle of the flock, which promptly retired to distant parts of the poultry yard, "puttering" and dodging.

"Sawney proves a broken reed, as usual," called a pleasant voice from somewhere in the background; "here, let me help you," and advanced, gun in hand, to the rescue. "It's the fault of his 'sto' boots," Pochontas explained, laughing, as she extended her hand. "Sawney's inten-

tions were honorable enough. I shall be glad of your assistance—as usual," with a merry glance, "for these aggravating birds are shattering my nerves, and ruining my temper."

Then, together, the pair pursued the unruly fowls, and pressed upon them and buffeted them, until the turkeys were glad to defy the vision of the old brown sensationalist, and take refuge in their house. Pochontas closed the door with a sharp bang almost upon the tail of the hindmost one, locked it, and then turned cordially to her companion and invited him to remain and take tea with them.

Thorne glanced down at his splashed boots and corduroys. "I'm scarcely in trim for a lady's tea table," he said, smiling, "you must excuse me, and let me come some other time. I met your brother on the low grounds as I came up. I've been shooting over his land, and called to leave your mother a few birds."

"Had you good sport?" inquired Pochontas, with interest, watching him empty the pockets of his shooting-coat on the top of an adjacent chicken-coop, and admiring the soft shades and exquisite markings of the plumage of the dead birds.

"Here's old 'bur-rabbit,'" said Thorne, reaching his hand behind his back, and drawing out the pretty brown beast by the legs. "I knocked him over just below your garden fence in a little patch of briars. It was a pretty shot; see, right through the head. I hate to mangle my game. I'd pretty fair sport; the birds are a little wild, though, and I had no dog. I lost a fine duck—a canvas-back, this afternoon, by its falling into deep water. I must send North for a brace of good dogs."

"That isn't necessary," said Pochontas, touching the birds gently, and stroking their soft feathers. "Berke and Royall both have good dogs, trained retrievers, and used to the country. Strange dogs don't do so well over unaccustomed ground. It's a shame that you had no dog, and dreadfully neglectful of the boys not to have noticed 'No, no' as Thorne moved away from the coop, "you must not leave all those; you have none for yourself, and you'll be disgraced as a sportsman if you go home empty-handed. They won't believe you've killed a thing. We never do, when our men come home with nothing to show. Jim Byrd never dared face Nina, or me, without, at least, half a dozen birds."

"Who is Jim Byrd?" demanded Thorne, quickly. "I never heard you mention him before."

"Haven't you?" regarding him with great surprise. "Well, that is curious, for he is one of our oldest, dearest friends, Berke's and mine. A year ago I couldn't have imagined life possible without Jim's dear old face near us. He formerly lived at Shirley; it was the Byrd patrimony for generations. His sisters were the closest girl friends Grace and I ever had, and for years the two families were as one. There were financial troubles handed down from father to son, growing always greater; the old place had finally to be sold, and your uncle bought it. Jim is in Mexico now, engineering, and the girls are all married. I wonder you have never heard me mention Jim. I think and speak of him frequently. We all do."

So perfectly unembarrassed was the girl's manner that, despite a faint wistfulness discernible in her face, Thorne put aside the half-thought formulated in his brain by the familiar mention of Jim Byrd's name. He allowed himself to be persuaded to repocket part of the game, particularly a brace of ducks, which the soul of the general loved. As he rose from his seat on the chicken-coop, Pochontas noticed the handsome man beside him, and leaning forward with a woman's instinctive desire to handle dangerous things, she took it in her hands with an exclamation of admiration.

"Is it loaded?" she inquired, raising it to her shoulder, and laying her finger lightly on the trigger.

"Yes," Thorne answered, drawing nearer, "take care, Miss Mason. It always makes me nervous to see a gun in a woman's hands. Don't pull the trigger, please; the charge is heavy and the recoil will hurt you."

But the warning came too late; intentionally or unintentionally, she did pull the trigger, and the gun carelessly held, recoiled sharply, striking against her shoulder with such force that she staggered and would have fallen, if Thorne had not caught her in his arms. The gun slipped to the ground, but fortunately did not discharge the second barrel.

Thorne regarded the white face upon his breast with trepidation, amazed even amid his anxiety at the fierce pang that shot through his heart at the sight of its pallor. Suppose she should be seriously hurt! Brute that he had been, not to have taken better care of her. Fool! fool! To have let her touch that accursed gun! His hand trembled as he loosened her cloak, and passed it tenderly over her shoulder. Disbeliever! No; such cruel harm had not befallen her; a bruise, a little stiffness was the worst in store. A passionate relief, bewildering in its intensity, thrilled through him; his dark cheek rivaled hers in pallor; his eyes glowed.

Then her lids quivered, the gray eyes unclosed, and the color flushed back warmly, covering cheek and brow and neck with a mighty surge of crimson. With a quick effort, Pochontas disengaged herself from his arms, and leaned against the fence, a few steps away from him. Struggling for self-mastery, Thorne made his anxious inquiries, striving by a fierce exercise of will to still his bounding pulses, and banish from his eyes the expression he felt glowing within them. And Pochontas, with her paleness in force again, replied to his inquiries with tremulous but determined lightness, putting aside his self-reproaches, and assuming the blame with eager incoherence. She made a terrible mess of it, but Thorne was past all nicety of observation; his only thought, now that he was assured of her safety, was to get himself away without further betrayal of his feelings. His mind was in a tumult, and his heart rose up and choked him. For a moment he held the small, tremulous fingers in a strong, warm clasp, then with a quick "good night" relinquished them, sprang over the fence and walked rapidly away in the direction of Shirley.

CHAPTER IX.

Walking home in the still dusk of the winter gloaming, Thorne found himself compelled at last to look the situation in the face without disguise or subterfuge, to "take stock" of it all, as it were, and ask

himself what should be the result. He had lingered in Virginia, lengthening his stay from week to week, because the old world quaintness of the people, the freshness and yet antiquity of thought prevalent among them, charmed him, pleased the aesthetic side of his nature, as the softness of their voices pleased his ear, and the suavity of their manners, his taste. He was tired to death of the old routine, weary beyond expression of the beaten track, of the sameness of the old treadmill of thought. Here he had found variety.

And he had no right to love her; he was a married man.

When this idea flashed across his mind it almost stunned him. He had been free in heart and mind so long that he had ceased to remember that he was bound in fact. The substance had so withdrawn itself into the background of his life that he had forgotten that the shadow still rested on him. He was free, and he was bound. Thorne turned the idea over in his mind, as one turns a once familiar thing that has grown strange from being hidden long from sight. Was he a married man? Undoubtedly. The idea appalled him.

Two years had passed since the separation and there had been no divorce. Thorne had thought the matter out at the time, as a man must, and had decided to wait, and to let any initial steps be taken by his wife. He had no love left for her, and he realized with grim intensity that their marriage had been a terrible mistake, but there was sufficient chivalry in his nature to make him feel that the mother of his child had claims upon him, to leave her the protection of his home and name as long as she cared to keep it. Then, too, the habit of thought in his family, and all his early influences were against divorce. The idea had not presented itself spontaneously, as the natural solution of his domestic difficulties; he had been obliged to familiarize himself with it. His family had been Catholics for generations, his mother had become one on her marriage, and had been ardent and devout, as is usual with proselytes. Thorne was a religious man himself, but he respected a beautiful and holy thing. He had never thought of it with any reference to his own life, but it made a halo around the memory of his mother.

Her views had influenced him in his decision in the matter of a divorce. The world had given him credit for religious scruples of his own, but the world had done him more than justice; he was only haunted by the ghosts of his mother's scruples.

Did she love him? As he asked himself the question, Thorne's heart bounded, and the blood coursed hotly through his veins. He had tried to make her love him—had he succeeded? Thorne was no fatuous fool, blinded by his own vanity, but his power over women had been often tried, fully proven, and he had confidence in himself. Deeply he anathematized the weakness which had allowed shadowy scruples and a too fastidious taste to rule his judgment in the matter of a divorce. He would wait no longer; he would break at once and forever the frail fetter that still bound him to a union from which all reality, all sanctity had fled. He would be free in fact, as he was in heart and thought, to pit his strength against that of his rival. This prize should not slip from his grasp uncontested. No man should approach the shrine unchallenged.

CHAPTER X.

The Christmas festivities were to close on New Year's Eve with a grand ball at Shirley. It was to be a sumptuous affair, with unlimited Chinese lanterns, handsome decorations, a magnificent supper, and a band from Washington. The Smiths were going to requite the neighborhood's hospitality with the beating of drums, the clashing of cymbals, and the flowing of champagne. The cordial, friendly people had welcomed them kindly, and must have their courtesy returned in fitting style. Mrs. Smith suggested a simpler entertainment, fearing contrast, and any appearance of ostentation, but the general ganged his neighbors better. They were at once too well bred and too self-satisfied for any idea of comparison to occur to them. They would eat their fruit-cake or make him welcome to their corn-bread with the same hearty unconcern. His wealth and their own poverty troubled them equally little; they were abstract facts with which hospitality had nothing to do. But in their way they were proud; having given their best without grudge or stint, they would expect his best in return, and the general was determined that they should have it. The risk of offence lay in simplicity, not grandeur.

After an exhaustive discussion of the subject, at which both Berke and Royall ignorantly and gratuitously assisted, and were flouted for their pains, it was irreverably decided that Pochontas should appear in pure white unrelieved by a single dash of color.

"I want her to look unusual," declared Grace, "to make her so as to present the object of my being. I shall hesitate at nothing short of cutting off her nose to secure the desirable result. To be admired a woman must stand out distinctly from the being the belle of the ball. Have you to be your sole garniture, you must have a profusion. I can't tolerate skimpy, rub-bishing bouquets."

"None at all, Grace," confessed Pochontas, ruefully, "except a single calla. I cut my last white rosebuds and camellias to send to Nina Byrd Marion the very day before I heard about the Shirley ball. Isn't it provoking?"

"Then somebody must get you some," Grace responded promptly, pausing in her preparations, and regarding her sister with the air of an anticleric; "if the men are not lost to all sense of honor and decency, you'll have plenty. If only they will have sufficient intellect to select white ones! But they won't. I'd better instruct Roy and Berkeley at once."

On the morning of the ball, Berkeley entered his mother's room, where the three ladies sat in solemn conclave regarding with discontent a waiter full of colored flowers which a thoughtful neighbor had just sent over to Pochontas. He held in his hand a good-sized box which he deposited in his sister's lap with the remark:

"Look, Princess! Here's a New Year's gift just come for you. I don't know the writing. I wonder what it is!"

"A subtle aroma suggests—fruit," hazarded Grace, sniffing curiously.

Pochontas lifted a card and turned it in her hand, and a smile broke over her face as she answered: "Flowers; from Jim Byrd."

Then she removed the damp moss and cotton, and lifted spray after spray of beautiful snowy jasm—Cape Jasm—pure and powerful, and starry wreaths of the more delicate Catalonian. Only white flowers—all jasm—Jim's favorite flower; and with them were exquisite ferns and grasses. As she held the exquisite blossoms in her hands and inhaled their rich perfume, the girl was conscious that when her old friend penned the order for the fragrant gift, his heart had been full of home, and of the evening beside the river when she had worn his flowers in hair and dress, and had bidden him farewell.

"How beautiful they are!" exclaimed Grace, excitedly, "and just in time for to-night. To think of the way I've made that wretched husband of mine charge through the country since day-break, this morning, in pursuit of white flowers, and here they come like a fairy story. It was very nice of Jim. I'd no idea there was so poetical an impulse in flowers appears to indicate."

"You don't appreciate Jim, Grace. You do him injustice. If thought and care and love for others, combined with tenderness, and delight in giving pleasure, constitutes poetical impulses, then Jim Byrd is the noblest poet we are likely ever to meet." Pochontas spoke warmly, the color flushing to her cheeks, the light coming to her eyes. Poor Jim!—so far away. Was it disloyal to her old friend to go that night to dance among strangers in the rooms that had been his, that were full of associations connected with him? At all events, no flowers would she wear save his; no other ornaments of any kind. It would seem, then, as though he participated in her pleasure; rejoiced in her joy. Jim loved always to see her happy. For reasons of their own, the two older ladies had decided on remaining at home, so that Pochontas repaired to the hall in male custody alone. Blanche, who was on the watch for the Lanarth party, came forward the instant of their arrival, accompanied by her father, to welcome them, and to bear Pochontas away to the upper regions to warm herself and remove her wrappings. The rooms were a little chilly, she explained, with a shiver, in spite of the splendid fires the general had kept roaring there all day. Pochontas thanked them thoroughly, and she would send one of the girls for her presently. And after a little girlish gossip and mutual admiration of each other's appearance, the small maiden tripped away to her duties below.

Soon there was a knock at the door, and Pochontas, catching up fan, bouquet, and handkerchief, opened it and stepped into the hall. Nesbit Thorne, slender and distinguished-looking, was awaiting her, Blanche having encountered and despatched him immediately on her return to the parlors. As the girl stood an instant framed by the open door, thrown into relief by the soft glowing background of the warmly lighted room, Thorne's heart swelled with mingled gladness and impatience. Joy in the pure perfection of her beauty; impatient at the restraint, circumstances forced him still to put upon his love.

At the foot of the stairs they were pounced upon by Percival, who had selected that coigne of vantage as less likely to attract his mother's attention, there to lay in wait for the cards of the unwary. He had been strictly forbidden to importune young ladies for dances unless they happened to be wall-flowers, and the injunction lay heavy on his soul. "I will ask girls other men ask," he muttered, darkly, "I hate putting up with refuse and leftovers. I'm going to ask the ones I want to ask, and he intrenched himself beside the stairway with intent to blackmail such girls as he should fancy."

Pochontas, who had a natural affinity for boys, and a great fondness for Percival, yielded to his demand readily enough, surrendering her card to him in gay defiance of Thorne's outspoken reprobation, and laughing mischievously as the boy scrawled his name triumphantly opposite a waltz.

"B. M. / Who's B. M., Miss Princess?" he questioned, as he dexterously avoided Thorne's extended hand, and placed the card in Pochontas'.

"You have got him down just above me, Benevolent Missionary! Brother Mason?"

"Exactly!" she answered, smiling, and watching Thorne as he scribbled his name in several places on her card. "It is Berkeley. The Byrd girls and I always saved a waltz for him to prevent his feeling left out. He don't like to ask girls generally; his one arm makes it look awkward, and he knows they wouldn't like to refuse, because they all feel sorry for him. We put a hand on each shoulder, and don't care how it looks. Berke is adroit, and manages quite nicely. Often, too, it's an advantage to have a dance you can dispose of, although Berke seldom dances now. He liked waltzing with the Byrd girls best."

"You were very intimate with the Byrds, I think you said," Thorne remarked idly, bowing to an acquaintance as he spoke.

"Very intimate. See what came to me this morning; all these exquisite flowers, just when I needed them for to-night. Roy searched the neighborhood through for white flowers, without success, and then these came. Aren't they beautiful?" And she lifted her bouquet towards his face.

"Extremely beautiful!" he assented, bending his head to inhale their fragrance. "It was very kind and thoughtful of your friends to send them. I suppose, from the connection, that they are a Byrd offering."

"Pochontas laughed softly. "Yes," she said, "but they did not come from Belle or Nina, and Sue is in California. Jim ordered them for me. I am so pleased."

"Our little squaw is smashing things, as he joined his brother-in-law in the recess by the fireplace. 'The men all swear she's the handsomest woman in the room—and on my soul I believe they're right.'"

"She does look well," responded Mason with all a brother's calm moderation. "Her dress is in good taste, and she moves gracefully. But she isn't the handsomest woman in the room by long odds. Look at Norma Smith."

"I have looked at her," retorted Roy shortly, "and so I suppose have the other men. There's no more comparison between

her and Princess, than there is between a gorgeous, striped tulip, and a white tea rose." (For some inscrutable reason Roy had never been able to endure Norma, and even grudging acknowledgment of her undeniable beauty.) "Look at that fellow Thorne, now?" he added, with the pleased alacrity of one producing an unexpected trump. "I should say that he shared my opinion. He hasn't danced voluntarily with another woman in the room, nor left her side a moment that he could help. It looks as though he were pretty hard hit, doesn't it?"

And so the hours sped, golden-footed silver-footed; and the pipers piped and the men and maidens danced and the elders gossiped, drank champagne, and reveled in the fleshpots, yawning surreptitiously behind fans and handkerchiefs as the evening waned.

Pochontas, roused from a dream of enjoyment by Roy's mandate, sped lightly up stairs to the dressing room, and arrayed herself hastily in her muffings. At the stairway Thorne joined her, and as her foot touched the lowest step he took her unresisting hand raised it to his lips murmuring softly: "A happy New Year to you—my darling! my queen!"

Thorne, standing by the steps watching the receding carriage, noticed the bouquet of half-faded jasm blossoms, which had slipped unheeded from the girl's hand, and lay neglected and forgotten on the frozen ground. The impulse came to him to raise them tenderly because her hands had touched them, and then the thought of who impaled them arose and struck down the impulse. He set his heel upon them. For him also, the New Year had begun.

(To be continued.)

Notes From Scotland.

Colonel Jopp, for many years the commanding officer of the Aberdeen City Rifle Battalion, died on the 18th ult.

The outbreak of influenza is spreading rapidly in the east of Scotland. In Downfield village there were so many cases on the 17th ult. that medical aid had to be summoned from Dundee, where an epidemic is also raging.

It is understood that the command of three important Scotch regiments will become vacant during this month. The regiments are the Scots Guards, the 1st Royal Scots Fusiliers and the 2nd Gordon Highlanders.

At a meeting of the Brechin Established Presbytery, on the 18th ult., the Rev. J. A. St. Clair, Melville Parish Church, Montrose, and who has come to America, failed to appear to answer to a charge of desertion of ministerial duty, and the moderator pronounced sentence of deposition.

A memorial to the late Earl of Glasgow has just been placed in the graveyard at Millport, Cumbrae. It is in the form of a recumbent slab, with a Celtic cross on the upper face. The cross itself is perfectly plain, and is surrounded with the usual ring or halo.

Mr. Henry Bloom Noble, of Douglas, Isle of Man, who a few years ago presented the town of Douglas with a hospital, at a cost of £10,000, has again presented a similar amount to the Island, £5,000 for a Convalescent Hospital and £5,000 to the Church Pastoral Aid Society.

There has been erected in the cemetery of Govan, Glasgow, a handsome monument to the memory of the late Sir William Pearce, Bart., M. P. The deceased was buried at Gillingham, Kent, among his own people, but this monument has been erected by Lady Pearce in consideration of the wishes of many in Govan who shared his labors and admired his great abilities as one of the foremost shipbuilders of the day.

What Shakespeare Might Have Said.

To take or not to take: that is the question. Whether 'tis better for a man to suffer the pangs and torments of indigestion, Or something take, and, in its taking, end them.

Shakespeare didn't say that, but very likely he would have said something similar, if he were living in this 19th century, when so many suffer untold agonies from indigestion. Of course a man must have gone on to say that a man must be a fool not to take the "pangs and torments" spoken of, if he could get it. Now it is a fact that weakened, impoverished blood brings on indigestion, which is the cause of dyspepsia, constipation—a poisoned condition of the whole system—and it is a fact, also, that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will so purify the blood and enrich it that all the weakened organs are revitalized and strengthened. It is guaranteed to do this. If it doesn't, your money will be refunded to you.

Pensions for French Laborers.

The French Minister of the Interior has introduced a bill for providing pensions for laborers. All workmen having served for 30 years and having complied with provisions of the bill, will be entitled to an annual pension of not less than \$60 or more than \$125. Every workman will be considered to have accepted the terms of the pension law unless he sends in a disclaimer to the competent authorities. The pension fund will be supported to the extent of two-thirds by the State, the other third will be borne equally by employers and workmen. A man's contribution will be one cent for every working day for a pension of \$60, and a penny for pensions of \$135. Foreign workmen will be excluded from the benefit of the law, and their employers will have to pay on their behalf two cents a day, to go to a special pension fund for French workmen prematurely disabled.

Leaf by leaf the roses fall:
One by one our dear ones die.
O, to keep them with us still:
Loving hearts send up the cry.
Wife and mother, O how dear,
Fading like a mist away.
Father, let us keep them here.
Tearfully to God we pray.

Many a wife and mother, who seems doomed to die because she suffers from disease peculiar to women, which saps her life away like a vampire, and baffles the skill of the family physician, can be saved by employing the proper remedy. This remedy is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the greatest boon ever conferred by man on weak, suffering, despairing women. It is a specific for all phases of female weakness, no matter what their name.

A mixture of powdered charcoal, one pound to four pounds of plaster of paris, sprinkled over porches or in damp corners will prove an excellent disinfectant.